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LAWRENCE, MASS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. VII.

LAWRENCE
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LAWRENCE, MASS.

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
124 TREMONT STREET.
1871.

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Reg. No. 33,476

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1871. NO. I.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ERIE CANAL.

A FREIGHTED scow was moving slowly against the sluggish current of the Erie Canal. It was drawn by a pair of gaunt horses, too feeble even to keep the rotten tow-line from sagging into the water. At their heels, along the muddy tow-path, followed a ragged little driver with a whip in one hand and a piece of bread-and-molasses in the other. At one moment he took a bite of the bread, and at the next he gave the team a cut with the whip. Every time he whipped, up went the rope dripping and swinging, and every time he bit, down it dropped again with a splash, or with a series of splashes, as the poor brutes staggered unsteadily forward.

Once he neglected to ply the lash whilst he regaled himself with two or three bites. Then a gruff voice bawled out from the stern of the boat, "Lick along there!" It was the voice of a rough, swarthy, bare-headed man who sat smoking a short pipe on the after-part of the cabin, — the voice, in short, of Captain Jack Berrick, master of the scow. Crack went the whip again, and the little driver shouted back, from a mouth well filled with bread-and-molasses, "Ye

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can't lick life into a couple of old crowbaits. What they want is less whip and more oats."

Yet, for want of oats, he gave them the lash again in liberal measure. At the same time he swore at them, and at the old scow and the canal, in a fearfully voluble and energetic manner. Indeed, the little wretch seemed scarcely able to speak without swearing, — as if oaths were as necessary a part of the speech that came out of his mouth as molasses was of the bread that went into it. If you could have seen and heard him, you would have pronounced him the most profane little driver on the canal; but that would have been saying a great deal, for this was twenty-five years ago, when you might have travelled from Albany to Buffalo without finding

a driver who did not swear. I remember once hearing of one who did not, but I never saw him. He was considered a phenomenon. The canal has since been enlarged; and, with other improvements, I believe the morals of the boatmen have been reformed. But five-and-twenty years ago! Profane enough our little driver certainly was, as well as vicious in other ways; and with the companions he had, and with such a man as Old Jack Berrick for a father, — familiar from his childhood with the life of the tow-path and the canal stables, — how was it possible for him to be different? As he is to be the hero of this story, I make haste to put in this plea for him, to prevent fastidious readers from dropping his acquaintance at the outset. Perhaps we shall find some good in him by and by.

"That 's one o' the boys, Pete!" said Old Jack to the steersman, with a nod of approval.

"A boy after his dad's own heart," said Pete, with a sarcastic grin.

"There ain't his beat on the ditch," said Berrick, boastfully.

"Owing to his bringing up," said Pete, squinting over the bow with a professional air, and pushing the tiller about with his back braced hard against it. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he won't depart from it," he added, as he carried the scow safely round a bend in the canal. "That 's Scriptur', Cap'n Jack."

"You don't say, Pete!" replied Cap'n Jack, taking the pipe from his mouth and regarding the steersman with mild astonishment. "What do you know about that?"

"By George, I was a Sunday-school chap once!" said Pete, giving the tiller a sharp turn in the other direction to keep the scow in the channel as the canal straightened.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Cap'n Jack. "A Sunday-school chap, Pete!"

"Which proves that Scriptur' ain't true," said Pete. "I was trained up in the way I should go, and I departed from it! Seriously, though, Cap'n, it 's a shame to bring up a boy the way you 're bringin' him up."

"That idee comes from your 'arly Sunday-school prejudices," replied Berrick, smoking tranquilly. "What else can I do with the boy?"

"Put him to some trade; do anything with him sooner 'n keep him on the canal. He 's got good stuff in him, that boy has, and he might make a decent sort of man. This lawless kind of life will do for old reprobates like me and you, Cap'n Jack; but, as I said —"

"Wait a minute!" said Berrick. "This is too good!" He stooped and put his bristling head down the companion-way. "Molly!" he called, "come up quick! And pass up the jug, Molly!"

Presently a pair of long, thin hands appeared from below, bearing up a shining black jug, and followed by the face and bust of a slovenly woman. At the same time up rose with a yawn a large, rough-looking black dog that had been lying asleep by the rudder-post, and jumped upon the cabin deck.

"What 's the fun?" asked the woman, standing on the stairs.

Berrick first tipped up the jug under his nose, then passed it to the steersman. "Here, wet your whistle, Pete, then blow away. Pete is preachin' a sermon, Molly!"

Pete, standing beside the tiller, bore the jug to his mouth. As it was still necessary for him to keep an eye out for the difficulties of navigation, he had while he drank the comical look of a man taking aim across a very short and very portentous blunderbuss levelled at Jack on the tow-path.

"Here, give me a taste o' that!" cried Jack; and in order to get a chance to fall back and have a drink, he gave his horses two or three parting cuts. The tow-rope happened to be sagging pretty deep in the water at the time, and the sudden force with which they straightened it proved too much for its rotting fibres. It snapped in the middle, and the two fragments, flying asunder with a little flash of spray, dropped helpless and relaxed into the canal.

This trifling accident caused a good deal of excitement at the stern of the boat, — only the big dog keeping his calm demeanor. He looked on with serene composure whilst Pete sprang for a pike-pole, and Molly took the helm, and Dick (another driver, who had been sleeping below) stumbled up the companion-way rubbing his eyes, and Cap'n Jack at the bow hauled up out of the water the half of the line attached to the boat, and Jack from the tow-path hauled up the other half.

Cap'n Jack, gathering his half of the rope into a coil, threw it for little Jack to catch. Little Jack failed to execute his part of the manœuvre, — for the good reason that the rope did not come within ten feet of him, — and it fell once more into the canal. This made Cap'n Jack very wrāthful. He drew out the wet rope again, and sprang ashore with the end of it the moment the bow touched the tow-path, and made a heavy swooping cut with it at little Jack's head. Little Jack dodged and it passed over him. Then Cap'n Jack made another swooping cut at his legs. Little Jack leaped in the air, and it passed under his feet. Then Cap'n Jack dropped the rope, and rushed upon him, seizing him by the ragged collar with one hand and by the raggedest part of his trousers with the other, and lifted him, kicking and screaming, in the air.

"Help! Pete, help!" shrieked the victim, — "help!" as he swung to and fro over the tow-path, — face downwards, and head towards the canal, — until the powerful Berrick had got him well in hand. But Pete knew better than to interfere and draw Cap'n Jack's rage upon himself. "Help!" once more shrieked the little human pendulum, moving through an ever-increasing arc, — "Dick! Molly! Lion!"

The last word was scarcely uttered when the hands that set him in motion relaxed their grip, and he shot headforemost, with a great splash and a stifled scream, into the canal. For a moment he disappeared; then he came up paddling and strangling and swearing under the bow of the boat.

Berrick stood and laughed while he scrambled to the shore and dragged himself out dripping upon the tow-path, then caught him up again. He had given him but one good swing, and was just giving him another, preparatory to launching him, when his hand was suddenly arrested. It was not Pete nor Dick nor Molly who came to the lad's rescue. Neither was it the gentleman who just then appeared walking on the tow-path, — though he quickened his pace at sight of the struggle. Swifter feet than his bounded past him, and a more formidable shape flung itself upon old Berrick.

It was Lion the dog.

CHAPTER II.

JACK AND HIS ONE FRIEND.

LION the dog had travelled with the scow but a few weeks; and this is the way he happened to fall into such bad company.

As the boat was one day taking in water at one of those small canal ports

called "basins," little Jack noticed a lonesome, half-starved, strange-looking creature prowling about a stable.

"What 's the matter with that dog?" he asked.

"Singed," said the stable-keeper. "The tavern was burnt here the other night; his master was drunk at the time, and he was burnt in it. That dog got 'most all his hair singed off trying to get him out. He burnt his feet too; but they 're getting well. Nobody can coax him; and nobody wants a singed dog like that; and we 're going to have him shot. Give him a piece of bread, and he 'll snatch it, but he 'll snap at you."

"I 'll see," said Jack. He went to the scow, and came back with a biscuit he had begged of Molly. Walking boldly up to the dog, he said, "Poor fellow!" and breaking the biscuit gave him a piece of it. The miserable creature ate it thankfully, and did not snap or snarl. So Jack gave him the rest of the biscuit and stroked his singed ears, and looked at his burnt paws, and "poor fellowed" him sympathetically. Then it was time for the scow to move.

As it was Dick's "drive," Jack, bidding the dog an affectionate good-by, started to go aboard, when the poor thing came limping after him.

"Take him on, Pete!" said Jack. "'T won't hurt anything; and we can put him off any time we like. He looks mean, for he 's been singed, but I bet he 's a real first-rate dog."

Pete, being a good-natured fellow, made no opposition, and the strange passenger was taken on. But when Berrick appeared, bringing his jug from the nearest grocery, he set out to kick the dog ashore. The dog growled. Berrick grasped a pike-pole; swinging the end of it around, he accidentally knocked off little Jack's hat. Just then came a puff of wind and blew the hat into the water. The dog was in after it in an instant; and he swam with it in his mouth to the tow-path. He would deliver it to no one but its owner. Little Jack was delighted, of course, and big Jack was conciliated. From that day Lion — for so the boy named him — travelled with the scow. His burns had now healed, his hair was beginning to lose its singed look, and his eyewinkers were growing again.

He was a fine watch-dog, and it was always safe to leave the cabin in his charge. One day the black jug got knocked overboard; and as it happened to be full it sank. Lion plunged in after it, went to the bottom, and reappeared with the handle in his jaws. This very important service made him a favorite even with Captain Berrick.

Still he owned but one absolute master, and that was little Jack. And now when he saw little Jack in the hands of big Jack, and heard his cry of "Lion!" he leaped from the stern, swam ashore, and reached the scene of the scuffle just as the boy was about being plunged in again.

Berrick was thrown to the ground, and in an instant Lion's jaws were at his throat. But Lion knew his business. The terrible teeth did not close, they only threatened to close. Berrick knew better than to struggle against such a foe. He lay quietly on his back in a mud-puddle, and called on Pete to "Pull the dog off!"

"Pete won't do any such thing!" cried the exultant little driver, springing to his feet, whip in hand. "Lion will do as I say!" and he called the dog. "But don't you lay hands on me again!"

So saying the little driver, very wet and very much excited, retreated, followed by Lion; while Berrick got up and shook off the mud.

Meanwhile Pete, turning his face towards the canal so that Cap'n Jack should not see him laugh, tied the broken rope, adding another knot to the five or six with which it was already ornamented. Then little Jack started up his team again. Lion kept by his side. Berrick disappeared in the cabin, while Molly took the helm, and Pete and Dick poled off the bow.

Little Jack was soon aware of somebody besides Lion keeping him company. It was the gentleman who appeared walking on the tow-path when the scuffle began, and who had stopped to see it over. He was a stoutish man, plainly dressed, and carried a hickory cane.

"Your horses seem hardly fit for this work," he said, in a friendly tone, walking on with the little driver.

"Dumbed if they be!" said Jack, whipping them. "Every old worn-out beast in the country is sold to go on the canal. That 's the reason you always see such a mean-looking lot. But it don't take us long to use 'em up; that 's one comfort!" crack!

"You 've a noble old dog here!" the man said.

"He 'd 'ave jest chawed the old man's throat, if I had said the word!" replied Jack. And he turned to pat Lion's head.

"He 's a Newfoundland, — or part Newfoundland, at least," the man remarked. "Has he been clipped?"

"No, burnt; but I 've trimmed him a little." And Jack told the dog's history. By this time he and the stranger were getting pretty well acquainted.

Jack looked up and grinned saucily in the man's face.

"You 're a minister, ain't ye?"

"What makes you think so?"

"O, you 've kind o' got the ear-marks," laughed Jack. "But if you have been on the canal much, I guess you 've heard a feller swear afore to-day."

"I have, too often!" said the gentleman. "Have you a mother?"

"Not much!" said Jack, bitterly. "*He* married my mother when I was a little shaver, and that 's the way he happened to be my father. But she 's been dead I don't know how many years, and that Molly is his wife now. My mother's name was Hazard. They called me Jack after him, but I don't own him for a father. He 's a regular old toper!"

"You drink a little, too, don't you?"

"Course I do, when I can!"

"And so you are growing up to be a toper like him?"

"I s'pose so!" said Jack, recklessly, and plied the whip. "Go 'lang there, you old —" crack, crack!

"And a bad man like him!" said the stranger. "It 's a great pity, a great pity!" and he laid his hand gently on Jack's wet shoulder.

"Where 's the help for it?" said Jack, affected by this kindness in spite of himself. "I 'd be different if I could; but how can I?"

"Leave him; that is the only way."

"But he claims me; he 's got papers that will hold me; and he 'll ketch me as sure as I stay on the canal."

"Leave the canal."

"Pshaw! what could I do? I 'm used to the old ditch. I ain't good for nothin' else but a driver."

"Come to me, and I 'll get you a good place to do something else, — to learn a trade, or to work on a farm. I 'll protect you; no matter for his papers."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"As much a lawyer as a minister. You see," said the gentleman, good-humoredly, "you were slightly mistaken in the ear-marks."

The boy reflected a moment, gave the horses a cut or two, then said, "Pshaw! don't believe I should like a trade; and there 's no fun on a farm, nor much else but hard work. Thank ye, sir; but there 's worse men, after all, than Cap'n Jack. I guess I 'll stick to driving."

"The packet is coming," said the man, casting a glance behind. "I am a passenger; I must leave you. Good by, my boy. Perhaps I shall hear from you again some time. Shall I hear good of you, if I do? — for you don't know yourself what you may become, if you try. I can see you industrious, upright, happy, commanding the respect of everybody."

"No you can't! 't ain't in me!" said Jack, beginning to choke.

"You may be all that and a great deal more, my boy! But you must first get away from your old associates. Then make up your mind to three things. First, don't be afraid of hard work. Second, be honest and truthful, and decent in your speech and behavior. Third, help others. Begin a new life anywhere on these principles, and you will be sure to succeed. Remember! Good by!"

Once more the stranger patted Jack's wet shoulder. Jack wanted to say something by way of answer, but he felt that if he spoke he must cry. He was not used to such kindness. Meanwhile he had stopped his team, and dropped the tow-rope to let the three strong packet horses trot over it; and now he dropped it again under the packet's bow. As the swift, slender, handsome boat passed between the scow and the tow-path, the gentleman stepped aboard, and Jack saw him no more.

"What a fool that I did n't say I 'd go with him!" thought the wretched little driver, as he watched the proud packet disappear round a bend. He set his teeth hard, and winked hard at his tears, and repeated to himself, "What a fool!" For just then the possible future presented to him appeared, in contrast with the life he was living, very much like that fine, free, happy boat compared with Berrick's old scow; and it seemed, like that, to be passing from him forever.

"Lion!" said he, suppressing a sob, "you 're all the friend I 've got! We 'll stick together, won't we? Dumbed if we won't!" And the lad's tears fell upon the faithful creature's sympathetic, upturned nose.

CHAPTER III.

HOW JACK LEFT THE SCOW.

"LICK along, Jack!" sang out Pete from the stern; and he pointed significantly at the cabin, from which the discomfited Berrick had not yet emerged.

"I ain't afraid of him!" muttered Jack. But he was afraid, — not so much for himself, perhaps, as for Lion. He knew well that Cap'n Berrick never forgot an injury. "He 'll kill my dog!" thought he, looking back at the scow. Then he looked forward again with bitter regret in the direction of the vanished packet. "Why *did n't* I take him at his offer? He praised Lion; and maybe he 'd have let me keep him with me. Now if I leave the scow I must leave the dog too, — for how can I take care of him? 'T will be all I can do to take care of myself!"

Then he thought of all the attractions of that moving, adventurous life. He even felt for the old canal an affection which his late plunge into its turbid current could not chill. Just now it curved about a high embankment that commanded a view of Lake Ontario, several miles away. A lovely picture was outspread between, — forests and farms warmly tinted in the mellow sunshine and thin haze of early summer. Even this pure and tranquil beauty seemed a part of his wild, lawless life. Then he remembered the Valley of the Mohawk, and the great cities, and the locks; the jokes and stories of grocery and stable; the encounters with old acquaintances, and the making of new acquaintances, and the fights between boatmen. In all these things, it must be owned, there was novelty and enticement to the heart of the boy, and how could he bear to leave them, to settle down, and be respectable?

One thing especially discouraged him from entertaining any serious hope of bettering his condition. "If I am going to try and be a decent sort of feller," thought he, "I must leave off swearing. Now I 'll see if I can." But fifty times that afternoon he caught himself at the old trick again, — when he whipped the horses (they did n't seem to mind the lash unless it was accompanied by an oath), when he met a driver he knew (no friendly greeting of drivers would seem hearty unless they swore), but chiefly when his tow-rope got entangled with another and his near horse was pulled into the canal. Then he gave up all attempts at reform in that particular. As if habits which have been years in gaining their ascendency over us could be expected to abdicate in an hour!

The scow moved on, now under a bridge, and now over a culvert that carried some rushing stream beneath the canal, — now through a swamp, and now around a hillside, — keeping always the same artificial level, until at last Pete put a tin horn to his lips and blew a note.

That was always a welcome signal to poor little Jack, after his day's work; but now it gave him a thrill of uneasiness. He was to go to his supper; at the same time he was to meet Cap'n Berrick. "Keep a stiff upper-lip, Lion!" he said, talking to his own heart rather than to the dog.

The scow was laid up by the tow-path, a broad gangway-plank was pushed out, and Jack's horses were driven aboard after a fresh pair — if *such* a pair could be called fresh — had been taken ashore; for the scow, unlike the packets and line-boats, which were furnished with relays at the canal stations, kept its stable aboard. Then Dick took the whip, and Cap'n Jack the helm (little Jack was glad of that), and Pete and the boy and Lion went down to supper.

"What did he say?" whispered Jack, over his pork and beans.

"He 's been mutterin' vengeance against you and the dog; says he 'll kill one or t' other on ye."

"Let him try it!" said Jack, with an air of bravado.

"He means mischief; so ye better look out!" whispered Pete.

"It 'll blow over," said Molly. "But you better not provoke him. You see he 's mad now."

"I could see that by his eyes when I passed him, though he did n't speak. All I care for is Lion."

"He won't hurt Lion," said Molly, putting more beans on Jack's plate; for though she could herself at times be cross enough with him, she generally took his part against Berrick.

After supper the tired boy tumbled into a bunk and fell asleep in his clothes. When he awoke the cabin was dark, and he was alone. His first thought was of Lion. He called him.

"No use o' that," said Molly, in a low voice, from the companion-way. "Lion 's took care on." And she laughed.

"How?" cried the boy, springing up.

"The old man 's got him chained to the rudder-post."

"I 'll see about that!" And Jack hastened to go upon deck.

It was deep twilight. Berrick was still at the helm. Behind him crouched Lion, chained short to the rudder-post. Pete was placing a lantern on the bow. Another boat with lanterns was coming, and there was a soft glimmer on the water before it. The glimmer approached and lighted up Berrick's rough features for a moment, and passed on. Berrick, to make way for the other boat, had laid the scow well over against the "heel-path" (so called to distinguish it from the opposite side of the canal, or *toe*-path), and it now almost brushed the leaning willows that grew upon the silent, solitary shore.

"What have you got that dog chained for?" the boy asked, with his heart in his throat.

"Come here and I 'll show ye," said Berrick.

"I guess I 'm near enough," replied the boy. "I don't want a fuss; but he 's my dog, and I won't see him abused."

"Help yourself," said Berrick, tauntingly. "Why don't you unchain him? Come, I 've a little account to settle with you!"

To get the bow off, he was crowding the stern still farther over against the "heel-path"; and Jack thought, "If I could get Lion loose once, I 'd jump ashore with him, and *he* never should see us again!" That might have been done whilst Cap'n Jack was pressing with all his might against

the tiller, if the boy could only have seen just how the dog was chained. He took a step nearer, in order to observe. By this time Berrick had got the boat headed from the shore; he had been watching his chance; suddenly he left the tiller, and with one sweep of his arm struck the boy down. Molly screamed "Murder!" Pete ran from the bow; Lion struggled to break his chain; but there was no help for poor little Jack just then. Berrick lifted him once and threw him to the deck. Berrick lifted him again,

and flung him headlong over the taffrail. A heavy splash, and all was still in the dark water which went eddying slowly away from the stern of the scow.

The violent rattling of Lion's chain was the last sound the boy heard as he went overboard; and it was the first to greet his ringing ears when he rose gasping to the surface some seconds after. He was so nearly stunned that he had but a very vague idea of what had happened to him. Something touched his face; it was a drooping willow-twig; he laid hold of it instinctively and drew himself to the bank. There he lay for a few minutes perfectly still, collecting his scattered wits, and trying to think what he should do. Was that dark object, moving off yonder in mid-channel, the scow? Should he call for help? Hark! somebody was calling him!

Yes, there was Pete swinging a lantern over the stern and looking anxiously at the water below. "Jack, I say! Jack!" he called. Then Molly appeared and bent over by the light, and cried, "Jack, you little fool you! why don't you speak?" He could see them distinctly, but they could not see him.

Suddenly Pete snatched the lantern away, and shouted to Dick. Then Berrick's voice was heard speaking angrily. Then a pike-pole clattered and splashed. The scow had stopped.

"They are coming back for me," thought Jack. "But they sha' n't find me.

He crept farther up into the bushes, thinking he would sooner die there than go on board the scow again. He could see nothing now; but for some minutes he heard confused, wild sounds in the darkness, — voices speaking hurriedly, and splashes in the water; and now somebody was coming towards him through the bushes. Was it Pete? Was it Berrick? The boy's breath stopped; his heart almost stopped too, so great now was his dread and horror of that man.

Nearer and nearer came the noise of rustling leaves and snapping twigs, straight to where the boy lay! Suddenly a mass of drenched hair was dashed upon him, and a wet nozzle thrust into his face. He almost cried out with joy, as he started up, defending himself against eager paws and a swift hot tongue. It was Lion the dog once more.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE NEW YEAR.

WITH the north-wind's music
Coming through the snow,
Look! it is the New Year!
"Prithee, let us know
What you now have brought us, —
Gifts for good or ill?"

"Take your choice," he answers;
"Be it as you will!
Sorrows borne with patience
Benisons impart,
But there *are* no blessings
For a thankless heart."

Marian Douglas.

UNCLE JOE'S STORY.

DID you know I was a sailor-boy once? Did n't know it! O yes, I was. And not only a sailor-boy, but a whaler-boy. Let me see, — what I am going to tell you happened eleven years ago, and as my thirtieth birthday lately passed, why, my nineteenth must have given me a call that winter.

We had been all summer cruising off the coast of Greenland. It was our third year out, and I was so homesick that when thoughts of home came into my mind I would shut my eyes and jump up and down as fast as I could, or else run athwart deck, so as not to see faces so plainly, — mother's face, I mean, and the others.

We knew the cap'n had no idea of staying out another winter, and we were expecting every day to 'bout ship and stand to the south'ard; in fact, we found out afterwards that we 'd have got the order in the course of one more twenty-four hours, if it had n't been for our coming upon a pretty lively school of whales, which led us a long chase up and down, — but mostly up, and finally and lastly into a narrow bay. The cap'n said that school of whales beat all his going to sea. Why, the water was alive with them, tumbling, blowing, whistling! Perhaps you think whales are seen and not heard. Not at all! They make a sort of cry, though I don't know what to call it. Think of something between a bark and a whistle. 'T is a curious noise. I heard it once coming right from under the ship's keel, loud and startling. But nothing to what Jimmy's would be, if he were to grow as big as a whale and his noise should keep along at the same rate.

I can rattle on in this light and trifling way now about

> "That melancholy bay,
> That solitary bay,"

where the Juno was frozen in, but I can tell you we were all heavy-hearted enough then. Frozen in! A short sentence. The grammar class would n't allow it to be a sentence at all, I suppose, but it meant chapters and bookfuls to us; meant famine and freezing, and a long lonely winter; meant good by to dreams of home. One poor sailor-lad, Karl Ludoy, who had left a pretty young bride behind, hid himself in his bunk, and it was only the captain's orders that got him out and made him eat. Poor fellow, how much he thought of his Wilhelmine! All his spare time was spent in carving thread-winders and knick-knacks to take home. If we shot a handsome bird he always saved the feathers.

It is curious how our wishes are granted sometimes, and in a way that we little expect. Shut up there so long we grew tired of the old vessel, and of ourselves, and of the sight of each other, and I remember saying one morning that I should like it if I could n't see our ship or any one aboard of her for six months. My wish came to pass, and a great deal

more came to pass, for I never saw the old Juno again after that day, nor any of her crew, until one evening about three years ago, when I came upon two of our mess, rolling and pitching along the Bowery.

It happened on the morning I have been speaking of that the cap'n sent off a hunting party, — some of the crew were dying for the want of fresh meat, — and that he picked me out to go. There were four of us in all, — Karl Ludoy, Henry Jarvis, Oglik, and myself. Oglik was an Esquimau that we fished out of the water one day. He had got blown off to sea in a heavy gale. We hauled him up over the side, boat and all. Were obliged to do it in that way, for an Esquimau and his canoe are all in one piece when afloat, — something like the man-horse in the almanac. Oglik was n't so very much heavier, though, for being part boat. Those little canoes don't weigh much. They are nothing but seal-skin stretched over a light framework. It goes over the top too, except one round hole, and the man fits into that round hole like a "stopple in a bottle."

We had hunted the biggest part of the day, with poor luck, but should n't have thought of going back empty-handed, knowing how the poor sick fellows depended on us, had it not been for Oglik's giving warning of a snow-storm. And sure enough it came upon us before we were quarter way back to the ship. 'T was a furious, pelting, smothering snow-storm. We did our best to keep together, but Henry and Karl wandered away and without much doubt were frozen to death, as I learned afterwards that they never returned to the ship. I thought myself fortunate in keeping with Oglik, he being so well acquainted with the country and its snow-storms, and with its bears and other animals. I took it for granted that he would stand by me, as we had always been good friends, and, besides, I was one that helped haul him up out of the water. But I found myself mistaken about his friendliness.

Soon as the snow-storm would let us we tried for the ship. But what was the use of trying for the ship when the sky was so overcast that we had nothing to steer by? You boys think 't is a mighty pretty thing to run along on top of a snow-bank, but I don't believe you 'd want to run very far on top of one that reached hundreds of miles, and in that terrible Arctic cold, with only a little dried meat in your pocket to eat, and no hope of coming across a living being, unless bears are living beings! Excepting the dried meat, we had only a pint bottle of brandy, and a little tea, and a few balls of chopped bear-fat, raw, which Oglik brought for his own private eating. This, however, we put to another use.

For some days we wandered about, going, no doubt, farther and farther from the ship. At night we would throw up a little snow hut, just big enough to creep under; and to keep ourselves from freezing there, we rigged a lamp. The Esquimaux never have any other fire. It happened that I brought with me some tea for chewing, in a small tin box, formerly a mustard-box. I emptied the tea into my pocket, — there was only about two great spoonfuls of it, — and took the box for a lamp, and Oglik's bear-fat for the oil. What to do for a wick was a puzzler. But in lifting up my cap to

scratch my head for an idea, — now I guess you will never laugh at me again for doing that, — I happened to think there was cotton-wool under the lining. This did capitally for a wick.

When our dried meat was gone we were reduced rather low for provisions; that is to say, we were reduced to nothing. But one day I was lucky enough to kill a fox. The flesh froze and we cut it off in thin slices, and ate it raw. Raw meat is more strengthening than cooked. Besides, we had no conveniences for cooking.

At last we came across a deserted Esquimau hut made of stones. Some of the stones had fallen out, but we managed to fill up the holes with snow. When this was done I gave up exhausted. My strength was gone, my feet were frozen, and but for that villain Oglik, who shot another fox, I must have starved. I say villain because, after a few days there, he went off while I was asleep, and took my rifle, jack-knife, and fur mittens. My watch he left me.

How I got away from that hut has always been a mystery to me. That an Esquimau hunter picked me up off the snow, a long way from there, I know. But how did I get so far?

I can remember throwing myself down in despair to die, then of being waked from sleep by a stone falling from the roof, and of lying there very easy and comfortable and loath to stir. The feeling which weighed me down so was not exactly sleepiness. It was about one half sleepiness and the other half that numb, prickly feeling you have when you hit your crazy-bone. Only I felt crazy-bone all over! At last the thought flashed across my mind that I was freezing to death. Then I started up, but could n't stand because my feet were frozen.

I have a confused recollection after this of fumbling about without being able to do anything, like a person in a nightmare dream; of falling down; of getting drowsy and starting up again, time after time; of tying my jacket sleeves down over my hands; of creeping out through a long tunnel into the starlight, and, what is rather curious, of having the feeling that I was the only person there was in the world.

By this time I was no doubt partly or wholly insane. I had but one idea, and that was motion. It seemed as if my head were of enormous size, and that this idea of motion were a real person inside of it, with power over me. My feet could not bear my weight, and I thought that this person in my brain ordered me to lie down and travel by rolling over and over along the snow. Probably I did so, though for how long it is impossible to tell. The sun must have shone out once, at least, for I either prayed to him or dreamed it. "O blessed sun!" I cried, "shine upon me, warm me, guide me!"

After this, I have a dim remembrance of Northern lights, the moon, the stars, and of feeling as if I were up among them, rolling along the clouds, and of longing to stay there always!

The name of the Esquimau who took me to his hut was Ketme. His wife's name was Nevvu, and they had two little girls, Kapaniah and Myugna,

besides a baby boy. This baby, by the way, Nevvu used to carry in the hood of her jumper, which hung at the back of her neck, so that its head came just above her left shoulder.

When I first awoke and found a parcel of ugly-looking creatures about me, I was in such a weak state of mind and body that it did n't matter a straw to me whether I lived or died, and I lay there upon the "breck" * like a sick child, and took down the bits of blubber that Nevvu dropped into my mouth as quietly as if it had been quince jelly! In fact I did not feel exactly like my mother's own Joseph for some days. But when I did come to myself and to my strength, O I had some bitter, bitter thoughts!

Going back to the ship was out of the question. For how could I, with my tender feet, travel such a long, unknown way through that frozen desert, and without guide or compass? Besides, the winter night was shutting down upon us. Ah, it was pretty hard, looking forward to such a dreary time of darkness! Only think of the sun setting in the fall and not rising till spring! Think of having to walk about all the time in moonlight and starlight! Think of living with such kind of folks, and no prospect of getting away! For aught I knew I might have to die there and be buried

* A seat running round the inside of an Esquimau hut.

up in the snow! O, I little expected, squatting there in my seal-skins, ever to be turned into such a spruce-looking fellow as I am now!

But I always had a way, when worse came to worst, of trying to find some of the best of the worst; so I said to myself, "What fun, Joe, can you get out of your dismal fate?"

Besides our hut there were two others. Nevvu's cousins, Signa and Petnetu, lived in these. Signa had a daughter, a grown-up girl of thirteen, named Sennuh, a son three years younger than I was named Ashunki, and a baby. Ashunki was a very fleshy, brave young hunter. At his girdle hung a great many bears' claws and fox-tails got in hunting. He had speared his first walrus, and the tusks were in his hut. They were a yard long. He was making them into the runners of a sledge that would last a hundred years. Ivory runners and bone sledges ought to last, I should think!

Signa, the other cousin, had five boys, all quite small; their names were Mellek, Anato, Suk, Oolooni, and Orsingo. Orsingo was a dumpling of a boy, and stood, in his furs, about two feet high by two and a half across. All the children had a chunky look, and the older ones too, and no wonder, with such baggy, furry clothes! Men and women, boys and girls, all wore trousers and jumpers.

The men went hunting when the weather would let them. If they got nothing, we went without eating till better luck came. It was something to watch their setting off and coming back, though going along would have been a great deal more; but my feet were too tender for that. In fact, one of my toes was in a very bad state.

There was some fun in watching the children, for even if they only stood still, without doing the least thing, the ugly little objects looked so ridiculous I could n't help laughing at them! Their faces were yellow, and as round as tea-plates, — thick lips, flat noses (as if they 'd been stepped on), then two little black cracks for eyes, and coarse black hair, cut short off right across the eyebrows. Their seal-skin jumpers had hoods to them, that came close round their faces like an old woman's nightcap.

Sometimes, when it was n't any colder than forty degrees below zero would be, — supposing they 'd had a thermometer, — their mothers let them play ball out-doors. Their balls were made of moss and their cat-sticks were walrus ribs. The Esquimau children have vacation all the time. Nobody can keep school because nobody knows how to read. There is n't an A B C in the whole country, nor a sheet of paper! All the people do is to try to keep alive. There is n't a stick of wood either. No, not so much as a shingle! And that 's why the children take walrus ribs for cat-sticks.

One day when I was watching them at play, the thought came into my mind, "What would these poor little things think if they could see all the toys and games that our children have? What would they say to a Christmas-tree all lighted!"

I was sorry, at first, that I thought of this, for Christmas was a sore subject to me. O, I did try to keep myself from thinking about Christmas.

So when pictures came up before me, — for instance, the picture of my little sister and brothers taking down their stockings and pulling the things out, or of mother and all of them round the dinner-table, or of the plum-pudding and turkey, — I shut up my eyes tight, and shook my head as fast as I could. "Go 'way! Go 'way!" I said. "Joe don't want you!"

But my thoughts would keep running that way in spite of me. Santa Claus sent them, I guess, for the sake of those poor Esquimau children, that never heard even of hanging up stockings! And if he did, it must have been he that put the ridiculous notion into my head of getting up a Christmas-tree for Kapaniah, Myugna, and the rest. I say ridiculous, because there was n't a tree in the land, nor a candle, nor a shop, nor a toy, nor even a bit of twine, supposing I had presents, to tie them on with!

But just because the thing seemed impossible I made up my mind to set about it. From Oglik, and from these others, I had picked up Esquimau enough to talk a little, so the first thing I did was to tell Nevvu something about Christmas day, and why it was kept. Then I described to her a Christmas-tree. She did not even know there were such things as trees. And when I spoke of their growing higher than her husband and her cousins' husbands would reach, standing one on top of the other, and then described the forests and the fruit-trees, she shook her head and looked at me in an unbelieving way, as much as to say, I had better hold my breath. But the idea of something which should be a few feet high, something with branches and lights, and hung all over with pretty things for the children, — that she understood. Because she was a mother, I suppose.

I began at once to make my preparations, while there was some little sunlight left to work by. The days grew shorter and shorter, — four hours long, three hours long, two hours long, one hour long, half an hour long, till at last the sun only just showed himself, and then set, to rise no more until the next spring!

Before leaving the vessel I had found out, from hearing the captain and mate talk, that the night, when it came, would last nearly a hundred and twenty days. Now as there is nothing to make days of when the sun does n't shine, why of course a "day" meant twenty-four hours, the same as in the arithmetic. I calculated that our huts were rather to the north of the Juno, so in order to know or to guess what part of the darkness to call Christmas, I reckoned just sixty twenty-four hours from the last sunset.

In setting about this funny undertaking the first thing to be thought of was the tree. That I made by taking a bear's backbone and fastening to it for branches the spines and ribs of foxes. For strings I used the tendons of these animals, and narrow strips of seal-skin. These last were better for tying the branches to the trunk. Bunches of moss soaked in oil I thought would do for candles very well.

Next presents. And here it must be confessed that I was, at first, really puzzled. For there were Petnetu's five boys, besides Kapaniah and Myugna and the babies and Signa's grown-up girl Sennuh, and nowhere to go to buy anything.

"But, Joe," said I to myself (I liked to talk English sometimes), as I was hopping on my left foot from Signa's hut to ours, — "Joe, there must be presents!" "Yes," says myself, answering back, "I know that, and there shall be presents. Let 's begin with the girls." "Of course," said I.

Now in thinking what present to give a small girl, a doll comes first to mind. So I made a doll; made it of seal-skin, stuffed with moss, and dressed it exactly as Kapaniah herself was dressed, trousers, jumper, hood, and all. My needle was a sharp bone, and my thread the tendons of animals. I tore off a quarter of my pocket-handkerchief to cover its head with, and to give them some idea of a white child's face. I burned the point of a very slender bone and drew as delicate features as my skill allowed. There being plenty of time in that country, I did n't hurry much, and the face when finished was quite pretty. But it was rather a sad piece of work, for, without meaning to, I found myself trying to draw the features of my little sister, and, O children, it was bad for a poor homesick sailor to have his little sister's face so much in his mind!

When the doll was finished I hid it away in a hole I had scraped out in the snow under the "breck." For everything must be kept private from the children. Of course Nevvu had to see, but I charged her not to tell. Sometimes I used to go off by myself and work in one of the little "haycocks," as I used to call them. Our hut was made of snow, and was shaped like a haycock. The bottom measured between three and four yards across, and in the centre you could stand up straight. There were two smaller "haycocks" which let out of this, and into one of these I used to go and work, though sometimes we sent Kapaniah and Myugna to see their cousins.

The doll was for Kapaniah. For Myugna I made of another quarter of my pocket-handkerchief a rag baby, and dressed it in long clothes, like babies at home. In Esquimau land they wrap them up in fox-skins. My under-jacket was lined with red flannel, and I took some of that for the rag-baby's long clothes. When she was finished I laid her in a beautiful cradle, which I carved out of clear, transparent ice. In carving ice I found a heated bone a very handy tool.

Next I made some bone beads and strung up a necklace and bracelets for Sennuh. I also made for her a very pretty model of a church, with steeple and towers all cut in ice. I missed my jack-knife dreadfully. Most of the work had to be done with a piece of rusty iron hoop sharpened. Some years before a cask had drifted ashore, and Nevvu's husband managed to get a couple of the hoops.

What could be contrived for the boys was the next question. Of course some noisy thing or other. After thinking it over awhile I made up my mind that Mellek should have a drum, Anato a trumpet, Luk a fife, and Oolooni a fiddle. For Osingo, the dumpling of a boy, I rigged a jumping-jack.

The trumpet and fife were made of hollow bones. The drum was made of seal-skin, first wet, then shaped, and then frozen. The ends, however, were of beaten fox-skin. For drum-sticks, walrus ribs.

The fiddle was easily managed. I took the shoulder-blade of a walrus, which was quite hollow, and stretched over it part of a bear's bladder. The bridge was the breastbone of a snow-bird. The strings were the intestines of a fox, and I made a fiddlestick with a lock of Nevvu's hair, fastened to a strip of whalebone.

But my greatest piece of work was the jumping-jack. This was mostly of bones, loosely jointed together. For its head I took the head of a frozen auk;* for its hands and feet, fox paws. I never saw a funnier jumping-jack in my life. When Nevvu first saw it she screamed right out loud for joy! I hid it under the "breck" and charged her to keep away from there, but if left alone in the hut she was sure to get hold of it and go to jerking the string. I did n't know but I should have to go to making playthings for the fathers and mothers too! And as it occurred to me that they never saw a horse, or a cow, or a cart, or furniture of any kind, I went to work and put together some little chairs and tables. I made them of bones of birds. And afterwards I modelled a small horse in snow. When he was finished I passed a heated bone over the surface, then gave it a covering of fox hairs and froze them on. I also did a cow in the same way. And after trying over and over and over again, I made something which would give them an idea of a carriage. The horse and cow looked more natural than any one would suppose.

Besides all these things, I made a lot of marbles for the boys. I even made alleys, some with red rings round them, and some quartered with red. The coloring-matter was liver-juice.

The fathers and mothers provided some presents, for I told them such was the custom in my country. Kapaniah and Myugna had beautiful under-waists of bird-skin, and Petnetu's boys all had sleds given them by their father, made of blocks of ice, hollowed out and polished smooth underneath. They had toy harpoons, too, about three inches long.

I was quite puzzled to know what to do for confectionery, but soon thought of the plan of making sugar-plums, hearts, and kisses, of frozen tallow, as they have nothing that is any more like sugar. Then for sticks of candy I used frozen liver, cut in narrow strips. Hanging on the tree these looked like sticks of hoarhound candy. I made for each child one mammoth sugar-plum, nearly the size of a pullet's egg, and spotted it red with liver-juice. Tallow tastes as good to the Esquimau children as sugar candy does to ours.

At last the time came for my great show. My tree stood four feet high, and was not at all a tree to be despised, or even laughed at. The branches were stiff, but then they had the advantage of not being weighed down by the presents. I hung icicles in various places; the little church was placed on the tiptop at first, and made a very pretty appearance. Afterwards I put that, and the ice cradle with the rag-baby in it, on the floor under the tree, where they would keep cold. I took care not to place any of the moss candles near the confectionery.

* A bird.

When everything was ready I let the older people in and placed them just inside the little "haycocks," but with their heads out, so they might see what was going on. Signa put her baby in her boot and there it stayed, its head peeping over the top. It did n't seem to hinder her walking about at all!

Ashunki and Sennuh crept in next, and then the children. I could n't help laughing to see their heads popping up one after another. To get in, they had to creep through a tunnel through the snow four yards long, and then over a hummock at the entrance.

At first, there was a dead calm. They were too confounded to speak a word. I said to myself that one look at those staring faces paid me for all my trouble; though I wanted no pay, for the trouble was a pleasure.

The mothers took considerable pains to have their children look well, as I told them that our children usually put on their new things at Christmas. Some of them had jumpers made of thick, furry bear-skin, white as the driven snow. Ashunki, the young hunter, gave Kapaniah three fox-tails off his girdle, to ornament her jumper. They hung down lengthwise. Ashunki was very fond of Kapaniah, and I feel pretty sure that he afterwards became her lover. Myugna made a fuss because she could n't have fox-tails too, so, to keep the peace, Nevvu made her a bird-skin collar, with auk claws dangling at the corners. It is quite common among the Esquimaux for one child to make a fuss because another has something better. But then it is pretty cold weather up there!

My tree was as brilliant as any tree I ever saw. I won't except one. There were plenty of moss candles, and they did give a splendid light. The icicles glittered and the red spotted sugar-plums looked gay enough!

And after the first surprise was over, O what a hubbub and what a racket! Old and young jabbering and grunting. No doubt they said "Charming! Lovely! Perfectly splendid!" or what amounted to all that. But it sounded like "Unkuchubchukquoknaptoklorkmootnaqukumpq!" Now think of a dozen going on this way!

Kapaniah looked her doll full in the face, and spoke to it as if 't were alive, and then put it in her hood, with its face over her left shoulder, where her mother carried her baby. This brought down the house! The older ones were so delighted with everything that they screamed and sucked their fingers by turns. Such an uproarious time as it was! The drummer drummed, the fifer fifed, and the trumpeter trumpeted! The dumpling of a chap with the jumping-jack, he stood up on the "breck," and there he jerked the string and grunted and "gubquokgubbled" to his heart's content! The babies, I forgot to say before, had rattles made of fox-teeth strung round a bone ring.

Lastly, the refreshments were passed round. Great pains had been taken to provide the delicacies of the season; namely, bears' paws and deer's marrow-bones. To get these last, Ashunki stayed out one hundred and forty-four hours! I took great pride in passing round my scalloped cakes, hearts and rounds, made of frozen tallow. My confectionery was received

A CHRISTMAS-TREE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See page 20.

with screams of joy, and was encored. They sucked it down, licked their fingers, and looked over their shoulders for more. "Poor things!" thought I. "Alas, you will never taste anything sweeter than tallow!" But they liked it.

One slight mischance cast a gloom over the party, though only for a moment. Luk nearly got choked by drawing too much bear-steak into his mouth. It is the Esquimau fashion to take a great junk of meat in the fingers, and draw it in until the mouth is full, then hack it off just outside the lips. Luk did n't stop drawing in quite soon enough. I will add, too, that Signa and her family could not eat deer-flesh. A child of hers had died some months before, and their prophet said its soul went into a deer, to stay a year; so for a year deer-flesh was forbidden.

When all was over and each family quietly asleep in its own hut, I found myself wide awake. Cruelly wide awake, I might say. For, hard as I had tried to keep thoughts of home away, they did come. So I wandered out into the starlight all alone, turned my face to the south, and let myself imagine all about them there. I wished them each a merry Christmas, and prayed that they might be kept alive and in health. Coming away, I threw a kiss to my little sister, and thought, "Who knows but some northern gale may blow it straight upon her cheek!"

How did I get away? O, that 's quite another story. In the spring Ashunki dragged me across the country in his ivory-runnered sledge to the open sea. The three families went with us, for the sake of the good living to be found there. O, you 've never seen eggs! If you want to do that just travel north till you come to the rocky cliffs, where the sea-fowl lay them by the acre! It was while waiting there, or rather while feasting there, that I got taken off by the good ship Tortuga. A good ship indeed she was to me!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

LAURA'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"O MOTHER, dear mother, the storm bloweth wild,—
And see from the window that poor beggar-child!
All ragged her dress is, and naked her feet,
And damp her white face with the rain and the sleet.
My heart as I look beateth wild as the storm,
And I blush for my garments so soft and so warm.
Bid her stay, mother dear; we 've enough, and to spare,
To cover her limbs from the keen frosty air."

Thus cried little Laura; and swift at her call
The mother unlatched the great door of the hall,
And said, "Come in hither, thou poor beggar-child,
In safe from the tempest that beateth so wild."

The child came, and crouched by the wide blazing hearth,
And was warmed by its glow, and took heart from its mirth,
And was nourished and cheered till the light in her eye
Showed a sun to illumine her life's clouded sky.

Then the mother said, "Laura, stay not to bemoan;
Words unwedded to deeds are like seeds never sown.
But hasten, dear daughter, and thankfully bring
Of your portion a part for this young hapless thing.
Forego for her comfort what garments you choose;
But chiefly she needeth your strong leather shoes
And your thick homespun dress; safe defended by these,
The storm-blast shall seem but a midsummer breeze.
But, whatever the boon, you yourself will, no doubt,
For charity's sake, go contented without.
And perchance they will prove holy vestments of light;
For the child is our gift from St. Nichol to-night."

Then Laura, one moment, stood silent and sad.
"Is it thus the pale stranger," thought she, "must be clad?

And shall I then give her my new woollen gown,
And I, in my patched one, go up to the town?
And shall I then give her the shoes from my feet,
And I in my old ones the townspeople meet?"

But just then her glance on the beggar-child fell,
And *God's love* began in her bosom to swell;
She hastened, she ran; from her wardrobe she took
Dress, shoes, cloak, and hood, and with sweet angel look
Put them on the poor child, who went forth from the door,
A weary, disconsolate beggar no more,
But erect with new energy, hopeful, elate,
As Christian went forth from the Beautiful Gate.

Then her mother said, "Laura, stand here by my knee,
And hear what an angel once whispered to me:
She who gives of her store what she never will miss,
Though at ease, shall know nothing of Heaven's highest bliss;
But who gives all, and suffers, shall sit by the side
Of the Master, and full in his glory abide."

Elizabeth D. Harrington.

A LUMP OF CHARCOAL.

HOW many of my readers have ever found anything worth looking at in a piece of charcoal? How many have even noticed the rings and markings of the wood and bark in it, and wondered why it was so different from the original logs and branches? Some, perhaps, but I fear not many. And yet, studied with a keen eye for the wonderful, and with the light of science cast upon it, that dirty, unsightly lump, which even the kitchen-maid hates to handle, becomes full of beauty, and richer in marvels than any fairy tale.

Perhaps you don't believe me? Well, never mind; although the subject does seem rather black at first, I fancy we shall soon become quite wrapped up in it — No! I don't mean that, for we should be worse than charcoal-men, but that we shall find it more interesting than it appears at a single glance.

First, let us see where charcoal comes from. Here is a piece of wood, soft, white, and delicately veined. You put it in the fire for a moment, it blazes up, and a black, disagreeable mass remains. What has happened? The flame was certainly not black, neither was the wood. In fact, the charcoal could be made as well with a burning-glass as with a regular fire. Where, then, did that black mass come from? There, that bright-looking

little girl over in the corner yonder has hit it; I knew she would. Yes, you 're right, the charcoal was in the wood, and the fire only took it out. But, you say, if that black stuff was in the wood, why was n't the wood black, and *how* did the fire make such a curious change? Let us see!

Now there is a wonderful science called chemistry, and it is the business of those who understand it to find out what all things are made of. Among other strange discoveries these chemists have learned that it is perfectly possible for two or more substances to unite together to form another new substance unlike either of the original ones. For instance, when iron is put into water it slowly changes into rust. The gray metal has united with a substance called oxygen, and something is formed which is different from either. But by suitable methods the iron can again be taken out of the rust and made to look just as it did before.

Now it is pretty much the same with the charcoal in wood, it having *combined*, as it is called, with three or four other substances to form one which is unlike them all. When the wood is put in the fire the heat forces these substances apart, some of them going off in smoke, while the charcoal remains. But, say you, if the charcoal is left too long in the fire, it will also be burnt up and disappear; what happens to it then?

Just now I spoke of a substance named oxygen, which unites with iron to form rust. This oxygen is a peculiar gas forming about one fifth of our common air, and whenever any substance is burnt completely it simply unites with oxygen. Now when charcoal by burning unites with this gas, a new gas is formed, transparent and odorless like air, and known as carbonic acid. But, although this acid seems so much like air, it is in some respects very different. A burning candle plunged into it is extinguished, and any small animal — for instance, a mouse — dies the moment it tries to breathe it. So, unlike air, carbonic acid puts out fire and destroys life. Yet this gas may be swallowed with perfect safety; for instance, it occurs in the saleratus which your mother uses in her kitchen, and it forms the sparkling bubbles which escape from common soda-water and make you feel so funnily when they get up into your nose. Although deadly to the lungs, it is harmless to the stomach.

All through nature it exists, sometimes free, and sometimes united with other materials. Combined with lime, it forms limestone, of which marble and chalk are mere varieties. So the pure white walls of a palace may be full of charcoal, and the most beautiful statue also may contain it. In the free state it often fills old wells and cellars which have been closed for years, so that the workman who descends into such places to make repairs may lose his life in consequence.

In Italy there is a cave, which has a layer of the gas at its bottom, this substance being so much heavier than common air that it always sinks in it. Travellers can safely enter this cave, since their heads are far above the deadly layer, whereas small animals are immediately overcome. The guides always carry in a little dog, to show the effects of the gas, and from this the name of the place is derived, — Grotto del Cane, meaning grotto of the dog.

The creature is never allowed to die, however, being soon taken out again and revived by the fresh air.

In Java there is a far more wonderful place, known as the Poison Valley. Here a huge mountain hollow is filled with the deadly gas, so that the traveller who looks down upon it from above sees its desolate rocky floor whitened with the bones of animals which have descended into it and lost their lives.

But there is always a way of ascertaining the danger in such places as usually contain carbonic acid. Simply lower a lighted candle into the well, cellar, or cave, and if the gas is present the light will go out.

There is another respect in which carbonic acid must interest us all. We and all other animals breathe it *out* of our lungs continually. But the air which we breathe *in* is almost wholly free from the gas, and in fact does not contain much charcoal in any form. So if we breathe it out we must contain charcoal in ourselves. Now, if we constantly breathe it away, we must in time use up all we have, unless we get more of it from other sources. Where, then, does it come from? Our food! Every article of food in common use, except salt, contains more or less charcoal. If you put sugar, flour, meat, or vegetables into the fire, you will be able to get it from them. Indeed, every hundred pounds of sugar contains no less than forty-two pounds of it!

More than this, every living being and every plant has charcoal in nearly all its parts. The most beautiful flowers, even the snow-white lily and the queenly rose, have this wonderful substance in their very colors and in the odors with which they delight us. For instance, the perfume of roses is due to an oil contained in the flower, which, when extracted, is sold under the name of otto of roses, and every seventeen pounds of this precious material contains no less than fifteen pounds of charcoal! Why, my dear reader, half your own weight, nay, more than half, is — what do you think? — charcoal and water! So the next time any one asks you what you are made of, don't say dust, but charcoal and water, and you will be nearer right. Not but that you contain other substances also, only these are in the largest quantity. Did somebody laugh at me and call me a charcoal-man just then? Very well, my dear, suit yourself, it don't hurt my feelings!

But I said that both plants and animals contain charcoal. The animals get it from the plants or by eating one another, but where do the plants get it? Let us go back to that queer carbonic acid gas which is formed when charcoal is burned, and which we give out from our lungs as the result of a sort of burning of the food within us. Perhaps you don't believe you are a furnace, but you are. The food you eat really undergoes a sort of burning up within you, its charcoal going off in carbonic acid after uniting with the oxygen you breathe in from the air. And from this mild sort of combustion results all the natural heat of your body.

Now all animals, of course including human beings, must have oxygen to breathe, and they steadily use it up in making carbonic acid. So then, if the life-giving gas is constantly removed from the air and a deadly one

put in its place, the atmosphere must in time become unfit to breathe, and life upon the earth be rendered impossible. That is, unless there is some way by which Nature gets rid of the impurities, and restores the life (if I may use the word) of the air. This is done by the plants, it being their duty to breathe in carbonic acid from the atmosphere, take away its charcoal, and give back the oxygen in a fit state for our lungs. And so the charcoal goes back and forth; we eat the plant, and, after using its charcoal, breathe it out again to be reconsumed by other plants and again made fit for our use. So, while the plants provide us with food and purify the air for us, we return the compliment by providing them with the atmosphere which is necessary for their life. We work for them and they for us. In fact, all natural objects are more our friends than we at first think.

But all this time we have been talking only of ordinary charcoal, while there are three or four other varieties of it. These, however, are all known under different names, charcoal being merely the most common one of them, while the whole are classed under the one title of *carbon*. So, then, charcoal is merely one kind of carbon. Now for another.

Long ages since, before men lived upon the earth, there were vast forests existing in which great palms and gigantic ferns as large as our trees are to-day flourished luxuriantly. And generation after generation of trees would grow up and decay and fall, and others would take their places, just as in our forests now, while the great logs and dead branches and half-rotted leaves accumulated on the ground. Thus layer after layer of vegetable matter all full of carbon was heaped up one above another. Then soil was formed above, inch by inch and foot by foot, pressing the remains of the ancient trees into a solid mass, which slowly decayed. But under these circumstances the carbon was left behind, and, when the soil above hardened into rock, was squeezed harder and harder till it became what we now extract from the bowels of the earth and use as fuel, — coal. And in the rocks surrounding the coal-beds, and often in the coal itself, we find now the prints of leaves, and sometimes huge logs of what once was wood, but now is changed to stone, with all the original markings of the bark and even the delicate veins of the leaves as distinct as if the trees had died but yesterday. So these old forests, which no man ever saw, have written their history for us in the solid rocks, leaving a record far more reliable than any book ever written by unaided man. How many millions of years ago these forests flourished no man can say; we only know that their trees differed from all which grow at the present time, and that they stored up fuel for us. They died, but were not wasted, for waste is unknown in Nature.

The same process is going on to-day. The decaying vegetation of huge swamps slowly changes into peat, which is but one step in the formation of coal, and will in future ages become the fuel of other races of men. The unfortunate traveller who chances by night to be lost in these swamps often beholds lights dance before him, like distant, waving torches, which lure him onwards, in the hope of shelter, to greater danger and even death.

These ghostly flames, the will-o'-the-wisps as they are called, have their origin in decaying vegetables, and are also, therefore, if not containing charcoal, unable to exist without it.

Almost all our artificial lights contain carbon. The flame of a candle, of a gas-burner, or of a lamp depends for its light upon little particles of charcoal, which, when collected, form common lamp-black, or soot. Petroleum, from which kerosene is made, is also rich in carbon, being formed probably from decaying vegetables and animals which lived ages ago, in some cases even when the great forests of the coal period were storing up solid fuel near by. But in many cases the petroleum was hidden away in the rocks long before the coal period, being, it may be, as much older than the coal as the latter is older than man; while, on the other hand, many wells have been filled with their oil since the mighty forests which formed the coal were covered up with solid layers of stone.

But, besides coal and charcoal, two other important forms of carbon exist, both of which are dug from the earth. One of these is common black lead, from which our lead-pencils are made, and which the kitchen-girls use in their stove-polish. The other is — what do you think? — *diamond!* Yes, the brilliant, clear, precious diamond is nothing but carbon, precisely the same substance as common, dirty, every-day charcoal.

So we see that carbon, whether we call it charcoal or not, is almost everywhere. It is in the solid rocks of the earth, it blossoms in the rose and is exhaled in its perfume, it lights us to bed, it feeds us, and it keeps us warm. It flows in our blood, and lives in our brains, muscles, hearts, and even in the very eyes with which we look at it. It is in the printer's ink upon the page before you; you write with it, wear it, and breathe it away. And yet in its most important uses it is not alone, being chiefly valued in its compounds with other substances. And just so are nearly all substances most valuable with and for others. Even you, my dear reader, follow this rule. This little piece of charcoal teaches you that. No one can work for himself and by himself alone, and be a useful being.

Now have we not learned that nothing is insignificant? Have we not learned more than we expected? So then no matter how small, dull, and uninteresting an object may at first seem, if we study it carefully, attentively, and understandingly, we shall ever find new wonders unfolding themselves. Why, I do not believe that we have more than begun to see the marvels of creation, and feel sure that there are yet whole volumes of beautiful truth, not even suspected now, to be learned from that black little lump of charcoal.

F. W. Clarke.

A NIGHT WITH SANTA CLAUS.

COME, little ones, you have outromped the sun. Look! he throws you a good-night kiss, and says, "Heigh-ho! we 've had a merry day, little folks; but there 's fun left over for to-morrow, and unless you want me to catch you napping in the morning, you had better go to bed."

Now, if the horses are put up in the stable and the dolls tucked into the play-house within five minutes, you shall have a story to dream about.

Well done! Now, Charley, tell Bridget to bring us more coal and make a bright fire. Draw all the little chairs close up, — so, with aunty in the middle, holding this curly mite on her lap. Ah! is not this a cosey party? See how the flames play hide-and-go-seek through the bars, and how merrily they dance on the walls!

Not very long ago, and not very far from here, lived a little boy named Robby Morgan. Now I must tell at once how Robby looked, else how will you know him if you meet him in the street? And I assure you that the boy to whom such a wonderful thing happened is *worth* knowing. Blue-eyed was Rob, and fair-haired, and pug-nosed, — just the sweetest trifle, his mamma said; but that small nose had a story of its own to tell: "I know I 'm only a mite of a nose on a mite of a boy, but I won't be snubbed by any of you long sharp fellows." If ever nose meant to do its whole duty through thick and thin, that little turn-up of Rob's did. There you have my hero's face, and as faces are but pictures of hearts, — until people grow up and teach their eyes and lips to tell wrong stories, — you may know about what kind of a boy Rob was. There was a world of mischief and pluck, of goodness and naughtiness, jumbled together in that little heart; but after all there was more *love* than anything else, — love for mamma and papa, Uncle George and — Santa Claus! Ah! now we have come to the story indeed! You know you often nibble away at the crust of a piece of cake, thinking "It is n't so very good after all," until all at once you bite into a raisin; so we have nibbled off the crust of my story, and here we are among the raisins! Santa Claus, childhood's blessed saint, to begin with!

Well, the day before Christmas, Rob thought it would be a fine thing to run down Main Street and see what was going on; so after dinner his mamma put on his fur cap and bright scarf, and filled his pockets with crackers and cookies, telling him to be very polite to Santa Claus if he should happen to meet him.

Off he trotted, merry as a cricket, now a skip, now a slide, longing to turn a somerset in the snow, yet fearing that the Recording Angel, who keeps a sharp lookout on little boys at Christmas time, might pop out from a tree-box and convict him on the spot. At every corner he held his breath, half expecting to run into Santa himself; but nothing of the sort happened, and he soon found himself before the gay windows of a toy-shop.

There he saw a spring hobby-horse, as large as a Shetland pony, all sad-

dled and bridled, too, — lacking nothing, in fact, but a rider. Rob pressed his nose against the glass, and tried to imagine the feelings of a boy in that saddle. He might have stood there all day, trying to conceive that bliss, had not a ragged little fellow pulled his coat, piping out, "Would n't you jist like that pop-gun mebbe!"

"Catch me looking at pop-guns!" said Rob, shortly, feeling that their very mention was a direct insult to the hobby-horse; but when he saw how tattered the boy's jacket was, he said more softly, "P'raps you 'd like a cooky."

"Try me wunst!" said the shrill little voice.

There was a queer lump in Rob's throat as he emptied one pocket of its cakes and thrust them into the dirty, eager hands. Then he marched down the street without so much as glancing at that glorious steed again.

Brighter and brighter grew the windows, more and more full of toys, till at last our boy stood, with open eyes and mouth, before a great store lighted from top to bottom, for it was growing dark. Rob came near taking off his cap and saying, "How do you do, sir?"

To whom? you ask; why, to an image of Santa Claus, the size of life, holding a Christmas-tree filled with wonderful fruit. It would have puzzled a painter to find colors as bright as Rob's eyes and cheeks were then. Soon a happy thought struck him: "Surely this must be Santa Claus's own store, where he comes to fill his basket with toys! What if I were to hide there and wait for him?" As I said, he was a brave little chap, so he walked straight into the store with the stream of big people. Everybody was busy; mammas were looking at playthings, papas were pulling out their purses, clerks were tying up parcels, and errand-boys were scampering to and fro as if they had lost their wits, and were bent on finding them. No one had time to look at our mite of a Rob. He tried in vain to find a quiet corner, till he caught sight of some winding stairs that led up to the next story. He crept up, scarcely daring to breathe till he reached the top.

What a fairy-land! Toys everywhere! Oceans of toys! Nothing but toys! excepting one happy little boy! This was the wholesale department. Ask mamma what those troublesome big words mean.

Rob came nearer losing his wits than ever in his life before, and indeed I think such a playroom excuse enough. Think of fifty great rocking-horses in a pile; of whole flocks of woolly sheep and curly dogs, with the real bark in them; stacks of drums; regiments of soldiers armed to the teeth; companies of firemen drawing their hose-carts; no end of wheelbarrows and velocipedes!

Rob screwed his knuckles into his eyes, as a gentle hint that they had better not play him any tricks, and then stared with might and main.

The room was lighted just brightly enough to show its treasures, yet the far corners were so dim as to give quite a mysterious air to the baby-jumpers and great dolls, lying so stiff and still in rows upon the shelves. But what were those things across the room staring at him so fixedly? Nothing but masks, of course; he had played with one many a time at home, but that

was quite different from facing such a host of those grinning, frowning faces. Their grimaces and scowls were meant for him, that was clear! All the big noses seemed to be snuffing at him with great relish, as giants always do before putting little boys in to roast, thought Rob. The jaws of a black bear especially had just opened to gobble him up. Altogether he was growing very uncomfortable when he thought he heard a footstep on the stairs, and fearing to be caught he hid behind a baby-wagon. No one came, however, and as he felt rather hungry, he took out the remaining cakes and had a fine supper.

Why did n't Santa Claus come?

Rob was really getting sleepy. The bustle below was only a faint murmur above, and so soothing that he stretched out his tired legs, and, turning one of the woolly sheep on its side, pillowed his curly head on it. It was so nice to lie there, looking at the ceiling hung with toys, the faint hum of voices in his ears, and sleepily thinking that, if he cared to, he might jump up and mount the finest horse or beat the biggest drum in that great room. The blue eyes grew more and more heavy, the place took on a misty look, the sounds became fainter. Rob was fast asleep.

The evening wore on; papas and mammas were on their way home loaded with mysterious parcels. The clerks and errand-boys, too, seized their caps and left the store in high glee, — only one man stayed to guard it. He went up stairs to turn down the lights, but in his hurry did not notice the little boy so snugly stowed away behind the carts.

Midnight! The bells rang loud and clear, as if they had great news to tell the world. What noise is that besides the bells? And look, O look! who is that striding up the room with a great basket on his back? He has stolen his coat from a polar bear, and his cap, too, I declare! His boots are of red leather and reach to his knees. His coat and cap are trimmed with wreaths of holly, bright with scarlet berries.

Good sir, let us see your face, — why! that is the best part of him, — so round and so ruddy, such twinkling eyes and such a merry look about those dimples! But see his long white beard, — can he be old?

O, very, very old! eighteen hundred and seventy years! Is not that a long life, little ones? But he has a young heart, — this dear old man, — and a kind one. Can you guess his name? "Hurrah for Santa Claus!" Right! — the very one.

He put his basket down near Robby, and with his back turned to him shook the snow from his fur coat. Some of the flakes fell on Rob's face and roused him from his sleep. Opening his eyes, he saw the white figure, but did not stir or cry out. He knew him in a twinkling, though to his sleepy eyes he looked more like a nice plump angel than anything else. Very quiet he lay, not daring to speak a word lest the vision should vanish. But, bless his big heart! *he* had no idea of vanishing till his night's work was done. He took a large book from his pocket, opened to the first page, and looked at it very closely.

"TOMMY TURNER," was written at the top, and just below was a little

map, — yes, there was Tommy's heart mapped out like a country. Part of the land was marked *good*, part of it *bad;* some of the people were called civilized and some savage. Here and there were little flags to point out places where battles had been fought during the year, — like the flags in the atlas, you know. Some of them were black, and some white; wherever a good feeling had won the fight there was a white one. Love and Hate had a dreadful tussle in Tommy's heart one day, but Love won the field, and Santa Claus in triumph reared a white flag on the very spot. In another place a black one showed where selfishness and generosity fought over an orange, but self — that wicked old general who kills and enslaves so many good impulses — carried off the orange. He had to pay roundly for it now, however, for Santa Claus shook his head grimly when his eye fell on it, — then he seemed to be counting.

"Tommy Turner," said he aloud, — "six white flags, three black; that leaves only three presents for Tommy; but we must see what can be done for him."

So he bustled about among the toys, and soon had a ball, a horse, and a Noah's ark tied up in a parcel, which he tossed into the basket.

Name after name was read off, some of them belonging to his little playmates, and you may be sure Rob listened with his heart in his mouth.

"Robby Morgan!" said Santa Claus.

In his excitement that small boy nearly upset the cart, but Santa was so busy with his map that he did not notice it.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven" — Rob's breath came very short — "*whites!*"

He almost clapped his hands.

"One, two, three, *blacks!* Now I wonder what that little chap would like, — here 's a drum, a box of tools, a knife, and a menagerie. If he had n't run away from school that day and then told a lie about it, I 'd give him a rocking-horse."

Rob groaned in anguish of spirit.

"But, bless him! he 's a fine little fellow, and perhaps he will do better next year if I give him the horse."

That was too much for our boy. With a "hurrah!" he jumped up and turned a somerset right at Santa Claus's feet.

"Stars and stripes!" cried he; "what 's this?"

"Come along, I 'll show you the one," was the only answer Rob gave, tugging at the fur coat with all his might.

Santa Claus suffered himself to be led off to the pile of horses. You may believe that Rob's sharp eyes soon picked out the one with the longest tail and thickest mane.

"Well, he beats all the boys ever I saw, back to the year one! What shall I do with the little spy?" soliloquized Santa Claus.

"O dear Santa Claus!" cried Robby, hugging the red boots, "do just take me 'long with you; I 'll stick tight when you slide down the chimbley."

"Yes, I guess you will stick tight — in the chimney, little man."

"I mean to your back," half sobbed Rob.

Santa Claus can't bear to see little folks in trouble, so he took the boy in his arms, and asked him where he wanted to go.

"To Tommy Turner's, and O you know that boy in the awful old jacket that likes pop-guns," was the breathless reply.

Of course he knew him, for he knows every boy and girl in Christendom; so a pop-gun was added to the medley of toys. Santa Claus then strapped Rob and the basket upon his back, and crept through an open window to a ladder he had placed there, down which he ran as nimbly as a squirrel.

The reindeers before the sledge were in a hurry to be off, and tinkled their silver bells right merrily. An instant more, and they were snugly tucked up in the white robes, — an instant more, and they were flying like the wind over the snow.

Ah! Tommy's home. Santa Claus sprang out, placed the light ladder against the house, and before Rob could wink — a good fair wink — they were on the roof making for the chimney. Whether it swallowed him, or he swallowed it, is still a puzzle to Robby. He only had time to wonder, on the way down, if young avalanches felt so, taking their first slide.

Tommy lay sleeping in his little bed and dreaming, doubtless, of a merry Christmas, for his rosy mouth was puckered into something between a

THE SKATERS.

[See Our Boys' Skating Song.

whistle and a smile. Rob longed to give him a friendly punch, but Santa Claus shook his head; so they filled his stocking and hurried away, for empty little stockings the world over were waiting for that generous hand.

On they sped again, never stopping until they came to a wretched little hovel with only a black pipe instead of a chimney sticking through the roof.

Rob thought, "Now I guess he 'll *have* to give it up," but no, he softly pushed the door open and stepped in. On a ragged cot lay the urchin to whom Robby had given the cookies. One of them, half-eaten, was still clutched in his hand. Santa Claus gently opened the other little fist and put the pop-gun in it.

"Give him my drum," whispered Rob, and Santa Claus without one word placed it near the rumpled head.

How swiftly they flew under the bright stars! How sweetly rang the bells!

When Santa Claus reined up at Robby's door he found his little comrade fast asleep; so he laid him tenderly in his crib, and drew off a stocking which he filled with the smaller toys; the rocking-horse he placed close to the crib, that Rob might mount him betimes on Christmas morning.

A kiss, and he was gone.

P. S. Rob's mamma says it was all a dream, but he declares, indignantly, that "it 's true as Fourth o' July!" and *I* prefer to take his word for it.

Annie R. Annan.

OUR BOYS' SKATING SONG.

OUT! in the frosty morning air, —
Out on our glittering skates!
Ho, for the river's crystal glare!
Who is the laggard that waits?
Keen is the north-wind over the plain,
Keen as a hunter's blade;
But none in our dauntless skating train
Of his blust'ring blast is afraid.

Then away, away o'er the crystal track!
On slippers of glittering steel, away!
The ice may bend, and the ice may crack;
We 'll laugh in the face of all danger to-day.

Now for a straight heat, swift and far!
Now for a good mile race!

Hey, how the thin sheets creak and jar
  Beneath our lightning pace!
Frost in our nostrils, — tingling frost, —
  Frost on our waving hair;
But, boys, we 're willing to pay the cost
  The skater's delights to share.

Then away, away o'er the crystal track!
  On slippers of glittering steel, away!
The ice may bend, and the ice may crack,
  We 'll laugh in the face of all danger to-day.

Now to the right we quickly turn;
  And now to the left we fly!
Hi! how the blue steel seems to spurn
  The ice as we whistle by!
Bend to the home-stretch, racers, bend!
  Bend with a sweeping stride;
And rough old North-Wind, he shall lend
  Us wings as we homeward glide.

Then away, away o'er the crystal track!
  On slippers of glittering steel, away!
The ice may bend, and the ice may crack,
  We 'll laugh in the face of all danger to-day.

Merrily goes the winter-time,
  When the streams are frozen strong;
When skate-steel's ring and skater's rhyme
  Are blent in a gleeful song;
The drone may doze by the chimney-side,
  And close to the hearth-rug cling;
But the wide-awake school-boy's joy and pride
  Is the skater's song to sing.

Then away, away o'er the crystal track!
  On slippers of glittering steel, away!
The ice may bend, and the ice may crack,
  We 'll laugh in the face of all danger to-day.

G. H. Barnes.

A TALK ABOUT ANIMALS.

"ONLY think," said little Ella Randolph, "what a wonderful creature the rhinoceros is! You believe an elephant is a pretty big animal, don't you?"

"He is the biggest and strongest animal in the world," said her brother Rufus, who had great faith in elephants.

"There 's where you are mistaken," said Ella. "The rhinoceros is so strong that he can take an elephant, big as he is, right up on his horn, and think nothing of it, till the elephant's fat runs down into his eyes and blinds him."

"Ho! you read that in the story of Sindbad the Sailor!" said Rufus, laughing at her. "Why, Ella! an elephant could toss your rhinoceros on his tusks, or strangle him with his trunk, and then trample him under those great feet of his, easy as anything. I bet on the elephant!"

"I bet on the rhinoceros!" replied Ella, decidedly. "I 'll ask Cousin Tim about it. He 's been all over the world, and he 'll know. O Cousin Tim, you 're just in time! Now tell me —" and she poured out her story.

Cousin Tim — a jolly old boy, who had really been much about the world, as she said — laughed heartily at her graphic account of the rhinoceros blinded by the fat of the elephant carried on his horn. He took her on his knee, and, stroking her hair affectionately, said, "And did n't you read still further, how, when the rhinoceros fell down and died, with the elephant sticking on his horn, a great bird called a roc came and carried them both away?"

Ella said yes, but that she did n't exactly believe that part of the story.

"O, did n't you? Well, you are right. I 'm sorry to say that the Arabian Nights are not very good authority in natural history. I 've seen an elephant and a rhinoceros together —"

"O, have you?" "Do tell us about it, Cousin Tim!" cried both children at once. "Where was it?"

"In the London Zoölogical Gardens, where you may see all sorts of animals, birds, and reptiles, — except a few that you read of in the Arabian Nights," he added, laughing. "I 've seen a lady elephant wind her trunk about the neck of the rhinoceros —"

"To strangle him?" cried Rufus, eagerly. "I told you so, Ella! I bet on the elephant!"

"No, not to strangle him, but in play, — to hug him, I suppose. When tamed together the two animals are very good friends, though they are enemies in their native wilds. There the rhinoceros always gives a grunt of dissatisfaction, and runs off when he hears the elephant coming. And well he may; for a rhinoceros is only about four or five feet high, while the elephant

Rhinoceros and Elephant.

is eight or ten feet high, and large in proportion. Yet I assure you the largest and strongest of animals would find the horn of the stout rhinoceros a terrible weapon. An English hunter, mounted on his horse, once fired at a rhinoceros within a few yards of him. He did n't expect to kill him at one shot, for the rhinoceros has such a tough skin that only a peculiar kind of very hard bullet will go through it, and sometimes that won't. What the hunter did expect was that the rhinoceros would run away, for he is a rather timid beast; he would then have ridden alongside of him, — for a horse can travel much faster than those short-legged animals, — and put more bullets into him, just behind the shoulder until he fell dead. But this rhinoceros showed fight; he lowered his head and rushed forward, throwing up his nose and striking the horse such a blow that his horn passed clear through the poor beast's body and hit the hunter's leg on the other side."

"Did he kill the hunter?"

"No; he killed the horse, but the hunter afterwards, mounting another, killed him."

"How long is the rhinoceros's horn?" Rufus inquired.

"Sometimes three or four feet, but not often. It is only a very old animal that has a horn as long as that. It curves backward to a point, and is very strong. Some kinds of rhinoceros have two horns, one behind the other.

We call the thing a horn, and yet it is not one, strictly speaking. It does not grow out of the skull, like an ox-horn, but out of the skin, like a hair, having no connection with the bone beneath. It has, in fact, more the nature of a hair than of a horn, — or, rather, of a hard, compact mass of hairs, rough about the sides, but ending in a smooth sharp point. All the hairs which belong on an animal's body seem to have been gathered in a bundle on this creature's nose; for he is naked, like the elephant, who is a sort of second cousin of his, according to writers on natural history. Both belong to the family of *pachyderms*, or thick-skinned animals. The skin of the rhinoceros lies upon him in heavy folds, so thick and hard and shell-like that they make him look something like a gigantic tortoise. The natives of Asiatic countries, where the rhinoceros is found, use his tough hide to make shields of. It is a protection against even the claws of a tiger or the sword of a man, — and yet not against the animal's worst enemy."

"What is that?" both children wished to know.

"An insect that works under the folds of his skin, and sometimes torments him almost to death. When he can endure its bites no longer, he goes and buries himself in the mud, leaving only his nose sticking out, and stays there until he has drowned or smothered his tormentors. Sometimes he stays until the mud, baking in the sun, becomes so hardened about him that he can scarcely get out. The natives take advantage of him then, and kill him while he is struggling to free himself. He is often saved from them, as he is from the insects, by his best friend."

"What is that?"

"A little bird, called the rhinoceros bird. It always goes with the rhinoceros, riding on his back, and perching upon him when he sleeps at night. It feeds upon the insects that are the torment of his life. When he is asleep, and danger is coming, this faithful little friend screams in his ear to wake him. Sometimes when a rhinoceros has been shot the bird has been seen to keep watch over him, and scream in his ear to wake him, at sight of the hunter returning; but he is dead, and cannot awake. There is something very curious, as well as touching, in this friendship existing between the big beast and the little bird."

"Are the elephant's tusks real horns, or are they like the horn of the rhinoceros?" Rufus asked.

"Neither. They are teeth. Monstrous teeth, to be sure. I have seen a pair nine feet long, that weighed two hundred and thirty pounds. Mr. Cumming, the great English hunter, tells of one he had that weighed a hundred and seventy-three pounds, — a single tusk heavier than your Uncle Thomas, and he is a very solid man. It was almost eleven feet long. The ivory in such a tusk would have been worth a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars."

"Ivory!" exclaimed little Ella.

"Yes, my dear. Ivory is nothing but the tusks and teeth of certain animals. Elephants are hunted for their tusks; and thousands are killed

every year to furnish ivory for the cutlery establishments of a single town in England. The handle of that pretty Sheffield knife your Uncle Thomas gave you last Christmas, Rufus, is ivory, and it grew in an elephant's tusk."

"I should think the elephants would all get killed off, at that rate," said Rufus.

"So should I, — and indeed I believe they are becoming scarce. Perhaps they will before long disappear from Asia and Africa, as they have from this country."

"What! were there ever elephants in America?"

"Yes, the elephant and even the rhinoceros were once, like the mastodon, inhabitants of this continent."

"How do folks know that?"

"By the bones of these animals, which have been found here."

"How strange!"

"Not half so strange, Ella, as what is found in Northern Siberia, — that country of ice and snow. The elephant, you know, likes a warm climate. Now — will you believe it? — in cold Siberia, where it would be impossible for a wild elephant to live, the bones of so many dead ones are found buried in the frozen banks of rivers that a great business is carried on digging them out and sending the tusks to market. Regular *ivory mines* they are, and very valuable. The tusks are perfect, and sometimes very large, and they furnish the best of ivory, though they have been there, I suppose, thousands and thousands of years."

"Why, how did they ever get there, if the country is so cold?"

"It must have been warmer once than it is now. Then some great change in the climates of the earth took place, — I won't pretend to say what, — and ice and snow buried whole regions where the rhinoceros once tossed his horn and the elephant swung his trunk."

"Do little baby elephants have tusks?" Ella inquired.

"They have small ones, called 'milk tusks,' which they shed when they are two or three years old; then the real tusks come out, and continue to grow as long as the elephant lives, which is a good while, — sometimes a hundred and fifty or even two hundred years. Of the Indian elephants only the males have tusks; but both males and females of the African species have them, though those of the males are much the larger."

"If the elephant's tusks are so long, how can he ever put his mouth to the ground to eat and drink?" Ella was anxious to know.

"My dear, he never puts his mouth to the ground. He can't. His tusks are too long and his neck is so short. He would starve to death if it was n't for his trunk. That is a most wonderful member. It is a sort of long nose with something like a finger on the end of it. It can pick up a penny, or kill a man at a blow. It can stretch out very long, and wind about things, or it can draw itself up into a short, wrinkled mass. It is hollow, and when the animal wishes to drink he first fills it with water, then curls it about, puts the end into his mouth, and empties it like a bottle into his throat."

"Yes; and I saw him eat hay at the menagerie, last summer," said Rufus. "He just took a wisp with his trunk, gave it a twist, and stuffed it into his mouth. I gave him a cracker, and it was odd to see his great trunk pick it out from between my fingers, and then go through with all the motions for so little a thing!"

"To enable him to do all it does, there are in the elephant's trunk more than fifty thousand separate muscles, — so I have read somewhere," said Cousin Tim. "He does some very curious things with it. He takes up sand, and flings it all over his body. Or he bathes himself by filling his trunk with water, and then spirting it over his back and sides. Sometimes he brushes himself with wisps of hay, and I've seen him, plucking herbs by the wayside, knock them carefully against his fore legs, to brush the dust off, before putting them into his mouth. The foot and head of the elephant are almost as wonderfully formed as his trunk. To support his enormous weight, and enable him to move without a heavy jar at each step, his hoof is composed of a great many elastic horny plates, which make it almost as soft as a football, so that he walks or runs — and he is a very swift runner — almost as silently as a fox. Then his head, in order to have strength to wield his huge tusks and trunk, without being too heavy, has great cavities filled with bony cells, like empty honeycombs, between the brain and the skull; so that the elephant's brain is not half so large as most people imagine."

"Then it is n't his big head that makes him so knowing, is it?" said Rufus.

"Well, no, my boy. There are animals with small heads quite as wise in their way as the elephant."

"I know! I read in my 'Young Folks' about the beavers, — how they make dams to raise the water of streams when it is too low for them, and build regular little huts or lodges, to live in, almost like human beings. Did you ever see a beaver, Cousin Tim?"

"Never a wild one; though I have watched the tame ones many a day in the London Zoölogical Gardens. Curious fellows they are! They are quite tame, and appear to be on very friendly terms with the birds that come sometimes to share their food with them. It is amusing to see one pare an apple or a parsnip; he holds it in his paws, and pressing his teeth against it, while he turns it, takes off the skin as neatly as you could do with a knife."

"Does a tame beaver build dams?" asked Ella.

"O no; he is too wise, wild or tame, to give himself that trouble when it is n't necessary. He continues to cut sticks, though, when he can get them, — not to build dams with, but to get the bark for food. A growth of young saplings disappears pretty soon from the shores of a pond where beavers are kept. But, though he never builds dams where there is always plenty of water, yet even a tame beaver, as soon as the building season arrives, feels again the old instinct of his race, and sets to work making a lodge for the winter."

Beaver and Black-tailed Water Wren.

Rufus thought the beaver must be a very sleek-looking animal.

"He is not so sleek as you suppose, — if you are thinking of a beaver hat," said Cousin Tim. "His fur is very fine, soft, and close; but all over him there are long, bristling hairs, that grow out through the fur, and give him a rather rough look. I said all over him; but there is neither hair nor fur, you know, on that scaly, flat tail of his. That is almost as curious a thing as the elephant's trunk. It is a paddle to swim with, a prop to lean on when the beaver stands upon his hind legs, a trowel to build his dam or plaster his hut with, and I don't know what else."

Ella wanted to know if there was any other animal as knowing as the elephant and the beaver, and was very much displeased when her cousin said, "Yes, the bear."

"O, I don't believe it, that horrid creature!" said she. "I saw one at the menagerie, and as I was going by his cage he jumped up and put his nose and great claws against the bars, and opened his awful big mouth, just as if he wanted to swallow me. I never was so frightened in my life. His mouth watered for me till it dripped, — and then, those horrid teeth! ugh!"

"He wanted a bun," said Rufus. "He saw one in her hand, and stretched his jaws apart as an invitation for her to toss it in."

Waiting for a Bun.

"Yes; and Rufus took my clean bun, and threw it into the creature's ugly mouth, and he swallowed it, and licked his chaps, just as he would if it had been me instead!" said Ella.

"No, you misunderstood him," said Cousin Tim, laughing. "If it was a common black bear, or a brown bear, he would n't have eaten you if he could. He likes buns better than he does little girls. Sometimes, I know, when he is savage with hunger, he will attack people who do not attack him; but he is commonly a harmless fellow, living on roots, leaves, insects, berries, honey, and grain, though he does not object to a fat pig now and then. And maybe when very hungry, as I said, he would not despise a nice, tender little girl. I read the other day a true story of a woman in Europe, who went out into the woods to search for her two little children that had strayed away, and found them — where do you suppose? — playing with a bear! One had actually climbed up on the monster's back, and the other was trying to lead him! And, what was very strange, the bear seemed to like it. For he is an affectionate fellow, and fond of children for playfellows, if not for breakfast and supper. Mind, I am not speaking of the great grizzly bear, or the ferocious white polar bear; they are very different creatures."

"But are common bears so very knowing?" asked Rufus.

"I won't say they are to be compared with the elephant in wisdom. But there are few animals as knowing as the bear. Tamed, he can be taught to perform far more wonderful tricks than a dog can; and in some of his habits and manners he is more nearly human than any other dumb beast, except the monkey. But I can't stop to tell you more about him now."

"O dear! can't you any way?" said Ella.

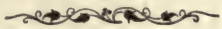
"I thought you did not like bears!"

"I 'm beginning to like them."

"Perhaps, then, I will tell you more about them some time. But I must go now. Good by! Why, you are a little bear yourself, — you hug so!"

And, kissing both Ella and her brother, Cousin Tim hurried away.

Harvey Wilder.



IN BOLTON WOODS.

MY little American friends, I suppose some of you mean to go to England some time. England, where most of your great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers came from; where we speak the same tongue and read the same books as you do, and live very much in the same way, only quieter and more old-fashioned. That is, you travel thousands of miles, we only hundreds; your cities and towns are new, ours old, — some very old. Many of our castles and cathedrals, abbeys and baronial halls, nay, even our houses, were built centuries ago; and some have lain for centuries in ruins. I dare say you enterprising Americans would have pulled them quite down and carted the rubbish away, and built up a new house or castle in no time; but we rather like these things for being old. And so would some of you, perhaps, if you saw how beautiful they look, — like our old abbey, Bolton Abbey, which I went to see the other day, and mean to tell you about instead of a story. Though it has a story connected with it too.

Once upon a time there was a Lady Alice Romilly, who married the nephew of a King of Scotland, but was left a widow early, with an only son, of whom she was passionately fond. The boy was called "the Boy of Egremond," from the estate to which he was heir, one of the finest in Yorkshire. Now, you must know, this Yorkshire, our biggest county, though much smaller than one of your States, is, in parts of it, exactly like a gigantic ploughed field. The land lies in furrows or *dales*, and at the bottom of each dale runs a river, from which it takes its name, such as Wharfedale, Airedale, and so on. These dales or valleys are mostly very rich and beautiful; the uplands are generally low, bleak hills, or sweeps of moorland. Well, the estate of this boy, this young Romilly, extended all along Wharfedale, which is the finest of all the dales, and through which runs, fierce and fast, one of the brightest, merriest rivers I know, — the

Wharfe. Sometimes it is broad, sometimes narrow; at one spot near Bolton, so very narrow and so locked in between two rocks, that an active lad can easily stride over it. Therefore it is called, and had been called from time immemorial, the Strid.

This place is in the midst of thick woods, where, it is said, young Romilly was very fond of going with his hounds; and as there was no bridge, — there is none even yet, — it was the easiest way of crossing from side to side of the dale. The boy crossed it, alas! once too often. For when he was bounding carelessly over, — or attempted to cross it, — holding two hounds in a leash behind him, the dogs swerved back, and instead of gaining the opposite rock young Romilly fell into the chasm. Of course he was drowned; out of that boiling, foaming torrent, so narrow and so deep, no one ever came alive.

The first person to go and tell the Lady Alice was a forester, who had seen it all, but could not help. He went in great sorrow to his mistress, and, thinking to prepare her, put the question, "What is good for a *bootless bene?*" — which means "a lost blessing."

> "And she made answer, Endless sorrow!
> For she knew that her son was dead."

I am telling you the story in prose, but it is infinitely better in poetry, — Wordsworth's poetry, which some of you may have read.* I learned it myself by heart when I was a child, and used often to tell and think of that poor lady and her "endless sorrow," and how she comforted it in the only way that sorrow can be comforted, by doing good to other people. Close by the spot where her son was drowned she built Bolton Abbey, a splendid monastery, where the monks said prayers night and day, and carried out all sorts of charities, and were a great blessing to all Wharfedale. And this cruel Wharfe, which had killed her boy, ran along beside it, merry old river, — as merrily as he runs to-day.

This all happened seven hundred years ago; yet the Abbey, or a great portion of it, is still standing; the Strid is much as it was, perhaps worn a little wider and deeper by the action of the water; but any of you sturdy American boys could leap over as easily as young Romilly used to do. And the trees which clothe the banks on either side of the river are so old, so enormously old, that no doubt some of them are the identical oaks under which young Romilly used to pass, with his bow and arrows, — guns were not used then, — his hunting-bow slung over his shoulder, and his dogs, those fatal dogs! held in a leash at his heels. Poor young Romilly!

This sad story had always such an interest for me that for years I longed to see Bolton Abbey and the Strid. And it was a great delight to start off one golden October morning — as bright a morning as those you have in your American "fall" — with a party of young people — some children, some nearly grown-up, but all young — in a tightly packed car, the crowning feature of which was a gigantic hamper. It rode silently — the only silent passenger indeed, for our tongues all went like mill-clacks — beside

* "The Form of Prayer." Wordsworth Works, Vol. IV., Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s Edition.

the coachman; and it looked as if its contents would feed an army; which was a great consolation to more than one of us, when we had driven for some time along the banks of Wharfe, with the fresh air blowing down upon us from the bleak summits of Simon's Seat, and Beamsley Beacon, facetiously termed "Beans-and-bacon," in compliment to this hungry Yorkshire, the very hungriest country I ever knew. I do believe but for a sense of honor some of us would have attacked the hamper before noon. As it was, we stayed our appetites with a biscuit or two, and went on chattering and laughing, doubtless to the amusement of the various quiet, gray villages we drove through, — all so very quiet, so very gray. For these Yorkshire villages are built entirely of stone, with stone roofs even, — roofs gabled and sloping, under which are the long low windows, with heavy mullions and tiny diamond-shaped panes. Very picturesque, and no doubt very solid and comfortable, though just a little dreary.

The dreariness was enlivened, however, by quantities of children, seeming to spring up everywhere, just like daisies. (By the by, I understand daisies do not grow in America, which is the most disappointing thing I have yet heard of that country.) These little fat, brown, shock-headed, flaxen-haired creatures came tumbling out of every cottage door, or stood staring, finger in mouth, or gave us a shrill "Hooray!" as we drove by. Especially when we came to the old-fashioned town at Bolton Bridge, which looked exactly as it must have done for the last two centuries, for they are by no means "go-ahead" people in the Yorkshire dales. And here for a little we lost sight of the River Wharfe, with whom (I speak of it as if it were a live creature, for it is such a living stream, so bright and rapid, noisy and strong) we had kept company all the way.

But very soon some of us called out: "There is the Abbey! How beautiful it looks! Of all days in the year we could not have had a finer day."

It was true. Here is a picture of the Abbey, just as it looked, coming upon it from the town-field; but no words could ever describe, no pencil paint, the full beauty of the scene, — the intense blue of the sky through the ruined windows and arches, the glitter of the sunshine on those great masses of ivy, and on the long, green, dew-sparkling grass that grew between the gravestones. The Abbey is built at the entrance of a sort of glen, thickly wooded, and these woods were now tinted all colors, as bright almost as your trees in the fall, while between them ran Wharfe, gradually growing broader and deeper and quieter, until by the time we reached the Abbey he had settled into quite a well-conducted river, who, in summer-time at least, would drown nobody. You can even cross him, by means of a line of stepping-stones, which looked so tempting that I immediately started off to do it.

Do you know how delicious that feat is, crossing a rapid river on stepping-stones? When you get to the middle, you pause a minute on the biggest stone of the lot, and you watch the water dancing and bubbling and chattering all round you, yet you feel so grand and so safe! You

dip your hands into it, or perhaps just the tips of your toes, and then stand and look backward and forward to either shore, which seems so far off, and you so completely alone in the midst of the running, rushing stream. But you have conquered it and crossed it, — at least half-way; and you know you can accomplish the other half with care. You are like a boy who has carried off his first prize at school, or a young man who has taken honors at college, or a middle-aged man who has fought half his battle with the world; it was not an easy thing to do, but he has done it, and he feels so proud, — honestly proud and glad.

I have had a few pleasant sensations in life, my children; but I think one of the very pleasantest was standing that sunshiny day in the middle of Wharfe, on the stepping-stones opposite Bolton Abbey.

Then we wandered about the churchyard, and tried to find the grave of Emily Norton (about whom Wordsworth has made a poem called "The White Doe of Rylstone"), and the place where she and her white doe used to sit together, and where, after she was buried, the faithful creature came alone. But we found nothing. Just as we were turning away, there came, from the very ruins as it seemed, the sound of an organ and of boys' voices singing a chant.

"It 's the little boys of the school," said an old man who was hanging about the churchyard. "They practise every morning in the part of the Abbey that is restored, and O, don't they sing well, some of 'em!"

They did; and coming in upon the intense stillness of the place, where was not a sound except the ripple of Wharfe in the distance, you might almost have fancied it was no little school-boys at all, but the spirits of

the good old monks come back again, and bringing a few angels to help them sing their matins once more on the familiar spot. But it ended at last, the church-door opened, and out rushed a stream of most earthly little boys, who tumbled one over another in the liveliest way, and at last dispersed towards the court-yard of their school, which has been built by the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the property belongs, and where we saw them settling down to various games at marbles.

But the morning was wearing on, and we had to be at a particular spot in Bolton Woods, called the Summer-House, by dinner-time. Our path went along the left bank of Wharfe, among the trees, until at last we came upon an open space, where the gray rocks that hem in the stream grow huger and more jagged, and Wharfe grows more and more swift and furious, and beats himself against them into clouds of foam and spray. At last he gets closed in within such a narrow channel that he can bear it no longer, and begins to roar like an angry beast, — so fiercely that you can hardly hear yourself speak. You go cautiously down, and there, dashing himself between two rocks, a higher and a lower one, where the feet of generations upon generations have worn two flat places like stepping-stones, you see the imprisoned river; you perceive at once that with a steady, active foot you might cross it fifty times unharmed, but if your foot slipped, or your head turned dizzy, it would be all over with you, — for this is the Strid.

Instinctively I caught two of my little folks by the hand, and began to count over the rest, lest any should be suddenly missing. The boy of the party — a thorough boy! — gave me serious alarm by the way he bounded over the slippery rocks, and looked down from the very edge of them into the boiling Wharfe, as if he were desirous to emulate the fate of young Romilly.

I too looked down, as sadly as if it had happened only yesterday, into the dark seething chasm of foamy water, into which, all those centuries ago, the boy had fallen, and then cast my eyes backward to the ruined Abbey, in the building of which the broken-hearted mother had found her only comfort. And I wished all boys who go on dangerous adventures would think twice of their poor mothers at home, and not risk their lives except for some good or heroic end.

We were all a little grave, I think, remembering poor young Romilly and the Lady Alice, until we climbed up the wood-side again and began unpacking the hamper.

Never was such a hamper! The fowls, the beef, the apple-pies, the blanc-mange and jam, the bread and the butter, seemed endless! And such a lot of things to eat them with, — knives, forks, and spoons, plates, basins, and dishes. I am sure the Lady Alice and her son, who probably ate their meat out of wooden platters with their fingers, never dreamed of such things. We all turned at once into waiters, and spread the table — a real table, though in a rather damp root-house — in most sumptuous style. And then, having waited as long as affection and civility, striving with

hunger, allowed us, for two missing ones of the party, did n't we fall to, and eat such a dinner! When, towards its close, the absentees appeared, alarm mingled with our delight, for we had nearly consumed everything.

"O, never mind, we 'll just put up with the relics of the past," said this generous pair, as we laid before them the poor remains of our meal. And some of us, I saw, nobly abstained from a third helping of apple-pie, that there might be enough left the new-comers.

Then everybody was very busy in packing up the knives, forks, and spoons again, — an act of duty, but not near so delightful as the unpacking. Afterwards we all spread ourselves through various green bowery paths, wandered about hither and thither, and finally condescended to remount the carriage in order that, just at the entrance of the wood, we might cross over to the other side of Wharfe, and enter a glen little known to ordinary tourists, where there was a wonderful waterfall. A considerable struggle our horses had in fording the swift but here shallow river, and some of us looked not sorry to reach safely the other side. Then began a climb — O, such a climb! — up one of the steep sides of the glen which ends in the waterfall. The narrow path wound hither and thither, so that at each step, looking backward, we had a different view. And what a view it was, — all trees, and trees in their infinitely varied autumn dress, — foreground, background, middle distance, and the far distance, beyond the glen's mouth, becoming hazy in the quick-coming twilight! And what fun we had in ascending step after step, cut in earth or rock, as it happened, and with the prospect of descending just as many on the other side! And when, having gained the utmost point where the glen was barred up by a huge rock, we caught sight of that determined little river — a tributary of Wharfe — plunging over its barricade, and melting away in a cloud of foam at the bottom, giving that curious sense of exultation which waterfalls always do, — I suppose for the unconscious feeling of triumph in obstacles overcome, — O, how happy we were! It reads very tame, hardly worth while telling; but all I can say is, come to England, to Bolton Woods, and just go up that glen.

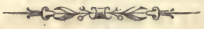
The other bank of that resolute little streamlet was not a glen at all, but a bare hillside, kept as a sort of chase. On the hill-top we could see, sharp against the sky, the outlines of two or three roe-deer, which stood as it were investigating the sunset. And fast the sun was now setting, and the mist gathering, so that it was only with an effort that we could see, perched over the highest point of Bolton Woods, Bardon Tower, the mansion built by that Lord Clifford who is called the Shepherd Lord. Wordsworth has told his story, — how he was brought up as a shepherd-lad, quite ignorant of his noble birth, and how, when he succeeded to the title and fortune, his tastes still remained as simple as heretofore. Certainly, Bardon Tower is a plain enough building, little better than a house, but there the Shepherd Lord is said to have lived in peace and honor, a blessing to the whole country-side.

"And ages after he was laid in earth
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

I do not know, children, whether he liked better to be a shepherd or a lord, or whether it really is better. In my opinion every man's character makes his own lot, whether high or low. But I think he must have lived a very quiet, happy life, looking down from his tower along this beautiful Wharfedale, with Bolton Abbey at the end of it, — where now, as we drove past, the ruins looked grayer than ever in the fast-closing day, and the jackdaws had ceased chattering and were going to sleep in the ivy. The incessant murmur of Wharfe against the stepping-stones would soon be the only sound heard on the spot, — unless, indeed, the ghosts of the old monks reappear at midnight to sing their early mass, or the Lady Alice, in her mourning weeds and with her sorrowful heart, comes gliding after them down the long arches, which are now open to all the stars. But no! people once gone to heaven do not come back again, — why should they? Centuries ago the Lady Alice found her son again, and they are quite happy together, and have perhaps altogether forgotten the place where their memories still linger, faint but fair, — as my memory does, tenderly, and always will, over that day in Bolton Woods.

Come to England, and see the places for yourselves, my children.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman.



CHRISTMAS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

IT was our first Christmas outside of Yankeedom. We had already found that many customs of the Southern people differed very much from our own; but had not yet learned how differently they kept their holidays. So when we were roused that Christmas morning in Washington by the firing of crackers and torpedoes, which we Yankees appropriate exclusively to Independence day, we rubbed our eyes in bewilderment, and thought we must have awaked from a Rip Van Winkle nap, to find it Fourth of July, and ourselves in the neighborhood of Boston Common.

But no. When we looked out of the window there was no appearance of July, and the houses opposite did n't look at all like Boston. Still the crackers and torpedoes kept up their shrill duet, and now and then a cannon thundered out its bass. So we dressed in double-quick time and hurried down stairs, to find out what it all meant.

At the dining-room door we met Chloe, bringing up the breakfast.

"Christmas gif', Missus," said Chloe, before we had time to speak.

The colored people, instead of wishing you "merry Christmas," say "Christmas gif," which means that they expect a present.

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"Dunno," said Chloe. "Why, Missus, you looks jes' like you wor scared."

"What is all this firing for?" we asked again.

"Why, it 's Christmas," said Chloe; and she opened her eyes wide, as if she thought we were out of our senses.

"But what has Christmas to do with it?"

"Laws, Missus, dey allus fires dese yer Christmas; dat ain't noffin."

So we began to understand that this was another of the strange customs of this place. And a very strange one indeed it seemed to us.

All the morning the firing of crackers and torpedoes and cannon kept on, and horns and trumpets added to the noise; so that we were heartily glad when dinner-time came, and everybody found something more interesting than powder to dispose of.

We had been asked to assist in the preparations for a Christmas dinner that was to be given to the patients in the colored hospital, the children from several colored schools, and a number of poor people who were taken care of by the Freedmen's Bureau, making in all about six hundred persons.

The dinner was to be in the large dining-room of the hospital, and when we went up early in the morning to make preparations, we found a crowd

of children hanging round the doors and windows, curious to see all that was going on; and Uncle Ben, the hospital cook, with a red handkerchief tied round his neck, the ends hanging down behind, and an old military cap set wrong side foremost on the back of his head, chasing them with a big ladle, and threatening to "chop 'em all up wid der axe, an' bile 'em fer soup, ef dey did n't clar out ob dis yer."

We locked the doors, which it had not occurred to Uncle Ben to do, pinned newspapers over the windows, to keep out prying eyes, and went to work.

The room was decorated with flags, and festoons and wreaths of evergreens; and in the centre of each table was a tree with sugar canary-birds fastened to the branches, looking so natural that some of the children wanted to "hear de birds sing."

Everything was done to make this a pleasant day for the colored people, old and young, who often mourned sadly over the departed glories of the "Christmas at ole massa's." Thinking of this *only*, they seemed sometimes almost willing to go back to their old life again; even as the Jews in the wilderness were ready sometimes to "go down into Egypt" once more, for the sake of some of the pleasures which they remembered.

Christmas is the great holiday of the year all through the South, and particularly among the colored people. When they were slaves, they ate and drank and made merry from Christmas to Twelfth Day, — that is, the twelfth day after Christmas; and on Twelfth Night they closed their holiday with a great entertainment, — an old English custom, which the first settlers in Virginia brought with them, and which many of their descendants still observe.

I once asked an old colored woman, "Why did the colored people think so much of Christmas, Aunty?"

"Well, Missus, dar wor diff'en' tings. We all got new clo'es Christmas, an' ebery oder year a new blanket, an' we did n't hab no work, an' dat wor all berry good. Den we all 'joyed oursel's togeder, kase we did n't know but dat ar would be de las' time."

"What made you think of that?"

"Why, yer see, Missus, af'er de Christmas, de traders comed 'long mos'ly, an' some ob us wor like ter be sol'; an' den we knowed we would n't nebber see one 'noder no mo', so we jes' 'joyed oursel's togeder one mo' time, 'fore dat ar comed."

Yet notwithstanding this sad association with the time, their thoughts reverted pleasantly to the good things they had enjoyed; for they are almost children in their love of gayety.

So this Christmas dinner pleased them very much; and they came with happy, holiday faces, and seemed to enjoy everything to the utmost. The elders behaved with great dignity and propriety, but there were some comical scenes among the children.

The plates were filled before the doors were opened. There were turkey, roast beef, boiled ham, and plenty of vegetables; and beside each plate was

a smaller one, containing pie and cake and a paper of candy, — all unaccustomed delicacies, that were eagerly despatched by the hungry children. Many of them seized upon the sweet things first, and devoured them before they touched the substantials.

But I noticed one boy, who, instead of eating his dinner, piled the contents of his plate around the edge, leaving a clear space in the centre, and then sat looking anxiously toward the kitchen as if waiting for something. I went to him and asked if there was anything he wanted. He answered me with one word, "Ca'b'ge."

I went to the kitchen.

"Uncle Ben," I said, "have you any cabbage?"

"Laws, yes, Missus, dar 's a hull biler full. Allus cooks 'em fer myse'f. Could n't eat my dinner nohow widout ca'b'ge, an' dis mornin' cook a heap, kase I spected some de oder folks likes 'em too."

So I went back to the dining-room with a dish of cabbage. The boy was watching for me. Apparently divining my intention to fill his plate and carry the dish back, he called out before I reached him, "Yer bes' leab de dish heah, ma'am; specs I kin eat it all."

I gave him the dish and turned to some one else. But in a few moments I again caught his eye fixed appealingly on me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Mo' ca'b'ge."

I supplied him a second time, and stayed to watch his enjoyment. In an incredibly short time the dish was empty, and again he appealed to me for "Mo' ca'b'ge."

I think he must have eaten at least two cabbages. Then he departed, leaving turkey, pie, cake, and candy untouched.

A little girl about seven years old was pointed out to me, with the remark, "That child has eaten enough for three men. She has eaten all her own dinner, and all she could snatch from the other children. Just watch her."

So I watched. She was a curious-looking child; and, unlike the others, who generally were quite clean and neatly dressed, she had on a very short, very dirty skirt, an old shawl tied round her waist so as to leave her arms free, and no shoes or stockings. She went to school; and a few days before Christmas her teacher had given her a quilted skirt, a woollen dress, and a pair of shoes and stockings, in which she appeared one day looking very nice. But the next she presented herself in her old suit, as dirty and bedraggled as ever; and, being asked why she did not wear her new clothes, said that she "could n't git 'long nohow wid dem ar skirts slingin' roun' her heels. Dey was good 'nuff fer white folks, but *she* did n't want 'em. An' she warn't a gwine ter wear shoes, kase dey hurt her feet; but dey sail in de puddle right smart."

But though Patsy did n't care much about her clothes, she evidently cared a great deal about her dinner. The elder people had come in before the children, and some of them, as soon as they had finished, left the room. She went over to their table, and proceeded in the most leisurely manner

from one vacant place to another, eating everything left on the plates. Then, having secured several pieces of bread, she returned.

Taking her plate, she marched off to the kitchen and brought back a bountiful supply of meat, with which and the bread she proceeded to make a sandwich after an entirely new fashion.

She laid a piece of bread on the table, on it a piece of turkey, on top of that another piece of bread, then a piece of beef, on this a slice of ham, then bread again, then more turkey; by way of a finishing touch she reached over to a neighbor's plate and grabbed a handful of dressing, which she laid on top of all and patted down securely; the children being just then called to order to sing, she put the entire structure into her hood, and sat upon it until going-home time.

After the singing there was an address from General Howard, and then one from Sojourner Truth, who had on her turban of red, white, and blue, and her shawl made like the American flag, of stars and stripes. These articles are of silk, and were presented to her by a society of ladies at the West.

Then the "merry Christmas" was over, and those who had enjoyed it so much went back with a sigh to their every-day working life.

On our homeward way we encountered Uncle Henry and John the Baptist, two colored preachers, of whom we asked, "Have you had a pleasant day?"

"O yes," they said, smilingly, — Uncle John remarking, "Dar won't nebber be anoder Christmas like dis yer dis side ob deff."

Uncle Henry, in his gentle, pleasant voice, said, "De ladies done jes' de bes' dey knowed. Dar was all de 'commodations a body could ax. 'T war all jes' as ladyfied as eber I seen. But Gen'al Howard's speech wor de bes' ob all; *dat*, top ob de 'commodations!"

His satisfaction could find no further expression in words, but resolved itself into an exclamation point. The next Sunday, at the hospital prayer-meeting, he prayed, in his trembling voice, for "a particular blessin' onto de top ob Gen'al Howard's head, an' onto de top ob de heads ob all Gen'al Howard's fam'ly."

He often prayed for his friends by name in this way; and as I looked at the venerable white head, — in this case truly a "crown of glory," for it was "found in the way of righteousness," — and listened to the gentle, earnest voice, I thought that surely none of them were ever the worse, and may have been much the better, for these simple words of prayer, that asked for them and theirs a heavenly blessing.

We have spent more than one Christmas among the freedmen since then, but never one that left with us pleasanter memories.

Elizabeth Kilham.

OUR MIDNIGHT RAID.

BELLE and I were firm friends; we went to the same school, studied the same lessons, took part in the same pleasures, and, in fact, were always together. So when Aunt Maria wrote asking me to come and spend a few weeks with her, she also sent a cordial invitation to Belle.

To say that we were pleased would but faintly express our delight. Visions of picnics, parties, straw-rides, etc., floated through our excited brains, and with the greatest impatience we awaited the day of our departure. It came at last, and I can truly say that not a tear dimmed our eyes at parting from our beloved parents.

We had a long ride in the rail-cars, and, when we arrived at our destination, there stood Aunt Maria at the station to meet us. We were taken into a regular country vehicle, and after riding about a mile over a pleasant road we stopped at a large cheerful farmhouse; this was Aunt Maria's and Uncle John's home. It would be superfluous to tell you of the delightful times we had, — how we sailed on the lake, rambled in the woods, romped and raced and came home tired out. You have all had a similar experience some time during your life, and know just what fun it is.

One Saturday evening we bade good night to everybody, and retired at an early hour, in order to be up in due season to prepare for church. In spite of our efforts to keep awake, we fell fast asleep almost as soon as our heads touched the pillows.

At about midnight I suddenly awoke; it was in the middle of summer, our windows were wide open, the full moon shone brightly into our room, not a sound to be heard save the singing of the locusts.

I turned around and to my astonishment found Belle also wide awake.

"Halloa!" said I, "are you awake too?"

"Yes," answered she, "and I 'm awfully hungry."

A long pause. "Belle," said I, "would n't it be fun to go down stairs and get something to eat?"

"Just what I was going to say. But are n't you afraid of the dark?"

"No, not very."

"Well, come on," said she; and, slipping quietly out of bed, we took hold of hands, and, opening the door, stepped silently and carefully down stairs, opened the kitchen door, and glided over the smooth white floor into the pantry.

Simultaneously we gave vent to a sigh of relief, and stood still for a moment, listening. Not the slightest noise disturbed the night. I took down from an upper shelf a large platter, on which was placed a cold chicken.

"O, we dare not touch that," whispered Belle; "it has n't been cut."

"Well, there are some crackers and cheese."

"Crackers and cheese!" said Belle, turning up her dainty little nose, "I 'd —" But I interrupted her with "Ah, here 's something nice! A lovely fresh molasses-cake! shall we take it?"

"Yes; they 'll think it was the rats, you know."

"It seems like stealing," said I, in a sepulchral voice, and we stood there hesitating; but the feeling of hunger completely overcame our sense of wrong, and, carefully lifting it out of the cake-pan, we replaced the cover and retraced our steps. Again a sign of relief escaped us as we closed our bedroom door and felt that we were safe. I divided the cake equally, when suddenly a new difficulty arose.

"What shall we do with the crumbs?" queried Belle.

We considered a moment, and then I removed the obstacle by proposing to eat with our heads out of the window. We did so, but in spite of our appetite found that we had mistaken our capacity, and when we had eaten enough each had quite a large piece left.

"What shall we do with it?" I questioned.

"Throw it away," suggested Belle.

"All right," and, raising my arm, I gave the cake a toss and sent it flying into the garden, but unfortunately it struck our dear old Tabby, who was sleeping behind a currant-bush. The animal set up a most terrific miauling, which woke Towser the watch-dog, who began barking loud enough to deafen one. We hoped he would stop, — but no; the cat kept up her mewing and Towser his howling till the window directly below us was thrown violently open, and out popped Aunt Maria's head.

Trembling with consternation we drew hastily back, but, Belle's elbow coming in contact with the other piece of cake, it fell off and went plump on Aunt Maria's venerable pate!

"Ow—w!" she screamed.

"What 's the matter now?" cried Uncle John's deep voice from the other end of the room.

"Spee — rits," gasped Aunt Maria. "Do go out and see what 's the matter!"

Presently out came Uncle. He looked all around under the window, and finally found the piece of molasses-cake.

"Why, it 's bread," said he, smelling it. "No, it is n't, it 's cake!" and into the house he walked, one hand holding a candle, and the other that unfortunate piece of molasses-cake.

It was a long time before we went to sleep again that night, and the next morning with trembling steps we walked slowly down stairs and met Aunt Maria's stern countenance. With hanging heads and blushing cheeks we told her the whole story, at the conclusion of which, to our surprise and pleasure, she burst out laughing and said, "Well, I never saw such children in all my life! but I 'll forgive you this once, because you 've behaved so well since you 've been here; but, the next time you 're hungry in the middle of the night, be careful not to take more than you want." With this short lecture she dismissed us.

All this happened a year ago. Belle and I are still friends. As the summer comes again, with its rainbow-tinted flowers and its soft warm breezes, it brings to us another kindly letter from the same dear hand. Erelong we shall be on our way to the old homestead, but among the list of plans for the enjoyment of the happy summer days there is not the faintest allusion to another midnight raid.

Pearl Eytinge.

153 East 55th St., New York.

MY EXPERIENCE IN TRAPPING.

LIKE many older than myself, I have often thought of contriving some way of making money without real hard work.

So one day I happened to think that if I could only become a successful trapper, I could have some fun and make money at the same time.

Now as I had seen people go along the road carrying game, which they had caught in some way unknown to me, I supposed of course that they had trapped it without any trouble; and as I have always, since I was a very small boy, tried to imitate almost everything that I have seen done, I made up my mind to try my luck at trapping wild animals. If I should be successful, no doubt my fortune would soon be made.

The first thing to be done was to procure a trap of some kind, and I thought a box trap would do better than none. I was attending school, and could devote but little time to my undertaking; but every night after school hours I worked industriously, gathering pieces of old boards, and hunting for old nails, until I had secured enough to make quite a respectable box trap.

And now I was at a loss to know how to make it, but being a very independent boy, I was determined not to ask any advice about it, but do the best I could alone.

Now sawing the boards in proper lengths was not an easy matter, for the saw would go *exactly* where I did n't want it to, and although when I began to work at it I thought I was "cut out" for a carpenter, I soon gave up that idea, and thought if I could only get this job off my hands, I should not try again very soon to build even a box trap.

After working many weary hours at it, I had the satisfaction of seeing the trap completed. The next morning I rose much earlier than usual, and away I ran to the woods as quickly as possible. I found a place where I supposed the rabbits would be sure to come in great numbers, and *then*, if one should chance to nibble the sweet apple which I had placed on the spindle for bait, Mr. Rabbit would be fast, and I should have the pleasure of carrying him home.

At different times during the day I visited the woods, and was very much disappointed to find my trap empty each time; but I was sure that the *next* morning my patience would be rewarded by finding a bright-eyed rabbit waiting for me to come and release him from his prison.

The next day being Thanksgiving, I was up bright and early, and without waiting for breakfast I set off for the woods, and *there*, just as I expected, the trap was sprung, and inside a good fat rabbit!

At first, I supposed it would be an easy matter to remove him from his prison, but happening to think that I had better be cautious and make sure work of it, I raised the cover of the trap very carefully, took hold of him, brought him out safely, and was just ready to run home with him, when behold! to my great mortification, my beautiful rabbit slipped out of my arms and went bounding through the woods as fast as he could jump.

I looked after him a full minute before I could believe that he had escaped from me, and at first I thought that I had better follow and try to catch him. But I gave up that idea, and turned away towards home sorrowfully enough, and the rest of the day I spent in a very *unthankful* frame of mind; for I was laughed at and called a blockhead more than once.

Many times since then I have set my trap, hoping to catch something, but, never

succeeding, I have given up the idea of ever being a trapper; and now I am endeavoring to become what is better, — a good scholar, — and if I apply myself as industriously to my studies as I have to trapping, no doubt I shall succeed.

George F. Greene, age 11 *years,* 9 *months.*

South Sand Lake, Rens. Co., N. Y.

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

We know that there are a great many advertisements in all our newspapers, and if we take pains to find out their meanings we shall be rewarded for our trouble by very interesting accounts of common things.

The other day, in looking in the Boston Daily Advertiser, I saw among the list of advertisements "Muscovado Sugar." Now one would naturally suppose it to be a kind of sugar imported from Muscovado; but we look in the Gazetteer, and find to our amazement that there is no such place. Then we search the dictionary, and there we see that it means a kind of unrefined sugar. The cane, which is grown in Havana or Louisiana, is exported to us, though still in a crude state, and advertised as raw or Muscovado sugar, the refining process being completed here. In the same list of sugars I saw "Cienfuegos," and had not the smallest idea what it meant; but again the Gazetteer proved a faithful friend, and I found the word to be the name of a town in Cuba, whence an immense quantity of sugar is exported.

These facts seem interesting, so let us look a little farther. Here is the list of metals. What can *pig*-iron be? It hardly seems as if it could mean an oblong mass of unforged iron, generally weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. This we see is an important article of import, as it is brought to us from Russia and Sweden. Copper also is brought here in a rough state, in huge masses similar to the iron, only they are wedge-shaped, and are called ingots instead of pigs. It is a peculiar fact about iron, copper, and other metals, that they generally have some mysterious looking marks or signs on them like these, W R, R F, L N S, and sometimes these letters are enclosed in triangles or squares. All these are manufacturers' marks, by which dealers can know the quality of the metals.

"Staves and Heading." Some one says, "What does that mean?" Well, we will find out. They are really all the parts of barrels and hogsheads, ready to be fitted to each other, but shipped in this way in order to take up less room. They are made in Maine, sent from there to the West Indies, put together, filled with molasses and sent back to Portland, where their contents are refined into sugar.

One often sees this advertisement: "Wanted — a ship to load with deals for Liverpool." Now what should you suppose "deals" were? I should guess some sort of black wood, for I always imagined deal tables to be very black and hard. But they are just common timber cut into different lengths, ready for building purposes. This is sometimes called "dimension lumber."

In the next column we find that the brig Ocean Pearl, advertised to sail for Australia, has ranked in the highest class at French Lloyds for nine years. In other papers I have also seen British and North German Lloyds mentioned. I thought, without much consideration, that Lloyds were a kind of goods imported from North Germany, France, and England; but by various means I have found that it is the name of a room in a Merchants' Exchange, used by a special association of merchants

and insurers. These people publish a book, which is also called Lloyds. A book of French Lloyds would tell about all the French vessels, and about American vessels too; for the French send agents over to this country, and they are employed by ship-builders and owners to come and rank their vessels. A person wishing to buy or employ a ship may find everything about her in this book. He can see how old she is, how high she has ranked in the Lloyds, and for how long; whether she is sea-worthy, &c., &c. A vessel of the highest rank is marked "A 1."

We now begin to see how many different kinds of things a newspaper brings together, and from how many parts of the world they may come. In almost any column of advertisements are wines from California and France, ropes and cordage from Russia, linseed, shellac, indigo, gunny-bags, &c., from Calcutta, and raisins, wines, olive-oil, almonds, and grapes from Malaga. Then there is English ale, cigars and tobacco from Havana, and hundreds of other things.

Side by side we see vessels for London, Buenos Ayres, Antwerp, Melbourne, Otago, Charleston, Montevideo, Bordeaux, Cape Town, Rio Janeiro, Demarara, and Gibraltar.

These facts I have learned from a few common advertisements, which until now I have scarcely noticed. *Belle Rogers, age* 15.

POMFRET, Conn.

CHANGES.

GOLDEN curl and shining brown eye,
Rounded cheek where the roses lie,
Pattering steps from dear little feet,
Mischievous fingers, frolicsome, fleet, —
Grandmamma's Pet!

Busy-fingered, sweet little maid,
On the stool at pa's feet, with his slippers to braid;
Trilling song-snatches, his hand on her curls,
Busiest, prettiest, sweetest of girls, —
Papa's Joy!

Queenly and lovely, most bright and most sweet,
Clear-voiced and graceful, in beauty complete;
Pure-hearted, loving, beloved, and fair,
Entangling a heart in each mesh of her hair, —
Mother's Pride!

Beautiful form, lying passive and still,
Down-droppéd eyelids, so heavy and chill,
Folded small fingers, — a lily between, —
Ah, fair frozen lily! the fairest e'er seen! —
Death's plucked Flower!

Star-crownéd seraph, white garmented, meet
To touch the gold harpstrings in choruses sweet,
Bending from heaven to draw by her hand
The dear one below to the Beautiful Land, —
God's Belovéd!

Etta H.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words and Music by AGNES GAY.

1. Come with car - ol, Christmas car - ol, 'Tis a hallowed time;
2. Mer - ry, mer - ry, cheer - y, cheer - y, Let the song ring out;
3. Peal - ing, peal - ing, steal - ing, steal - ing In - to eve - ry heart,
4. Pre - cious sea - son! O, with rea - son Joy - ous - ly we sing!
5. Sweet the meet - ing, dear the greet - ing, Bright with song and play;

Come with sing - ing, joy - ful ring - ing; Car - ol, Christmas chime!
Set the fly - ing ech - oes try - ing To re - peat the shout.
Let the chim - ing, let the rhym - ing Sweetest memories start.
Round thee ev - er, fad - ing nev - er, Ho - liest vis - ions cling.
Car - ol sing - ing come we, bring - ing Praise for Christmas day.

SOLO.

Car - ol, car - ol, 'Tis a hallowed time; Car - - - - ol
Sing - ing, ring - ing, Carol, Christmas chime!

CHORUS.

Come with carol, Christmas carol, 'Tis a hallowed time; Carol, carol,
Come with singing, joyful ringing, Carol, Christmas chime!

8vo

car - - - - - ol, car - - - - - - - - - - - ol.

carol, carol, carol, carol 'Tis a hallowed time.
Carol, Christmas chime!

8vo

WORD SQUARE. — No. 1.

My 1st is the trembling poplar-tree;
My 2d, the margin of the sea;
My 3d are straight sticks, slim and tall;
My 4th they are when vertical;
My 5th are homes for little birds.
I 've told enough; now guess the words.

L. B. H.

PLANTED FLOWERS. — No. 2.

1. Plant a cat, and what will come up?
2. Plant one of the officers of a bank, and what will come up?
3. Plant the figure 4, and what will come up?
4. Plant Queen Victoria's pocket-book, and what will come up?
5. Plant a blank book, and what will come up?
6. Plant a gill of wheat, and what will come up?
7. Plant Mount Vesuvius, and what will come up?
8. Plant a clear conscience, and what will come up?
9. Plant South Carolina, and what will come up?
10. Plant a dandy, and how will he come up?
11. Plant the September gale, and what will come up?
12. Plant your last bottle of wine, and what will come up?
13. Plant an oak-tree in Broadway, and what will come up?

ENIGMA. — No. 3.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 6, 5, 4, 7, 1 is a sort of trimming for dresses.

My 2, 7, 5 no earthly power could make a boy live without.

My 8, 2 is a note in music.

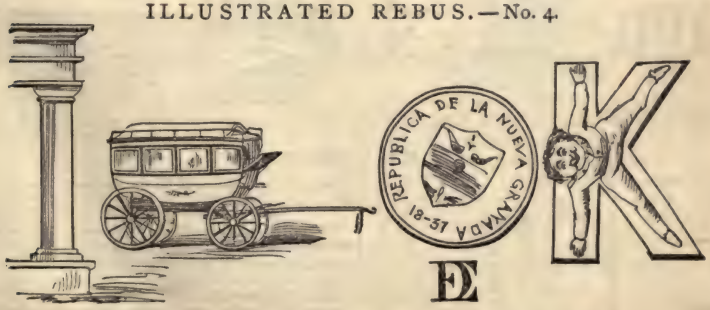
My 6, 4, 3 flies all night and plays with a ball by day.

My 9, 7, 1 every man's tobacco-box should have.

My *whole* is a "cute" sketch in a recent number of "Our Young Folks."

Clarie Joy.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 4.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.—No. 5.

Foundation Words.

I was and am not; what I was of yore
I am not now; I shall be nevermore.

Cross Words.

1. Eternal grief transfixed in stone.
2. Father of one who sang of victory,
   Whose chant triumphant hailed her people free.
3. "The pride of pageantry, the —— of power."
4. "And be your —— to-day the helmet of Navarre."
5. To fail and sink, to perish utterly,
   Engulfed forever in the sounding sea,
   Just in the sight of bliss awaiting me.
6. The emblem of a country free and proud,
   I stand where lightnings glare, and thunders answer loud.
7. A quiet village, home of simple folk,
   Once in a decade famous.
8. Beneath our feet, yet still in upper air.

F. L. R.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.

Hitty Maginn.

ANSWERS.

100. Marseilles.
101. Andes.

102.

S	T	O	R	E
T	A	M	I	L
O	M	E	G	A
R	I	G	H	T
E	L	A	T	E

103.

M	A	R	Y
A	M	I	E
R	I	G	A
Y	E	A	R

104. Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

[(Men) (change) (with) (four tune) (man nurse) (change) (with) (c limes) (Ten nets) (with) (book) (sand) (prince hip ells) (with) (Times)].

105. Harvard College.
106. Eupatorium Perfoliatum.
107. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."—*Daniel Webster.*

[Albert. Forever. Danae. Abdiel. Isolde. Paris. Ninian. Dun-Edin. None. Yvetot. Owl.]

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our dear young friends! We greet you once more with fresh pages and fair pictures: may they gladden your eyes and cheer your hearts, wherever you are, in your many thousand homes, scattered all over the land!

There is to us something exhilarating in this beginning of a new volume. Well, we are all beginning a New Volume just now. The New Year lies before us, as yet unopened, — a great strange Book in heaven's own blue and gold! What wonders are in those hidden leaves! what pleasant, sad, beautiful, unwelcome things for every one of us!

Dear friends, may we all approach that New Volume of our Lives with high resolves and cheerful trust, aware that our own acts are to be recorded therein, and that all the varied contents of the Book, whether sweet or bitter, will in the end be blessed to us, or otherwise, according to the hearts with which we read!

HAVING offered prizes for rebuses and riddles, which have exercised the ingenuity of our young friends; for essays, which have called out their literary talents; and for answers to difficult questions, which have taught them to investigate and think, we now propose a test for their moral perceptions in the following

PRIZE QUESTION.

What are the characteristics of a gentleman?

For answers to this question, by subscribers under seventeen years of age, we offer the following prizes: —

For the best answer written by a boy,	$20.00
For the second best " " "	15.00
For the third best " " "	10.00
For the best answer written by a girl,	$20.00
For the second best " " "	15.00
For the third best " " "	10.00

Answers to be sent in before the first day of next March; each competitor giving his or her full name, age, and address.

Members of families in which our Magazine is taken, and also persons who receive it regularly from the newsdealers, will be classed as subscribers.

Conciseness will be regarded as a prime merit in the answers. Yet we do not limit them in length; for the person who has most to say on the subject may say it more pointedly than another may say his *least*, and so be more concise, though filling a greater space. By *conciseness* we mean "*much in a few words.*"

"But there are several definitions to the word gentleman," we hear somebody object; "how is one to know which kind to describe?" What we intend is, that each shall give his or her conception of a true gentleman, in the best sense of the term. Let the boys describe such a character as they would wish to become; and let the girls give their idea of what a gentleman should be. Then will it not be interesting to compare the two?

FROM the author of "Seven Little Sisters" we have the following letter and Christmas Hymn: —

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I know you all enjoy Christmas time, and plan little gifts and pleasant surprises for your father and mother, brothers and sisters; but don't forget that we have a larger family of brothers and sisters than any house can contain, and that the true Christmas spirit makes us hold out our hands and open our hearts to them as heartily and with as good a will.

Let me tell you what we did a year ago, and perhaps it may serve as a hint to some of you for making a merry Christmas for your poorer brothers and sisters.

We had been keeping a sewing-school for poor children, and I said to them, in November, "Now we will take all our patchwork and put it together, and I think it will make two quilts. When they are done, you shall give them as a Christmas present to the two most needy children in the school."

The quilts were finished with a will; and the Saturday before Christmas we voted to decide who should have them. Each child came up to me and whispered her vote, and I was delighted to find that most of the votes were exactly what I should have given myself. At last one little girl, lame and poorly clad, said, with all simplicity, "I vote for Maggie Cahill and myself."

"But, Katie," I remonstrated, "we can't vote for ourselves."

"My aunt said I must, for nobody was poorer than I,' replied Katie, and it was a difficult matter to explain to her that we can't give ourselves presents.

When the polls were closed, I told the children that they should come on Christmas afternoon to hear the decision.

In the mean time I had taught them this little hymn, which I send you, and when they stood in a great circle round the room on Christmas afternoon they repeated it, answering each other in alternate verses and all joining in the last. Just as they finished, Santa Claus appeared in their midst, loaded with presents. There was a sudden commotion, half fright, half pleasure, and then the children followed him in a crowd to the upper end of the room, where he proceeded to unload the great bag which hung over his shoulder. There was something for each one, and at the bottom a pretty work-box for the most industrious, and a new dress for the one who had fewest comforts at home. The children had to vote on these matters; and last of all we announced the decision regarding the quilts. I think everybody was glad to hear that they would go to Maggie Cahill and lame Katie, both motherless little girls; and it was pleasant to see how the children pressed forward to help the little lame girl carry home her cumbrous bundle.

I didn't want to send you the hymn without its application. That was its first; can't you give it a second?

JANE ANDREWS.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

I heard a group of children
  Singing with hearty cheer,
"O, Christmas is all gladness,
  The best day of the year!"

"And why do you say, O children,
  That Christmas is the best?
Why do you call this wintry day
  More glad than all the rest?"

"Because," said the happy voices,
  "The Christ Child, full of love,
Brought us this day a message
  From our Father who dwells above."

"And what were the words of the message?
  What said the Christ Child then?"
"The words were a promise of peace on earth,
  A song of good-will to men.

"He told us that God, his Father,
  Is our dear Father too;
That we are brothers and sisters,
  God's family loving and true;

"That all our trials and troubles
  We must help each other to bear;
That in all our joy and gladness
  We must give to each a share."

When I hear the children disputing,
  I wonder, and ask, to reprove,
"Do you know the Christ Child's message,
  And the brotherhood of love?"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "YOUNG FOLKS":

Let me thank you for your defence of my advice that young Americans should not use in writing the words "commence" and "presume."

I had one or two reasons for giving that advice which it may be well to mention. Both words — having, of course, their proper place in language, in the hands of a master — are so frequently used wrongly in America, that the wise advice, as I believe, to young and unskilled authors, is not to use them at all. It is just as I should advise young friends of mine not to use laudanum, though under skilful direction the use of laudanum is a great blessing.

Commence, as you have truly said, is identical with *begin* in meaning. It has no advantage over it, but has the disadvantage of many words of French origin, that it does not harmonize so easily with the familiar English words as does the Saxon. I think no one would willingly change

"Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,"

into

"Commence, my soul, the exalted lay,"

unless he had been to some very bad school.

For all this, there has crept in the habit of using "commence," with an infinitive verb following it. Thus half-taught people say, "I commenced to write" for "I commenced writing," which is bad, or "I began to write," which is good. This is simply wrong, — it shows ignorance and pretence both. And because it is so frequent as to have become a real vulgarity, I advised the disuse of the unnecessary and dangerous word by young writers.

Presume has its legitimate place, for some people. The four meanings in the dictionary are

1. To believe previously without examination.
2. To venture without positive leave.
3. To form confident or arrogant opinions.
4. To make confident or arrogant attempts.

In every use, it probably conceals the idea of "presumption." Now a man of genius may himself *presume*, in either of these uses of the word; but young America may not, in any, though it does not always like to be told so.

Then as to using it for describing the action of others. By a ridiculous misfortune a false use of "presume" swept through the second-rate academies of America about thirty years ago. Yankees were ridiculed for an incorrect use they made of the word "guess." That word has its true uses, yet it may be, and often was, abused. The ignorant teachers took alarm, I think, and told their scholars to say "presume" instead of "guess," much as Mrs. General taught her girls to shape their mouths rightly by saying "prunes, prism, and prunella." I never could find any other explanation of the absurdity by which many a man and woman "presumes" that John will come in the train, instead of honestly "guessing" that he

will come. Because the word is an affectation in nine cases out of ten where it is used in New England, I advised my young friends not to use it at all.

Respectfully yours and theirs,

EDW. E. HALE.

ROCHESTER, October 14, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I think you may count us among your most devoted admirers, for we are the happy possessors of five bound volumes of "Our Young Folks." They have been circulated and read, in our neighborhood, until they would, I think, delight any editor's heart.

We have had some arguments about the expression, "Ninety-nine cases *out of* a hundred." Mr. Hale uses it in his last article, but is it strictly correct? Should he not say, "Ninety-nine *in* a hundred?" Will you please favor us with your opinion?

I think "We Girls" is perfectly splendid, and I was greatly relieved when the deed of gift was found, though my sister was quite disappointed. She wanted to see what they would do without it. I hope "Our Young Folks" will always be as successful and interesting as it is now, and I am sure that I shall always think as much of it as I do now.

Yours sincerely,

LIZZIE L. S——.

It will be seen that Mr. Hale, in his letter which we have given above, uses again the same form of expression which our correspondent criticises, — "In nine cases *out of* ten"; and this she will admit is more elegant than "*In* nine cases *in* ten," since the repetition of the particle, so disagreeable to a nice ear, is thereby avoided. Either expression is correct, — as we think ninety-nine persons *in* a hundred will agree.

OUR friends have favored us with some capital *Word Squares* lately; and Hitty Maginn has sent us an article on the construction of this interesting class of puzzles. We shall try to find room for it.

HERE are two interesting questions sent us by correspondents. Who can answer them?

"When and why was the 4th day of March selected as the day for inaugurating the President of these United States?"

"How did the term *Mrs. Grundy* originate?"

"*Cousin Grace.*" Your story seems unfinished; at least, no point of interest is reached, as far as it goes. — No, we shall not be offended if you try again.

"*Jessie.*" Your "Little Blossom" has a pretty thought in it, but it is imperfectly expressed. You will have to try again, and perhaps many times, before you can write a *poem.*

Minna B. F., Dresden. Your letter of last April got mislaid. The missing number has been sent to your address. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. — Messrs. Lee and Shepard's list is unusually full and attractive this season. "Little Folks Astray," one of "Little Prudy's Flyaway Series," by Sophie May, has only to be named to be recommended. "Double Play," by Edward Everett, is a well-told, lively story, descriptive of boys' ways at their lessons and at their games. "Handel and Haydn" — two stories in one volume, the second of "The Tone Masters" series — will be sure to attract young readers who are interested in music and the lives of the great composers.

Mr. Baker's "Social Stage," containing original dramas and other entertainments for home and school representation, will be welcomed as a useful addition to our small stock of books of this class. "Going on a Mission," and "Who will Win?" by Paul Cobden, promise well as the beginning of "The Beckoning Series," which is to consist of six volumes. "Field and Forest," by Oliver Optic, begins the "Upward and Onward Series."

A really excellent book for boys, in which the history and geography of Acadie is blended with a wide-awake narrative of school and vacation adventures, is "The Boys of Grand Pré School," by the author of the "Dodge Club."

"Why and How," by R. H. Conwell, an interesting little book, full of curious facts and anecdotes, tells us why the Chinese emigrate to this country, and how they get here. "The Springdale Stories" are a complete series, in six volumes, — "Nettie's Trial," "Adele," "Herbert," "Eric," "Ennisfellen," and "Johnstone's Farm," by Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels, — and a very pretty series it is.

Of this firm's more elegant books, we can recommend "The House on Wheels," translated from the French, as a charming tale; and "Letters Everywhere" as a very ingenious little volume, showing up the *alphabet* in amusing pictures and stories. All the above-named books are fully illustrated.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. bring out in holiday dress two old acquaintances of "Our Young Folks," — *William Henry* and *Lawrence*. The "Letters" of the former, and the "Adventures" of the latter "Among the Ice-Cutters, Glass-Makers, Coal-Miners, Iron-Men, and Ship-Builders," make two handsome volumes.

"The Story of Columbus," "Putnam the Brave," "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," — issued separately last year, — are now published together in one quarto volume, under the general title of "Brave Ballads for American Children, by Popular Authors." It contains all the original full-page colored pictures, sixteen in number. The ballads,

you will remember, are by Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, and J. T. Trowbridge.

"Cinderella" and "Little Red Riding Hood" are two new volumes issued in similar style to the above, and illustrated with original colored pictures. (See Advertisements.)

The same firm also publish "Vagabond Adventures," by Ralph Keeler, — the true story of a boy who ran away from home, became a negro minstrel, and afterwards made the tour of Europe for $ 181, — with the assistance, we may add, of a good deal of Yankee wit. Although not designed as a juvenile book, it is one that cannot fail to interest and delight young and old.

The readers of the "Fairy Egg" will be glad to hear of a new fairy story by the same author, — "Daffy Down Dilly and her Friends," the first of a series of three, published by A. K. Loring.

"*Snow Bound.*" We cannot give an extended list of good Indoor Games, but we venture to name Le Cercle for the Parlor, Cue Alleys, and the Game of Detectives These and several other good games can be had of D. B. Brooks and Bro., Boston. Perhaps it would be best to send to them for a list.

THIS pleasant letter comes to us from Dresden, over the sea: —

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," — At last my little man sleeps, and I sit down in my cosey corner room to write a line to the "Young Folks." First I 'll tell you a little about myself, that you may know that what I write is on good authority. I am twenty-two years old! Yes, "Young Folks," you think me too old, don't you? to have anything to do with your magazine; but wait a minute! My mother says I 'll never be anything but a child if I live till old age creeps over me. My husband is a German, or rather a Saxon officer. He has one married sister who has six children, two of whom are older than I; and it is about the games that are played in this family that I am going to write.

First of all comes the dear old Christmas-tree, — very like the American tree. It has on it candles, gold and silver nuts, tiny paper boxes of brilliant colors and filled with bon-bons, — but no presents! It stands in the centre of the room, and around it are arranged tables on which all the gifts are laid. Every child, from the youngest to the oldest, takes part in preparing these little surprises. After all the young people and relations have exchanged cries of pleasure, kisses, and thanks, papa and mamma are politely asked to walk into the other room and wait until called for. What a rushing round, and pulling out from secret places, consultations, and final arrangements! At last the principal table is in order and the happy parents are brought in by their eager children, and the rejoicing becomes general again. After a while the candles are put out, and the party goes into the dining-room to supper, consisting of the regular repast, with its annual salad, punch, and Christmas cake in addition.

Christmas day is passed at church and in a grand family dinner. In the evening the tree is again lighted, and shown to the most intimate friends of the family, — and so on, during the week following: so that in reality none of the presents are moved until after New Year's day. I never saw anywhere such a quantity of gifts as in the German families; all are satisfied generally, for each person during the foregoing year has, from time to time, made out a long list of wishes (wearing apparel included), all which are fulfilled, if possible

The next fête is the night before the New Year. A lot of young people meet together, each having brought with him or her a little packet of rolls of paper. After the pleasant supper has been disposed of, all sit round the table, having first put the paper rolls into a large basket, which is given into the hands of the mother of the young hostess or host. A rap on the table, and papa stands up with a sheet of written paper in his hand and reads out a conundrum. A moment's hush, and one after the other tries to guess it. Hurrah! somebody 's found the answer. And that "somebody" receives the first ball, etc., that comes handy to mamma. "Somebody" takes off the first wrapping and reads a name, — "Bertha S."; and when Bertha S. opens the little parcel she finds there a gift — or "Andenken," as it is called here — from some friend; and so it continues, a conundrum for each gift — and whoever has guessed rightly the most times receives in turn a prize from the family.

Now, dear "Young Folks," there are many more pretty games to write about, that I have only found to be played by the German boys and girls, and if you like to hear some more about them, I 'll send you another letter next summer.

Please to know that my little son Bertchen has been playing round mother's desk while she was writing the last half of this letter, being rather indignant that his high chair was used for an inkstand.

And now good by, little friends. I am very glad to hear from you in my distant but happy home.

MINNA B. F.

AGAIN this month a large number of communications are crowded out of "Our Letter Box," — some that have been waiting a good while. From persons desiring "unknown correspondents" we have received such a flood of communications that we are obliged to postpone the consideration of all of them until next month. We hope that our kind friends will continue to have patience with us.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1871. No. II.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK'S FLIGHT.

THE scow lay moored by the dusky shore, while Dick went down the tow-path, and Pete, with a lantern, traversed the "heel-path," calling Lion and looking for little Jack. In the mean time little Jack sat upright behind the bushes, laughing to himself, and patting the dog's neck to keep him still.

"Here 's something afloat!" he heard Pete call out from the canal-side, a few rods farther down. "Hullo! it 's a straw hat!"

"Then he 's gone to the bottom," he heard Dick reply, and laughed again, not because he thought it fun to be given up for drowned by his friends, but because he hoped to fire old Berrick's soul with remorse for his untimely fate.

"Don't make fools o' yerselves, boys!" Berrick shouted from the scow. "You can't drown Jack. Beat the bushes and look behind the logs, and you 'll find him. Then fetch him here. I 'll pay him for playin' us such a trick, — the scow waitin'!"

Jack stopped laughing at this speech, which did n't sound as if it came from a soul likely to be fired very much with remorse on his account. He rose to his feet, and stole away across a stumpy field, followed by the dog. "Their old scow 'll wait a spell, if it waits for us!" he muttered, — "won't it, Lion?"

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Close by was a low stone-wall; and beyond that lay a road. Jack tumbled over into it, and began to run. Lion bounded by his side, in great glee; he, too, seemed to feel that they had gained their freedom.

"This is the way we'll get dry and warm, ain't it, Lion?" said Jack, dropping once more into a walk when he was out of breath. "We've both been wet once to-day, and dried once; and now we'll soon be dry again. Lucky we've had our supper!"

The long twilight was obscured by heavy clouds in the west, and the evening grew darker and darker, until at last he became aware of a pale light increasing upon the earth. He had looked often enough behind him when he first started on the road; now he looked again, and behold! the moon was rising, large and red, over the wooded hills. He had by this time travelled three or four miles.

Why he walked so fast and so far he himself could hardly have told. He passed several houses in which there were lights; but, hatless and wet as he was, he did not like to show himself in any of them. He was getting dry now; but he was farther than ever from his hat, without which he seemed to think himself unpresentable. Jack had a great idea of beginning his new life on a basis of respectability.

At last he came to a house which was not only full of light, but of sound also. It was situated on an open corner at the crossing of two roads, — a one-story house without a window or a blind, or a fence before the door. He knew enough of civilization to guess that this was a school-house. He listened as he drew near, and heard male and female voices singing a hymn; then he guessed it must be a meeting-house. The outer door was open, and he thought it would be interesting to peep in.

He peeped in accordingly. He saw before him a moonlit entry, beyond which was a half-open door leading into a larger room. It was in this that the lights and singers were; but he could not see much of them, owing to the broad back of a stout man within, who stood close by the doorway. The stout man held a singing-book in one hand, and was beating time with the other, and neither he nor anybody else noticed the ragged, bareheaded boy behind him.

Now, what chiefly interested Jack was — not the stout man beating time, nor the wide-open mouth of the only other singer visible (though Jack thought he could have "chucked a peanut into it," if he had had one), nor the music itself, but — a row of hats hung upon nails in the entry. Two or three were common-looking straw hats, — a circumstance which tended greatly to enhance his interest in them. There was one which he thought would suit him. He slipped in and out again undiscovered, and the hat was on his head. It did not occur to him at the moment that he was stealing. The fancied necessity of the act — that fruitful source of crimes great and small — excused it to his conscience, — if the little canal-driver could be supposed to have a conscience.

"The owner can get another easy enough," he thought; "while I *must have* one." It proved a rather loose fit, but he tightened the band; and

he even laughed as he imagined the said owner's perplexity when he should come to look for his property. "He 'll fancy the wind has blowed it away," thought Jack.

Once more in the road, he walked on faster than ever. From the top of a hill he looked back and saw the light still in the school-house, and heard faintly the sound of the music, and said to himself, "Hain't missed his hat yit!" Just then the moon went under a cloud, and with the gloom that fell upon the earth a strangely uncomfortable feeling came over the boy's heart.

"I must n't stop till I git fur enough away from here," thought he; "for his hat must n't be found on me!"

As he went on, he thought over the advice his unknown friend, the packet passenger, had given him. When he got as far as "BE HONEST," he could not but feel that he had diverged slightly from the straight line marked out for him. He took off the hat and held it in his hand. "I wish the dumb thing was back there on the nail!" he said. "Never mind! it 's done, and it can't be helped. Come on, old Lion!"

But he now remarked with no little uneasiness that the few lights in the farm-houses he passed were beginning to disappear. His way became almost fearfully gloomy and lonesome; he was getting weary and the night was chill, — too chill for sleeping out of doors.

"I must put up somewhere; it 's time I was looking for a place," thought he. "I can offer to pay for my lodging," (he had fourteen cents in his pocket,) "or I can ask for work."

With this thought in his mind, he approached the only dwelling in which a light was now visible. It was some time after he had knocked, and knocked again, that he heard a bolt withdrawn, then saw the door slowly open, and an old man appear holding the latch in one hand and a flaring candle in the other. He had on nothing but a shirt, and his hair and features had the ruffled and cross look of one who had just gone to bed and just got up again very unwillingly. "What do ye want?" he asked, scowling at Jack.

"Work, if you please," said Jack.

"Who be ye? Where did ye come from?" And the man held his candle almost at the boy's nose.

Jack thought, "If I tell him I come off from the canal, he won't have me"; so he said, "I 've come out from the city to find a job."

"What can ye do?"

"I can drive a team, sir."

"Can that dog drive a team too?"

Jack felt the force of the question, and answered with a bold front, "I did n't know he follered me till after I started, then I could n't send him back."

"Seems to me it 's a strange time to start out looking for a job!" said the man, eying him suspiciously, while the candle dripped and his linen waved in the night wind.

"I left the city in the morning," replied Jack. That was true enough, though not in the sense in which he meant to be understood. So far, he fancied he had made a pretty straight story out of a crooked one; but now, he had to spoil it by adding, — "I did n't go back, for I thought if I could n't git a job to-night, maybe I could find one to-morrow."

The man scowled at him more suspiciously than ever, and exclaimed in a tone of amazement, "SUNDAY!"

"Is to-morrow — I did n't think of its bein' — Sunday!" stammered Jack; which was about the only simply and strictly true thing he had said. There was no Sunday on the canal, and he had forgotten that there was such an institution anywhere else.

"Of course!" he hastily added, thinking such ignorance would prove more damaging to his character for respectability than the simple act of starting out to find work at the close of the week. "I wanted to git a job, and be on the spot all ready to begin it Monday."

"I believe you 're lying, every word you say," answered the old man. "You just want a place to stop over night, and perhaps steal something, then that would be the last of you. If you really want to find work among honest folks, you must learn to tell a straight story, and git red of that dog. Now clear out, and don't you prowl about this house!"

So saying, he shut and bolted the door.

CHAPTER V.

AN ADVENTURE.

MATTERS were beginning to look serious to poor Jack. Saturday night, only fourteen cents in his pocket, a dog on his hands, and no chance now for work until Monday; could he hope that anybody would take him in and keep him until then, — a ragged little wretch like him?

As he walked along the lonely road again, he could not help wondering how far he was from the canal.

"If I could crawl into a stable somewhere till morning!" he thought. He was used to that. And now the idea occurred to him, "Why not crawl into a stable somewhere along here?"

Whilst looking for some such humble shelter he saw another light. But he avoided the house in which it was, — a large farm-house standing well back from the road, — and took a circuitous route across two or three fenced fields to get at the barn from the rear. He entered a yard, and passed some cattle lying on the ground, before and under an open shed, — almost stumbling over a cow, that rose suddenly to her feet before him and walked off in the darkness. He stopped and listened. He could hear the heavy breathing of the cattle, but no other sound. He stepped softly along, and laid his hand on the barn, feeling for a door. He found one, and the pin that fastened it. With a slight twist he withdrew the pin. Just then Lion gave a growl.

"Come here! stop your noise!" whispered the boy, trembling with vague apprehension, — for, strange as it may seem, he felt much more as if he were stealing now than when he took the hat.

Softly he opened the door. At that moment Lion growled again in a way he did not like. He stood breathless for a moment, peering into the darkness on all sides, when a sudden light glimmered in the shed, and two figures rushed out upon him, one carrying a tin lantern, and the other armed with a gun.

Jack dropped the door-pin and retreated.

"Who are you?" a sharp voice demanded.

"Le' me 'lone!" said Jack; while Lion sprang between him and his assailants.

"Keep that dog back, or I 'll blow his brains out!" said he with the gun.

Thereupon Jack made a stand, facing about and calling Lion to his side. The two figures advanced; the sprinkled radiance from the perforated tin enclosed them in its quivering circle, and he could see that he was confronted by two sturdy farm-boys not much older than himself. He stood with one hand on the dog's neck, pale but defiant, when the door of the lantern was opened, and a broad stream of light fell upon dog and boy.

"What do you want here?" said the lad with the gun, — a tall young fellow, with a resolute face, but as pale as Jack's own.

"Work, — I 'm huntin' for work," said Jack.

"This is a pretty place to hunt for it!" said the lad with the lantern, excitedly. "You expected to find it in that stable, did ye? Look, Ab! he 'd got the door open!"

"Why did n't ye go to the house, — if you wanted honest work?" said Ab.

"I was afraid the folks was abed," replied Jack.

"Did n't ye see a light there?"

"Yes, but 't was late, and I was afraid of disturbin' folks."

"That was very considerate!" said Ab. "So you thought you 'd jest help yourself to what you could find, without troubling anybody! — What 's that, Jase?"

"The pin to the door, that he 'd flung down here," said Jase, picking it up.

"You may think I was stealing, if you like," said Jack, desperately. "But I 'll jest tell you the truth. All I expected to find in this here barn was jest a place to sleep on the straw somewhere."

"Where do you come from, any way?"

"Out of the canal, about the last thing. I 'd been flung into it twice too often, and I got sick o' that sort o' business. So I made up my mind to quit. I hain't got dry yet. If you was in my place, I guess you 'd be glad enough to crawl into a stable and sleep, without thinking about stealing."

This speech evidently made an impression on Ab and Jase. They stood regarding his ragged clothes and anxious face, in the light of the lantern, while poor little Jack put up his grimy knuckles and dashed away a tear.

"Where are your friends?" said Ab, in a milder tone of voice.

"The only friend I 've got in the world is this one here!" replied Jack, laying his hand on Lion's head. "And he 's the best —" He was going to choke. To avoid that weakness, he began to swear, letting off such a volley of oaths as Ab and Jase had never heard anywhere off the canal. He swore about the virtues of his dog, and the badness of the rest of the world, and his own ill luck, until his emotion was expended, and he was himself again.

Ab in the mean time had whispered to Jase, "Shall we let him stop?" and Jase had replied, "I d'n' know — kind of a hard case — s'pose he hain't nowhere else to go" — when this storm of profanity astonished them.

"I guess you did come from the canal!" said Ab; "and it 's my opinion you 'd better go back there."

"Well! I don't know but I had," said Jack, giving his eyes another savage brush with his fist. "I meant to quit drivin' and find somethin' better to do. But it 's no use! that 's all I 'm fit fer." And without another word he walked away, with his only friend in the world jogging close by

his side. They went down a long lane leading out of the yard and disappeared in the darkness.

"Curi's!" said Ab, leaning on his gun. "What do ye think?"

"Funny!" said Jase, placing the lantern on the ground. "Shall we call him back and let him stay?"

"If he 'd waited, we 'd have asked pa," said Ab. "Did n't he swear, though! And I bet he 'd have stole somethin'."

"Seems too bad, don't it?" said Jase, — "to turn him away, if all he wanted was just to sleep on the straw! I pity him, anyhow."

"I wish I had his dog! Was n't he a splendid feller?" said Ab. "I come plaguy nigh shooting him. Shall we watch any longer?"

"Maybe we 'd better, a little while," said Jase. "Besides, *he* may come back again."

So the boys returned to the shed, where Jase set his lantern in a large, deep trough used for feeding the cattle, and placed an empty nail-keg over it. Then both crept into the trough, and lay down; and in a minute shed and yard were as dark and silent as when little Jack came in and passed the sleeping cattle.

In the mean while Jack walked on in a desolate state of mind, not knowing whither the lane would lead him, and caring as little. It led him to a hilly pasture, crossing which he had ample time to reflect upon his situation. He was sorry he did not ask the boys how far it was to the canal, and the way to get there.

"That 's my place; there I 'm at home; I was a fool to leave it!" thought he. "And, after all, dad ain't the wust man in the world. 'T was only once in a while that he treated me so. I 'd give something to tumble into my bunk in the old scow agin, jest now!"

Then as he walked on he chided himself for his want of resolution. "I was going to begin life in a new way! and what have I done? Follered that man's advice? He said, *Be honest;* and I stole a hat the fust thing. He said, *Be truthful;* and what a string of lies I told that man in the house back there! He said, *Be decent in your speech and behavior;* and did n't I swear a blue streak in the face o' them boys? Guess it took their breath away! I don't know what possessed me! It seems as though the Old Harry was in me, and would n't let me do better, if I tried." And poor Jack fairly wept in despair at himself as he went stumbling on over the uneven ground.

Falling over a stone, he got up and sat down upon it. It was now quite dark; a sprinkle fell upon his hand, — it was beginning to rain. He drew Lion to his side and hugged him close.

"Shall we lie down here, old fellow?" he said. "Let the rain come! who cares?"

But he could n't help thinking of the comfortable homes he had passed, and wondering why it was that, when other people had roofs to shelter them, and warm beds to sleep in, and kind hearts to love them, he alone was an outcast in the dismal night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMP-FIRE IN THE WOODS.

SUDDENLY he saw a little flame shoot up in the darkness, he knew not how far off. It rose, fell, rose again, then flickered and went out. But now where it had been he thought he could distinguish a dull glow, breaking out here and there into sparks of brighter light. It seemed to be in a hollow below the hill on which he was; he thought it must be a fire in the woods, and set out to walk towards it.

At the foot of the hill he came to marshy ground, and a choir of shrill-voiced frogs. He soon found himself stepping in water; then he ran against stumps, and went plunging over roots and through crashing brush-heaps.

He would have turned back, but, getting sight of the fire again, he was sure that he saw a human figure pass before it. Lion took the lead, and piloted him safely, amid stumps and puddles and brushwood, to dry ground on the other side of the swamp.

There a strange scene met his eyes. He seemed to have come upon a little volcano smoking in the woods. It was a circular mound four or five feet high, and perhaps twelve feet in diameter, wrapped in smoke, which poured from an opening in the top, and transpired in thin streaks from the porous sides. The entire mound looked to be one mass of smothered fire kept down by a covering of dry earth. A little removed from it, a couple of burning brands put their red noses together under a kettle suspended by a chain from a pole, — a primitive out-of-door fireplace; and just beyond that, with a doorway looking out upon it, was a shanty of rough boards.

As Jack left the marsh and the chorus of frogs behind him, and drew near the fire, suddenly a man, black as a negro, with bare head and bare arms, rose from the ground before the shanty, where he had been lying, and, with a shovel in his hand, walked about the smoking mound. By means of fresh earth thrown up from a pile at his feet, he closed a hole in which fire was beginning to appear; then he made another opening in the side of the mound below; then he stood leaning on the shovel watching the mound, while the rain fell slowly upon him and the great smouldering heap, and pattered on the last year's leaves that strewed the ground.

"Hullo!" said Jack, emerging from the outer darkness and coming within the dim glow shed about the place.

"Hullo!" said the man.

His manner was not unkind, though his speech was gruff; and Jack was encouraged to add, "Keep tavern here?"

"Sort o' kind o'," said the man.

"Maybe you would n't object to my dryin' my legs afore that fire?" and

Jack cast a longing glance at the brands. "It 's been my luck to git wet to-day."

"Object, no; make yerself to home," said the man. "There 's a log to set on. Pull off yer shoes an' stockin's, stick yer feet out. Be comf'table."

Jack seated himself on the log, pulled off his shoes (he had no stockings), stretched out his feet towards the glowing brands, and was as comfortable as could have been expected under the circumstances. Lion sat on the dry, warm earth by his side, and enjoyed the fire with him.

"How did ye git through that swale?" said the man. "I heard a crashin'; thought 't was a strayed calf, and harked to hear ye bl'at."

"I ain't one of the bl'attin' sort," said Jack, — "or I should have bl'atted! Though it would n't have done much good; the frogs made such a racket, I could n't even have heard myself."

"I can give ye a little more fire"; and the man cast chips and bark upon the brands, making a quick and cheerful blaze. Jack regarded him with a sort of grateful wonder, his heart warming less in the glow of the fire than at sight of that tall, stalwart, gnome-like creature, so black and rough and ungainly, yet so kind.

"This 'll keep ye dry"; and the man placed a broad board over Jack's

head, resting one end on the pole, and the other on the ground. "Now toast your shins while I look after the pit. Wish I knowed whuther 't was goin' to rain much," turning up his sooty face to the sky. "None to hurt, I guess."

He walked about the mound, throwing fresh earth upon it here and there with his shovel, then returned and laid more sticks upon the fire.

"What is that smoking heap, any way?" asked Jack, whose curiosity was strongly excited.

"Charcoal, — or it will be, about the middle of next week. This is what we call a pit; — did n't ye ever see a pit before?"

"Never," said Jack.

"I wonder!" said the collier. "I have made charcoal, or helped make it, ever since I was knee-high to a toad."

"Can boys work at it?" asked Jack, with some eagerness.

"Boys work at it? — yes; I 've had boys work under me; though it takes a man that knows how, to burn a pit: I 've seen men that have worked at the business half their lives that could n't do that jest right. They 'd burn it too much or not enough, — or they 'd burn it uneven, so 't the coal would come out all crumbly in one place, and like as not half wood in another."

"Do you work at it all the time?"

"When I work at anything. But 't ain't my natur' to work all the time, 'thout no let up. I do my job, then lay off, and spend my money, then hunt up another job, and do that, and so on. In this way I take life easy. Me and my pardner, we got out this wood last winter, and now we 're pittin' it. After we 've sold the charcoal and spent the money, we shall go to another place where wood 's plenty and cheap, and do the same thing over again. That 's the way we live."

"I should think it was a pretty good way," said Jack. "Will ye hire me?"

The collier, who was lifting the kettle from the fire, turned and looked at the ragged boy sitting there under the slanting board, before the blaze, and looking up inquiringly at him.

"My pardner would have suthin' to say about that," he replied, setting the kettle down. "There 's plenty to do, — choppin', clearin', cookin' our grub, makin' the pit and watchin' it, and gittin' out the coal. But it ain't a kind of life I 'd recommend to a chap like you. It 's a lonesome life. It 's a sort of vagabond life. It 'll do for me; but if I had a son, I 'd say to him, 'Learn a good trade, or go on to a farm.' And that 's my advice to you."

This was very much as Jack had many a time heard Pete talk in his sober moods; and now the friendly counsel of the packet passenger recurred to him with great force. Yet charcoal-burning seemed to him a step higher than canal-driving, and he accordingly proposed to work for the colliers until he could find some other employment.

"I 'll see what my pardner says," replied his new friend, taking down a

tin cup hooked by the handle upon the end of the pole on which the kettle had been hung. "Meanwhile ye better take suthin' to warm ye." He dipped the cup into the kettle. "Fire 'll do for the outside, but this is good for the inside."

And he placed the cup, filled with black fluid, on the log, turning the handle invitingly towards Jack's hand.

"What is it?" said Jack, lifting the cup to his nostrils. "O, coffee! much obliged!"

"'Lasses biled in," observed the collier. "But milk is skase with us, — 'thout we happen to see a milch cow feedin' in the pastur'; then we help ourselves. Have a bit o' pork, or a biscuit, or a cold potater?"

Jack accepted the biscuit and shared it with Lion, and sipped the strong, black, molasses-sweetened fluid, thankfully enough, and told something of his story.

The collier found another dipper on a natural hook made by cutting off the end of a small branch growing out from one of the crotched saplings that supported the pole; and he drank sociably with his guest, sitting under another board leaned against the pole.

"Well, Bub," said he, after the latter had finished his coffee and his story, "you won't think o' goin' any further to-night, anyhow. So you jest crawl into the cabin there, out o' the wet; and we 'll talk over your case in the mornin'! You sha' n't be turned adrift 'fore Monday, anyhow."

Jack's voice choked and his eyes were blinded with tears, as he started for the cabin.

"Smoke!" he murmured, coughing. But it was something besides smoke that troubled him. As the collier showed the door of the shanty, and bade him "crawl in," he felt so grateful that he could have flung his arms about him and given him a good hugging, black as he was.

"Don't stumble over *him;* he 'll be cross," said the collier.

"Him" was another begrimed fellow, stretched asleep upon some dingy straw at the entrance to the hut. Jack crept carefully about him, without disturbing his snores, and got in under the sloping roof.

"Room for the dog?" he asked in a whisper, over the sleeper.

"Of course!"

And the next moment Lion was at his young master's side and in his arms.

"Old Lion! ain't this luck!" said Jack.

Lion answered by thumping him with his tail and caressing him with his tongue. The rain pattered upon the boards above, and soon began to leak through in little streams upon them; but they neither heard nor felt it; they were fast asleep.

J. T. Trowbridge.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

View of Mount Hecla.

AT our next meeting at the Professor's we all noticed that Cale Betson appeared uncommonly glum.

"He 's got something on his mind," said Croll Wagner. "As we come along together, — *came* along, " — hastily correcting himself, to save somebody else the trouble, — "he did nothing but pull off his cap, and slap his forehead, and look up at the sky and mutter, and then look down at the ground and groan. I asked him what was the matter; and all I could get out of him was — 'An intellectual snub,' — if anybody knows what that is."

"An intellectual snub, Caleb?" queried the Professor.

"Yes," said Cale, with a rather rueful smile. "I 've been beaten in an argument. I don't like to be beaten in an argument. It don't make a fellow feel good."

I said I was astonished that so tonguey a chap as he should not have managed somehow to have the last word; and still more, that he should ever have confessed himself beaten.

"I own it here," said he; "for it is my coming here that has got me into trouble." The Professor begged him to explain, and he went on. "Our talks about the heat of the sun quite drove out of my head the fact that the earth has any heat of its own. I said as much in a discussion I had

with George Orvis at the post-office this evening. There was a crowd around us, and we were both talking pretty loud, and I was getting the best of the argument, — it was about the power of the sun's rays, — when I was betrayed into making that rash statement!" And Caleb beat his brow.

"But why feel so badly about it?" inquired the Professor.

"O, in that crowd!" groaned Caleb. "I saw I was wrong the moment I had spoken; but George caught me up as quick as lightning; and before I could throw in a word of explanation he sang out, 'You are mighty glib with your tongue, Cale Betson, but you don't know anything, after all. The earth has no heat of its own? — that is a bright idea! Why,' says he, 'all the sun can do is just to warm the surface of our planet a little. Remove the sun, and, as you say, that surface would be cased in snow and ice soon enough. But dig below the surface; — go to the North Pole to-day,' says he, — 'to the regions of eternal ice, — and how deep do you think you would have to penetrate to get through the frozen crust and find warmth? Only a few yards, Cale Betson! The deeper you went the warmer, the hotter the earth would be, until you came to an ocean of interior fire. I tell you,' says he, raising his voice higher and higher, 'we are here standing on just a crust, — a mere scum on the surface of that fiery ocean! Deep mines, artesian wells that spout hot water, boiling springs, all prove that it is so; and, more than all, *volcanoes*. VOLCANOES, Cale Betson!' he roared at me; 'did you ever hear of VOLCANOES?' And he strutted out of the post-office with the silly crowd at his heels, all laughing so that I could n't get in a word. That 's what I call an intellectual snub. Was n't it enough to make a fellow blue?"

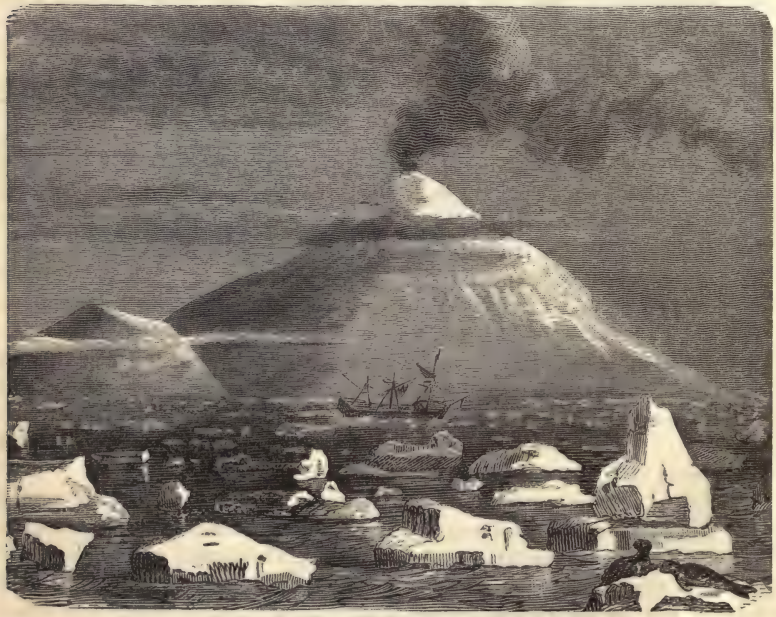
"He certainly had the advantage of you," replied the Professor. "And yet you might have met his argument with another, which would at least have insured you an honorable retreat."

"What!" cried Abel Montey, "is n't it true, then, that we live on a mere crust, over such a sea of fire? I 'm glad of that!"

"It may be true, after all. Geologists are now pretty generally agreed that this planet was once a mass of molten matter, and that it has gradually cooled off in the course of ages. In that case, the surface was undoubtedly the first to harden; and we may credit the evidence that there is still intense heat at the centre. From observations made in deep mines, it has been estimated that the temperature of the earth increases, as we descend into it, at the rate of one degree for every twelve or fifteen yards. Of course this rate varies much in different places; but that has been set down as the average. You see, then, we should not have far to go to reach the temperature of boiling water; nor penetrate a very thick crust before finding a degree of heat that would keep iron and even rocks in a state of fusion. Earthquakes which shake the globe, destroy cities, uplift mountains like bubbles, and sink islands in the sea, show how comparatively thin that crust is, and how tremendous are the forces within!

"Volcanoes," continued the Professor, "may be considered the chimneys of the terrible furnace on the outer walls of which we live. The fact that

they are not confined to torrid or even temperate regions shows that our planet has within herself sources of heat which appear sublimely independent of the direct rays of the sun. On the shores of the Antarctic Continent several volcanoes have been discovered. The largest of these is Mount Erebus, situated on the farthest known borders of the Antarctic Ocean. It is approachable only during a brief season of the year through a perilous region of icebergs. It is nearly two miles high, and is covered to the crater with perpetual snow. There, far within the polar circle, where it is night during half the year, that awful fountain of fire throws up a column of flame and smoke, which rises to a height of two or three thousand feet, filling the sky with clouds, and casting a lurid glare over vast solitudes of polar ice and snow."



View of Mount Erebus.

"All that you say," Cale Betson complained, "goes to strengthen George Orvis's argument; and I thought you were going to bring up something against it."

"Yet all this," continued the Professor, — "as I was about to say when our anxious young friend interrupted me, — does not prove conclusively the theory of central heat. Some very eminent men of science — Sir Charles Lyell among them — maintain that the earth is a solid globe."

"How, then," I asked, "can you account for earthquakes and volcanoes?"

"O, easily enough!" said the Professor, with a smile. "It was once thought that a volcanic eruption was nothing but the result of coal and pyrites in the mountain taking fire."

"But how could they take fire? That's the question!" said I.

"Some years ago," replied the Professor, "a Frenchman, named Lémery, made a little volcano, to illustrate his notion of the thing. He mixed a heap of powdered sulphur and iron-filings, moistened with water, and lo! in a little while it was smoking, — it was actually on fire. Men of science looked on and exclaimed, 'Volcanoes and earthquakes are only the result of chemical action in the bowels of the earth.' On a grand scale, of course. We know that there are various substances the chemical union of which produces heat, even intense heat; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that vast quantities of these may lie near together in deep recesses, where veins of water penetrate and ignite them. Then gases explode, the water bursts into steam, and we have earthquake shocks and volcanic eruptions. Cotapaxi is known to have hurled from its crater a huge rock weighing two hundred tons a distance of nine miles. During the eruption of 1766 Mount Hecla, in Iceland, threw fragments of lava and magnetic iron fifteen and twenty miles."

"Phew!" whistled Cale Betson. "Gunpowder could n't have done better! I wish I had had one of those rocks to throw into George Orvis's teeth. I could have said, 'How does your central ocean of fire do that?'"

"Indeed," said I, "how does it? — for I think you incline to the central-heat theory, Mr. Professor."

"I incline to both theories," he said. "It is only by combining the two that we can explain all the volcanic phenomena. Chemical action alone does not account for the great earthquake shocks, nor for the perpetual eruptions of some volcanoes. There must be vast reservoirs of fiery fluid within the globe, — tending here and there to ferment and break out, — even if the centre is not molten.

"Take, for instance, the great earthquake of Lisbon, which occurred a hundred and fifteen years ago. First, a rumbling in the earth was heard, and then came the shock. It was so sudden that within six minutes sixty thousand inhabitants were destroyed. The sea was thrown back, emptying the harbor; then came in a huge wave over fifty feet high. Mountains rocked; some broke and tumbled their fragments down into the valleys. Many of the people of Lisbon, who were not crushed at once by the falling of their houses, rushed for safety to a new marble quay. It was soon covered with an immense crowd; when suddenly it began to sink; the earthquake swallowed it at a gulp. Ships and boats and thousands of people were sucked into the whirlpool, and never reappeared. When all was over, on the spot where they had gone down water stood six hundred feet deep. There, in deep, unknown chasms, they lie to this day.

"The shock was felt over nearly one half the globe. The waters of Loch Lomond, in Scotland, jumped up suddenly more than two feet, and then fell back again. The thermal springs of Toeplitz, in Germany, stopped

flowing, and then after a while broke out again in a muddy torrent. The shock was felt on the coast of Massachusetts; in the town of Scituate the earth was seen to heave like the waves of the sea; fissures opened in places, and chimneys were thrown down. Even the waters of Lake Ontario felt the terrible agitation. A wave twenty feet high broke on the shores of Martinique and Barbadoes, and the sea there turned black as ink. Men on board ships, in the broad Atlantic, thought they had struck upon rocks."

"O, to think of an earthquake like that being the result of mere chemical action!" cried Cale Betson. "But how could central heat produce it?"

"If the earth is a molten mass within a crust, still in the process of cooling, its bulk must be gradually contracting. One effect of that shrinkage must be to wrinkle the crust."

"Like the skin of a withered apple!" said I.

"In this way, we can imagine, ocean hollows have been formed, and continents lifted from the beds of the seas, bearing up with them the traces of marine life, — sea-shells and fossils, — which we are astonished to find on the tops of high mountains. If the crust of the earth were soft, like the skin of an apple, all this might take place quietly; and indeed some coasts are known to be slowly rising or sinking, year after year, without shock or noise. But now and then the crust has been forced to a sharp angle and split, and the molten matter has been thrown out by the enormous downward pressure acting against the imprisoned forces struggling within. A very slight movement of the earth's crust might produce a wave, or succession of waves, in the molten mass beneath, which would jar half the globe. By the upheaving and cracking of the crust, mountain ranges have been formed and wedges of igneous rocks thrust up through the native strata."

"The very highest mountains?" exclaimed Abel Montey.

"The highest mountains," replied the Professor, "towering as they seem to us, are really but slight inequalities on the earth's surface; no greater, in proportion to the globe itself, than specks of mud on the tire of a wagon-wheel."

"But, why," asked Cale, "are some volcanoes always blowing or smoking?"

"We must admit that there are mighty forces at work in the fiery core of the globe. Volcanoes are the breathing-holes of that inward fermentation. Where they are in constant activity there is thought to be small danger from earthquakes. There are some curious facts showing how mysteriously earthquakes and volcanoes are related. In 1797, from the volcano of Pasto in South America, according to Humboldt, a tall column of smoke rose for three months without interruption, and ceased at the very instant when the earthquake of Riobamba took place, more than three hundred miles away. At Riobamba fissures in the earth opened and shut like jaws; horsemen and pack-mules were swallowed up; and forty thousand Indians were destroyed. The ground rose and fell in waves; and some great houses were let down into it so gently that their occupants

could grope about in them, light candles, go from room to room, and prepare food, waiting till they were helped out two days afterwards.

"Often when one volcano is in operation, neighboring volcanoes are quiet. When Cotopaxi is blowing, his two brothers on the plains of Quito remain silent; when he ceases, one of them awakes and spouts fire, — never two at a time."

"Have any new volcanoes been formed of late years?" asked Abel Montey.

"O yes, several. One of the most remarkable of these is Jorullo, in the province of Valladolid, in Mexico. It rises in what was once a beautiful and cultivated tract of country, — a fertile plain, watered by two small rivers. In the month of June, 1759, the inhabitants were driven away by earthquakes; and in September, looking back where they had left their pleasant homes, they saw the entire region blown up like a bubble. Chasms opened, flames and lava-streams burst from the ground, and red-hot rocks were hurled into the sky. The bubble was lifted about five hundred feet, near the centre; and above this rose a group of six volcanic cones, — the principal one, Jorullo, being seventeen hundred feet above the upheaved plain.

Jorullo and the "Little Ovens."

The two rivers were swallowed; and the country for a space of some four square miles about the great central cones, was left dotted all over with baby volcanoes, — smoking mounds two or three yards high. The

natives called these *hornitos*, or little ovens. To the plain itself they gave the name of the "Evil Land." Of late years the *hornitos* have ceased to smoke; but Jorullo is still an active volcano.

"The formation of volcanoes in the ocean is not of very rare occurrence. One burst forth from the Mediterranean Sea in the year 1831, throwing up columns of steam, hot water, and volcanic matter to an immense height. In a short time an island was formed, two or three miles in circumference, rising to a volcanic cone two hundred feet high.

"A new island! Who owned it?" said Croll Wagner.

"An English sea-captain was the first to land and plant a flag upon it. He took possession of it for the British crown, and called it Graham Island. The name remains, but the island itself kept its head above water only about three months, then sank again, leaving only a dangerous reef where it had been.

"There is one place in the Atlantic Ocean," the Professor went on, "which appears to be the scene of constant volcanic excitement. It is near the equator, about half-way between Africa and South America. Vessels passing over the spot almost always feel the shock of an earthquake."

"Why don't we ever have earthquakes in this country?" inquired Abel.

"We often have slight shocks," replied the Professor. "In 1811 occurred the earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi River, — about as remarkable as any on record. The ground rose in waves, and broke into hundreds of chasms, some of which spouted mud and hot water higher than the tops of forest-trees. The inhabitants, noticing the direction in which the fissures opened, felled trees across their course, to save themselves on when the earth yawned. The shocks continued for several months, over an extent of country three hundred miles in length; and never ceased until, in March, 1812, the city of Caraccas in South America, with twelve thousand of its inhabitants, was destroyed."

"As if the earthquake went off and spent its fury there!" said Cale Betson. "I shall have to come to the central-heat theory, after all!"

"Very likely, — though there are still some objections to that."

"For mercy's sake, tell me what!" implored Cale, with comical distress; "for I shall see George Orvis again to-morrow."

"If you do, say to him, that if the interior of the earth were in a fluid state, it would be subject to tides, like the ocean, and that the crust we live on would rise and fall with them every twelve hours. While he is staggering under that blow, hurl this fact at his head: tell him we cannot raise the temperature of water above thirty-two degrees, as long as a lump of ice remains in it; nor the temperature of a melting metal above the point of fusion till every part is melted. Hence it is argued that the existence of intensely heated molten materials under the earth's cold crust is impossible."

"But do you think so?" Cale eagerly inquired.

"I 'll tell you more about that some other time," said the Professor, laughing. "But now it is getting late, and I must bid you good night."

Augustus Holmes.

CRACKING NUTS.

WHEN the snow is drifting, sifting
Through the leafless maple boughs,
And the saucy wind is lifting
All the latches in the house,
Is n't it fun, boys, to sit by the fire,
With all the good nuts that you can desire,
And Fanny or Kate
To fill up your plate?
While the hammer goes whack, whack, whack!
At a rattling pace
On the flat-iron's face,
The hickory-nuts to crack.

When the red flames, dancing, glancing
Up the sooty chimney-flue,
Seem like summer's lightning, lancing
Fleecy smoke-clouds through and through,

Is n't it fun, girls, to sit in the light
Of such a bright fire, on such a rough night,
And find in the flame
Your fortune or name?
While the hammer goes whack, whack, whack!
At a rattling pace
On the flat-iron's face,
The hickory-nuts to crack.

In his arm-chair smoking, joking,
Grandpa tells us old-time stories, —
How the Yankees, wanting no king,
Conquered George and all his tories!
O, is n't it fun, boys and girls, to know
That our grandfather lived so long ago,
And that he can tell
Old stories so well?
While the hammer goes whack, whack, whack!
At a rattling pace
On the flat-iron's face,
The hickory-nuts to crack.

In her arm-chair, nodding, plodding
With her needles, grandma sees
Through the smoke-wreaths grandpa flooding
Our young ears with tales like these,
And O, boys, is n't it fun to behold her
Trying to set herself up for a scolder?
For that *double chin*
Won't let her begin;
And now the old lady
Is laughing already!
While the hammer goes whack, whack, whack
At a rattling pace
On the flat-iron's face,
The hickory-nuts to crack.

Let the north-wind rattle, battle!
Rake the tree-tops! shake the doors!
We will sing and laugh and prattle
Where the cheery hearth-fire roars;
For, boys and girls, it is fun to gather,
On a stormy night in wild winter weather,
Round the warm bright tide
Of the chimney-side,
While the hammer goes whack, whack, whack!
At a rattling pace
On the flat-iron's face,
The hickory-nuts to crack.

G. H. Barnes.

KITTY AND THE CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.]

[See Kitty's Letter.

KITTY'S LETTER.

LULU and her little brother Karl had a kitten, and here you behold an exact and authentic portrait of her.

She was a graceful, frolicksome, lively little creature, and specially addicted to running round after her own tail. As she never could catch it, the interest of the pursuit never abated. For you see if she *had* once caught it she would have found out that it was only her own tail and not a wonderful meteor, and she would have found, moreover, that her own tail was not a convenient plaything. In this respect she was like some young people I know of, who are always on the chase after something that they cannot get, and very soon tire of everything that they can get.

But I must tell you about Kitty's letter. In these days, you know, everybody takes to writing. Old ladies and young ladies and little girls and little boys all try their hands, so that the world is in a fair way of knowing just how it looks to everybody; and why should not Pussy have her turn?

At all events, one morning Karl and Lulu found the following letter tied round her neck with a blue ribbon.

Did Kitty write it? What did she write with? Did she tie it round her own neck? And where did she get the ribbon?

Patience, my dear little folks, — how should I know everything? If Kitty did n't write the letter, who did? and how should I know where she got her ink and paper? All I know is, that Karl and Lulu came scampering to their mamma (who perhaps knew more) with the following letter: —

MY DEAR FOLKS IN THE WORLD: —

You think you know a great deal, and perhaps you do, but there is one thing you don't know, and that is how kittens feel. People think that I never have any cares or troubles because I go racketing round so, but a kitten's fur may often cover deep sorrow.

In the first place let me ask you, Karl and Lulu, how would you like it if a great giant six feet high could catch you up any minute and whirl you over and hang you with your head downward, or tumble you over on your back and roll you round as if you were so much hay! Well, that is the way I am treated half the time. Nobody ever considers what *I* like. Nobody ever says, "Here, Pussy, would you like to be taken up?" or, "Will you please to let me?" but they catch me and do all sorts of things to me without even saying "By your leave."

Have n't kittens some rights that children are bound to respect? I have had a hard and suffering life, I can tell you, frisky as I seem. The first I can remember I was taken, mewing and screaming, from my dear mother and given to a lady who wanted a plaything for her dear Billy. Billy used to carry me round under his arm with my head hanging down till all the blood ran into it, and I verily thought I should die. When he felt affec-

tionate he used to squeeze me till I yelled with pain. He used to pull me out and double me up as if I had been molasses candy, and when I cried and scratched, all the comfort I got was that mamma would say, "Dear little Billy, how afraid I am he may get scratched! A kitten amuses him so that I like to have him have her, but at the same time I am afraid she may hurt him."

Dear little Billy had a temper of his own, I can tell you. When nurse wanted to brush his hair, or when she took papa's razor away, which he had helped himself to, then Master Billy would grow red in the face and throw himself on the floor and kick and scream like a little fiend.

"Get him the kitten!" mamma would say. "Where 's Billy's kitten?" Then I would be caught and given to him to torment; he would throw me across the floor, pull my tail, strike me, clutch me round my throat and in other ways work off his spite on me.

"I do believe, ma'am, he 'll kill that kitten some day," nurse ventured to say.

"O, no matter, there are plenty more if he does," says mamma.

How I used to hate the little monster and wish a great big king cat, a lion cat, might get him and shake and box him round as he did me! I suppose if a lion should give Billy to her cubs to amuse them when they were out of temper there would be no end of wailing and weeping, but for my part I don't see but it would be a tolerably fair proceeding. What right had she to use me for a plaything for her dear little Billy? But little Billy was so convinced that I was made for his amusement that every day he invented a new thing to do with me. He put me in a box with stones and rattled me. He threw me into a tub of water to see if I could swim, and kept me half drowning there till Susan came and took me out, and then he held me to the cooking-stove to dry till I thought I should have been burned up. At last he tried to put my eyes out with the scissors, and then I made such long welts in his arm with my claws that his mamma was frightened. What a bawling there was to be sure, what a kissing and crying and consoling! "Poor, dear, darling little Billy! naughty, naughty, wicked kitty."

I had run with all my might and got into the cherry-tree. I used to run to this cherry-tree very often before, but then somebody always climbed it after me and got me down because dear Billy roared and kicked and screamed at such a rate. But this time the silly old mamma was frightened. "That vile kitten!" she said. "I 'll have it drowned. I only kept it because it amused Billy, but if it is going to act so, I 'll tell Martin to drown it to-night."

"O ho! there you are, are you, madam?" says I. "I guess Martin won't find me"; and so down the cherry-tree I ran and up the apple-tree, and jumped on the wall and raced along till I came to your garden and jumped down in it. There you took me up, dear little Lulu. I remember what a sweet, clean, nice-smelling white apron that was that you had on, and since I have been with you I have had pretty good times. Not that things are

perfect. Some days you give me a great deal too much to eat, and then again you forget to feed me at all. Sometimes you worry me with your hugging and kissing, and then again you turn me off to shift for myself. Then you don't think to keep water for me, and you don't know how thirsty kittens are, and we can't speak to tell. Sometimes I am so thirsty I don't really know what to do. Now if you will keep a nice little cup of water for me somewhere, I shall be so much obliged to you!

The girls in the kitchen have no proper ideas how to feed a cat. Sometimes they set a great plate, bones and all, before me, and sometimes, when they are washing dishes in a hurry, they say, "What's that cat crying for? She can't be hungry, I gave her ever so much yesterday." How would they like to be treated so?

Dear children, do let me have my meals regularly, of good meat cut up fine, with plenty of water standing where I can find it, and then my fur will be long and silky, and I shall grow up into a handsome cat.

Finally, please always think how you would like to be treated if you were a kitten yourself, and then I think you will do about right.

Yours affectionately,

PUFF.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH DOLL.

CHAPTER I.

HERE I stand turning slowly round and round and round, from nine o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, in the window of our fashionable emporium of fancy hair-work and ladies' hair-dressing. At that hour, thank goodness! the shutters are put up, the gas is turned off, and I have peace and rest till it is time to open shop again.

It is humiliating to confess that my hours are ticked off like those of any common kitchen clock, but such is the fact; I am wound up every morning, and I turn till I "run down." This expression is technical; I am sure that real running would be a thousand times preferable to this monotonous revolution. If you don't agree with me, just try it yourself for five minutes; at the end of that time you will find your head in a whirl; the four walls of the room will advance and threaten to crush you; the chairs and tables will stand for a few seconds with their legs in the air, and the general upside-downness of things will give you a new view of their instability. But prolong that experiment without the possibility of even falling down for twelve mortal hours!

Yet this is what I suffer, and I still live and revolve, and am rosy and beautiful!

If it were not for my nightly rest, — I cannot say sleep, because the artist has painted my eyes so staring wide awake as to make that quite out of

the question, — and for my talent for observing everything that goes on about me, I think it would be impossible to endure such an absurd mode of life.

I suppose it does not occur to one of the hundreds who see me every day that I am not most agreeably situated. What more could a beautiful doll, beautifully dressed, desire than to stand on a velvet cushion and be admired all day long? That might do for a mere doll, but not for me!

Don't you think it may become tiresome to hear forever the same things? People of every size and age, — and I might add of every color, — stop to inspect me, and yet I never hear anything new. It is always, "O, what lovely hair!" "Do look at those dear little white slippers! and an orange-bud in the rosette!" "O Sarah Jane! did you ever see such a sweet face?" "Do her eyes open and shut?" "What are her teeth made of?" "Are her curls real hair or only silk-floss?" "Look a-here, Ma'y Ann, jest wait till she turns round ag'in! Blest ef I 've seed sech a splendid dress sence my young missus was married!" And once two impudent, dirty-faced, ragged little urchins stood gaping at me for at least five minutes, or until I had turned round for the third time, when, judge of my mortification at hearing the dirtiest and ugliest bawl out at the top of his lungs, "My eye, Sam! I tell *you* she 's some!"

Just look, too, at my surroundings! On each side of me, as far up as I can see, hang long "switches" of hair of every color and texture. Only to think of the heads from which these all came is sufficiently depressing, especially on a rainy day. Pots of French pomade, pink and white, stand all round the edge of my pedestal, almost within reach of my toes; at times, when my usually genial disposition becomes irritable, I should love to give them a smart kick through the window into the street. Combs and brushes, hair-tonics and washes, boxes of puffs and braids and curls, fancy nets and necklaces, make up the rest of the show. I might elaborate this description; but what 's the use, when you can look into the window at any time and see for yourself?

My first recollection dates from this very house, though I am foreign born and came over the great Ocean; I vividly remember having my hair curled in our "dressing-room," but before that everything is a blank.

I have reason to be impressed with that circumstance, for the young lady who was using the tongs melted the wax tip of my left ear, and burnt off one entire curl, giving me great pain as well as making it necessary for me to wear this spray of orange-blossom forever dangling over my mutilated member, and to hide the stubby end of my burnt curl. This is one of my trials, but I will not dwell upon it.

Not that I bear any malice toward my dear Mademoiselle Aurore, for she was overwhelmed with distress at her blunder, nor could she be comforted until her sister, Mademoiselle Stéphanie, showed her how it could be prettily concealed.

They named me "*La Petite Fiancée.*" I would rather not give the translation, for, notwithstanding my public career, I am not yet too old nor too bold to blush at such a title. After my hair was arranged, the next thing

was to dress me, that is, to prepare the outside dress of white satin, for I already had on my dainty chemise, pantalets, and petticoats trimmed with lace by the young ladies.

As they sat and chatted together, I had nothing to do but to admire their pretty faces, which a touching sadness made still more engaging, and listen to their talk. Every now and then an elderly mulatto-woman, with large gold hoops in her ears, would enter the room and speak to one of the sisters, who would leave her work and go into the front shop to attend a customer, and then return to my satin dress. I was very impatient at these interruptions, for I was as wild to have my dress completed and put on as any little miss who is going to her first party. But as I listened I grew so much interested in the talk of the sisters that I waited more quietly.

"Shall I put on one or two lace flounces, Aurore?" said Mademoiselle Stéphanie, holding up the satin skirt.

"Two, by all means," answered Mademoiselle Aurore. "Don't you remember the bridal dress of dear Cousin Marie? Hers had two flounces, headed with the flowers, only her flowers were of wax and made in Paris. O, how lovely they were, and how lovely she looked! Alas, dear Stéphanie, those were happy, happy days! Little did we think on that gay night, in our own satin robes and flowers, that we should ever dress a doll for a 'sign,' and dress hair for our bread."

("Dress a doll for a sign!" Good heavens! what was to befall me?)

Mademoiselle Stéphanie heaved a deep sigh, while tears filled her large, soft black eyes. She resolutely forced them back and turned her head toward me to hide them from her sister. But Mademoiselle Aurore was too quick for her; she let my satin dress fall on the carpet, and threw her arms about her sister's neck.

"Pardon, dear Stéphanie; I was a little goose to speak of those times. I wish we could forget that we were once rich and flattered, and utterly useless on the earth. How many better things to think of! What kindness we have received in a strange land! How well and comfortable we have been! and now we are getting along famously, — in fact, getting rich. Is it not so, *Petite?*"

This last idea was evidently so very funny that Mademoiselle Stéphanie could not restrain a little sickly smile. She wiped her eyes and went on hemming the veil which was part of my costume.

"But without joking," continued Mademoiselle Aurore, "we are earning a great deal of money, and I think *La Petite Fiancée* will increase our custom wonderfully." (Again a mysterious allusion to me!) "Poor Thérése was very cross to-day because I accepted an order to dress a young lady's hair at her own house. O, it was too comical to see her shake her head till her gold rings fairly bounced with rage. 'What, you, Mademoiselle!' she screamed, — 'you to go trotting out like a lady's-maid with tongs and hair-pins, at the bid of some upstart of a miss, — and you the granddaughter of the Governor-General!'"

"And how did you pacify her?" asked Mademoiselle Stéphanie.

"O, first I laughed at her, and then she cried, and then I kissed her, and then I cried; and finally we both laughed and cried together; after which we felt better. I told her she was a 'dear, foolish, good-for-nothing old thing.'"

"O, for shame!" interrupted Mademoiselle Stéphanie, warmly. "Dear, faithful old Thérése!"

"What," continued Mademoiselle Aurore, "if I listened to her? — we might all shut up shop and go to the poorhouse."

"I am not surprised that she felt it so keenly," answered Mademoiselle Stéphanie, with dignity. "It was as much to spare her feelings as to save our own pride that I consented to alter our family name, when we took this place. And O, what a mercy that our poor dear mother knows nothing of all that has happened to us; that since that night of terror she has been almost like an infant in Thérése's faithful arms!"

By this time the finishing touches were placed on my dress. Mademoiselle Aurore took me and carefully put it over my curly head. Having fastened it by laying me in a very undignified attitude across her lap, she picked me up and held me with one hand standing on her knee, while she adjusted the folds of my skirt, and the lace that encircled my snowy shoulders. I looked so pretty that the light-hearted French girl kissed me with ardor.

"*Ah, que tu es belle, Petite Fiancée!*" she exclaimed, "how beautiful thou art! Now the veil, Stéphanie; pin it so! Now the flowers, one spray to hang here over that poor little ear!"

When all was done Thérése was called in to see me, and when she had exhausted every expression of admiration, and clasped her hands and bobbed her head till the rings danced with delight, and at last ventured to touch me with the tip-end of her yellow finger, she said, "I will go bring Madame to see her!" and went off at once.

In a few minutes she returned, opened the door and stepped back with great respect, while an elderly lady with soft white hair and a singularly mild, sweet face, slowly entered the room. This was Madame, the mother of the two young ladies. They both ran to her, kissed her cheek, and led her up to me. Mademoiselle Aurore said, "See, dearest mother, see what a pretty bride has come to see you!"

The old lady smiled childishly, stroking my head with her pale, slender hand, and said, "Yes, yes, my child, I know. Pretty, pretty *poupée;* it is Marie!"

The two sisters looked at each other, — a sad, sweet, expressive glance of tenderness and pity. Mademoiselle hastened to smile again, showing her bright little teeth.

"And now for our great 'card' of the season! Thérése, please let the workman know we wish him to come at once and set her up in the window." Thérése bustled off.

(The workman to set me up in the window! my very hair crinkled with excitement!)

Presently the man came with a box of tools in his hand, and proceeded to

arrange a heavy stand covered with scarlet velvet in the one large window of the front room, which was the store. He looked at me from time to time, with a shy sort of admiration, as if he felt ashamed of looking at a doll at all, much more of liking to look at one. After cutting and sawing and boring away for quite an age it seemed to me, he said, as he wiped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve, "All ready, miss! fetch along your doll-baby. And will you please hold on to her, miss, while I puts in these screws? My hand is n't fit to meddle with such finery."

So Mademoiselle Aurore, as usual the briskest and readiest, picked me up, danced through the room to the window, and placed my satin-slippered feet tenderly upon the beautiful cushion.

It was not long before I was firmly secured to the pedestal, my drapery gracefully arranged, and the pots of pomade stationed like a special body-guard around me. Then there was some fumbling under the pedestal, and I heard a peculiar and prolonged sound like the winding up of a clock, — clickity-click, clickity-click, clickity-click! In the mean time Thérése had taken down the outside shutters, and I began to turn slowly round and round, round and round and round.

I became giddy; my senses reeled; I felt like fainting; I wanted my salts; — all in vain! for nine dreadful hours I spun in that interminable waltz!

By the third day I became sufficiently accustomed to the motion to be able to distinguish persons and objects about me, which greatly relieved the tedium of my existence. I came to take a friendly interest in the passers-by, trying to read the story of each face, grave or gay, severe or careless. The school-children I knew, and loved every one; for they were my fast friends. They never neglected me, never passsed me by; they would stop on their way to school, though a dripping umbrella warned them to hurry on; they stopped on their way home, though a smoking dinner and a fond mother were awaiting them.

It was not often that lovers had a moment to spare from each other to bestow upon me, so I was the more flattered one afternoon near sunset, when I was treated to an exceptional attention of this kind. A gentleman and a young lady, in earnest conversation, had already passed, when the lady caught sight of my revolving figure. She stepped back, saying to her companion, "Don't laugh at me! but I am really child enough yet to dote on a pretty doll. Besides, she is dressed so charmingly, I might copy her costume for my birthday party!"

The young lady, who was as dainty as a doll herself, inspected my robe and flowing veil for a moment.

"Well," said the gentleman, "does it please you? Will it do?"

"O dear, no!" she answered, with quite unnecessary emphasis, while a tell-tale blush colored her cheek, "don't you see it is a bridal dress? Of course I could not wear it."

"But why not?" persisted the young man. "Dearest Annabel, if I might only ask you to wear it soon, for my sake and for me?"

I neither saw nor heard her answer, for I discreetly turned my back, with the flowing veil towards them at this critical point of the discourse, and when I again presented my front view, I caught only a parting glimpse of their happy faces, as they walked away, arm in arm, into the rapidly gathering twilight.

After this romantic occurrence, which quite put my heart in a flutter, I observed them day by day, as they walked by the window, and they never passed *me* without a smile of mutual understanding, with perhaps a whispered word or two that would bring the pretty blush again and again to the little lady's cheek.

There was something about the young gentleman's countenance, his voice, and even his walk, that seemed curiously familiar to me, yet I felt sure I had never seen him before.

The lady now came very often to our shop, I think chiefly because she had taken a fancy to me, though she liked to chat French with my young mistresses. She bought such quantities of foolish trifles for her head, her neck, her waist, her wrist, that I am sure she could never find use for the half of them.

She drove up to our professional door one morning, wrapped in a pretty blue cashmere dressing-gown that became her wonderfully well, to have

her yellow hair frizzed. She was very lively, and rattled away in French with Mademoiselle Aurore, who was dressing her hair, and laughed heartily at her own mistakes. As she tripped out to her snug little carriage, Mademoiselle Aurore said to her sister, "Dear Stéphanie, did you hear what Miss Howard said to me? She is to be married soon, and she wishes me to come to her house every day to arrange her hair, till we see which is the most becoming style for her wedding-day. She seems so happy, dear little lady!"

"Why should she not be happy?" replied Mademoiselle Stéphanie, with great "tears in her voice." "With youth and beauty and riches and the lover of her choice, it would be strange if she were not. Was not I happy, Aurore, when all these were mine?"

Chapter II.

Since I penned the above, three months ago, a great revolution has taken place in my social position and circumstances. This change has not been confined to myself — but I must not anticipate. Let me calmly review the exciting events through which I have recently passed, and as dispassionately record them.

If I remember, I left Miss Howard entering her carriage with a freshly frizzed head, and Mademoiselle Stéphanie, with a broken heart, wiping away her tears in the back room of our hair-dressing shop.

Now Miss Howard is Miss Howard no more. Mademoiselle Stéphanie's heart is effectually mended. As for me, I no longer revolve!

I think it was about a week after Miss Howard's morning call that I saw her, with the gentleman she was about to marry, walking toward my window. She came in to leave an order, and bade her companion, in her own pretty, peremptory way, to follow her, saying, "I want you to see a lovely little countrywoman of yours; we chatter French together delightfully."

My back was turned (as I have noticed invariably happens, when anything occurs that I particularly desire to see), but I heard an exclamation in a loud, foreign tongue, and then two simultaneous screams from Mademoiselle Stéphanie and Mademoiselle Aurore. The next moment I beheld both of them in the strange gentleman's arms, crying and sobbing and hugging him till I thought the breath would surely be crushed out of his body.

Then old Thérése rushed into the room, her red and yellow bandanna all on one side of her head. For a moment she could do nothing but stand there, clapping the air with both hands and staring at the group as if she had just waked out of a nightmare. Then down she went on her knees, crying and praying and praising God and the Blessed Virgin, that her young master had been as it were raised from the dead. All four surrounded her (for by this time Miss Howard began to see how it was), lifted her up, and such crying and kissing and laughing over her and each other I could never describe!

"O, what joy for my dear old mistress!" said Thérése, as soon as she could get her breath; "O, what joy for Madame this day! it 's like having him born over again!"

Then, all talking at once, and wiping away their tears, and sobbing and weeping again for wonder and delight, they went up stairs to poor old Madame their mother; and I — who had really been the means of this happy meeting — I was left alone to patch together, as best I could, these tattered bits of story.

Since then I have learned more of the facts of my romance. I know very little about geography, but I understand that there is a large group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, lying between North and South America. One of the largest of these islands is called San Domingo, and formerly belonged to France. There were many French people settled in this rich, fertile garden-spot; they owned fine houses and splendid plantations which were tilled by their slaves, the native blacks, while they lived in ease and luxury. But there was a much larger number of negroes than of French people living in San Domingo; and once when France had war at home, and could not send soldiers to help their citizens in the far-distant island, the slaves rose against their foreign masters, robbed and burned their elegant houses, and slaughtered them without mercy.

Thousands perished in this revolution, while a few families escaped to neighboring countries, saved in many instances by their own servants, who knew what was to take place, and loved them too well to leave them to so dreadful a fate.

In this way Madame and her two young daughters had been rescued at the last moment by the faithful Thérése, who loved the white children she had nursed as if they were her own. With admirable discretion she collected their jewels and other valuables, and, having concealed the ladies, supplied their daily wants until a friendly vessel brought them to this country. But in the hurry and confusion of such a flight the father and only son were separated from the distracted mother and daughters, who could not indulge the faintest hope that they had escaped from the horrible massacre. The father and his son did succeed in reaching a place of safety; but the old gentleman, fearing the worst for his beloved family, died shortly afterward of a broken heart.

Mademoiselle Stéphanie will be married in the Cathedral to-morrow to the gentleman she had loved in San Domingo, and whom she has mourned for dead these five years past. Her brother knew of his safe arrival and establishment in business in a neighboring city shortly after his own escape, and one flash of the friendly telegraph brought him to rejoice with them all, and especially with Mademoiselle Stéphanie.

"Henri and I are no longer rich," she said to Mademoiselle Aurore, who would have advised still further delay of their marriage, "but we have both learned a lesson of brave poverty, and we are not afraid. Dear little sister, you are very wise and practical, but poor Henri has lost all, — father, mother, home, and friends, — all but us; would you have me send him away without a wife to comfort his loneliness?"

So Mademoiselle Aurore dried her eyes, and set about preparing her dress to act as bridesmaid; upon which Henri called her an angel, and restored at once her smiles and good-humor.

Monsieur Émile was married a week ago to the loveliest as well as the noblest little lady in the land. She wore at last the dress like mine, "for his sake and for him." With her yellow hair curled in the style of my own, and crowned with veil and orange-blossoms, she is said to have borne a striking resemblance to *La Petite Fiancée!*

"Dear sisters," she said to Mademoiselle Stéphanie and Mademoiselle Aurore on her wedding night, as they arranged with loving fingers the flowers in her shining hair, "I am going to beg you for one more bridal gift. Can you guess? I want so much your wax doll! I was ashamed to ask before, but you cannot think how I love her, how precious she is to me."

And so, in her own carriage, like a pet child, I was brought to her elegant home and placed in her boudoir, a bright little room full of pretty pictures and birds and flowers and all gay things that young ladies take delight in. I stand in one corner on a beautiful marble bracket covered with a glass shade lest a speck of dust should fall on me. Thérése takes care of me as if I were the finest lady in the city. I believe she secretly regards me as a kind of Patron Saint of the family, for she keeps a vase of flowers fresh from the greenhouse every morning always on the marble stand at my feet, and I do not doubt she would like to burn some wax-candles there besides.

The dear old Madame, in a beautiful silk gown, with a lace cap over her puffs of white hair, is as placid, as gentle as ever.

They say that her memory is improving, and the doctor says she will get well; but when they show me to her, and tell her how this dear young lady promised to be her son's wife when they both were looking at me in the shop-window, she says so sweetly, with a tender smile, "Ah yes, I know, I know; it is Marie!"

H. L. Palmer.

THE FAIRIES.

I KNEW when I woke in the morning,
And saw through my frost-garnished pane
The valley, — a broad sea of crystal, —
That the fairies were busy again.

Their magic transformed the wide meadow,
Each grass-blade with jewels was strung,
And willow boughs drooped to the water,
All heavy with diamonds hung.

The hemlocks, cone-shaped, in the forest
Sported icicles tier above tier;
And each maple that swayed on the mountain
Was ablaze like a huge chandelier.

The stray weeds were rich as queens' garlands,
The pebbles were Koh-i-noors grand;
Tray's kennel, a Chinese pagoda, —
Just touched by a mystical wand.

Little Fanny stood watching beside me, —
Such light in her great, wondering eyes
When she said, "Ah, I know 't is *good* fairies
That gave us this splendid surprise.

"When Santa Claus came down our chimney
He brought no such presents as these;
O, the fairies are better than Santa,
For *their* trees are *all* Christmas-trees."

Blest childhood's sweet follies and fancies!
Who would its dear fables unlearn?
Dispel not such dreams and delusions;
Once vanished, they never return.

Ellen Porter Champion.

MEETING A "LUCIVEE."

IT was near the middle of November. We had been having an Indian summer, — three warm, hazy days, mild and summer-like, and O, so still! But we missed the birds; every green thing lay dead. Yes, Nature was dead; and the warm breath of the southwest wind could not revive the frost-stricken flowers. (The Indians thought this gentle wind to be the breath of their kind god, Cautantow-wit, the Southwestern God.) But toward night our truant summer fled. It came on cold and cloudy.

"It will snow before morning," said grandfather.

There was an "apple-bee" over at Mr. Edwards's in the evening; Will and I went. There had been an "apple-bee," or a "husking," somewhere in the neighborhood nearly every evening for a fortnight. It was about twelve o'clock when we came away, and dark enough too. The ground, which had thawed during the day, had frozen again. It had just begun to snow; we could feel the flakes coming in our faces, — cold kisses in the dark, and not so bad a change either, after five hours at an apple-bee. We went round by Mr. Clives's, with Nell and Jennie; and after seeing them safely over the parental door-step, turned homeward. Things were beginning to look a little ghostly under the snowy film which was collecting, as we stumbled on over the frozen ruts, Will in front and I a few steps behind. Suddenly Will stopped, so quickly I ran against him.

"What's that?" whispered he. "Ain't there something in the road there? Look!"

We peered through the darkness and blinding flakes. "Sitting in the road there! Don't you see it?" said Will. "There 's certainly something!"

There was a dark object in the road, two or three rods ahead; but what it was neither of us could make out. It seemed to me I could see its eyes.

"Perhaps it 's a dog!" said Will. "But a dog would n't be sitting there like that. Feel round for a stone, or a lump of frozen mud. I 'll throw it at him."

Getting off my mitten, I fumbled about on the ground, and got hold of something.

"Let me take it," said Will.

I heard his arm jerk, and with that there came a harsh, quavering screech which made our hearts jump.

"Gracious!" cried Will, backing against me. "That 's no dog! Look there!" The creature must have been crouched down before. He now stood up, with his back raised like a cat, making a queer snuffing noise.

"Don't run!" whispered Will. "He 'll come after us if you do. Can't you find another stone, — a big one? Hunt round! I 'll face him."

I managed to find another big lump of something, which Will threw. With a snarling growl, the animal sprang aside, and stood glaring at us, just across the ditch by the roadside.

"Get out your jack-knife," exclaimed Will, "and let 's go by." We opened our knives, and edged by on the farther side of the road. The creature kept snarling and purring, and as soon as we were by began to follow us. There were bushes on both sides of the road at that place; but, coming out pretty soon to a high log fence, between the road and a newly cleared field, the beast leaped upon it, and ran along after us on the top-log. It was no use trying to outrun him, he had too long legs for that. Now that he had got on the fence, we could see him more plainly; and a wicked-looking chap he was.

"O, if we only had the gun," said Will, "I 'd learn him to follow us in that way; just as if he meant us for his supper!"

For my own part, I could n't help feeling very thankful that he had condescended to delay the meal. I shall never forget the great dusky form, with feet pattering along the top-log, which creaked and cracked under him; nor the starved eagerness expressed in his snarling cries. It was fully half a mile, from the place where we met him, to the house. And the creature kept after us all the way, sometimes almost abreast of us, then lagging a little for a few rods. He was loath to give us up, but afraid to attack. We did n't run, — did n't dare to; but walked along pretty fast, with our jack-knives out, ready for him.

"They 're all abed, I suppose," said Will, as we came in sight of the house. "No, there 's a light in the sitting-room."

"Hullo! hullo!" we both shouted.

"Now if they 'd only bring out the gun!" exclaimed Will.

We heard the door open, and mother's voice said, "What 's the matter? Who is it?"

"Bring the gun!" cried Will.

Mother had been sitting up waiting for us. "Is it you, Will and Jed?" said she, coming down through the yard with something in her hands. "I 've got the gun. It 's loaded, I guess. They 're all asleep but me. Dear me! What is it?"

The creature had stopped. Seeing mother coming toward us, he gave another of his peculiar shrieks, and sprang over into the field.

"Quick with the gun!" cried Will; but he had gone.

"What a terrible cry!" exclaimed mother. "Why, what was it?"

"A catamount, I guess," replied Will. "He came home with us. That was his 'good night' which you heard."

We waited a few minutes, but the animal was nowhere to be heard or seen; and we did n't feel much inclined to chase him.

"O no, not a catamount, boys," said grandfather, when he heard our account the next morning. "A catamount would have grabbed you up in no time. Besides, they rarely come into the township now. But I 've no doubt that it was a lucivee. I heard one a few evenings ago over on the mountain."

"Lucivee is rather an odd name, is n't it?" asked Will.

"Yes, that 's what the French called the animal when they first settled in Canada and saw it there. They spell it out, *Loup Cervier*, which means wolf-stag, or rather stag-wolf. They called it the stag-wolf, because they used to see it catch moose and deer. But if you want to look it up in your natural history, you must find the word 'Lynx.' The lucivee is the *Lynx Canadensis* of the books. Naturalists think it is the same with the 'Boreal Lynx' of Northern Europe. People often confound it with the wild-cat; but it is wholly distinct from the wild-cat or the fisher-cat."

"I suppose there used to be lots of them about here," said Will.

"O yes, years ago, when we first moved in, these lucivees were common as squirrels. We used to hear them screeching almost every night, and moonlight evenings we could see them crossing our clearing. In the winter-time their tracks were everywhere. I used to see where they had crept along to catch rabbits, taking short steps, not three inches apart, but as large as your hand."

"But this fellow took some prodigious leaps," said Will.

"No doubt. They either walk, or leap, striking all their feet together. When they walk their usual step is quite short, cat-like, not more than six inches; but in leaping they clear from eight to ten feet at a bound. We used to see where they had jumped into trees, or upon stumps, ten or twelve feet from the ground. They are unlike cats in one respect, — they love water as well as a dog. I 've frequently seen them swimming in the lake down here; and have known them to swim across it, as much as two miles, as fast as one could paddle a boat. Father once saw one lying stretched out on the limb of a tree, directly over his head; but as he moved quietly along, the creature did not seem inclined to attack him. Indeed, it 's my impression that a lucivee seldom if ever attacks a man, unless

cornered or surprised while devouring his prey. He will fight, or attack anything then. He watches the deer from the trees, lying hidden among the leaves along the limbs; and drops upon their backs as they pass under. I once saw a deer bound into our clearing, with one fastened upon his back. They sometimes go in gangs or packs of from three to ten together. They are a little like wolves in this respect. But more commonly they are found alone, like the one you met last night. I should n't wonder if he hung round here some time. Keep watch, and perhaps you 'll get a shot at him. But you must look out. You 'll find him a pretty ugly customer. They 're savage fellows when cornered or wounded."

It was snowing heavily that morning. I well remember how odd and wintry it looked. But toward evening it moderated, and set in rainy. The maples up in the sugar-orchard turned red as they do in March.

"Too wet for him to-night," said grandfather. "They don't like these soppy nights."

But the next night was cold and clear. It was near the full moon; and the light shone on the bright crust in a long glittering line, as it does on water.

"If he 's in the neighborhood, he 'll be round to-night," said grandfather. "It 's a grand night! You 'd better watch. Up at the sugar-house is a good place. You can see all over the farm from there."

So about eight o'clock we called "Jip," and taking the "buffaloes" to wrap up in, went to the sugar-house, which stood on the edge of the maple woods, at the foot of the mountain. Closing the door to keep the dog in, we made ourselves comfortable at the window. All the fields lay spread out below us. Will watched one side, and I the other, letting our eyes follow up and down the long line of forest, which enclosed the cleared land. All was quiet and bright. After a while an owl began to hoot over in the pines, — rather dull music. But about ten o'clock we heard the same lonely cry near the old mill, and half an hour afterward saw a large animal emerge from the shadow of the trees, and come toward the buildings. He was a long way below us; yet we could see his movements quite plainly. The crust was hardly strong enough to bear him; and every few steps we could hear it breaking under his feet, as he came leisurely up the slope. When within a few rods of the barn he stopped, and, after listening a moment, sat down like a cat, and watched a long while. He was still much too far off for us to fire at him. By and by he went round below the house, where he waited awhile.

"He 's hoping to catch us out again," said Will. "But we 've got the inside track of him to-night."

Then he came round on the side next to us, and presently started up toward the sugar-house.

"Here he comes," whispered Will. "Be still, Jip!"

We had kept Jip away from the window; but he now heard the crust breaking, I suppose, and gave a growl. The creature was still eight or ten rods off, but he heard it and stopped, with his keen eyes intently fixed on the open window.

Will blazed away. The report nearly stunned us. We had in a tremendous charge, and the smoke flew back into the window. But I heard a yell. Throwing open the door, we rushed out, and saw the lucivee bounding down through the field. Jip took after him. And just then father and grandfather came out, to see what had been done. There was a blood-drop on the crust, where the animal had stood; and, now and then, a red blotch as we hurried on after him and Jip. On we went through the woods, and down into the swamp, father and grandfather coming on behind as fast as they could. The swamp was full of cedar, and it was pretty dark in there. All at once Jip yelled out as if attacked; and a moment after we met him coming back to us, and a little behind him, in the shadow of the cedars, we saw the silvery eyes of the lucivee, flashing out sparks, he was so mad. Seeing us, he halted, and, leaping up into a large fir, went out of sight among the thick boughs. But we could hear him growling and snarling. And, going back a little, we could see him over the tops of the cedars, crouching amid the dark green branches, which were swaying and rustling under him. Will again fired at him. The heavy buckshot must have riddled him; but he held on a long while, wriggling and making a queer wheezing noise. Father and grandfather came up.

"Let me load it," said grandfather, taking the gun. "I 'll bring him out of that."

But just as he finished loading the creature dropped. "Keep back from him," said father; but he was dead.

There were more than a dozen shot-holes in his now lifeless carcass. We got a couple of poles for his bier, and laying him across them started home. He gave us quite a lug too, for he weighed a hundred and thirteen pounds. Yet the weight in pounds don't give any idea of an animal of the cat kind, they are so lathy and muscular. We did n't hold his "*post mortem*" till next morning. He was a very odd-looking beast, to say the least, and had a fierce expression even in death. The head was large and very round, with erect pointed ears, each tipped with a tuft of black hairs. The eyes were yellow now, but in life they have the color of bright silver. The body was nearly four feet in length, and the legs long and powerful, with large feet and long curved claws. The tail was very short, not more than four inches long, and also tipped with black. The back and sides were clad with fur of a beautiful stone-gray color; while the under parts of the body and breast were white, mottled with black spots. Grandfather thought that this one was considerably above the average size.

We afterwards stuffed his skin, putting in some big army buttons for eyes, and set him in a dark corner of the sugar-house. And it might be amusing to know the exact number of persons who, in visiting our maple grove, have placidly walked in there, and suddenly *run out*. He is still sitting up there in his dark corner; and perhaps "Our Young Folks" may be willing to adopt him into their "menagerie." He 's "perfectly harmless" now; "any child can handle him."

C. A. Stephens.

DEB.

"I WONDER," said Deb. And she did wonder, very much. What about? I think that she hardly knew herself. She only knew that she wondered — and wondered.

All the world was a wonder, — the great, soft, shining snow-drift that curled up against the fence opposite her window; the beautiful whirlpool that the snow made when the wind was up; the ice in the streets, and the little girls that tripped on it, and the little boys that did n't; the cross grocer who brought flour and beans into Brick Alley every morning; the pleasant baker who sometimes tossed her up a seed-cake through the window; the factory-girls with the little pink bows on their nets, who strolled by in the evening after mills were out, and laughed so that she could hear them quite plainly, or sang a little, — and she could hear that quite plainly too; the skies when they made faces at her through the square top of the alley, — gray and silver and blue faces, or flame-colored and gold faces, or black faces, or faces crowned all about with stars; the river too, all that she could see of it, and that was just a crack away between two houses, and a crack of slope that banked it in. In winter the slope was shining white, and in summer it was shining green; and as for the crack of a river, sometimes that was white, too, and sometimes it was green or purple or gray or blue; and sometimes it tossed about, and sometimes it was as still as Deb herself. That was all she knew about the river. And so she wondered.

But most of all she wondered about the bells. The town was full of bells. There were bells in the streets, and bells, she had heard, to the mills, and bells, she thought, to the river too; but all the bells that she knew about belonged to the grocer and the baker, and these she had never done very much more than wonder at, after all, for they were two stories down in the yard, and she was in her high chair by the window.

Now this, you see, was why Deb wondered. She never got out of that high chair by the window, except to get into her bed. And she never had been anywhere in all her life except into that chair and into bed. And she was fifteen years old.

The bed and the chair and the window were all that Deb had, except a mother, and she did n't amount to much, for she was busy and worried and hurried and sick and anxious and poor, — very poor, and the room was full of children who could run out to see the bells and knew all about the river, and who never wondered; so, when she had put Deb out of her bed into her chair, or out of her chair into her bed, she thought no more about her; so, as I say, she did n't amount to much.

Deb was not ugly to see, — except for the curve in her poor shoulders, and her little soft, white, withered feet that hung down useless from her high chair. In the face, Deb was not ugly at all to see. She had soft hair,

and her cheeks were white and clean, and her eyes had grown so large and blue with fifteen years' full of wonder, that if you were once to see them you would never forget them as long as you lived.

A young lady that I heard of will never forget them as long as she lives, and you shall hear about her presently.

In the daytime Deb shut her eyes and tried to think what it would be like to run about with the children who did not wonder; to see streets, or a crowd, or a church-spire, or a funeral, or people going to a wedding, and other strange things of which the children who did not wonder talked to each other; and which, because her eyes were shut, she saw or seemed to see, and yet always knew that she never saw them all.

At night she liked to open her eyes, and to lie with them open a long, late time, after the children who did not wonder were asleep. She liked to open her eyes at night, because then the two things that she liked best happened, — the dark and the bells. It seemed, indeed, that the darker it was, the more bells there were always. First, there were the mill-bells, in the early winter dusk; they rang very hard and very merrily, to let the factory-girls go home to put the little pink bows upon their nets. Then there were church-bells, they rang very heavily and respectably to call people to the weekly prayer-meetings, but they did not call the girls in the little pink bows. Sometimes there were fire-bells, that shrieked at Deb out of a yellow sky and frightened her. At nine o'clock when it was darkest, Deb heard the closest, pleasantest, awfulest bell of all. This was the great Androscoggin bell, the largest in New England. Deb held her breath — every night she held her breath — to listen to this bell. It was more like a voice than a bell. Sometimes the little cripple thought it cried. Sometimes she thought it prayed. But she never heard it laugh. The streets, the river, the crowd, weddings, funerals, church-spires, all the strange things that Deb in the daytime saw with her eyes shut, came, or seemed to come, at night, when her eyes were open, and talk to her — but always prayed or cried and never smiled — out of the solemn Androscoggin bell.

The solemn Androscoggin bell was ringing the mill-girls in by broad sunlight one noon, a little testily, when there came a knock at the door, and behind it the young lady of whom I heard. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor who knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight young lady with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands. She had come, she said, with that Cluny set which she found that she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother up; which was a matter of some difficulty, as she had never had the least idea where she lived before, and how crooked the stairs were; but the lace was very yellow, — as she saw, — and would she be sure to have it done by nine o'clock to-night? and —

And there, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor crooked Deb in her high-chair, with the wonder in her eyes.

"Dear me!" said the straight young lady.

"I wonder if I frighten her," thought Deb. But she only wondered, and did not speak.

"Is this your —"

"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the oldest. Fifteen. I 'll try my best, ma'am, but I don't know as I 'd ought to promise." She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace — a dainty collar and a pair of soft cuffs — about in her hands, in a business-like way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck, in a little gust, against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahoney cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do, to wonder, without speaking.

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and looking very sorry. "How long has she been — like — that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother. "She 's jest set in that chair ever sence she 's ben big enough to set at all. Would you try gum on these, Miss?"

"But you never told me that you had a crippled child!" The young lady said this quickly. "You have washed for me three years, and never told me that you had a crippled child!"

"You never asked me, Miss," said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten all about her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented woods, and the young lady's sorry eyes — such very sorry eyes! — were so close to the high-chair.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low. "In that chair — and nobody ever — poor little girl, poor little girl!"

What was the matter with the straight young lady? All at once her bright brown feathers and her soft brown gloves grew damp in little spots. Deb wondered very much over the damp little spots.

"But you could ride!" said the young lady, suddenly.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I ain't like the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me gener'lly," said Deb. "Once when she was very bad with a lame ankle Jim McMahoney set me. He 's first floor — Jim McMahoney."

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now, "in just an hour. I shall come in an easy sleigh with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

The young lady finished her sentence as if she did n't know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of; which is what we are all in danger of doing at times.

"Well, I 'm sure!" said Deb's mother. "Dabittra, tell the lady—"

But Dabittra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs and away into the street. And indeed Deb could not have told the lady — has never told the lady — can never tell the lady.

If all the blue of summer skies and the gold of summer sunlight and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of Heaven dropped and blinded her, on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells, — the merriest bells! — and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there, and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all about in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things," like other little girls. The young lady had remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb ever saw, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day-lily bud between the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahoney was there, paring onions at the door, to wish her good luck; and all the little McMahoneys were there, and all the children who did not wonder, and the grocer turned in at the Alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start. The white horse pawed the snow and held up his head, — Deb had never seen such a horse, — and the young lady gathered the reins into her brown gloves, and the sleigh-bells cried for joy, — how they cried!" — and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people in the alley hurrahed, and hurrahed, and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! how the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands! How the bells sang to her, and the snow-drifts blinked at her, and the icicles and the slated roofs, and sky, and people's faces smiled at her!

"What is the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great gray wolf's-robe over her face and head; and sat so, for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought that she was frightened.

"But I only want to cry a little!" said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first!"

When she had cried a little, she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and cheeks. That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets and a crowd and church-spires, were in it, — yes, and a wedding and a funeral too; all that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime, with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride, with her happy eyes open wide.

She sat very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. They rode and rode. The horse held up his head.

It seemed to Deb that he was flying. She thought that he must be like the awful, beautiful white horse in Revelation. She felt as if he could take her to heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull the rein that way.

They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church-spires, — all over and over and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse, so that Deb could look across, and up and down, at the shining stream and the shining bank.

"There 's so much of it!" said Deb, softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high chair; and the long, broad-shouldered, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up at their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes, for the windows stared like eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then in a minute she trembled again, for all at once, without any warning, great Androscoggin pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then she flushed with terrified delight.

Did it pray? or cry? or laugh? Deb did not know. It seemed to her that, if the white horse would carry her into the sound of that bell, she need never sit in a high chair at a window again, but ride and ride with the young lady. It seemed to her like forever and forever.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak — there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick Alley, and Jim McMahoney and her mother and the children who did not wonder came out to meet her, and take her back to her high chair.

She was too happy to speak. She need never wonder any more. She could remember.

But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white horse, and was gone in a minute; and when Androscoggin rung them both to sleep that night — for the young lady forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was too tired to go to the party — I am sure I cannot tell which was the happier, she or Deb. Androscoggin did not trouble himself to find out. All he said was, Forever and forever. Deb knows. She heard him. She had no need to wonder about him any more. She understood.

And this is all I have to tell. Whether the young lady took Deb to ride again or whether she did n't — this is all I have to tell. It is a very little thing to have to tell, but when it was told to me, I thought it was the sweetest, saddest, tenderest little thing in the world.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

ROBERT.

OF all the trees that grow in the wood,
The oak seems the king to me;
How proudly he stretches his boughs abroad!
What a sturdy trunk has he!
Of his tough, clean wood brave ships are made,
To sail o'er the ocean wide;
As once they wrestled with storms on land,
So they now defy wind and tide.

LAURA.

The oak is strong, but the pine is sweet,
And softly he singeth to me
Through the midsummer hours, when I lie at his feet,
And dream what my future shall be.
His spicy wood in a hundred ways
Is useful all over the land;
It yieldeth quickly (as glad to serve)
To the flame, or the carver's hand.

NED.

The oak and the pine may be strong and sweet,
But *I* shall the apple-tree sing,
For the juicy red fruit he drops at our feet,
And his rose-and-white bloom in the spring.
What puddings and pies and cider clear
To this dear old tree we owe!
What paring frolics, Thanksgiving cheer!
Long, long may it live and grow!

BESSY.

My favolit twee is the Cwismas-twee!
It gwows in a tub of moss,
It bwought your Bessy dis darlin' doll
And a bootiful wockin'-hoss.
It gwowed in our parlor, all in one night,
'Most up to the top of the wall,
All covered with pwesents and candles bwight;
Bessy finks it 's the best twee of all!

L. D. Nichols.

WEEDS AND WORDS.

LAST summer a friend of ours brought into his house a handful of weeds plucked from his side-yard, and turned to the different members of his family with the question, "What is this? Can you tell me the name of that plant." It was pronounced to be a sort of grass. "But what kind is it? How is it classed?" he asked.

"O, I don't know; it is something very common."

"What is this plant?" he said, pulling another from his handful. "You can tell me something about this one, for I have seen it at almost every roadside."

"Yes, so have I, but I never minded what it was. All those things in your hand are worthless weeds, and I cannot conceive why you should care anything about them."

"I do care, for this reason. I am determined to have no more guests whom I cannot call by name. These "worthless weeds," as you style them, are all over my premises, and they shall no longer be entire strangers to me. So I am going to consult Gray and other botanical authorities, and make these weeds my summer's study."

And so he did; and he was amply repaid for the time given to such investigations.

There are many weeds which overrun our common conversation, and make themselves familiar in our homes, which we had better recognize and classify a little. Let us look at a few of them.

The preposition "without" is sometimes substituted for "unless." Without may be used before nouns, but it should not be used to connect verbs. We ought not to say, "I cannot tell *without* I go," &c., but "*unless* I go," &c.

"Good" is never an adverb; hence it is not right to say, "My dress fits good," but "My dress fits well."

"Real" is not to be forced into the rank of adverbs, although school-girls have conspired to make it one. Such expressions as "*real* pretty," "*real* ugly," and "*real* good" are not *really* correct.

"Had ought" is a wrong combination heard oftener in New England than in other sections of our country. Even those who would not use the entire phrase sometimes carelessly leave it to be understood; as, for instance, "She ought to tell him frankly what she thinks." "Yes, so she *had*."

"Got" is a poor, ill-used servant made to do the work of other words. "I have *got* to do it" persons say, instead of "I ought to do it," or "I must do it." "He has *got* his lesson" they say when they mean "learned his lesson." In most cases when "I have got" is used, the simple "I have" would better answer the purpose. We advise our young friends to weed out this word "got" as much as possible from conversation, and

see how much more clearness and force this process adds to their expression.

"Well" is an inelegant and useless expletive when used at the commencement of a question or remark.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Well, I hardly know what to think of it."

This is a weed universally found in New England, and the sooner it is expelled the better. A Yankee may be known the world over by passing through this gate "Well" before he enters on what he wishes to say. It does not belong to the "pure well of English undefiled," of which we read; but rather we should beware of

> "Dropping buckets into empty *wells*,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up."

In some of our Southern States, "indeed" is heard so frequently that it loses all its force. "I do, indeed," or "Indeed, I do," salutes the ear at every turn, until the otherwise emphatic word becomes utterly insignificant.

In the Southern States "like" is often substituted for "as." "Like" should be used before nouns, but not before verbs. "*Like* we do," and similar expressions, have no good sanction.

"As" is sometimes incorrectly used for "that" as a connective. "Do you remember him?" "No, I do not know *as* I do."

The adjective "some" is occasionally put in the place of the adverb somewhat. "They criticised the book *some*."

The verb "want" has a provincial use which is hardly sanctioned. It is made a constant synonyme for "wish." "I *want* to see you," &c. We should try to limit such wants as much as possible.

Many of the prevailing contractions are very carelessly used. "Don't" is a contraction for "do not," and not for "does not" (does n't), hence it requires a plural nominative. "Were not" and "was not" should never be contracted into "wa' n't," but into "were n't" and "was n't." "Ain't," for "are n't" or "is n't," and "hain't," for "have n't" or "has n't," are of course never found in good society. It should be said, in passing, that the contraction "won't" has the sound of *o* in "don't."

As the beauty of a garden depends not so much on its few rare plants, scattered here and there, as on its neat borders and common groups and grass-plots, so conversation owes its merit not so much to the selection of especial words as to the correct use of connectives, and of those insignificant words which are of common use.

A. Newbury.

CENTRAL PARK.

THE pleasantest place in New York to spend Saturday is certainly the Central Park. The part I like the best is the Ramble. There the paths are narrow and winding, the trees large and shady, and the rustic-benches beneath them so inviting that we are obliged to sit down even if we are in a hurry. In summer the birds are singing merrily in the branches, but at this time of year the Ramble is silence itself. It is very difficult to find our way out; there are so many paths branching off in various directions, that we hardly know which to take. When at last we come into open space again we see a great many carriages, all of which, from the handsome four-in-hand to the little one-horse buggy, hasten along at a speed that would frighten some people out of their senses.

At a little distance there is a large field of grass, and in the middle a crowd of people looking at the camel, who is walking sedately round with his head in the air, and three or four little children seated on his back. His master, dressed as an Arab, in loose trousers and tasselled hat, leads him by a rope, and bids him lie down and stand up, all which the obedient animal does with as much speed as possible. After we have stroked his big nose, and wondered at the size of his feet, we continue our walk until we reach the Lake. We seat ourselves in a little summer-house built on the edge of the water, and as it is not the season for the boats, we content ourselves with watching the beautiful white swans that float so gracefully by, eating the crumbs that we have brought expressly for them. Some of them are so tame that they will eat out of our hands, and let us stroke their pretty heads, while the more timid ones keep at a safe distance.

At last we rise, and feeling rather hungry make straight for a building called the Hotel, that is arranged inside just like a confectioner's shop. Here we take a nice lunch, and then go to the self-operating swings. There are three very large ones and we think we are not too old to answer "yes" when the keeper asks, "Would you like to swing?" We spend but a short time here, however, for we are all impatience to see the menagerie, which is but a little way off. It looks just like a castle, and was once the city arsenal. In the court-yard outside there are cages filled with such animals as can bear the severity of the weather. Foxes with sharp noses, rabbits with pink ones, squirrels with bushy tails, and a queer kind of animal that has no tail at all. In the main building are elephants, giraffes, leopards, bears, and a great hippopotamus. We pat the sides of the giraffe, admire the beautiful spots of the leopard, and wish we could stay a little while longer. But no, it is almost dark, and we have a long ride to take. We are soon seated in the crowded cars, but before we are half-way home our eyelids close, our heads droop, and in our dreams we are

swinging once more, or feeding the beautiful swans. We are soon interrupted, however, by the stopping of the cars; but had our dream continued it would certainly have led us back to a beautiful afternoon spent there last summer, when the Park was even more pleasant than it is now. How well I remember it!

The flowers were all in bloom, the grass like velvet, so green and smooth, and all the summer-houses covered with creeping vines. The fountains were sparkling in the setting sun and a flock of sheep were playing in the meadow. We took a boat and rowed round the Lake, listening to the music of the band. In a short time the moon came out so beautifully, and the breeze made little waves on the water. We had with us a lovely white Spanish poodle, named Dash, that seemed so oppressed with the heat when we went ashore that we thought he would like a nice cool bath. So we threw him into the Lake, expecting him to swim back. He was in such delicate health, however, that he could scarcely keep his head above water, and would certainly have drowned had it not been for the timely approach of two gentlemen in a boat. They made such a current with their rudder, that the dear dog was borne safely ashore, just as we were nearly beside ourselves with fear. Poor Dash! he was the most loving and faithful of dogs, but was subject to epileptic fits, and died in one soon after, to our great grief. We buried him in our garden, and expect him to bloom again next summer, in the shape of a beautiful white rose, for we planted a rose-bush on his grave.

Dollie Smithson, age 13.

31 West 32d Street, New York.

CATCHING THE PRAIRIE NYMPH.

I'M a prairie girl. Would you like to hear how I got mistaken for a prairie *nymph?* Does that sound vain? I think it won't when you come to hear about it.

I was tending sheep over on Sac Prairie. Did you never hear of a prairie shepherdess? "There are more things in heaven and earth" — you know the rest. I heard pa quote that yesterday, and I put it in right here because it sounds so learned.

Toy's a "smart" Indian. He's been our shepherd ever so long. One night after the sheep were in the fold, I found Toy under a tree looking very dejected. "Ugh! me poor Injun," he groaned.

"What's the matter, Toy?" I asked.

"Squaw mother, she sick; goin' dead; live far off."

"Are n't you going to see her?"

"Take long. Spend day goin', night comin' back. Sheep scamper — get lost."

Toy *will tell fibs.* I knew right well 't was he that was (love) sick. Had n't I seen him on several occasions "making up" to a coquettish little squaw? And did n't I know there was going to be a circus the next day over at Ottawa? However, I did n't tell him so, remembering that "All's fair in love and war," but said, "I'll tend the sheep, Toy."

"Miss Do tend sheep? Watch all day long? Good! Me happy Injun. Bring Miss Do somethin' pretty."

Toy did n't groan any more that night.

The next morning I let my hair down long, and put on my scarlet jacket and short riding-skirt of "hunter's green," — thought I 'd better look as picturesque as possible, seeing I was going to be a shepherdess, you know. I rode on Hi, my black Mustang pony. Hiawatha 's his name, but I call him Hi for short. Toy helped me drive the sheep over to Sac Prairie, and then went off and left me to watch alone.

I think it 's the nicest thing in the world to tend sheep ; especially in early autumn, when the sun showers the prairie with golden haze, and the air is so soft you have to listen to hear the breezes whisper in the grass. It 's such fun to let the sheep get almost out of sight, and then call them back. They come scampering toward you, looking (if they 've been lately washed) like foam-crests rising and falling amid the billowy green of the prairie.

Maybe you don't know how to call sheep. You open your mouth very wide, and cry as loud as you can, "O-o-o-u-y ! o-o-o-u-y ! o-o-o-o-u-y !" Try it, and see if it is n't the queerest noise. Only you must go ever so far away, or you 'll frighten some nervous person. If you live in New England, I should think the top of the highest mountain would be a good place to practise.

I spent the morning riding round on Hi, scaring up flocks of quails, and watching them as they whirred away. I ate my lunch at noon in my bower, a shady place among the trees down by Silver Creek, that runs through Sac Prairie. In the afternoon I gave a party in my bower, and invited all the tame lambs of the flock.

It was near sunset when I rode Hi into the ford at Silver Creek. I 'd been decking myself just for fun ; I had strings of yellow rosin flowers round my neck and arms, and clusters of wild grapes in my hair. Silver Creek made a nice mirror, so I bent over to look at myself. When one decks herself with rosin flowers and wild grapes she naturally wants to see how she looks, does n't she ?

I sat for some time watching the curious shadows made by the willows in the water. A sound on the bank attracted my attention ; I looked up, and there was the coolest-looking youngster sitting on a horse stealing my picture !

He seemed to enjoy my chagrin, for he laughed and said, "Is the prairie nymph holding communion with the naiads, or is she admiring herself in the water ?"

Was n't that impudent ? He thought 't was poetical, I suppose. I sat and looked straight at him a moment, then opened my mouth and cried, "O-o-o-uy ! O-o-o-o-uy ! O-o-o-o-o-uy !"

"My boots ! what an unearthly yell !" he muttered, jumping almost out of the saddle and dropping his sketch-book into the water.

I suppose it was. I meant it should be, at least. The sheep were not far away. They came crowding down to the creek when they heard my call.

"What are these, Pan's goats ? No, Pandora's sheep !" (Got it pretty *near* right, did n't he ?) "Would the prairie nymph vanish, if an impudent mortal should approach ?"

"*Try it and see.*"

Hi bounded up the opposite bank ; the "impudent mortal" dashed through Silver Creek and was "in at the chase." What could be freer than a mustang pony on a prairie ? Hi did enjoy that race ! The wild grapes did n't stay in my hair, and the "impudent mortal" lost his hat. I don't know which would have won the race, if it had n't been for a thought of mine. I shall always congratulate myself on that thought. A piece away over the prairie was a pigmire, — a deep slough where pigs wallow. I knew what Hi could do, and led the chase right on toward that slough.

It was pretty wide, but Hi just gathered up his nimble little legs and jumped across; and the "impudent mortal's" horse jumped *in*.

That was too bad, of course. I felt sorry for the "spandy clothes," but when one's trying a race she's going to win if she can. I did want to stop and laugh a little; but that would have been ungenerous; besides, the boy needed help. So I hurried on to where a man was picking corn, told him a boy and horse were in the pigmire, and then went back to my sheep.

Pretty soon one of the workmen came and helped me drive them home to Prairie Grove. I was tired and hungry, but had had a nice day, and the race was such a splendid adventure! They were eating supper when I went in, and — does n't this sound like a made-up story? — there at the table with pa and ma sat the "*impudent mortal*"!

I stopped at the door and heard pa say, "Whatever led you off into that pigmire? It's a mile out of the way."

"Well, Uncle John, I'm a stranger, and don't understand the lay of the land," — an extra swallow of tea just there. "Have n't I a cousin Dora, — or some such name?"

"Yes, she's been tending sheep to-day."

Ma does dislike to have tea spilt on a clean table-cloth, but an accident happened to a certain tea-cup just then; and directly after I slipped up behind some one's chair and said, not *quite* so loudly as down at Silver Creek, "O-o-o-o-uy! o-o-o-o-uy! o-o-o-o-o-uy!"

I got a big cousinly hug for my pay.

"Ah ha! I've caught the prairie nymph!" cried Cousin Dick.

It was only he, after all, whom we'd been expecting out from Boston so long. 'T was strange I did n't know him before, for I had a picture that looked just like him.

I liked Cousin Dick "first-rate"; only he was saucy and — 't won't do to call one's cousin soft, so I 'll say he was — romantic. If he had n't been he never would have mistaken *me* for a prairie nymph. Now I think of it, I wonder if all Boston boys are not saucy and — romantic?

Theodora.

PRAIRIE GROVE, Kansas.

P. S. Toy brought me home the prettiest cap made out of wild birds' feathers. There were ever so many colors. I do believe that little squaw of his made it, don't you? If the editor will let me, I 'll tell you something funny that happened to that cap.

T.

THE RACKET ON THE ROOF.

PATTER, patter, patter,
  Clatter, clatter, clatter,
On my attic chamber roof, —
  What can be the matter?

"'T is surely blowing up a rain,"
  I said with sudden dread,
As I rubbed my eyelids open,
  And sprang up out of bed.

While I made my morning toilet,
  The racket did not stop;
I thought I heard the rain come down,
  A tiny drop, drop, drop.

I threw open the window blinds,
  The sky was clear and bare
Of clouds; 't was not the rain-drops, then,
  That made the racket there.

The trees were clothed in freshest green,
  And balmy was the air;
It could not be the falling leaves
  That made the racket there.

I looked above me towards the roof, —
  "What can that clatt'ring be?
Who 's making so much fuss?" I cried.
  An answer came to me:

My frolicsome pet squirrel, Rob,
  Just then lit in my hair.
"Ah! it was *you*, you little rogue,
  Who made the racket there!"

He hopped down on my shoulder, then
  He nestled in my breast;
Of all the pets that ever breathed,
  I think he is the best.

Sometimes he 'll climb a neighboring tree,
And sit awhile aloof;
Then he will jump from there, and make
A racket on the roof.

S.

MY SLEIGH-RIDE.

LAST winter a little friend came to visit us whose name was Edith Starr. She came with her parents, and they were going to stay a week.

One pleasant day, when the sleighing was very good, ma proposed a ride to a neighbor's, who lived about three miles distant; we were to go the next day.

You may be sure we children were up with the sun, in anticipation of our ride. But just as we were sitting down to breakfast there came a knock on the door, and the servant brought in the mail. Papa opened one of the newspapers, and the first thing he saw he read aloud. It was this: —

"A convict escaped from the jail in this city yesterday. He is a dangerous man; not long ago he killed a woman and an infant. He is also believed to be half crazy. A reward of two hundred dollars is offered to any one who will bring him back. He is dressed in brown pants and coat, and has a scar across his forehead, and is about six feet in height."

"That will not prevent our sleigh-ride, will it?" asked Mr. Starr, laughing.

"No, certainly not," said papa. "I 'll call Jim to harness up immediately."

We were soon all in the sleigh. My brother fastened his sled Rocket on behind, then got in himself; and we were soon hurrying along at a fast trot. But directly an idea popped into my head, and I thought what fun it would be to take a ride on Rocket! So I asked the driver to please stop the horses a few moments, when I sprang out and climbed on Rocket in great glee. We soon came to a large snow-bank; I tried to hold on, but the horses gave a jump, and over I went. I lay for a moment half stunned by the fall, for my head, when the sled turned over, had come in contact with the sleigh. I soon picked myself up, and looked around. Hardly had I done so when I heard a step on the snow. I turned and saw the form of a man coming toward me.

The snow half blinded me, and in a moment the thought came into my head, "What if that should be the man papa read about this morning!" I was terrified, and seeing some straw by the fence I climbed behind it. Hardly had I established myself in my rather freezing quarters, when he came along at a rapid pace; then paused, looked around him, and walked straight up to where I was. I screamed, and the next minute fainted.

When I came to I was on the lounge at home. Then Sarah, the cook, told me that Jim was doing an errand, when he saw me sitting behind some straw, and that when he came up to me I fainted. Then, of course, I told them all about it.

Soon the sleigh drove up to the door, with what would have been a merry party but for my sudden disappearance. When I told them about it, they had a good laugh at me for mistaking Jim for a man who had escaped from jail.

Fannie Skinner, age 11.

CARTHAGE, Hancock Co., Illinois.

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

ONCE upon a time two little children went out into the fields to play. They wandered along until they found themselves in a thick forest, then they started to go home; but they had lost themselves in the wood. They tried bravely for a while to find the way home; but at length, weary and tired, they sat down and cried bitterly.

"Sister," said one, "let us make a bed of the beautiful leaves, and our father will come to us." So they gathered the leaves together, and lay down side by side. And the moon shed her soft light on them through the branches of the tall trees above.

Whilst they lay there, dreaming of their home, a benighted traveller came along. His dog ran away from the road into the forest, and came back again leaping and barking, evidently wishing him to follow. So the traveller went after the dog and was soon much astonished at seeing two little children lying asleep in the moonlight. He stood and looked at them a few minutes, and then the dog gave a bark which awakened them. He took them to their home, which was near by, for they had got almost out of the forest when they stopped.

There was great rejoicing in that home, and the traveller went on his way. He never forgot the children whom he had found. He was an artist, and a long time after, in a distant country, he painted a beautiful picture of two children asleep in a wood. The picture made him famous; but the little children never saw it nor knew that they were the cause of a great artist's fame.

Alice M. Benedict, age 14.

MARIETTA, Ohio.

MY VISIT TO THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

I STARTED from New York Thursday, the 25th of February, 1869, with my parents and little sister for Nassau, the chief town of the Bahama Islands. The voyage out I cannot tell much about, as I was sea-sick all the way. We had a very stormy passage; the waves dashed quite over the upper deck. I should have liked to see them, but I could not leave my berth.

After four days' sailing we anchored some distance from Nassau. We could not enter the harbor on account of the coral-reefs. A very pretty little schooner came to take us off; we had to go to it in a row-boat, and we came down the side of the ship by a kind of ladder; it was very uncomfortable, — we had to jump from the ladder into the boat, which swayed back and forth with the motion of the waves. At last, after much trouble, we succeeded in getting to the schooner. I never had such a delightful sail in all my life. The water was of many lovely colors, — blue, green, and purple all shaded together; and with the summer-like air it was perfect. It was about an hour's sail.

As we drew near the landing and saw the cocoanut palms with their graceful tufts of green, I could see the dock was crowded with negroes. When we reached the shore they all rushed forward, eager for a "job"; one of them seized my little sister Nellie, and ran off with her to the hotel, we following as fast as we could. It was a very odd-looking place; all the roads and walks were of white limestone, and there was hardly a tree that I had ever seen before. As there is no grass on the island, the in-

habitants have but few horses, and those are miserable-looking creatures. The negroes carry loads on their heads or use small donkeys. After a short walk by houses of pale yellow with a great many green blinds and high stone walls, over which we saw the orange-blossoms which made the air delicious, we arrived at the hotel. That was a good deal like our Northern hotels, only it was not so nicely kept; all the servants were negroes.

The next morning we went to the market. It was in a wooden building near the water, where fish, fruits, and vegetables were sold. All the fruit was very cheap. We found a great many different kinds that we had never seen before. There were sappadillos, which taste very insipidly to Northerners at first, but one soon learns to like them; they looked very much like a russet apple, and the trees on which they grew were like our pear-trees. There was grape-fruit which has the shape of an orange and the color of a lemon, and is very delicious eating. The papaw's star-apples and Jamaica-apples we did not like. Besides these, we had tamarinds, limes, shaddocks, pineapples, oranges, cocoanuts, and lemons. Sitting about the street were negroes selling various things. The men were dressed in linen with great straw hats, and the women in muslin with gay turbans. Half the negroes in the street were eating stalks of sugar-cane, and the contrast of their strong white teeth with their black faces was very amusing. They had the happiest faces I ever saw. Nassau is famous for its excellent and curious fish. The way they were sold was very queer. Each negro had a large tub full of water, and put the fish in there as they were caught. Whenever any one wanted to buy, he chose the one he wanted. Then the negro took out the fish and with a club that he kept for the purpose, gave it a knock on the head which killed it immediately. In the market were large pens of turtles, and in the tubs were fish of almost every color. There was one fish called the angel-fish, which looked as if it had a rainbow wound around it. There was a devil-fish, a pigeon-fish, and a fish with crimson and yellow spots all over it.

There were the most beautiful shells and corals I ever saw, in Nassau; you could find a great many kinds on the beaches. The Western beach was the prettiest there; it had beautiful white sand, and the nicest shells were to be found there. Part of the beach was covered with rocks, and the foamy white breakers dashing against them made a very beautiful sight. On the reef that enclosed the harbor was a lighthouse; it was built of white stone, and it looked very pretty at a distance. The name of the reef was Hogg Island. There was only one house on it besides that of the light-keeper. The foliage on the trees was not at all luxuriant, and the pines were a great contrast to ours. Growing on a tree called the pigeon-plum were air-plants; we used to break them off and take them to the hotel, and there they would grow quite nicely. We used to ride to see two lakes quite often; they were very pretty, but they were salt-water lakes. We took delightful boat-rides inside the reef, and the water was so clear we could see the sponges growing on the bottom. We used to walk to the top of a hill back of the hotel, to see an old fort. It was built by the old Spaniards in the shape of a steamer.

There were long piazzas all around the hotel, and we children used to play and enjoy the sea view. An English regiment of colored men was stationed at Nassau at that time, and we used to go and hear the band play at the officers' mess Friday evenings. The moonlight on the water was beautiful, and the streets looked as if there had been a light fall of snow, they were so white.

I think I have told all I remember about Nassau; and I am sure I shall never forget my visit there.

Cora Emerson, age 13.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.

THE LITTLE VISITORS.—A PLAY FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

AGNES.	DAN.
LULU.	BENNY.
BEL.	

SCENE, *a common room.* AGNES *sits with many dolls and other playthings about her.* BENNY *is reading the other side of the room.* DAN *sits near him, catching flies on the table.*

(*Enter* LULU *and* BEL *with dolls all in out-door rig.*)

AGNES (*jumping up and clapping hands*). O, goody, goody! Did your mothers say you might come?

LULU (*speaking quickly*). Yes, my mother said I might, and then I teased Bel's mother, and first she said no.

AGNES. That 's just the way my mother does!

LULU. Then I teased more, and she said she guessed she better not, and then we kept teasing, and pretty soon she let her.

AGNES (*clapping hands*). That 's just the way my mother does! O, I 'm so glad! (*helping take off their things.*) How long can you stay? Can you stay to supper?

LULU. I can't stay without I 'm invited, mother said.

BEL. My mother said to come home when the table had begun to be set. I 've got my new boots on (*looking down*). And I stepped in the mud with 'em.

(DAN, *in catching a fly, knocks down* BENNY'S *book.*)

BENNY (*picking it up*). Come, mind what you 're about!

LULU. We saw a cow and ran across the street, and Bel stepped in the mud (*wiping it off Bel's boots*).

BEL. 'T was a hooking cow.

BENNY. Ho! Run for a cow! 'Fore I 'd run for a cow!

DAN (*swooping off a fly*). Don't take much to scare girls.

BENNY (*finding his place*). I know it. Anybody could do that.

AGNES. *He* could n't scare us, could he, Lulu?

BENNY. Don't you believe I could make you run? Boo! Boo! (*jumps at them.*)

LULU. O, we sha' n't run for that!

BENNY. Just wait a little while, and if I can't scare you then I 'll treat.

AGNES (*indignantly*). Do *you* believe he could, Lu?

LULU. I know he could n't. What will you treat us to?

BENNY. O, anything. Take your choice.

AGNES (*clapping hands*). O, goody, goody! Ice-cream! Ice-cream!

LULU. Cream-cakes! Cream-cakes!

DAN. I 've got him! (*looks carefully in his hand.*) Why, I have n't got him! Where is he? O, I see! (*hits* BENNY'S *shoulder.*)

BENNY (*looking up*). Come, quit! (DAN *goes on, swooping flies off of table; girls step back to where the dolls are.*)

AGNES. Now let 's play something.

LULU. So I say. Let 's play school.

BEL. But there would n't be enough scholars.

DAN (*coming forward with ruler*). I 'll be the schoolmaster. Silence! Take your seats! Study your books! Can't have any recess! You must all stay after school! (*Girls laugh.* DAN *goes back to his flies.*)

LULU. Let 's play mother, I say.

AGNES. Well, you be the mother.

LULU. No, you be the mother, and I 'll be your little girl, and Bel be my little sister.

AGNES. Well, I 'll run up and get some of my mother's things to put on, and you two can be seeing my dollies. (AGNES *goes out.*)

DAN (*stepping forward*). I 'll be the one to introduce. (*Takes up each doll as it is named.*) This is Miss Cherrydrop, named for her red cheeks. But some say they 're painted, and not real. She 's got a new round comb, and a — a sontag.

BEL. O, that is n't a sontag. 'T is a breakfast-shawl.

DAN. Well, never mind. Here is Miss Patty Troodledum, — very proud, so they say, because her dress is spangled. When Aggy thinks too much of her new clothes mother says, "Ah, who have we here? Miss Patty Troodledum?" — Sit down there, Miss Patty. And this is the young Sailor Boy, just got home from sea. There 's the star on his collar, and his Scotch cap. Jack, take off your cap and make a bow to the ladies! His mother fainted away with joy at seeing him, and has n't come to yet. Here she is. (*Takes up old faded shabby doll.*) But here is somebody very grand. Now whom do you think came over in the ship with the Sailor Boy?

LULU. The captain?

DAN. Of course. But I mean passenger.

LULU. Who was it?

DAN. Mademoiselle De Waxy, right from Paris!

LULU. O, she 's a beauty. Don't touch her, Bel.

DAN. O no. Miss De Waxy must n't be touched. Miss De Waxy keeps by herself and never speaks a word to the others, because they can't talk French. Miss De Waxy, before she came over, thought all the American dolls were dressed in wild beasts' skins. See, this is her fan, bought in Paris. And this is her gold chain. (*Lays her carefully by.*)

BEL. And who are all these little ones? (*pointing to row of small dolls.*)

DAN. Those are the children just come from school, waiting for their lunch. See this cunning one. She don't know O yet. She 's in the tenth class.

LULU. And who is that old one with that funny cap on?

DAN. O, this? (*taking up large old rag-doll.*) Why, this is — this is old Nurse Trot. Poor old woman! She 's got a lame back, and she 's all broke down, tending so many children. But she never complains nor sheds a tear.

BEL. O, she 's got a bag on her arm!

DAN. Her snuff-box is in that. The Sailor Boy brought it home from sea to her. (*Takes out the box, opens it, takes pinch of snuff, sneezes.*) Best of snuff! And he brought her these new spectacles. (*Tries them on her.*) Now she can see as well as ever she could.

LULU. How came this one's arm off?

DAN. Why, that is poor Tabitha. She broke her arm, sweeping out the baby-house, and it had to be taken off at the shoulder.

BEL. Where did she get that clean apron?

DAN. That checked apron? Let me see. That came, I think, — O, that was made at the doll's sewing-school.

LULU. Look, Bel. Here 's a blind one! (*Takes up doll with eyes gone.*)

BEL. O, is n't that too bad?

DAN. Yes, she 's blind, totally blind. Came so by trying to sleep with her eyes open. Dolls know better now. They shut their eyes when they lie down, and go off to sleep like live ones.

LULU. O, see this one! She 's all spoiled!

DAN. Yes, she was spoiled, having her own way. Fell down when she was told to stand up, and broke her cheek. Sent for the doctors, but they could n't do anything. She ought to have that face tied up. Where 's her pocket-handkerchief? Here it is. Now is n't that a beauty? Aggy says the Sailor Boy brought it home to her from China. There, now her face is tied up she won't get cold. But here 's the best of all! Here 's the gallant Soldier Boy! Here 's the boy in blue! See his feather? See him holding his little flag? I will tell you how brave he was, when he went to the wars. Do you see this pretty girl with the pink dress and curly hair? He saved her from the enemy! Just as they were carrying her off, he stepped forward, this way (*holding up ruler*), and cried, "Yield, or I 'll fire! Yield up the girl!" And they did. Now these two sit close together all the time, and will soon be married. The wedding-cake is ordered. See how smiling they look. And no wonder. I will tell you who is invited to the wedding. But you must n't tell. First, all the — O, here comes Aggy. Wait till by and by.

(*Enter* AGNES, *dressed up in her mother's clothes, with gay head-dress.*)

LULU (*laughing*). O, what a good mother! What 'll your name be?

AGNES. Mrs. White. (*Tiptoes up at the glass, twists and turns, arranges bows, strings, collar, etc.*) This is the way mother does.

DAN. Want me to be the father and do the way father does?

ALL THE GIRLS. O yes, yes! Do!

(DAN *goes out.* AGNES *walks stiffly to a chair, speaks to the children very soberly.* BENNY *looks on, smiling.*)

AGNES. Children (*unfolding aprons*), come and let me put on your sleeved aprons.

LULU and BEL (*whining*). I don't want to.

AGNES (*stiffly*). Little girls must think mother knows best. Come, mind mother! (*Sleeved aprons are put on.*) Now, children (*speaking slowly*), I am going to have company this afternoon, and you must be very good children. What do you say when a gentleman speaks to you? (*Children stand with folded hands.*)

LULU and BEL. Yes, sir; no, sir.

AGNES. What do you say when a lady speaks to you?

LULU and BEL. Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am.

AGNES. And if they ask you how you do, don't hang your head down and suck your thumbs, — so, — but speak this way (*with slight bow and simper*), — Very well I thank you. Now let me hear you say it.

CHILDREN (*imitating*). Very well I thank you.

BENNY. I 'll go and be one of the gentlemen coming to see you. (*Goes out.*)

AGNES. And what do you say at the table?

BEL. *Please* give me some more jelly.

LULU. Please may I be *excused*, when we get up.

AGNES. That is right. And if anybody asks you to sing, you must be willing, and sing them one of your little songs. What one do you like the best?

LULU. "*Gone away.*"

AGNES. I think you had better sing it over with me, to be sure you know it. (*All three sing a song*, AGNES *beginning.*)

GONE AWAY.

TUNE, "*Nelly Bly*,"

I know a pretty little maid,
And Sally is her name;
And though she 's far away from me,
I love her just the same.
Sally is a darling girl,
A darling girl is she;
Her smile so bright is a happy sight
I 'd give the world to see.

Upon my lovely Sally's lips
The sweetest kisses grow.
O, if I had her by my side,
She 'd give me some, I know.
Sally is a darling girl,
A darling girl is she;
Her smile so bright is the happiest sight
In all the world to me.

I have not seen my little girl
This many and many a day;
I hope she 'll not forget me in
That land so far away.
Sally is a darling girl,
A darling girl is she;
Her smile so bright is a happy sight
I 'd give the world to see.

AGNES (*slowly*). Very well. Now sit down, dears, and play with your playthings, and don't disturb mother. Mother's going to make a new head-dress. (*Takes lace, flowers, ribbons from work-basket. Children sit down and play with blocks, dishes, etc.*)

(DAN *enters, dressed as father, with tall hat, dickey, black whiskers, cane, etc.*)

AGNES. Children, be quiet. Your father 's coming. (DAN *walks in with stately air, seats himself, crosses foot over the other knee, tips back a little, takes out pipe, pretends to smoke.*)

DAN. That 's the way father does.

(*Children get each other's things, and quarrel.*)

LULU. That 's mine!

BEL. I say 't is n't.

LULU. I say 't is.

BEL. I guess I know.

LULU. And I guess I know.

BEL. Mother, see Lu ! } (*Both together.*)
LULU. Mother, see Bel ! }

DAN (*sternly*). Silence ! (*To Mrs. W.*) Mrs. White, I should like to know why the house is not kept in order. I saw dust, Mrs. White ! Dust on the stairs, Mrs. White ! Between the spokes, Mrs. White !

AGNES (*very prim*). That is because, Mr. White, because you have eyes, Mr. White.

DAN (*unfolding newspaper*). And why, Mrs. White, I ask, should there be a smell of cooking in the house, Mrs. White ? I smell the dinner very plain, Mrs. White.

AGNES (*very prim*). That is because, Mr. White, you have a nose, Mr. White.

(*Children's blocks tumble down with great noise. They get each other's.*)

LULU. Mother, won't you speak to Bel ?

BEL. Mother, Lu keeps plaguing.

(*Noise heard outside of pans rattling, servants quarrelling, etc.*)

DAN (*sternly*). Silence, children ! There is never any peace in this house. Mrs. White, I never have any peace. I sit down to read, and then what do I hear ? — Baby crying, children quarrelling, dishes rattling, piano jingling, Mrs. White, from morning to night.

AGNES. That is because, Mr. White, you have ears, Mr. White. (*Knock heard at the door.*) Bel, go to the door.

(BEL *goes to the door and runs back really frightened.*)

BEL. O, there 's an old beggar-man there ! I 'm scared of him ! (*begins to cry.*)

(*Enter old beggar-man, very slowly. He is shockingly dressed, stoops, is humpbacked, carries a cane, has gray whiskers and hair, and a black patch on his face. Girls are really frightened, and huddling close together whisper.*)

ALL THE GIRLS. Who is it ? I 'm scared ! Let 's run ! Come quick ! (*Girls run out.*)

DAN (*jumping up*). Bully for you, Ben ! I knew they 'd be scared.

BENNY. Lost their treat ! Hurrah ! Let 's chase !

DAN. Come on ! Come on ! (*They run out.*)

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. — No. 7.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 24, 12, 15, 10, 29, 28, 2, 4, 15, 8, 1, 21, 10 is one of the United States.

My 23, 4, 10, 7, 20, 27, 12 is a country of Europe.

My 24, 3, 18, 15, 4, 26, 23, 9, 16 is a Cape of Africa.

My 13, 22, 6, 12, 5, 28, 2, 29, 18 is a mountain range of Asia.

My 11, 14, 17, 17, 25 is a river of South America.

My 19, 2, 6, 16 is a river of North America.

My *whole* is the home of a happy and prosperous people.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 8.

F.C.O.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 9.

My first a month when leaves are green.
My second *mountains* high are seen.
My third may chance to scratch your face.
My fourth may stretch o'er miles of space.

E.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 10.

1. What word may be made shorter by adding a syllable?

2. What word is there of five letters, from which if two be taken ten will remain?

3. When is a man's right hand his left hand? *L. B. H.*

4. Which male name is the most musical?

5. Of what general in the rebellion does the Cardiff giant remind one?

6. Why is a silly person like a broken looking-glass?

7. Why is the Czar a very fast man? "*Bilboquet.*"

8. What two *kings* bear sway over the foot of civilization? *Jay Zell.*

ENIGMAS.—No. 11.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My *whole* was a 9, 10, 6, 11, 13, 9, 6, 12, 6, 10, 11, 2 during the war, and not a 1, 4, 6, 2, 6, 8, 7 either!
My 13, 10, 1, 11, 12, 13 is a runaway.
At school we should 13, 10, 3 to 2, 6, 11, 10, 12.
Is my enigma hard to 9, 1, 6, 5, 5?

L. B. H.

No. 12.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1st is in cold, but not in heat.
My 2d is in hail, but not in sleet.
My 3d is in ray, but not in light.
My 4th is in fray, but not in fight.
My 5th is in gash, but not in wound.
My 6th is in grave, but not in mound.
My 7th is in knell, but not in chime.
My 8th is in rhythm, but not in rhyme.
My 9th is in heath, but not in moor.
My 10th is in step, but not in door.
My 11th is in mind, but not in soul.
My 12th is in cup, but not in bowl.
My 13th is in tempest, but not in shower.
My *whole* is the name of a hardy fall flower. *Elsie McG.*

ILLUSTRATED CHARADE.—No. 13.

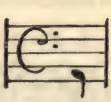
I saw him staggering in the street
  With bloodshot eyes and haggard face;
His ribald jest my ears did greet,
  And in his look there was a trace
Of all that 's mean, degrading, low.
  Now would you know the cause accurst
Of all his shame and sin and woe?
  It was because he took my *first.*

His name disgraced, his manhood gone,
  He sought his room in shame and pain;
His cot he threw himself upon,
  While bitter tears he shed like rain.
At length he rose and searched around
  On shelf and mantel, step and stair,
My *second* finally he found,
  Which gave him respite from despair.

He sat, and resolution made
  To shun the cup forevermore.
Again upon his face there played
  The look of manhood as before.
He rose, and smilingly did say,
  "I 'll gladden heart as well as soul."
And whistling music quick and gay,
  Upon the floor he danced my *whole.*

L. C.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 14.—A Noted Work of Fiction.



BOSTON
LONDON

Hautboy.

ANSWERS.

1.

A	S	P	E	N
S	H	O	R	E
P	O	L	E	S
E	R	E	C	T
N	E	S	T	S

2.
1. Fir.
2. Acacia (a cashier).
3. Ivy (IV).
4. Pennyroyal.
5. Nothing but leaves.
6. Gilliflower (gill o' flower).
7. Mountain ashes.
8. Heartsease.
9. Lettuce alone ("let us alone").
10. Spruce.
11. Wind flower.
12. Portulaca (Port you lack, ah!).
13. A policeman will come up and tell you to take it away.

3. "Dat ar Bill."

4. Columbus discovered America. [(Column 'bus) (disc *over* E D) (*A merry* K.)]

5. *Foundation Words:*—Napoleon. Empereur. *Cross Words:*—NiobE. AmraM (father of Miriam). PomP. OriflammE. LeandeR. EaglE. Ober-AmmergaÜ. NadiR.

6. O, how, Sophia, can you speak
  In these indifferent tones to me?
  O, tell my sinkin' heart to break,
  Or send some former ecstasy.

[(O hou)(se afire) (can) (ewe)(s peak) (Inn) ("thee's" *in different tones*) (to)(mb E)? (Otel) (mi)(ce ink *in*) (heart) (tu)(be rake), ('Or)(se end)(s um) (form E wr)(ecks T'A sea)].

HERE is Hitty Maginn's article mentioned last month: —

A WORD ABOUT THE "WORD SQUARE."

This is one of the neatest of word puzzles, possessing this advantage over some others, that it is adapted to every grade of capacity and experience. It is already familiar to "Our Young Folks," but a word or two about it may not be amiss.

The three-word square is very easy. Children who have mastered the spelling-book find a good deal of amusement in it, and can employ almost any words of three letters. Words of four letters are less easy to manage, but become quite flexible with a little practice. With words of five letters difficulties begin. A good many have tried and given up without succeeding in constructing a five-word square.

There is no plan for simplifying these puzzles. Their construction is purely random work, the only qualification for which is a good stock of perseverance and an equally good stock of words. Generally the words most easily managed are those having vowels and consonants pretty regularly alternating, and containing none of the less usual letters. For instance, the word "total" looks like a good one; let us try it. Write it down horizontally and perpendicularly, thus: —

```
T O T A L
O
T
A
L
```

Now your second word must begin with O. Of course its second letter must be one that can follow O; the third, one that can be used after T, and so on. Thus the list of practicable words is at once greatly narrowed. Take for instance "Organ," which, so far as the initial and second letters, meets all the conditions. The fourth, however, is almost impossible to use, and the third and fifth wholly so. Try again: you will find the very word you want in some odd corner where you least expect it. Here it is now, at least a word every letter of which fits in its place, — "Ochre"; put it down, thus: —

```
T O T A L
O C H R E
T H
A R
L E
```

Having got thus far, the two letters before you, for each of the remaining words of the square, begin to be suggestive, and I leave the square incomplete as an exercise for your ingenuity. You can have the rest next month. Let us see who will get the same result I have.

But if the five-word square is difficult, the difficulty is infinitely enhanced when we come to a six-word square. There is no reason in the nature of words why it cannot be made, but after a hundred attempts I have never succeeded yet. A memorandum-book which I once carried during a trip down the Mississippi is filled with these abortive efforts, many of them only lacking a single word of completeness. Sometimes I have constructed a word, and have vainly groped in dictionaries to see if by chance some learned man had not some time used it before me. I don't give it up yet, but would like to set the Young Folks cracking at the same nut.

A task of equal difficulty would be to form a four or five word square in which the consecutive words should express an intelligent idea. A meaningless sentence is not so hard, for instance this: "Wise idea sets east," in which the words form a square. Try this, too, Young Folks.

If the publishers will accept a suggestion, — when they again offer prizes, the best word-square might justly come in for a share of their favors.

HITTY MAGINN.

ST. LOUIS, October 29, 1870.

F. H. W. — If you were to go into a pawnbroker's shop and ask the proprietor why he keeps three gilt balls suspended over his door as an indication of the business he carries on, the chances are at least ten to one that he could give you no better reason than that all pawnbrokers in all countries have always done so. It has been conjectured that this sign is derived from the golden pills or boluses which were the armorial bearings of the illustrious Italian family of the Medici, who, though originally physicians (as the name signifies), afterwards became noted as money-lenders, and acquired great wealth and power by their successful operations. But the arms of the Medici bore six pills and not three, which is rather unfortunate for this theory. The true origin of the insignia is probably to be traced back to Saint Nicholas, or to the traditions which were current

about him in the Middle Ages. He was celebrated for his benevolent deeds, and hence was represented in art as bearing three gold balls, or sometimes three gold pieces, or three purses. Being one of the most charitable of the saints, he became the most popular of them all. The Lombards — Italian bankers who settled in England at an early period — chose him for their patron saint, and adopted his attribute of the three golden balls as the emblem of *their* charity, — "to those who left a pledge behind." From the Lombards spring our modern pawnbrokers, who have retained the curious symbol.

Apropos of pawnbrokers, a young friend of ours is in the habit of using the slang phrase "gone up the spout" when speaking of anything that has been lost beyond recovery. The phrase is certainly an expressive one, though its use is not to be commended. In some European countries pawnbrokers' shops are so arranged that the borrower neither sees nor is seen by the proprietor. The article which he offers as security for repayment he thrusts up through a spout or tube into the office, and the sum loaned on it is handed down to him through the same channel. As it is sheer poverty and improvidence which, in nine cases out of ten, sends a man to the pawnbroker (or "my uncle," as with fine irony he calls him), it is evident that the chance of his redeeming his property is small, — so small, indeed, that a thing which has once "gone up the spout" is usually as good as lost.

Our correspondent, *G. L. F.*, has seen a book written by a Mr. E. S. Ffoulkes (pronounced *fooks*), and asks why the man does n't spell his name with one *f*. If he were to do so, he would certainly do a sensible thing. The duplication of the initial letter in names of this sort — other examples of which are Ffolliott, Ffrench, Ffinch, Ffitch, Ffarington, Ffennel — is a ridiculous piece of pedantry or an equally ridiculous affectation of antiquity, originating in a mistaken notion respecting the capital F of old manuscripts, which was written with two strokes, — thus, *ff*. This, it is true, looked like a doubling of the ordinary small *f*, but it was not so, and in modern writing and printing should be represented by *Ff* or F.

Here is what "a little wild girl" writes to us from the far-off prairies of Kansas: —

Editors of "Our Young Folks": —

They call me a "little wild girl," but I hope I 'm civilized enough to appreciate your beautiful magazine, which finds its way to my prairie home. I send you a sketch, — an account of one of my adventures. If you think it worthy, I hope it may find a place in "Our Young Contributors." I shall be grateful for any criticism which you may make upon it.

Respectfully, Theodora R.

If Kansas has any more such "wild girls" we shall be glad to hear from them. We print the sketch in this number, and leave our readers to criticise it. It is entitled "Catching the Prairie Nymph." What do you think of it, Young Folks?

Dear "Young Folks": —

It is impossible for me to hear or see a controversy in grammar without being interested in it, and I could not help wishing, as I read Mr. Hale's recent communication in your "Letter Box," that the forthcoming mammoth English Dictionary were at hand to settle those little points so frequently arising in regard to rhetorical purity. It is to contain, I learn, ample illustrations from approved authors of the uses of every word in our language. It is doubtless the great literary desideratum of the age.

With all respect for Mr. Hale's learning and abilities, I am of opinion that in the controversy in question the author of "Ten Times One is Ten" has come off second best. He says, "Now a man of genius may himself *presume*, in either of these uses of the word; but Young America may not." Does it indeed require a man of genius to use the word *presume* correctly?

Webster's definition of the word is this: "To take or suppose to be true, or entitled to belief, without examination, or positive proof, or *on the strength of probability*." I see a live fox's tail protruding from a hole. I "presume" a fox is in it, because a fox generally carries a fox's tail. I am in the habit of taking the twelve o'clock train for dinner. Balbus "presumes" his papa will come in that train on a given day. He "presumes" it "on the strength of probability"; and it is here that we discover the defect in Mr. Hale's definition of the word, "To believe previously without examination." It is purely a matter of "probability" and not a want of "examination" that the brother of a childless king is the *presumptive* heir of the crown.

It is highly probable, therefore, that Balbus will continue to "presume" upon my arrival in the noon train uncorrected, and that my young readers will say they "presume" their friends may come or go, and still be assured that they have the sanction of the best authority for the usage.

I furthermore "presume" that many of my readers, young and old, are continually fracturing rules of grammar and pronunciation about which there is no dispute. To say nothing of the frequently used words, *just*, *such*, *get*, *got*, *shut*, *what*, — which I fear that some who are reading this now mispronounce *jest*, *sich*, *git*, *shet*, *gut*, and *hwut*, — the large class of words of more than one syllable ending in *ing*, and of words ending in *ful*, are perpetually suffering torture throughout the land. Don't you say *awfle* for *awful*, and *livin'*

(or *liv'n'*, if not a New-Englander,) instead of *living?* And don't you say "I done it" for "I did it," "those sort of things," for "that sort of things," "It is me" for "It is I," etc., etc.? I heartily wish the attention of the young were more earnestly called to these essential faults.

Your philological friend,

WILLY WISP.

MALDEN, Mass., December 12, 1870.

Lottie M. Morton sends us from Schenectady, N. Y., an interesting account of one of the great schools in that city. We have room for only an extract or two. The school occupies seventeen rooms, besides recitation, music, and drawing rooms, employs twenty-five teachers, and numbers about fifteen hundred pupils. "It is to me," she says, "one of the most pleasant of all places"; and we are gratified to learn that our magazine contributes to make it so.

"I think it will interest you to hear about our reading class in the Higher English room," she goes on; "for we read out of 'Our Young Folks.' We are now just beginning 'William Henry's Letters.' . . . . Would you like to know how we get the magazine? The scholars who wish to take it hand their names and money to the Superintendent, Professor Howe. Those who do not take it contribute ten cents each towards a sum which pays for six or seven copies. In this way we get copies enough for the class, since two can look over the same book. The reading half-hour never seems half long enough. . . . . I wish that all 'Our Young Folks' had such a pleasant school as we 'Young Folks' in Schenectady."

So do we, dear Lottie! What a paradise *we* should have thought such a school in *our* younger days! Not that we are extremely aged now, but we have lived long enough to see the old-fashioned harsh and tyrannical system of teaching gradually give place to pleasanter methods, through the good sense and liberal-mindedness of such men as your Professor Howe. What a great public benefactor is he who knows how to make the paths of learning delightful!

"Our Young Folks" has been quite extensively introduced into the better class of schools throughout the country; and the testimony in its favor is universal and emphatic wherever it has been tried. The principal of one of the great New York schools told us lately that he considered it invaluable as a stimulus to cheerful industry and good behavior, and that he believed his reading classes would get up a rebellion if 'Our Young Folks' should now be taken from them. Another experienced educator writes: "Our reading lesson, since we have substituted 'Our Young Folks' for ———, is looked forward to with joyful anticipation by the class, and it leaves its sunshine over the entire forenoon." Others do not dispense with the regular reading-books, but use the magazine as an additional exercise and recreation, with the best results.

The manner in which the school in Schenectady supplies itself with copies to read from is very simple, and we advise its adoption in those schools in which "Our Young Folks" is not already introduced.

ALL the answers we have received to Mary S. Case's question in our December Letter Box — "If a man were to travel northeast as long as that was possible, where would he come to?" — agree that he would "come to the North Pole." How many of "Our Young Folks" are of that opinion?

It is *our* opinion that, if it were "possible" for a man to travel so far and so long, he would continue forever to approach the Pole, and never, strictly speaking, reach it, — the man and the Pole being considered as two points; since, no matter how near he might at last come to it, his course would still run diagonally, at an angle of forty-five degrees, or nearly so, from a direct line drawn from him to the Pole.

And now here is another curious question which we will leave our readers to consider. "*Marion*" writes from O'Fallon, St. Clair Co., Ill.: —

"DEAR YOUNG FOLKS, — I have received most welcome visits from you for four years, and now I do not think I could possibly get along without you if your price was double what it is. . . . . I want to ask you a question that the School Superintendent of one of the counties of this State asked a lady whom he was examining: 'If you stood on the North Pole, which way would be east?' What do the boys and girls say about it?"

"OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS'" department is unusually full this month, and we have a large number of accepted articles still on hand. Some, perhaps equally well written, we have been obliged, for various reasons, to decline.

Annie G. S. — "Em" is too long for our purpose. Articles designed for the "O. Y. C." pages must be very short, or very, *very* good.

Bessie L. R. — "Follies" is a creditable little essay; but why choose a subject which has been treated so often in pulpit and print? One hardly looks for a moral discourse from a "Young Contributor."

Anne L. M. — "The Watchman Bird" contains a pretty thought; but such rhymes as *sweet* and *sleep*, *song* and *gone*, etc., won't do, you know. — Yes, two persons clubbing together to take our magazine are classed as subscribers.

Winnie W. L. — Your comic composition on "Tears" is very funny, yet it will hardly do to print.

Marian R. — Your "Soliloquy" is sprightly and quite well written, but its satire would hardly be understood by some of our readers. Try some other subject.

Imogen B. — "A Night in the Vatican" is a remarkable essay for a girl of fifteen. It is long, however, and perhaps a trifle too bookish, for "Our Young Contributors." We put it aside with regret.

Annie F. L. — Young Contributors should keep copies of the pieces they send us, — as we have said before. The authors of accepted articles will hear from them in due time; but we cannot, except in rare cases, return rejected contributions, or undertake to notice them in the Letter Box.

Robert V. N. — You must learn to spell correctly, to punctuate properly, and to divide your composition into paragraphs, before you can reasonably hope to become one of *Our* Young Contributors. Is n't that fair?

George K. — Your sketch is so interesting that we should be glad to print it; but it would require so great an outlay of editorial eyesight and patience to correct its bad grammar and prepare it for the printers, that — well, there it goes into the waste-basket! Forgive us?

Mary W——, one of our young contributors, writes: —

"I wish to ask you a question, which I hope neither you nor Miss Eytinge will think impertinent. Is n't 'Pearl Eytinge' the same 'Margaret Eytinge' who wrote 'Going Halves' for the 'Young Folks' a year or two ago? *Margaret* means *Pearl*, you know. And is n't Miss Pearl over fifteen years of age, as her last essay makes her?"

Pearl Eytinge is the daughter of Margaret Eytinge, who wrote "Going Halves," and of S. Eytinge, Jr., the artist to whom our readers are indebted for so many delightful pictures. She is still in her sixteenth year.

Charles Judd, Bound Brook, New Jersey, asks: "Can any one of 'Our Young Folks' give me any information about the breeding and raising of rabbits?"

We have all along thought it a good plan for our widely scattered family of "Young Folks" to get acquainted with each other by means of correspondence, though when we promised to favor it we did not at all anticipate the small avalanche of letters it has brought down upon us! Before us lies a thick pile of them, which would fill two or three "Letter Boxes" if we should undertake to print them all. That would never do, would it, dear friends?

For boys in Maine to put themselves into communication with boys in Texas; for girls in New England to shake hands (figuratively speaking) over the Rocky Mountains with girls in California; — in a word, for our "Young Folks," boys and girls, in different parts of the country, to become friends, and exchange thoughts and experiences for the purpose of mutual improvement, — there is something really pleasing in the idea, and we cannot say that we are surprised at its popularity. Carried out with honest intentions, it will no doubt result in a great deal of entertainment and real benefit. We have accordingly given it some thought, and have come to this conclusion regarding it.

It will be impossible to print lists of all the qualifications the writers of these letters require in their correspondents. We therefore propose, as a general rule, that every person offering or accepting a correspondence shall write a fair hand and a correct and pleasing style, and aim at mutual improvement, through a cultivation of the mental, social, and moral qualities. We shall give the address of no person whose letter to us betrays a deficiency in these indispensable requirements. The names (real names are preferable to fictitious ones) of candidates whose letters indicate a compliance with the above conditions will be printed from time to time in what we shall call our

Mutual Improvement Corner.

We make room this month for the following: —

Nina Stone (care E. F. Stone), Newburyport, Mass. (age 15, wishes a correspondent interested in Natural History).

Arthur B. Phillips, Chagrin Falls, Ohio (wishes correspondent about 16, living out of Ohio).

C. R. A., Box 2678, New York.

C. P. H., St. Augustine School, Portland, Me.

Belle King (care G. G. King), Calais, Me.

Eva Vernon, Box 63, Hyannis, Mass.

Ella Hobart, Manchester, N. H.

Marie H., Hanover, N. H.

Ed. W. H., Box 377, Decorah, Iowa.

Lou Parke, Box 680, New York P. O. (age 15; fond of music, boating, skating, and dancing).

Hoky Poky, 827 Delaware St., Buffalo, N. Y.

B. B., Jackson, Jackson Co., Mich. (girl of 19; will correspond with children or "Young Folks" of her own age.

Idelize, Fredonia, N. Y. (girl of 16).

Eudora Adams, Syracuse, N. Y. (girl of 16).

Francis Joseph, 646 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. (wishes correspondent about 13, interested in geography and foreign countries).

Annie J. Cook, Box 515, Goshen, Ind. (favorite author, Charles Dickens).

"*Petite*," Box 254, Danbury, Conn.

"*Marion*," 75 Lock Box, Danbury, Conn.

Ernest W. Thornhill, Orange Co., Va. (wishes correspondent about 16).

J. H. S., P. O. Station A., Boston, Mass. (wishes correspondent not over 15, who is a reader of Dickens or Scott).

Alice, 841 Washington St., Boston, Mass. (wishes particularly a California correspondent).

Fred M. Pennock, Kennett Square. Pa. (Subject Natural History in general, and birds in particular).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LAWRENCE Public Library, LAWRENCE, MASS.

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1871. No. III.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WOODCHUCK HUNT.

IT was broad day when Jack awoke the next morning, and sat up on the straw, and rubbed his eyes open. There was Lion at his side, and one collier stretched upon the straw, and the other sitting on the log by the fire; there, too, was the smoking coal-pit. He remembered everything, except a blanket which had been spread over him in the night.

But he soon saw that it was not his friend sitting by the fire, but the other collier; it was his friend lying on the straw. Jack had a good view of his face, and was surprised to see how old he looked by daylight. He was really an old man. His eyes were shut, but certain odd movements of his hands about his chin showed that he was not asleep. Now he seemed to be feeling carefully at his throat for something, then one hand was withdrawn with a sudden jerk. Jack wondered for a long time what he was about; then he saw that the jerking hand held a pair of tweezers, with which he was pulling out his short beard, hair by hair.

Jack made a rustling movement, and the man opened his eyes.

"You're jest in time," he said, groping at his chin. "Breakfast's about ready," — fixing the tweezers. "Waiting, I thought I'd" — jerk! — "take my baird off."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Have n't you a razor?" said Jack, horrified.

"What do I want of a razor? If I have that, I must have a looking-glass, and a strap, and a lather-box, and a lather-brush, and" — jerk! — "all sich things. Besides, a razor can't smooth the face off like a pair of tweezers; they take the baird out" — jerk! — "by the roots."

"Why don't you let it grow?" said Jack, thinking the operation must be painful.

"And go about looking like any old straggler?" said the collier, turning his eyes on Jack in a sort of reproachful astonishment. "I 'm a charcoal-burner, and a miserable dog enough, in my way, but I ain't so low down as that!" and he went on, groping at his chin, and jerking.

As this was before beards had come into fashion with us, and few besides tramps and foreigners went unshaven (though side-whiskers were orthodox), Jack felt that he had insulted his friend and ought to beg his pardon. Before he could think what to say, however, the collier repeated, still busy at his toilet, —

"No, sir! I ain't so low down as that! I live from hand to mouth, and half the time in the woods, and I may be as black as the coal I work in, yet no Sunday goes over this head and sees any hair about it that don't belong there. As reg'lar as the day comes round, jes' so reg'lar," and he finished the sentence with a jerk.

"Do you go to meeting?" Jack respectfully inquired.

"I can't exactly say I 'm a meetin'-goin' man. Yet a man may have some idee of decency, for all that. Sundays, we watch the pit when it 's necessary, but otherwise we have a sort o' kind o' day o' rest, and maybe supply ourselves with a little fresh meat by killin' a squirrel or a woodchuck. Have ye seen Grodson?"

"Who is Grodson?"

"He is my pardner. His name is Grodson, and my name is Danvers. Grodson!"

The "pardner" — a tall, lank fellow, with high cheek-bones and straight black hair that gave him the look of an Indian — came loungingly up to the door of the hut. Stooping a little, he looked in and saw Jack, whom Danvers introduced as the boy that wanted to hire out for a few days.

Grodson turned gloomily away. "I don't want no boys to work about a pit I 've anything to do with," he said, and walked loungingly back to the fire.

Jack felt quite disheartened at this reply; but Danvers said, "Never mind. He 's cross 'fore breakfast. I 'll try and talk him over arterwards, — though," he added, finishing his toilet, and putting up his tweezers, "I don't crack up the business, mind!"

Breakfast was soon ready, consisting of black coffee from the kettle, pork fried in a spider, and potatoes baked in the ashes. It was eaten in primitive fashion by the colliers and their guest, sitting on logs holding pewter plates on their knees. Yet everything tasted good to Jack, who was used to rough life, and who would have been happy could he have

won from Grodson a smile for himself and a piece of meat for his dog. As it was, the breakfast prepared for two was consumed to the last morsel by them, and nothing was left for Lion.

"I 'd give him a chunk," Danvers whispered to Jack while Grodson was putting away the dishes, "but I don't want my pardner to git a prejidice agin ye 'fore I 've had a chance to talk him round. The best thing for you is to go out and see if you and your dog can find a woodchuck."

"Of course! where?" said Jack, eagerly.

"They 're plenty over on Chatford's side-hill yender. They come out of their holes to feed on the young clover. Watch till you see one a good piece from his hole, then rush in; a boy can outrun one, say nothing of a smart dog."

Elated at the prospect of finding game for Lion, and of being able perhaps to repay the colliers' hospitality by bringing in a woodchuck, Jack started off. The morning was cloudy, yet not unpleasant. To avoid the swamp, he passed through the borders of a high woodland, under branches still dripping with the last night's rain. The trees were in the tender foliage of early summer, the air was singularly fresh and sweet, a few birds twittered unseen among the boughs, and the heart of the homeless boy stirred with a strange delight.

He saw two or three woodchucks run into the ground as he approached the hillside. One came out again, and sat up on the edge of its hole with its fore-feet on its breast, watching, while Jack, keeping Lion behind, crept stealthily along by a fence; then suddenly, while he was still five or six rods off, it gave a shrill whistle and dived once more into the earth.

Between this hole and the fence there was a stone-heap, behind which Jack now hid himself with Lion, and waited for the woodchuck to reappear. He had watched but a few minutes when he saw something like a grayish-brown nose pushed up over the little circular ridge of yellow dirt about the hole. There it remained for a long time, so still that he began to think he was mistaken about its being a nose; then suddenly, almost while he was winking his eyes, the nose had gone, and the woodchuck was sitting erect again on the heap of dirt over his hole.

"O, if I only had a gun!" thought Jack. As he had no gun, he remained quiet in his hiding-place. In a few minutes his patience was rewarded by seeing the animal get down upon the grass and begin to feed. He ate a little clover, then sat up on his hind legs again; then he ate a little more, and stopped to look about him without sitting up; and so kept on, gaining confidence with each observation he took, and getting farther and farther from his hole. All this time Jack was so intent watching his game that he did not perceive that he was himself watched by a man and a boy, creeping down over the hill behind the fence.

At length the woodchuck was almost as far from the hole as the hole was from the stone-heap. "Now 's my chance!" Jack thought, and sprang forward with Lion. "Sick, Sick!" he shouted.

The dog caught sight of the woodchuck; the woodchuck had already

caught sight of the dog. Jack expected to see it run for the hole it had left, and thought he was sure of it, when it began to run the other way. It scampered off as fast as it could on its stout legs; Lion followed with swift bounds, but was still some yards behind, when it plunged into another hole, which Jack had not seen.

At the same moment the man and the boy, who had been watching Jack, jumped over the fence, and threw themselves down in his place behind the stone-heap.

Lion sprang at the hole, and into it as far as his shoulders, in a great fury; and presently backed out again, growling and snarling, and tugging hard at something, which he shook with all his savage might. Great was Jack's joy and astonishment, on reaching the spot, to see that it was the game he had thought lost. The woodchuck, as his head came last out

of the ground, turned to give battle; thereupon Lion seized him by the throat, and, shaking him again, rattled a chain that held a trap that clasped a leg of the animal.

The chain was fastened to a stake driven deep into the ground. Stake and chain had been carefully covered with earth, like the trap itself; yet experienced woodchucks had wisely avoided the hidden steel jaws, till this unlucky one was driven into them by a danger that left him no time for reflection.

As soon as Jack could make Lion leave off shaking the game, he took it from the trap, turned it over, lifted it, and laid it down again. "What a fat one!" said he, thinking it would make the colliers, himself, and Lion,

all a good dinner. But was it his? He could not but remember — though he would have been very glad to forget — that the trap had it first. Should he disregard the trap's claims and carry off the prize? He was rapidly making up his mind to do so, — lifting the woodchuck again to see how heavy it was, and at the same time glancing around to make sure he was not observed, — when his eye caught sight of a face peering at him over the stone-heap.

Jack dropped the woodchuck again, and began to press its fat sides with his foot, looking down at it, and whistling, with an air of exceeding innocence. Thereupon the man and boy advanced from their hiding-place.

Jack, with his hands in his pockets, and his head on one side, stopped whistling, and awaited their approach. Their excited faces warned him of trouble; they came with no friendly intentions, he was sure. The man — a farm-laborer, bareheaded, in shirt-sleeves, with a stoop in his shoulders, a retreating chin, and a little narrow mouth open (but for two conspicuous front teeth closing on the nether lip, and giving to the orifice they covered an expression ludicrously like that of some rodent animal) — marched up to Jack, fixing upon him a pair of small, twinkling gray eyes, and said, "I guess you 're jest the chap I want!"

"What do ye guess ye want me fer?" said Jack, perceiving in the man's face and tone of voice certain curious signs of fright.

The man cast an anxious look at Lion, then said, — enunciating his *b*'s and *p*'s and *w*'s with the aid of the said front teeth, doing service in place of the upper lip, which was not on speaking terms with its companion, "Wal, to be plain about it, — stealin'." And he laid a hand on Jack's shoulder.

"What have I been stealing?" said Jack, looking almost *too* candid and guileless for the occasion. "If you mean this here woodchuck that my dog drove into the trap — "

"Come, now! there 's reason in all things," said the man. "It 's for stealin' somethin' 'sides woodchucks, and you know it!" At the same time, seeing that the dog remained neutral, he tightened his grasp of Jack's collar.

Jack grew pale, remembering his theft of the night before, and taking all at once into his soul the full significance of the man's bare head. But he was not cowed; he thought, "I 'll give him his old hat; then if he won't let me go I 'll set Lion on to him." He had actually taken off the hat, and was about presenting it, with a reckless laugh, — as if the whole affair were a good joke, — when his captor said, "In the fust place, what have you done with the stolen prope'ty?"

"With the — what?" said Jack.

"The things you 've stole; own up now!"

"The *things?* Oh!" said Jack. He scratched his head, as if he had taken off the hat for that particular purpose, and covered himself again. "What things?"

And it may be observed that now, knowing himself to be really guiltless

of the theft he was charged with, he did not take the trouble to look so very innocent, and that his reckless air had vanished.

"What things! As if you did n't know better 'n anybody! Come! if ye won't own up, you must walk along with me."

"I can walk along with ye," said Jack, having given up all idea of calling Lion to his aid. "But a feller can't own up to taking things he hain't took, can he?"

"Bring my hat, Phin!" said his captor; and it was brought from behind the stone-heap. "Now come along; I guess we'll make ye hear to reason!"

"But what 's to be done with the woodchuck?" said Jack, anxiously.

"Woodchuck belongs to me; it 's my trap!" said the boy called Phin.

"Your trap would n't have ketched him if it had n't been for my dog," said Jack.

"Your dog would n't have got him if it had n't been for my trap," said the boy.

"Then le's divide," said Jack, as he was led off by the hand on his collar.

"See about that!" grinned the boy, following, and dragging the woodchuck.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ALARM AT PEACH HILL FARM.

THE man who had thus taken Jack into custody was Mr. Philander Pipkin, of Peach Hill Farm. Peach Hill Farm was owned by the Chatfords, and "P. Pipkin, Esq." (as his name appeared carved by his own jack-knife on the stable door) was their hired man.

Early that Sunday morning he had started, milk-pail in hand, for the barn-yard; but had dropped his pail in consternation as he came in sight of the said stable door. A minute later he was back in the Chatford kitchen, calling loudly, "Mr. Chatford! Mis' Chatford! Boys! Heavens an' airth!"

"Well, Mr. Pipkin! Who 's killed now, Mr. Pipkin?" said a sarcastic female voice from the pantry, and a tart female face peered out at him from the pantry door.

"Miss Wansey," replied Mr. Pipkin, sternly, "I 've nothin' to say to you, understand!"

"O, have n't you! very glad to hear it!" said Miss Wansey. "Then mabby you 'll be so good as *not* to make a person deaf screaming out so in a person's kitchen!"

"A person's kitchen!" retorted Mr. Pipkin. "It 's as much my kitchen as it is your kitchen, I guess! Where 's Mr. Chatford?"

"Mr. Pipkin," replied Miss Wansey, from the depths of the pantry, "I 've nothing to say to you!" and she rattled the breakfast knives and forks.

One would naturally infer, from this slight altercation, that these two members of the Chatford household were not on the very best of terms with

each other. Miss Wansey was to the kitchen what Mr. Pipkin was to the farm; and their mutual functions bringing them into frequent collision, each had grown jealous of the other's dictation, — Miss Wansey accused Mr. Pipkin of assuming too much authority, and Mr. Pipkin charged Miss Wansey with putting on airs. It was now at least a year and a half since they had consequently had "nothing to say" to each other, and had said it severely.

"What is the matter, Philander?" said a mild, motherly woman, hooking her gown as she came into the kitchen.

"Matter, Mis' Chatford! Matter enough!" said Mr. Pipkin. "Deacon up yit?"

"He is getting up," said Mrs. Chatford, her calm voice and serene demeanor in beautiful contrast with Miss Wansey's tartness and Mr. Pipkin's excitement. "Are any of the creatures sick, Philander?"

"Wuss 'n that!" said Mr. Pipkin, pressing forward through the door by which she had come in. There was a sitting-room beyond, and a bedroom beyond that, in the door of which appeared Deacon Chatford himself, half-dressed, with one boot on and the other in his hand.

"What 's woke ye up, Pippy?" he asked, with a half-amused, half-anxious face, as he stooped to pull on the other boot.

"You 'll say *woke* up!" Mr. Pipkin exclaimed. "Jes' come out and see! Stable door wide open, and Old Maje gone!"

Mr. Chatford looked somewhat less amused, and somewhat more anxious; and he began to button his suspenders with awkward haste.

"Gone? Not stolen! He has probably slipped his halter, pushed the door open, and got out. I don't believe you hooked the door last night."

"Yes, I did! No, I did n't! Yes," said Mr. Pipkin, confusedly, — "I either hooked it, or I did n't hook it, I forgit which, but it makes no odds, — you 'd gone over to the Basin with Old Maje, and I went to bed 'fore you got home."

Mr. Chatford ran his fingers through his uncombed hair. He paid frequent visits to the Basin, and sometimes rode, and sometimes walked; he now remembered that he rode last night, and wondered if he had been so careless, when he put up the horse, as to leave the stable door unfastened. "Most likely I did. Thinking of something else, probably." (He was a "terrible absent-minded man," as Miss Wansey said.) "You 'll find the old rogue about the place somewhere, Pippy."

"I don't know but what he *might* slip his halter and push the door open," argued Mr. Pipkin; "but how could he git into the harness and hitch himself to the buggy?"

"Harness an' buggy missin' too," said Mr. Pipkin's front teeth and under lip.

This was certainly a strong point; and Mr. Chatford, his hair erect, one trousers-leg lodged on the top of his boot, and one suspender hanging, looked to Mr. Pipkin for an explanation.

"That alters the case! I 'll be right out there! Call the boys, mother!"

Mrs. Chatford stepped quickly to the chamber door, and, opening it, called up the stairs, "Moses! Phineas! are you awake?"

Moses and Phineas, enjoying their Sunday morning slumbers, murmured something indistinctly, and turned upon their pillows.

"Wake up!" said their mother. "Old Maje has been stolen; and you must help hunt him up!"

Moses and Phineas bounded to the floor in an instant, leaped into their clothes, and came scampering down the stairs. They reached the stable in a half-buttoned state, and found their father gazing ruefully at the vacant stall and harness-pegs.

"Well, boys," said he, "it looks as if we should n't do much ploughing to-day."

"Ploughing? Sunday?" said Mr. Pipkin. "I guess not!"

"I declare, I 'm getting more absent-minded than ever?" said Mr. Chatford.

"Now you believe what I told you, don't you?" said Moses, the elder son. "If you had put a lock on the door when I wanted you to, this would n't have happened."

"We 'll have a lock now," said Phineas, the younger, sarcastically. "That 's the way, — after the horse is stolen."

"I meant to have got a lock, but never could think on 't, — I 'm so plaguy forgetful! Though I never thought before there was any danger from horse-thieves hereabouts."

"Padlocks ain't o' no great use, where any one's bent on breakin' in," observed Mr. Pipkin, looking carefully to see if anything else had been stolen.

"What we want is a big dog," said Phineas, who had long been teasing for one. "But you are so afraid a dog will kill sheep!"

"Well, I shall have to take it from old and young now, I suppose!" said Mr. Chatford, good-naturedly. "What discoveries, Moses?"

"I can't see any wagon-tracks," said Moses, who had been to the street and returned.

"Of course not; it rained till four o'clock this morning. What shall we do, boys? — have a hunt for the thieves?" The boys were eager for the chase. "Well, run to the neighbors and stir them up. Put the old harness on the mare, Pippy, and I 'll back out the old wagon. If the scamps had only taken that, I should n't care."

While Moses ran one way and Phineas the other, and Mr. Pipkin harnessed the mare, Mr. Chatford walked back to the house, where he ate a hasty breakfast and put on his coat. Then he went out and climbed up into the old, faded, green-striped, one-horse wagon, which had scarcely been on the road for a year. "Shackling old thing! I hope it won't break down before I get out of the yard. I declare, Pippy! you must dash a few pails of water over these wheels, or the tires will be tumbling off. Lucky the roads are wet this morning; they 'll swell the wheels as soon as I get started. Ha! there comes Phin with Jason Welby! Any news, Phineas?"

"Yes, lots! Let me tell, Jase!" said Phin, holding his companion back as they came running.

"Let go, Phineas!" said Mr. Chatford. "If it's good news, no matter which tells it."

"He may tell; I don't care," said Jason, in a manly sort of way.

"O, tell if you want to! I won't!" said Phin, sulkily.

"Well," said Jason, stepping forward. "The thief paid us a visit last night, and we saw him."

"Who saw him?"

"Ab and I. Something has been killing our chickens lately, and last night we thought we'd watch. So we hid in the trough under the shed, and by and by somebody come into the yard and went up to the stable door, and was opening it, when we stirred a little, to see what he was up to; then a dog growled at us; then Ab said, 'Show your light!' for we had the old tin lantern under a kag. We rushed out; and there was a boy about as big as Phin or me, and a dog 'most as big as he was."

"A boy!" said Mr. Chatford. "What sort of a boy?" Thereupon followed a pretty correct description of our unhappy friend Jack as he appeared to Jase and Ab.

Meanwhile a neighbor from the other direction arrived on the spot, and stood listening to the boy's story. He was a somewhat grim-looking, stiff old man; and at every pause in the narrative he nodded his grizzled head and compressed his lips and scowled at Jason. He did not speak till Jason had finished; then he said, "Good morning, Neighbor Chatford."

"Good morning, Squire Peternot. You've heard of our misfortune?"

"Yes, Moses stopped at my house. You say," the squire turned to Jason, "that that boy was a driver on the canal, and had been flung into the water, and had n't got dry when you saw him?"

"That's what he told us."

"Well! that same boy came to my house with the same dog, but with a very different story. I'd just got into bed, but wife had n't blowed out the light, when he knocked, and I got up and opened the door." Here followed a circumstantial account of Jack's interview with the squire, — sufficiently accurate, but not flattering to our young friend's character and appearance. "He did n't talk canal to *me;* he told *me* he had come out from the city in the morning and had been looking for work all day. I knowed he was a liar and a thief," said the stern old squire, whose harsh opinion of poor Jack seemed now to be fully confirmed by Jason's story. "Why, the little heathen did n't even think of its being Saturday night, and that to-day was Sunday!"

"O, well!" said Mr. Chatford, with a droll twist of his cheek and a humorous glance of the eye towards Mr. Pipkin, "some who I hope are not heathens are liable to forget that fact now and then, — hey, Pippy?"

"That's a fact!" said Mr. Pipkin, with a responsive pucker and twinkle. "There's Elder Corey, — as good a church-member as any on ye, — he thrashed oats in his barn all one stormy Sunday, four year' ago, and the

women-folks, they made quince presarves; and they never knowed their mistake till they was drivin' to meetin' in the big wagon next day, and seen the neighbors a ploughin' and puttin' out their washin's. 'What, to work Sunday, Brother Jones!' says the elder, thinkin' he ought to stop and rebuke the inickity. 'Sunday?' says Brother Jones. 'Then the minister and all on us have blundered, for we had reg'lar sarvices yisterday, and wondered how a little rain could keep *you* to hum.' The upshot on 't was, the elder wheeled about, and druv hum, and him and his folks kep' Monday, — had prayers, read the Bible, and sung hymns till snndown, by hokey! I could name another sarcumstance, 'thout goin' so fur off, nuther," added Mr. Pipkin, slyly, turning up his eye again at Mr. Chatford in the wagon.

Jack was believed to be a heathen and a thief, for all that, — the untimely telling of the story resulting in no way to his advantage, except perhaps as it delayed for a few moments Mr. Chatford's departure in pursuit of him.

Moses had by this time returned, and other neighbors were arriving, some on foot, one or two on horseback, and Mr. Welby and Ab in a wagon. The whole neighborhood seemed to be turning out in great excitement to aid in capturing the thief. Some thought he had gone one way, some another; and so it happened that, within an hour of the time when Mr. Pipkin found the stable door open, a dozen men and boys were zealously scouring the principal roads in that region, in search of poor Jack, and the horse and buggy he had not taken, while all the time he was innocently enjoying the colliers' hospitality within half a mile of Peach Hill Farm.

"Huh! you feel mighty big 'cause you told the news, and would n't let me!" said Phineas to Jason, with a sneer, as they parted at the gate.

"Well, if that ain't the meanest fling! As if I cared to tell it! I ain't so silly as all that. Be mad, if you want to." And with a highly independent air Jason walked off.

Thereupon Phineas relented. "See here, Jase! I ain't mad. Come back, and le's talk about the robbery. Say! going to meeting to-day?"

But Jase, instead of turning back, kept on down the road, singing carelessly,

> "Phin is mad, and I am glad,
> And I know what will please him;
> Take a stick and give him a lick,
> And see if that will please him!"

He was gratified to hear a stone come humming and bounding after him, for then he knew that he had succeeded in exasperating Phineas. Thus encouraged, he repeated the pleasant quatrain.

Moses had taken a piece of pie in his hand and gone with his father in the one-horse wagon, while Mr. Pipkin and Phineas stayed to do up the Sunday morning chores. This arrangement, though highly approved by the elder brother, was not popular with the two who remained behind; Phin complaining because he was deprived of the ride and the fun, and Mr. Pipkin basing his objection to it upon the ground that it "needed a good,

stout, courageous man to ketch a thief," — that is to say, a man like P. Pipkin, Esquire. They who stayed were destined, however, to reap quite as much glory from the affair as they who went.

Having milked the cows, given the pigs and calves their breakfast, and eaten his own, Mr. Pipkin started to drive the cattle to the back pasture. Phin went with him, partly for company, and partly because he wanted to look at his woodchuck trap over on that part of the farm.

They had not been gone a great while when Phin came rushing into the house all breathless and aglow with excitement, shouting, "Got the thief! got the thief!"

"Who has? Where?" cried three or four voices at once.

"We have! Phi 's coming with him!" And all ran to the door to see.

There indeed was Mr. Philander Pipkin marching triumphantly by the corner of the barn with his hand on the collar of the dirtiest, raggedest boy

they had ever beheld. Mr. Pipkin's other hand dragged a dead woodchuck by the hind leg; while Lion walked meekly behind, as if sorrowfully aware that his young master had come to grief.

"He was trying to steal that woodchuck out of my trap," said Phin. "That 's his dog, and I 'm going to have him for mine, when *he* 's sent to jail."

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE FAMOUS VOYAGES OF CADAMOSTO.

HOW slowly news must have travelled before the day of newspapers and the post-office! After Prince Henry of Portugal had been for forty years exploring the coast of Africa, nothing was known of his discoveries to the merchants and mariners of Venice, then the principal seaport of Europe. Plain proof of this appears in the story I am about to relate.

In the summer of 1454, Cadamosto, a Venetian gentleman twenty-two years of age, who had already made a commercial voyage to Flanders, was at home in Venice, his cargo all sold, looking out for another chance to gain money in trade; his intention being, as he said, first to get rich and afterwards to become famous. He made up his mind at length to take passage on board of one of a fleet of galleys bound for Flanders, and carry with him a stock of goods suitable for that market. In a straight line Venice is not more than four hundred miles from Amsterdam; but in order to reach it by sea these galleys had to sail nearly three thousand miles, keeping close to the coasts of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France. Early in August the galleys sailed; and all went well until they were off Cape St. Vincent, near the residence of Prince Henry, where they were detained some days by contrary winds. While the galleys were lying at anchor they were visited by a party of gentlemen, among whom were Antonio Gonzales (one of Prince Henry's noted captains) and the Venetian Consul for the kingdom of Portugal. Prince Henry, it seems, had requested these gentlemen to call, and give the captains and passengers some account of his discoveries, and show them specimens of sugar from Madeira, precious dye-woods from the Canary Islands, and many other curiosities from the newly discovered lands.

Now, Cadamosto, a man of education and of noble birth, as many of the Venetian merchants then were, and who had passed much of his life among mariners and merchants, speaks of these discoveries as though he had then heard of them for the first time! We should gather from his story that he listened with open mouth and staring eyes to the marvels which Prince Henry's friends related. For example, he uses in his memoirs language like this: —

"These gentlemen said that, some time ago, the Prince had sent out vessels to cross seas which had never been navigated before; that new lands and generations had been discovered, with marvellous productions among them; and that those who had set foot into them had amassed rapid gains, often bringing one penny to produce seven, or even ten! In one word, they so much extolled to us those things, that I was quite amazed, and instantly inflamed with the desire of seeking the like adventure."

He now eagerly asked whether the Prince left it free to any one to make these profitable voyages. The Portuguese gentlemen answered, Yes, on

one or two conditions. If a merchant or captain fitted up a vessel at his own expense, and loaded her with his own merchandise, then he had to pay the Prince one fifth of all he might make on the voyage; but if the Prince furnished the vessel and goods, then he had half the profit. In either case, however, the voyager had to bear the loss, if any loss there were. But it was said that nobody returned from the coast of Africa without a profitable cargo. All this and much more the ambitious Cadamosto drank in with greedy ears; and he was particularly well pleased to be told that there was no man whom Prince Henry would receive with more favor than a Venetian, because the Prince was sure that there were some spice-bearing countries in Africa, and the Venetians, he knew, were the best judges of spices in the world.

Elated by this information, he went ashore and made his way to the Prince's residence. He was promptly admitted to converse with Prince Henry, who confirmed all that his gentlemen had said, and gave Cadamosto a full account of the African expeditions, and of what they had discovered and brought home. Perceiving that he was intensely interested, the Prince assured him that if he should be disposed to try a voyage of trade and discovery, he would not fail to bestow upon him all suitable honor and reward. The young Venetian needed no persuasion. He was on fire to be the first of his countrymen to see those strange regions, and to come back laden with valuable merchandise, and receive thanks and honors from so illustrious a prince. Returning to the galley, he intrusted all his Flanders business to a relation, bought from the galleys some things which he thought he should want for an African voyage, and then returned to Prince Henry, who was delighted to have so spirited and competent a recruit.

It was about the first of September, 1454, when Cadamosto left the galley. It was too late to sail that year; and he therefore took up his abode near the Prince's house, and spent the winter in acquiring further knowledge of what had been done by other voyagers, and in fitting up his vessel. Prince Henry hired for him a stout caravel of ninety tons, and equipped it at his own expense, being much more desirous that Cadamosto should return with plenty of new information than with slaves and merchandise. On the 22d of March, 1455, records the joyous Cadamosto, "we sailed under the auspices of the Almighty, full of hopes, with the wind northeast and by north, directing our course towards Madeira."

This was a fair wind for the voyagers, and in six days they cast their anchor in the road of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira group, six hundred and sixty miles from Portugal. There Cadamosto found Prince Henry's colony flourishing under Governor Perestello. I wonder if the Venetian merchant noticed, toddling about the governor's house, his little daughter Felipa, then only two or three years old, who was destined fifteen years later to marry a certain map-maker and mariner named Christopher Columbus? Columbus was then a sailor lad of nineteen, cruising in the Mediterranean, or buffeting the billows of the Atlantic, in vessels that coasted round Spain and France. This little girl was by and by to be sent to

Lisbon to a convent-school; and there, as she knelt to say her prayers in the chapel, the pious Columbus, who attended mass every morning, was to see her and fall in love with her. But all this was hidden in the future. Cadamosto could only remark that Governor Perestello had a sweet little child to console him in his long exile from his native land.

After rambling a few hours about this island, Cadamosto went on board again and sailed for Madeira, twenty-six miles distant, and dropped anchor the same evening off Machico, one of its principal harbors. Here he made a considerable stay, and visited the colonies planted by Prince Henry several years before, now consisting of more than a thousand persons. He saw those famous fields of sugar-cane which were beginning to furnish the mother country with an abundance of sugar; and he saw many Portuguese mechanics making the beautiful woods of Madeira into tables of all sorts and sizes, which they sent to Portugal for sale. But nothing excited his astonishment so much as the grapes, the bunches of which, he reports, were three and four spans in length, glorious to behold, of which the colonists made wine that was beginning to be famous in Portugal and Spain. It was only twenty years before that Prince Henry had sent from Candia some settings of vines; but such was the fertility of the soil, and the geniality of the climate, that they had flourished beyond all expectation, and filled with amazement the Europeans who saw them. Cadamosto was evidently delighted with Madeira; it produced abundantly everything needful for man, and the climate was so tempered by the ocean winds as to be almost always agreeable. The settlements presented scenes of peace and plenty, being a succession of gardens with pleasant cottages in the midst of them. Already there were two convents on the island, which Cadamosto was informed were inhabited by monks "of great sanctity."

Continuing his voyage, he made for the Canaries, a group of seven principal islands, lying more than three hundred miles south of Madeira. At this group he began to see things strange and marvellous. Four of the islands were inhabited by Spaniards, and the other three by a vigorous and valiant race of natives. Of course there was continual warfare between the Christians and the Pagans; that is to say, the Spaniards frequently landed upon the islands inhabited by the natives, surprised a village or two, and carried off into slavery as many of the inhabitants as they could catch and hold. It sometimes happened that the brave natives defended themselves, captured the Spaniards, and made slaves of them, condemning them to serve as butchers, — an occupation which those poor people regarded with peculiar horror. Many a noble Spaniard was condemned by them to pass his time in killing and dressing goats; but the Spaniards in their turn sent many a cargo of the native Canarians to toil on the farms of Spain.

Everything in these islands was interesting or wonderful to this intelligent Venetian. The Peak of Teneriffe, he thought, was sixty miles high, and could be seen at a distance of two hundred and fifty miles! He was astonished to see the natives going naked, their skin shining with goats'

grease, which they used as a protection against cold. Besides being idolaters, they had many fantastical customs. When a new chief came into power he would give a great feast to his subjects, which used to conclude with a horrid ceremony. One of his people offering to crown this festival by killing himself, the whole tribe would gather in a certain valley; there, after some ceremonies had been performed, the victim would make his appearance upon a commanding height, when, after speaking some words, he would throw himself down and be dashed to pieces on the rocks. The chief was then bound to bestow riches and honors upon the victim's family and relations. These people were wonderfully swift in running; and having often to jump over the fissures in those volcanic isles, they could leap from stone to stone like bucks, and to distances which, said Cadamosto, "could hardly be believed." They could throw stones also with the accuracy of a dead shot, and with such force as to dash a shield into a thousand pieces by a few throws.

"I recollect," says Cadamosto, "that I saw myself a Canarian Christian who offered to give to three men twelve oranges each, and only to take twelve himself; and who proposed a bet that he would hit one of the men every time he threw an orange, and that he would catch in his hand every one of their thirty-six oranges, which they might throw as hard as they could from a distance of ten paces. No one would take the bet, as the bystanders were well aware that they had no chance of winning."

Hoisting his anchor and spreading his sails, Cadamosto kept due south for nearly six hundred miles, when he came in sight of Cape Blanco. This cape, I should think, is something like our Cape Cod, except that the sand is as white as snow. It curves fifty miles out into the ocean, forming a large shallow bay, called the Bay of Arguin, with islands and sand-banks and shallow places, dangerous to shipping. At an island in the midst of this bay, then and now called Arguin, Cadamosto made some stay; for there Prince Henry had begun to build a castle, and there was the depot of the company of merchants, to whom the Prince had granted the privilege of trading with the natives on all that coast. A brisk commerce was going on between the Portuguese and the people of the Desert. To this island the Desert chiefs brought negroes and gold-dust; for which the Portuguese gave them cloth, linen, silver, ready-made clothes, and wheat. The Desert merchants bought the negroes from negro chiefs in Guinea, paying for them in horses, one good Barbary horse being worth fifteen negroes. Every summer ships came from Portugal to this island bringing new supplies of goods, and carrying home all the negroes and gold that had been gathered during the season. There was then, Cadamosto tells us, no more landing in boats, and swooping off a whole village full of people into sudden and eternal slavery. The business had been systematized, and all went on by fair and regular purchase.

"Violence has been put an end to," he says, "by order of Don Henry, and it is his earnest desire that the Africans should be treated with becoming humanity, as he hopes mild proceedings may induce them to embrace

our faith." This mode of dealing with the natives, as we shall see by and by, had the desired effect. Whole tribes of the people along that coast received baptism; and to this hour mass is daily said among them by Portuguese priests.

Cadamosto was by far the most intelligent and inquisitive voyager that ever sailed under the orders of Prince Henry. Not confining his inquiries to the coast, he used all the means in his power to get information respecting the interior of the country. Nor does he seem to have swallowed every story that was told him, but to have taken a great deal of pains to find out the truth. He learned that at a distance of six days' journey from the ocean there was a great depot, market, and rendezvous of caravans, called Hoden; and six days' journey beyond that, another great mart, called Tegazza, which means "a chest of gold." Tegazza was noted for its mines of rock-salt. He relates a curious story of the manner in which this salt was purchased from the Desert-traders by the negroes, whose country is destitute of this precious article.

"The salt is carried in blocks upon the shoulders of negroes to the banks of a river which divides the negro country from the Desert. There each salt-trader places his salt in a heap and marks it. When all the salt is thus arranged in a long row of heaps the whole caravan goes back a half-day's journey into the Desert. As soon as they are out of sight the negroes who wish to buy the salt cross the river in canoes, and place near each heap as much gold as they are willing to give for it; after which they recross the river and disappear. Then the owners of the salt return, and if they are satisfied with the quantity of gold, they take it and leave the salt. If they do not think the price sufficient, they go away again, leaving both salt and gold untouched, unless perchance enough gold has been left at some of the heaps. In that case, they take the gold which they consider a fair price, but leave the gold which they think insufficient. Then the buyers return, and carry off with them the heaps of salt from which the gold has been taken; and as to the other heaps, they either put a little more gold near them and again retire, or else take all the gold away, and thus decline to buy the salt." In this strange manner, our voyager tells us, the salt trade had been carried on longer than the oldest merchant could remember; and he adds that he would not have reported so improbable a tale if he had not been positively assured of its truth by a great number of natives entitled to belief.

From the Isle of Arguin our voyagers directed their course to the river Senegal, a broad and deep stream, which divides the negroes' country from the Desert. Cadamosto was astonished to see the difference between the two banks of this river. From its northern bank, for a thousand miles to the north, the Great Desert stretched away, an ocean of sand, except that, along the coast and near this river, there was a light soil and a scanty herbage. The inhabitants, too, north of the Senegal, were of the Moorish race, showing by their leanness and want of strength the poor quality of their food. But the southern shore of the Senegal he found thickly cov-

ered with trees and other vegetation, while the people were jet black, tall, well-formed, agile, and strong. He was full of curiosity respecting the negroes, and spent a great deal of time on shore among them. Stout and vigorous as they were, they seemed to be only the timid slaves of tyrannical and cruel kings. One king whom he visited had a wife in almost every village of his dominions, each of whom he had provided with cows, goats, and other animals. When he travelled he and all his servants were entertained every night at the expense of one of these wives, who had to cook for them a great many dainty dishes, — glad enough, no doubt, when the king and his retinue went off to the next village and the habitation of another wife.

Although most of the negroes in this part of Africa went about naked, or nearly so, all the days of their lives, yet a few of the richer ones wore a curious kind of petticoat, an apron in front and another apron behind; the latter so long that it swept the ground and formed a kind of tail. No belle of a modern court was ever prouder of her train than these poor Africans were of their long tails of cotton cloth. They would strut about, looking round at the tail, and proudly ask Cadamosto and his comrades whether they had ever seen any dress equal to this. Another curious thing the voyagers observed. While the negroes were the greatest liars and thieves that could be found anywhere, they were exceedingly kind and generous, and would never permit a stranger to go by their houses without offering him the best they had, for which they never would receive any payment.

Continuing his course southward eight hundred miles farther, keeping always close to the shore, and sailing only by day, Cadamosto came at length to the country of the negro King Budomel, where, finding convenient anchorage, he remained for some time. He sent word to the king, by a negro interpreter, that he had arrived in his kingdom with horses, woollen cloth, Moorish silk, and other goods, which were very much at his majesty's service, if he wished to buy any of them. On receiving this message the king came down near the coast with a train of fifteen horsemen, and sent word to Cadamosto, that if he would pay him a visit he should have an honorable reception.

Cadamosto went to his majesty, who seemed delighted to welcome the strangers, and at once opened trade with them. The king selected seven Barbary horses, with saddles and bridles complete, and told the merchant that if he would come to his town, twenty-five miles distant, he would pay him handsomely for them. In the mean time, to show his good-will, the king made Cadamosto a present of a little girl of a "beautiful black color," to wait upon him in his cabin on board the ship. Cadamosto accepted this curious gift, and sent the girl on board, while he prepared for his journey into the interior. The king having provided him with horses, Cadamosto and a few of his comrades had a pleasant ride to the king's town, where they were royally received, and bountifully entertained for the space of twenty-eight days. The king paid him very liberally for his horses, and admitted him every day to his presence.

Admission to the presence of such a potentate, with his body-guard of two hundred negroes, you may think was no great privilege. But the Africans thought otherwise; for these black kings were as proud as any of their brethren in Europe, and the people gave them homage, as to a god. This Budomel never went from his thatched house without being attended by a hundred of his negroes; and when any natives wished to enter his royal presence they were obliged to do it in the most abject way imaginable. First they took off their clothes, if they had any; and as soon as they had entered the court-yard before the king's house, they had to fall on both knees, and bow until their heads touched the ground; and then, scooping up a double handful of sand, cover their heads with it, and throw some behind upon their shoulders. Having done this, they were obliged to remain in that miserable posture, covered with dirt, for several minutes without moving. Finally they walked toward the king upon their knees; and when they had reached a point two yards from his august person they again bowed low, and poured more sand upon their heads; after which they began humbly to state their business. The king meanwhile paid scarcely any attention to them, continuing to converse with those around him; and when the suppliants had done speaking, dismissed them with a few haughty words.

Cadamosto discovered the reason of this cringing timidity. Upon the slightest offence, the despot used to punish his subjects by selling their wives or children or themselves into slavery. This punishment was the more common, because with fourteen of his subjects King Budomel could buy a horse; and the kings in that country ranked according to the number of horses they possessed.

Cadamosto became so intimate with this African monarch that he could say anything to him; and one day he explained to him the Christian religion. The king, it seems, practised a worship slightly resembling that of the Mahometans. On this occasion he had been so condescending as to invite his white guest to see him perform his devotions, which he did in company with a number of persons whom Cadamosto took to be Mahometan priests.

First, they all stood still awhile with their eyes lifted to heaven. Then they stepped forward two paces, and after pronouncing some words in a low voice, threw themselves on the ground and kissed it. All then rose to their feet, and repeated the same performance over and over again for about half an hour. The service done, the king asked Cadamosto what he thought of it. The Venetian replied, rather bluntly, that the religion of which he had just beheld a specimen was false, and that the priests who had taken part in it were unacquainted with the truth. He followed up this plain statement by a long tirade against the religion of Mahomet, and an explanation of the doctrines and ceremonies of his own. The Mahometan priests, naturally enough, took fire and replied with much warmth; at which the king seemed very much amused. At length he gave his own opinion, which was certainly not wanting in good sense. The

Mahometan religion, he said, was very good, but the Christian religion must be better, because as the Christians were richer, wiser, and in every respect happier than the negroes, he thought God must be better pleased with their worship. Nevertheless, he was of opinion that the negroes were more sure of going to heaven than the Christians. He believed that God, being just, must in the next world make it up to the negroes for their misery in this. White men, he added, have their heaven in this world, and therefore it was only fair that the negroes should have one in the world to come.

After many strange adventures in the dominions of this king, Cadamosto went on board his vessel; and being still unsatisfied kept on down the coast, accompanied by two other vessels belonging to Prince Henry. He soon reached Cape Verde, so called from its being covered with green trees, unlike the capes north of it, which are composed of white sand. Passing beyond Cape Verde, they came to a region inhabited by negroes far more savage and warlike than any they had previously met. The Portuguese had some fierce and bloody encounters with them, nor could they in any way conciliate them. Cadamosto had sailed as far as the river Gambia, which is about a thousand miles north of the equator. It was his desire and intention to ascend this river at least a hundred miles, to see if he could not find some negro tribes less savage; but he was now met by a difficulty which most of the daring navigators of that time had to contend with, — a discontented crew. The sailors said they had done enough both for profit and for glory. So impatient were they to return home, that Cadamosto, eager as he was to go on, deemed it best to yield, lest their discontent should become dangerous mutiny.

The brave adventurer reached Portugal in safety. The Prince received him with open arms, bestowed upon his followers bountiful rewards, and conferred upon Cadamosto the honors due to his resolution and intelligence. I can fancy how eagerly the Prince listened to Cadamosto's account of the wonders he had seen, of the strange people and lands he had visited, and how much he must have regretted that Cadamosto was obliged to turn back just as he seemed about to make discoveries more interesting than those of any voyager before him.

Thus honored and encouraged by the Prince, Cadamosto the next year made another voyage; in the course of which he not only sailed up the river Gambia, but explored the coast south of it, discovering two other rivers, and a group of islands, and greatly adding to his store of knowledge. On this voyage he saw the elephant in its native haunts, and took home as a present to Prince Henry a salted elephant's leg. The Prince found the leg more interesting to talk about than nice to eat, elephant's flesh being dry, tough, and tasteless.

And so the work of discovery went on, each year some brave captain or adventurous merchant going a little farther down the coast of Africa than any one had dared to go before. It was now 1457, and two thousand miles of the coast had been explored.

James Parton.

THE GREAT WHITE OWL.

HE sat aloft on the rocky height,
  Snow-white above the snow,
In the winter morning calm and bright,
  And I gazed at him, below.

He faced the east where the sunshine streamed
  On the singing, sparkling sea,
And he blinked with his yellow eyes that seemed
  All sightless and blank to be.

The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
  About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled, sweet and loud,
  But never a plume stirred he.

Singing they passed and away they flew
  Through the brilliant atmosphere;
Cloud-like he sat with the living blue
  Of the sky behind him, clear.

"Give you good morrow, friend!" I cried.
  He wheeled his large round head

Solemn and stately from side to side,
  But never a word he said.

"O lonely creature, weird and white,
  Why are you sitting there,
Like a glimmering ghost from the still midnight
  In the beautiful morning air?"

He spurned the rock with his talons strong,
  No human speech brooked he;
Like a snow-flake huge he sped along,
  Swiftly and noiselessly.

His wide slow-waving wings so white
  Heavy and soft did seem,
Yet rapid as a dream his flight,
  And silent as a dream.

And when a distant crag he gained,
  Bright twinkling as a star,
He shook his shining plumes, and deigned
  To watch me from afar.

And once again, when the evening red
  Burned dimly in the west,
I saw him motionless, his head
  Bent forward on his breast.

Dark and still 'gainst the sunset sky
  Stood out his figure lone,
Crowning the bleak rock, far and high,
  By sad winds overblown.

Did he dream of the ice-fields, stark and drear,
  Of his haunts on the Arctic shore?
Or the downy brood in his nest last year
  On the coast of Labrador?

Had he fluttered the Esquimau huts among?
  How I wished he could speak to me!
Had he sailed on the icebergs, rainbow hung,
  In the open Polar Sea?

O, many a tale he might have told
  Of marvellous sounds and sights,
Where the world lies hopeless and dumb with cold
  Through desolate days and nights.

But with folded wings, while the darkness fell,
  He sat, nor spake nor stirred;
And charmed as if by a subtile spell
  I mused on the wondrous Bird.

Celia Thaxter.

FLIBERTIGIBBET.

"JERUSALEM, forever free,
Beautiful land of rest,"

sang the Sunday school. And,

"Jerusalem, forever gay,
Kick up yer heels an' dance away,"

sang Flibertigibbet from the fence outside.

There never was anything more like a monkey and less like a boy than Flibertigibbet. That was not his real name. A stranger, much amused at his curious appearance and his queer capers, said in his hearing, "That boy is a perfect Flibertigibbet"; *he*, apparently liking the sound, caught it up, and ever afterwards, when asked his name, responded "Flibtigib"; and nobody seemed to remember that he had ever had any other.

He would have been a perfect treasure to an Ethiopian minstrel troupe. In his methods of locomotion he approached the marvellous, — very rarely walking upright on his feet, but sometimes going sideways, like a crab, on hands and feet; sometimes revolving like a wheel, first one hand, then one foot on the ground; and again walking on his hands, both heels in the air. All day long he haunted the school-house, pushing the door ajar and peering through the crack, flattening his nose against the windows and making faces at the children, climbing to the roof of the one-story building, and shouting down the chimney, or beating a tattoo on the shingles. These exercises he occasionally varied by going through a course of gymnastics on the porch, singing for accompaniment the chorus of "Rally round the flag"; his version of the second line being, "Down wiz a cwetah, ye-up wiz a stah," — that "ye-up" given with a shriek that more than once, before we became accustomed to it, made us hastily drop book or pencil and run to the door, thinking that some one was hurt.

Considering that he was in a state of perpetual motion, and such extraordinary motion too, it was fortunate that he wore but one garment. What that garment was, whether a high pair of pantaloons with a string round the neck, or a long jacket with a ruffle at the knee, no mortal could tell. We looked at it and puzzled over it; but how it was made, or put on, or kept on, we never discovered. Nobody ever attempted to guess what the article he wore on his head had originally been. If a hat, every vestige of brim was gone; it was so thickly encrusted with dirt, both outside and in, that it stood on his head erect and solid as a wooden bowl; and he had a way of pulling it down over his left eye and winking from under it, that was perfectly irresistible.

We made several attempts to get him into school; but "nobody did n't kotch him in dar, whar he got ter sit still all day." After much persuasion he was prevailed upon to come to Sunday school; but his promise was given with the proviso that "ef he did n't like it, he warn't a gwine ter stay." So one Sunday he walked in, as independent as ever, and perfectly indif-

FLIBERTIGIBBET.

Drawn by S. Eytinge, Jr.] [See the Sketch.

ferent to the contrast between himself and the other children, all dressed in their Sunday best. He was placed in a class, and sat down, keeping his hat on, and winking harder than ever.

During the lesson the question was asked, "Of what are we made?" One of the children, pointing to the new-comer, who excited considerable curiosity among them, said, "Does you know dat ar, boy?"

"Spec I does," said Flibertigibbet.

"Well, what am it den, — what am you made ob?"

He rolled his great, wide-open eyes round for a minute, then drawled out, "Sa-a-and."

"Hi!" exclaimed his questioner; "you dunno noffin, boy; you ain't made o' no sand; you 's made o' dirt."

This seemed to strike Flibertigibbet as rather personal, and he doubled his fists and turned fiercely upon the speaker: "Say dat ar agin, boy, an' I 'll mash yer mouf. I ain't no mo' dirt dan you is."

"Well, who say you is? We 's all made o' dirt, de hull on us, de teacher an' all."

To this astounding statement Flibertigibbet made no reply, but indulged in a prolonged whistle.

On the whole, however, he conducted himself more peaceably than we had feared would be possible; and we began to have some hopes of taming him. The next Sunday he came again, and was asked a question respecting what he had been taught the Sunday previous. He looked reflectively at the ceiling, inquiringly out of the window, and sympathizingly at his bare feet, which he twisted over one another incessantly; but made no answer. His teacher said, "Don't you remember that I told you about that last Sunday?"

"Yaas 'm, I knows dat yer telled me suffin, but de win' blowed so hard I mus' ha' done forgot it." And again he broke out into a whistle, apparently considering this an exercise eminently suited to the time and place.

This being stopped, he spent the remainder of the time in trying how far he could slide down the bench without falling off; and that was his last appearance at Sunday school. But every Sunday afterwards he sat the whole afternoon on the fence in front of the school-house, seeming to enjoy himself exceedingly, and occasionally giving vent to his feelings in responses to the singing of the school; all of them pretty much after the style of "Jerusalem, forever gay."

On this particular Sunday afternoon he was not alone. He sat on the fence holding the end of a string; and on the ground, at the other end of the string, was a dog. And such a looking dog! There was something about him that reminded one of a King Charles spaniel. But that has long silky hair, white and glossy brown; while this little animal was covered with what looked like tufts of black wool, and his face was black. The only white about him was on his feet; and they looked all the whiter by contrast with the black. He had the soft brown eyes peculiar to the King Charles spaniel; and he turned them appealingly upon the passers-

by, as if he would say to them that he had seen better days, that he was a dog in reduced circumstances, and beg them to come to his aid. When Flibertigibbet first appeared with this dog the opinion was freely expressed that he had come into possession of him by means not in accordance with the strict observance of the Eighth Commandment; and that his remarkable appearance was owing to something that had been done to disguise him. But Flibertigibbet, thinking probably that possession was "nine tenths of the law," was indifferent to public sentiment.

Well, he sat there on the fence, holding fast to the dog's string; the bright, sharp eyes winking away from under the old hat, ready to see everything that was going on. But there was not much to see just then, — only the school-house, with the trees behind it, holding up their naked branches to show what the cruel autumn winds had done to them, a few crows wheeling lazily in the air, and the sleepy old country road stretching away in the distance. By and by something seemed to be moving up the road. The keen eyes caught this as soon as it came in sight, and, watching it closely, at last made out that it was a hat. Soon from under the hat emerged a boy; and following the boy appeared something which turned out to be a dog.

The boy walked up to the fence and stood in front of Flibertigibbet, and his dog walked up and stood in front of Flibertigibbet's dog; and then the four stared at each other. They took it very coolly, with the exception of the spaniel; and he seemed more alarmed than gratified at the appearance and manners of his visitor. And not much wonder; for he was a queer-looking animal, with a body like a bull-dog, ears like a mastiff, and a tail like an exclamation-point, and an expression of countenance that would totally disqualify him for admission to membership in the peace society.

The silence was broken by a question from Flibertigibbet. "Dat ar yer dog?"

"Yes, sir, that 's my dog; an' the way he 'll catch rats an' chaw 'em up 's a caution. But what kind of a dog is that o' yourn? I never see one like him; an' I 've seen heaps o' dogs too."

"But yer hain't nebber seen noffin like dat ar," said Flibertigibbet. "He act jes' like folks; set up ter de table on a cheer, an' eat outen a plate, an' wipe he mouf when he froo, jes' like folks does."

"O, go 'long. S'pose I 'm goin' to b'lieve that? You must think I 'm green."

"Don' care ef yer b'liebs it er not. Dat 's so; an' dar 's lots o' folks seen him."

"Well, what kind of a dog is he any way? I thought I knowed all the kinds o' dogs, but I never see one like him. He 'd ought to be a spaniel by his ears and his make; but his hair — I say, let 's look at that dog"; and he made a motion to take him up.

But Flibertigibbet was too quick for him. He jumped from the fence, and catching the dog up under his arm, exclaimed, "No, yer don't. Ef yer don' b'lieb what I tells yer, yer ain't a gwine ter look at noffin." And he

marched off, leaving the boy staring after him with mingled curiosity and suspicion.

This turned out to be rather an unfortunate adventure for Flibertigibbet. The boy, who prided himself upon his knowledge of dogs, was determined to find out to what species this one belonged; and when he met any one who he thought could tell him, he would describe the dog, and repeat what his owner said about him. It happened that this came in time to the ears of a Mr. Graves, who knew that some friends of his, living about five miles distant, had lost a King Charles spaniel, which they valued very highly. The description given of Flibertigibbet's dog led him to think that it might be the lost spaniel disguised; particularly as *he* had been taught to sit at table, and eat from a plate and use a napkin, exactly as Flibertigibbet said. So Mr. Graves took a walk one day, on purpose to see the wonderful dog, and, looking closely at him, was sure that it was the missing spaniel, with part of his hair cut off, and the rest dyed black.

And now to prove it. An idea came to Mr. Graves, which he determined to carry out without delay. He was a ventriloquist, and could throw his voice in any direction, changing it at the same time so that it could not be recognized. This wonderful power he would use in the dog's behalf.

He found Flibertigibbet in his usual place, on the fence in front of the school-house. Stopping in front of him, he asked, "Where did you get that dog?"

"My uncle done brung him f'um de city," said Flibertigibbet.

"I don't believe it. I think you stole him."

"'Deed I nebber," protested Flibertigibbet.

"Well, I 'm going to ask *him* about it. Now, doggie, tell me the truth; do you belong to Flibertigibbet?"

There was a pause, then in a curious half-squeal, half-bark, issuing apparently from the dog's mouth, came the answer "No."

Flibertigibbet started back, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets, and stared from dog to man, and back again, in mingled fear, wonder, and incredulity.

"Where did he get you?" And the dog apparently barked out, "Stole me from Mr. Campbell."

Flibertigibbet dropped the string, and put one leg over the fence.

"What did he do to you after he stole you?"

"Cut my hair off and blacked me."

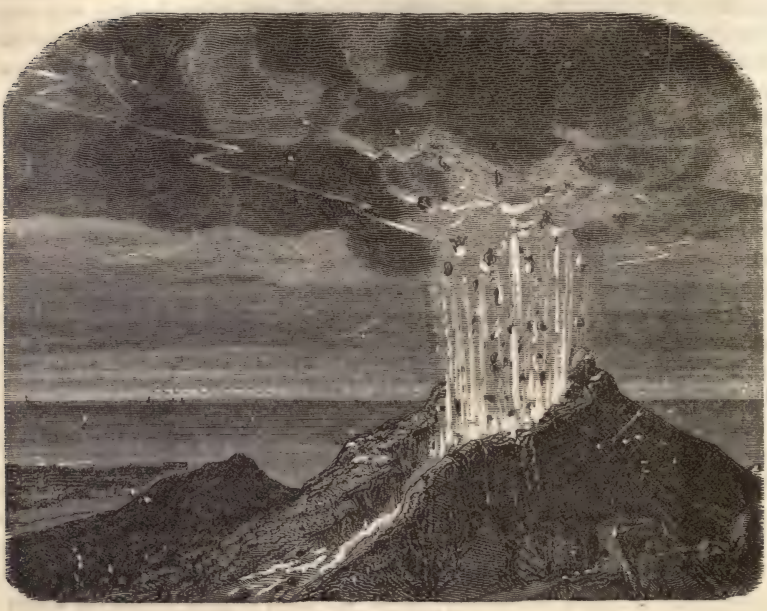
The other leg followed its mate, and Flibertigibbet bounded down the hill, stumbling over rocks, rolling in hollows, but never stopping till he found a hiding-place in the adjacent woods.

The spaniel, his hair grown and the black washed off, resumed his proper position in society, but ever afterwards ran and hid himself when a colored boy approached the house.

It was long before Flibertigibbet was seen again in his accustomed haunts; and when he at length appeared it was with a subdued air and a manifest repugnance to converse on the subject of dogs.

Elizabeth Kilham.

VOLCANOES AND GEYSERS.



The Eruption.

THE next evening we were at the Professor's, Cale Betson came in jubilant, and told in high glee how he had met and confuted George Orvis.

"I only wish the same crowd that heard our first dispute could have heard the last one! He could n't say a word to my argument about the tides that would heave the crust of the earth twice a day, if it rested on an ocean of fire; and when I demonstrated that no crust could ever have formed on matter so intensely hot, he looked foolish enough. I thought I should burst with laughter. The joke is, I crushed him with arguments which I don't believe in myself!"

"You see, boys," said the Professor, playfully patting Cale on the back, "how easy it is to talk on either side of almost any question! Our talented young friend here should be a lawyer."

"If I had been George Orvis," said I, "one of Cale's arguments would have received an answer. I should have said that the earth's crust was solid and strong enough to prevent any tides from forming under it."

"But he had already maintained that it was a mere scum on his fiery ocean," said Cale.

"In that case," I replied, "so much the worse for him."

"Very good," said the Professor. "But the other argument, — that the temperature of any melting metal cannot be raised above the point of fusion as long as any part remains unmelted, and that, consequently, the existence of an intensely heated molten mass under the earth's crust is impossible, — what do you say to that, Augustus?"

"If that proves anything," said I, "it proves that the existence of lava, heated above the point of fusion, within the earth's cold crust, is also impossible; don't it?"

"And that is proving too much!" struck in Cale Betson, who is always ready to catch the tail of another fellow's idea. "So it don't prove anything!"

The Professor laughed approvingly. "I wonder George Orvis didn't think of that! There is something," he added, "very curious in the manner in which certain bodies retain their heat. I once visited Mount Vesuvius, six months after an eruption; and I well remember how astonished I was when my guide showed me a stream of the recent lava, which had been cooling all that while. Over it a crust had formed, but it was easily broken, and we thrust a stick into it. A few inches beneath the surface the stick was set on fire, and it came out flaming like a torch."

"And the hot lava had been there half a year!" said Cale. "How large was the stream?"

"It filled a ravine which could not have been more than fifty feet deep. But that is nothing to what has been observed of the great lava rivers of Iceland, which have been found hot eight or nine years after their eruption. Do you know how the people of Sicily are supplied with ice in the neighborhood of Mount Etna?"

"That seems a rather sudden change from a warm to a cool subject," I said.

"It is only another side of the same subject," replied the Professor. "A long while ago — nobody knows how long, centuries probably — a river of lava flowed from Etna over an immense body of snow on the mountain-side. And what do you think was the result?"

"An all-fired sputtering and hissing!" said Croll Wagner.

"The lava melted the snow," said Abel Montey.

"The snow cooled the lava," said Cale Betson.

"All I know about it," replied the Professor, "is this: that in 1828, when the island was burning up with the intense summer heat, the people found ice in caves *under* that bed of lava. It was considered as much a providential circumstance as our deposits of coal stowed in the earth, ages ago, for the day of man's necessity. Quarries of ice were opened beneath the ancient lava stream, — inexhaustible quarries, that are worked with profit, I believe, to this day. The Catholic bishop of the diocese is said to derive a large revenue from the sale of this wonderfully preserved ice."

"How could it have been preserved, if lava is so hot?" Abel Montey inquired.

"Lyell, the geologist, thinks that it must have been at first protected by a

layer of ashes from the volcano falling upon it before the lava flowed over it. The snow was compressed to ice, and the lava, cooling, became an immense blanket, which has kept it for ages.

"Where volcanic eruptions strike unprotected snow," the Professor continued, "sometimes tremendous torrents are caused by its sudden melting. Mount Etna, which, though in a warm climate, rises into regions of perpetual snow, — for it is a mountain more than ten thousand feet high, — has often been the scene of such freshets. In 1755 streams of lava from the crater, flowing upon abysses of snow, sent a river down the mountain, sweeping everything before it."

"Old Etna is the most famous volcano in the world, is n't it?" said Abel Montey.

"It is one of the three or four most famous. It is about three times the height of Vesuvius. Its base spreads over an area said to be eighty-seven miles in circumference. Yet the streams of lava from the crater often reach beyond that limit, and devastate the fine, cultivated country about its slopes. In 1669 there was an eruption from chasms which opened in the sides of the mountain. Rivers of lava poured down, and fourteen villages were destroyed. There was one enormous crack, twelve miles in length, extending up the mountain, — muttering and bellowing like a frightful mouth, and flaming with dazzling light. There were several other such fissures, showing in horrid stripes the burning heart of the volcano. The lava reached the seaport town of Catania, on the upper side of which a wall sixty feet high had been built to protect it against eruptions. The terrible tide rose slowly against that wall — higher and higher — and at last poured over it in a fiery cascade."

"A cataract of lava sixty feet high!" cried Cale Betson. "I wish I could have seen it!"

"The people of Catania were not delighted," said the Professor. "To avert the danger they attempted to turn the stream."

"How could they, if a sixty-foot wall would n't dam it?"

"It had some fifteen miles to flow before reaching the sea. Such thick, heavy stuff does not, when hottest, run like water, and it moves more and more slowly as it cools. It was about three weeks making its way to Catania. By that time a thick crust had formed, confining it at the sides, as the fiery river swelled and heaped itself up within. Often the pressure became so great that the red-hot lava rushed out in a fresh stream at one side. The people of Catania started to break through the crust, in order to draw off in another direction the flood which was pouring down upon their city. But the people of Paterno sent out armed bands to prevent them, as the new current threatened to rush their way."

"How wide was the stream?"

"It was some six hundred yards wide when it reached the sea. The water leaped yelling and howling into the air as the hot lava poured into it; a cloud of steam went up, with roars of thunder, and awful darkness."

The Professor then proceeded to speak of the great eruption of Skapta

Jokul in Iceland, in 1783. The lava flowed in two great rivers, one of which, he said, was fifty miles long, fifteen miles in greatest breadth, and in places six hundred feet deep. Clouds of volcanic dust darkened the island for a whole year, and spread even to the continent of Europe, to countries two thousand miles away.

"How does the crater of a volcano look, anyhow?" Croll Wagner wanted to know. "Is there just one big hole?"

"There are often a good many big holes, as you call them, to one crater, and several craters to one volcano. The principal crater of Mount Etna opens through a cone of stones and ashes over a thousand feet high; from the summit of which one can look down into the craters of many smaller cones about the sides of the mountain, — old Father Etna being surrounded, in fact, by a numerous family of about eighty volcanoes, great and small.

"The huge volcano of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, has many old craters, and new ones are constantly forming. Near the summit is an enormous gulf,

Old Crater of Mauna Loa.

two or three miles across, and six or seven hundred feet deep; its bottom seamed with ridges, and half filled with beds of lava and ashes, from which smoking mounds rise here and there, like so many little volcanoes. On the east side of the same mountain, four thousand feet above the sea, is perhaps the most astonishing crater in the world. It is a thousand feet deep, and at its bottom is a burning lake of liquid lava.

"The ancient crater of Popocatapetl, a thousand feet deep, is now a very

good sulphur-mine. The natives of the country descend into it, by means of a windlass and rope, to gather the sulphur that has collected in caves at the bottom."

"Do all volcanoes throw out the same kind of matter?" some one inquired.

"All lavas are found to be composed of about the same variety of mineral substances; though they vary much in appearance when solidified. There is a kind called obsidian, which has a glassy look, owing to its perfect fusion and sudden cooling."

"I have seen some that was almost as light as wood," said Cale.

"That sort we call pumice; and its porous character is due to innumerable bubbles of steam in the cooling lava. Lava cooling under a pressure makes solid rock. Volcanic ashes are burnt particles of the same material. Some volcanoes emit vast floods of mud. Eruptions of water are still more common. Sometimes fishes have been thrown out.

"Some very curious phenomena," the Professor continued, "are produced by subterranean waters coming in contact with the subterranean heat of the globe. In the volcanic districts of New Zealand there are wonderful boiling lakes. From some of the springs hot water spouts to a great height, in ceaseless quantities. As it is charged with lime, it gives to everything it touches a beautiful alabaster lining. At the outlet of these lakes the water, pouring over the hillside, has formed a series of broad alabaster

Outlet of the Boiling Lakes.

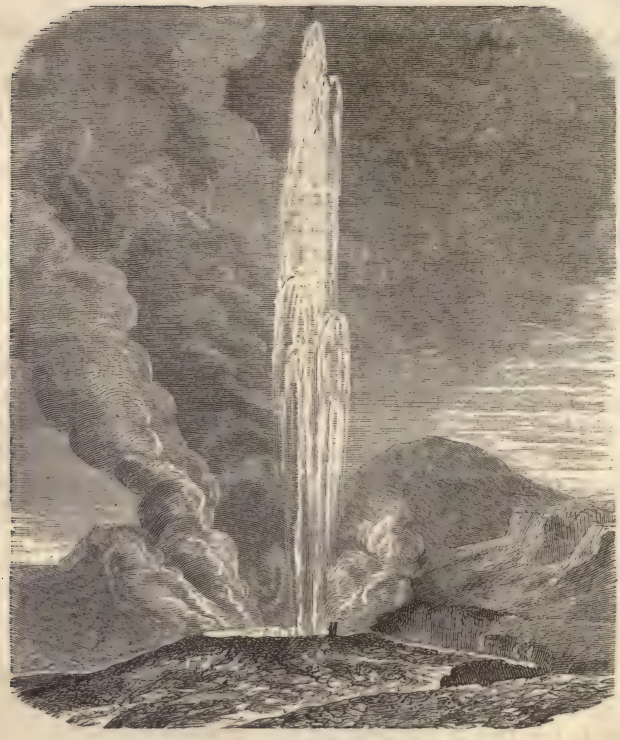
terraces, exquisitely polished, and fringed here and there with stalactites, like icicles.

"California has some remarkable spouting-springs. I will read you a little about them in a book I have here. 'Two miles from the geysers we began to hear them roar like ocean steamers.' *Geyser* is simply the Icelandic word for spouting-spring, you know," the Professor explained. "'Turning a corner,'" he went on, reading and skipping, "'I saw a column of smoke from Steamboat Spring rising fully three hundred feet from the ground. Then we were at the mouth of the Devil's Cañon. The steep walls of the narrow ravine rise from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, — bare, springy, ashen, clayey soil, without the faintest sign of grass or shrub. Soon we were among clouds of steam issuing from the soil at the water's edge; the mud everywhere too hot for one to bear his hand in it. Now we began to encounter hot streams bubbling up beside the creek; some clear and blue; others, within two feet of them, black; some very bitter, forming white incrustations of salt, and others depositing fine-fibred, exquisite flowers of sulphur, like delicate yellow or black moss. Hot, cold, and boiling springs are side by side, each with its own individual hue, blue, brown, black, red, green, yellow, pink, or gray. We passed the Devil's Washbowl, the Devil's Kitchen, and other localities quite as infernal in sound, heat, and smell as in name. The jets of steam and the bubbling up of hot water are curious enough, but the boiling within hundreds of cavities under ground, dimly seen but clearly heard through their narrow mouths, is still more startling and impressive. There are fully one thousand places where steam issues from the banks. At times, the ground shakes so as to rattle the crockery in the hotel one third of a mile away.' *

"But the true geysers, and the most celebrated in the world, are those of Iceland, in the neighborhood of Mount Hecla. Here is what another writer says of the Great Geyser. 'To reach it,' the Professor read, skippingly, as before, 'we had to run the gauntlet of all the pools of boiling water and quagmires of soft clay that intervened, and consequently arrived at the spot with our ankles nicely poulticed. A smooth, silicious basin seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, with a hole in the bottom, as in a washing-bowl on board a steamer, stood before us, brim full of water just upon the simmer, while up into the air above our heads rose a great column of vapor, looking as if it were going to turn into the fisherman's Genie. Suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity of subterranean cannon were going off. The whole earth shook. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprang into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky.' †

* Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi."

† Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes."



The Great Geyser.

"These eruptions," said the Professor, "last only a few minutes, then the water falls, and the pool becomes quiet again for some hours."

"How high does the thing spout?" Croll Wagner inquired.

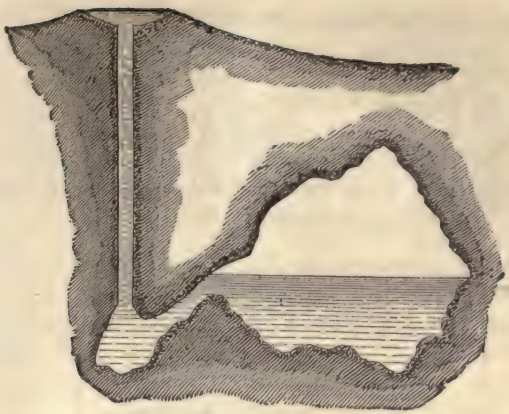
"Sometimes two or three hundred feet, so travellers say; but oftener no more than sixty or seventy feet, I believe."

"Why don't it spout all the while, instead of jumping up so by fits and starts?"

"It is, in fact, a flowing spring at all times except for a little while after each eruption. The great pipe which throws up the column is supposed to open into the side, near the bottom, of a partly filled water-cavern, deep in the earth. The upper part of the cavern is filled with steam generated by the heated water. The steam is constantly struggling to expand; and when its power is sufficient to counterbalance the weight of water in the pipe, it blows it out. Then all is quiet again, while more steam collects."

"How many such geysers are there in Iceland?"

"There are about a hundred hot springs scattered over the space of a few hundred acres. Some flow constantly; others only at intervals. But only one or two rival in interest the Great Geyser. There was once a



Plan of Geyser.

Roaring Geyser, but it ceased roaring at the time of the earthquake in 1789, when another in the neighborhood, called the Great Strokr, or Big Churn, broke forth. There is also a Little Strokr. Steam seems to be a chief agent in all such intermittent flowing springs."

"I have been thinking," I said, "that steam, too, is a chief agent in volcanic eruptions. It seems to me that these are often the result of water breaking into the heated recesses of the earth's crust."

"That is very probable," said the Professor. "The fact that nearly all the active volcanoes on the globe are in the vicinity of the sea goes to support that theory. Yet, after all, boys, how little we really know on this subject! What marvels there are in this earth beneath our feet, — what hidden waters, vast caves, gulfs of fiery lava, — we can only conjecture, while we bow our foreheads reverently to the Author of All, and say of the earth, as has been said of man, that it is 'fearfully and wonderfully made!'"

So saying he closed his books and bade us good night.

Augustus Holmes.

IF.

IF I were a school-teacher like Miss Snapp,
And she were a scholar like me,
O gracious, what lessons I'd give her to learn,
What sums in the Rule of Three!
And how, if she didn't forever behave
In just the most saintly of ways,
Her ears should be slapped and her buns locked up,
Her recess withheld for days!

If I were as clever as Laura Sharp,
  And she were as stupid as I,
What thorough delight it would give me to act
  As monitor, meddler, and spy!
And how I should tattle of all that she did,
  In Laura's contemptible style,
And smile, when she blundered in spelling or French,
  That horrid, unmerciful smile!

If I were a beauty like Rosa Bell,
  And she were a fright like myself,
What saucy remarks I should constantly make
  To vex her, — the proud little elf!
What fun I should poke at her freckles, her nose,
  Her elbows, her knuckles, her hair,
And all with that delicate titter of hers,
  That stingingly lady-like air!

But then I am merely supposing, of course,
  Impossible things. Who can tell
What truly would happen if truly I were
  Miss Snapp, Laura Sharp, Rosa Bell?
Perhaps I should pity (revenge is so mean!)
  And help them and love them, all three,
And do unto others as I myself would
  That others should do unto me!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SYL.

IT was just five o'clock, and Em and Sue and Jessie Mayo were all on the watch for Doctor Tom's carriage, which they expected presently would come whirling round the corner, bringing Doctor Tom to see poor little Jessie, whose lame ankle he was trying to cure.

The doctor's whole name was Thomas Harrison, but people called him Doctor Tom, to distinguish him from his father, who was also a physician. These little Mayo girls thought there was nobody like Doctor Tom. Three weeks ago, when they were told that he was coming to see Jessie, they had cried out against it; for three weeks ago they had a positive dread of him, — a prejudice such as older people take sometimes for just as little reason. All they knew of Doctor Tom was from the glimpses they had caught of him whirling through the streets of Marystown, — a great dark-bearded man in a little high carriage, looking for all the world, they said,

like the giant in the black tower. Jessie cried when her father brought him in to see her; but in five minutes she was lying against Doctor Tom's arm and laughing up in his great bearded face as if she had known him all her life. That was the way Doctor Tom won people to like him and to trust him. It was a "way" that grew out of his kind heart, his sunny, genial nature. In three or four days Em and Sue had got over *their* dread of him too; and in three or four more days they began to watch daily for his coming, at the long south window that fronted the corner of the street, — just as they are watching now when my story begins; with Jessie perched up in a great cushioned chair, and Em and Sue leaning against the sash, and playing a tune on the panes with their finger-tips.

"It 's half-past five; I don't believe he is coming," says Sue, at length, in a disappointed voice.

"He *will* come, for he *always* comes," was Jessie's decided reply. Then there was a few minutes' silence, when the only sounds were the ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat, and Em and Sue's tap, tap, tapping on the window-pane.

"But perhaps somebody is very sick, you know, and then — "

"Don't," Em's soft voice interposed, — "don't; it plagues Jessie to talk so to her when she 's tired and worried."

"I did n't *mean* to plague her," Sue answered, quite as softly now.

Sue never meant to plague Jessie, as she said. But Sue was one of those persons who never know when to say things and when *not* to say them. She had n't that quality which is called "tact," and which enables people to understand other people's feelings, and seems to tell them when to speak and what to speak. But she was the best-hearted little thing in the world, and she was very glad to be the first to cry out the good news that Doctor Tom was actually coming. Yes, there he was, nodding and smiling at them out of the little high carriage, that the big bay horse was whirling round the corner. "O, I 'm *so* glad! I thought you were n't coming, Doctor Tom," Sue exclaimed, as she opened the door for him.

"But I knew you *would!*" Jessie declared stoutly, and smiling out of her late tears up into the doctor's face.

"That 's right; you always believe in me, don't you, Jessie?"

"Yes, always," Jessie answered, heartily, "for you always do just what you say you will."

"Do I? Well, that 's good to hear. But what are the tears for, eh?"

"I — got mad with Sue for saying you would n't come."

"Got mad with Sue, eh? What a little savage you are, Jessie!" and the doctor shook his head at her, and laughed in his gay way.

"Sue plagued her, fussing about the time, — that it was too late for you," whispered Em, who always was for excusing matters for Jessie.

The doctor laughed again, pulled one of Sue's long curls, called her a little marplot and a false prophet, and then, when all three were laughing with him, he turned and lifted Jessie out of her chair upon his knee.

"Now, Jessie, what do you say to *my* plaguing you?"

"But you never plague me."

"O yes, I do, when I hurt the poor little ankle, you know."

"O Doctor Tom, are you going to hurt me to-night?"

"I 'm afraid I am, my child. Now, Sue, run and find your mother, and ask her to bring me some bandages and cotton-wool, and we 'll have the ankle put into a new brace in a very short time."

"O Doctor Tom, I wish *I* could run away from *you*, — I do, I do!" cried poor Jessie.

"If you could run away from me, you poor little lame kitten, you would n't need me to help you. But you do need me, you know, and here I am, and here *you* are, where you can't get away, and where you don't want to, because you *do* want me to straighten this crooked ankle. There, here is mamma." By this time Doctor Tom and Em had got Jessie's boot and brace and stocking off. All was ready for the new brace, which was, like the old one, made of strips and bands of brass, but a little straighter than the other, as every new one would be, until the ankle had grown into its right shape. First, however, there was a preparation to be applied, which Doctor Tom came every night to apply himself. This was not painful, — at least there was only a little sting and a burn to it, Jessie said; but she did n't dread it at all. The putting on of a fresh brace was another thing. Jessie knew very well, and the doctor knew very well, that this would be painful, because the ankle was very much distorted and very sensitive about the nerves and muscles. But the new brace must go on. "And you must bear it as well as you can, Jessie; and you *can* be very brave!" Saying this, the doctor slipped her softly into her mother's arms. While her mother held her tightly, Jessie suddenly became conscious of a firm hand upon her ankle, then the doctor's voice exclaimed, "Now then!" and Jessie felt as if she had been a little soldier and her captain's call had sounded; and with this feeling upon her she shut her teeth close together and only gave one deep sigh at the pain that followed. "That 's my brave girl!" exclaimed the doctor a moment after, when it was all over. "As brave as the bravest indeed! or as brave as little Syl used to be, which is more definite praise, and quite as decided."

"Who is little Syl?" asked Em, wonderingly.

"Little Syl? Well, I used to think she was a fairy, an elf, and sometimes a little dryad that had slipped from some rose-tree's bark. There!" and Doctor Tom laughed his gayest laugh; "now you 'll want to know about the dryad, I suppose, as well as about little Syl. Mrs. Mayo, I 'll tell you what you 'll have to do. You 'll have to invite me to stay to tea, and then I can tell these little girls the story I see they are longing to hear."

"O goody, goody!" shrieked Sue, in an ecstasy of delight at this announcement. Jessie flushed the color of the pinks in the garden, but Em, who was always thinking things out, said suddenly, with a bright smile, "Ah, Doctor Tom, this is because Jessie was so good and brave. This is the way you are going to pay her."

The children all laughed. "Don't talk about my paying anybody for being

good and brave, — I never can do that; but I sometimes like to please the people who have pleased me. And so," said the doctor, "I am going to tell you all a story after supper; — there goes the tea-bell now! Heigho, Jessie!" and up went Jessie upon Doctor Tom's great broad shoulder, held safely by one of his strong hands as he marched with her out to the tea-table.

It was the merriest, pleasantest tea-drinking that ever was thought of; so merry and pleasant that Jessie almost forgot the new brace and the new pain that came with it. I think she must have forgotten it quite, when, a little while after, they drew around the bright wood-fire in the sitting-room to listen to the doctor's story of little Syl.

"In the first place," began the doctor, "I must tell you about the dryads, so that you 'll know why I likened little Syl to one. Hundreds of years ago, when what we now call ancient Greece was a new country, there sprang up from old Egyptian superstitions the lovely fancies which we call myths. The Greeks were a poetical people, and they supposed that every tree and rock and river and mountain had a spirit of its own which reigned over it in some mortal form. They called the spirits of the woods and forests dryads. Each tree was supposed to have a beautiful fairy, dwelling somewhere out of sight of mortal eyes, except on some occasions, when it would, as Mr. Tennyson, the great poet, says, 'slip the bark,' and come forth in wonderful beauty. Well, you see, my little girls, people year after year have read about these myths, until when they want to express something that seems inexpressible in ordinary ways they are apt to remember one of those pretty poetic fancies, as I did when I said that I used to think little Syl was a dryad that had slipped from some rose-tree's bark. Now I 'll tell you all about her, and you 'll see how my fancy fitted her.

"When I came home from Germany and Paris six years ago, I went into my uncle's office in New York for a while, before I came here to take my father's patients. Everybody has, I suppose, in his profession, or tastes, what physicians call a specialty; that is, in our Yankee language, a particular knack for some one thing, — just as Jessie here can draw the most wonderful paper-dolls, all out of her own head as you say, which means all by that natural knack she has. Well, my knack turned out to be putting people's legs and arms into the right place, when they had got out of it. And when I came back from the German and French hospitals, where I had been studying all about this, and went into my uncle's office, he always took me with him when he had a case of a misshapen limb; and by and by, when I became better known, I would go by myself. So it happened that I was sent one day to see little Sylvie Lamonte. It was a lovely day in the early part of June, and I remember how I enjoyed my ride through the wide streets, with the light June wind blowing up to me the sweet scents from the shrubs and the daffodils in the little city grass-plats in front of the fine houses. It was at one of these houses that I at last reined up.

"A servant ushered me into the drawing-room, and as I supposed went in search of Madame Lamonte. I waited a few minutes, and, no one appearing,

I became rather impatient, — for I was very busy that day, — and in my impatience I got up and walked across the room to look at a picture on the wall. As I did so I saw a more wonderful picture than that. The apartment I was in was very long, and opened into another and smaller one. In this smaller one, at the far end, by a low open window, I saw a little girl about Jessie's height, but a year or two older. Sylvie was in her eighth or ninth year, I forget which. This little girl presented the most singular aspect as she stood there in a long dressing-gown of a faint blue, with the palest flaxen hair floating in a waving mass half-way down her back, — hair so light in texture that the gentle June breeze, that scarcely stirred the curtains, would blow it out until it looked like a film, or a thin veil of gold-lace, if you can imagine such a thing. She stood quite still, with one little thin hand stretched forth as if in beckoning to some one she saw in the garden beyond.

"As I knew that this must be Sylvie, my patient, I walked down the long drawing-room towards her. As I entered the smaller room where she was standing, the fall of my foot upon the Indian matting reached her ear. Without moving her body, she turned her head quickly over her shoulder, and, without seeming in the least surprised at seeing a stranger, motioned with one hand, in a most expressive gesture, for me to remain where I was. The next moment she resumed a succession of trills and soft calls and sweet dropping notes, so like a bird's, that I had thought all the time the musician was a canary that I had noticed in a little cage. But I found the canary was only a stuffed one, and that the bird-voice belonged to Sylvie. As she waved me back, and as I heard these various notes from her, I remained silent where she had motioned me, much as if she had been a small fairy who had spelled me into a moveless statue by the waft of her tiny hand. She went on with her bird-notes and with the beckoning of her little thin white hand, which looked like the flutter of a white wing. Presently I saw what it all meant. In the garden beyond, on tree and shrub and bush, were perched a lovely company of doves. Sylvie was talking to them; she was entreating them to come to her."

"O Doctor Tom, you are telling a fairy story!" Sue cried out here, as if she had detected the doctor in a piece of treachery.

"Not a bit of a fairy story, my dear, unless you choose to call Sylvie a fairy; and you know I told you in the beginning that I used to think she might be one. No, I am telling you a true story of a veritable little girl who had that peculiar sympathy with Nature that was like a gift. It is not by any means so strange a thing as it seems to you, Sue, though it *is* rare. I know a lady in Salem who has been in the habit of walking over a particular field every day for years, and in this walk she has always taken great notice of the birds, because she has a great love for them; and great love is always born of great sympathy, I think. It is like the knack I spoke of, — a gift from God that attracts one to a certain object, and gives, through that attraction, a power to be, or to do, a special thing. Well, this lady of whom I speak was born with this attraction and fondness

for birds; and so she got into such sympathy with the little creatures, that when she walked through the field, if she looked up and called them with a few soft notes in imitation of a bird's voice, they would come fluttering round her. Some would even alight upon her shoulder and eat of the seed or crumbs or sugar she was very sure to have with her.

"Remembering this, I knew at once, when I saw the doves in the garden, and heard Sylvie calling with such soft notes, that she had this gift of love for them, and that they had found it out. 'Coo, coo, tweet, tweet, sweet, sweet,' these notes seemed to say, and flutter, flutter went the dove-wings, and nearer and nearer they approached at the gentle invitation. 'Coo, coo, tweet, tweet, sweet, sweet,' and pretty soon one, bolder than the others, alighted upon the low window-sill; another followed, then another and another. Then the first comer flew straight, as if to a perch, upon the beckoning hand. It was not long before they were all flying about her, answering her sweet notes with their own twittering talk, some close at her feet, others hovering over her head, while her sweet pale face was

lifted up with a smile of perfect enjoyment and content. As I stood and looked at her, I thought of all the stories of fairies and dryads I had ever read, — specially the dryads. I pleased myself fancying her a little spirit of pale bloom, that had slipped for the time from some delicate rose-tree; and I thought that if a bee were to find its way to her it would probably recognize an old acquaintance.

"I watched the pretty scene awhile, quite forgetting the calls I had to make, and almost forgetting my errand with this little fairy Sylvie herself. But I was recalled by the striking of a clock. This sound, too, seemed to recall Miss Sylvie to a recollection of something else than her feathered visitors, for she suddenly gave me a quick glance over her shoulder, and then, turning to the doves, began another series of cooing notes, while she in some way, by little wafts of her hands, gave them to understand that she was bidding them good by. They appeared to comprehend very readily, for in a few minutes, with a whole chorus of soft gurgling notes, they spread their wings and flew away into the garden. Then the small enchantress, the conjurer of this fairy scene, turned to me. A pale spirit of bloom she indeed looked, if you can call it bloom which was the most waxen white you ever saw, or like that thin inner petal of the pond-lily. And then with her large unnaturally bright blue eyes with dusky rims, — shadows of suffering, — and the long floating veil of hair, she seemed to me the strangest and prettiest object I had ever seen. As she turned towards me, I took a step forward to meet her, for I saw that she was very lame and could only walk with a little low crutch. Before I could think what to say to her she was talking to me.

"'I am Sylvie Lamonte,' she began, 'and you are the doctor — Doctor Harrison, are n't you? — who is going to cure me, so that I can walk without this crutch.'

"'Yes,' I told her, I was Doctor Harrison, and I hoped to cure her.

"'But so many have tried to cure me,' she went on, — 'so many; and they have all given it up, and maybe you 'll have to give it up, and give me up too.' By this time she had got herself into an arm-chair, with a quick dexterity that surprised me.

"'O no,' I told her, I should n't give her up very easily, but I must make an examination at once, to see what I could do. 'Shall I ring and send for your mother to come, or shall we go up to her?' I asked. But as I put my hand upon the bell-rope she cried out, hastily, 'O no, no, don't ring, nobody ever comes, — nobody but Jeannette!'

"'But who is with you, my dear?' I asked, hastily, — 'who is with you and holds you when the doctor makes an examination?'

"'Mamma sends Jeannette sometimes, and sometimes Ursule, but they cry out so and make such times over me that they worry me; so I send them away, and do very well by myself. I keep very quiet, I don't move if you tell me not, and I make such little groans that the doctors don't mind.'

"Her quaint way of talking came from her being with French people. The reason she did n't talk French altogether was because her mother was an English lady and had taught her her own language; but she had lived in France so much, and with the French, that she could chatter much more rapidly in French than in English. When she told me about her little groans that the doctors did n't mind, as if what the doctors thought and felt was of more consequence than herself, I was more touched than I can express to you.

"'But your mother,' I said, 'should be told that Jeannette and Ursule trouble you too much, and then she will come herself.'

"'Mamma come!' she exclaimed, looking up at me in amazement. 'Mamma — mamma is — did n't you know? — sick always — invalid, that is what they call it. So you see she could not come, and Jeannette and Ursule never tell her. I do not let them tell her that I have no one to hold me, because she would fret about it, and perhaps send for some one, some stranger to come; and I don't want some stranger; I like Jeannette and Ursule better than some stranger, but I want nobody to hold me but Sylvie'; and here she laughed a little at herself and her fun. I laughed with her, as if I thought it was the most cheerful thing in the world, — but I thought it the most pitiful thing, that this poor little girl should thus be left with no kind motherly friend to tend her in her pain, with no one but 'Sylvie,' as she had so blithely declared.

"Meanwhile she slipped off her shoe and stocking, and I saw the twisted, misshapen ankle that I was to set right if I could. It was far worse than yours, Jessie, for it had probably been neglected for a long time, and then ignorantly treated in so many ways that inflammation and swelling had aggravated it into one of the worst cases I had ever seen. Big fellow that I am, I could scarcely keep the tears from my eyes when I first looked upon this, and saw all that the little creature had suffered, and had yet to suffer. But I was determined that she should not suffer alone any more. Heroism is a very good thing, but sometimes it kills people, and I saw that if I wanted to cure my little dryad she must be taken care of and not left in such loneliness. So after I had examined the ankle, and bathed it in some soft healing lotion, I said that I must see her mother and talk with her about some new arrangements and plans. Sylvie looked troubled. 'Would n't it do to send Jeannette or Ursule, or could n't you write it on a piece of paper, and let it be taken up to her? Mamma does n't like to be disturbed,' she said, anxiously.

"No, I told her, I must see her mamma myself. Upon this the bell was pulled, and, Jeannette appearing, Sylvie, in rapid French, told her to go to mamma and tell her that the doctor, the new doctor, must see her. Presently Jeannette came back, and I was shown into a large room so dark that I could not at first perceive an object in it. At last I saw a little figure — it looked hardly larger than Sylvie's — lying back in a great easy-chair, and a voice that sounded very much like Sylvie's asked me to sit down. I found a chair, and as quickly as I could told Madame Lamonte that if I did anything for her little girl I must have with her constantly a nurse of my own choosing and instruction. Madame Lamonte made no objection I was to have any one I pleased, she said, if Sylvie was suited; but Sylvie did not like strangers. So I bade Madame Lamonte good morning; and in a few minutes I had convinced Sylvie that she would like this dreaded 'stranger' very well.

"In a few days my words proved true. I could make another story telling you about Miss Annie Tenney, the lady whom I persuaded to go and take

care of Sylvie, for Miss Annie was one of those persons who seem to be born to be mothers to the motherless and sisters to the sisterless. She won all hearts at once by her tender sweetness and goodness; and she won Sylvie's, as I knew she would. Held in her kind arms, Sylvie used to submit to my treatment of her ankle with the greatest patience and courage, only making now and then her 'little groans' as she called them. Once when I knew the pain was very hard I said to her, 'Cry out, Sylvie, as loudly as you please, don't stifle yourself with those little groans.'

"'Mamma's room is over this, and if she heard me it might kill her. I heard a doctor tell her once that a shock would kill her; and *my* pain won't kill *me*.' So the brave little thing went on from day to day, from week to week, and month to month, for the year that I attended her. In all this time she never made a complaint to the frail little mother up stairs. Love for this mother had taught her to be unselfish, to control herself that she might not give pain to her. And it was real control, learned from love, for Sylvie was by no means angelic in her nature. She was quick in her temper, and as high-spirited as Em's little Mexican pony. Sometimes I would find her shut up in the small sitting-room at the end of the drawing-rooms with traces of hot tears upon her cheeks; and at my question of the cause she would usually tell me that Sylvie had been cross, or that she had been having a fuss with Jeannette and Ursule, and had behaved very badly to them. Once I asked Jeannette about it, and she confessed that Mademoiselle had got into a pet with them because they had scared the doves away by calling her to dinner. But these pets usually ended in great penitence; and, as I say, she would go and shut herself up for punishment; for she was a generous, noble-souled little thing, and hated to find herself guilty of injustice to anybody. But bless my heart! here it is nearly ten o'clock, and Jessie's eyes are almost closed."

"O no, no, I 'm just as wide awake as I can be!" cried Jessie, opening those sleepily closing eyes very wide. And "Don't go, don't go!" pleaded Em and Sue. But the doctor began to button up his coat.

"Well, tell us before you go if little Syl got well!" Jessie exclaimed, in great excitement, as the doctor turned towards the door.

"Yes, little Syl got well, and last week when I was in New York I went to see her, and found her in the garden running about, looking for her spring daffodils and chirping out her bird-notes to the doves. I have a promise from her mother that she shall visit me here in Marystown this summer, and if she does you 'll have a gay time with each other. She can make paper-dolls almost as well as you can, Jessie."

Doctor Tom laughed and turned again to the door, when Jessie called out, "I 'll never make a fuss again, doctor, and I won't be cross any more about my ankle. I 'll think how little Syl bore it, and only make 'little groans.'"

"That 's right, that 's right," answered the doctor from the doorway; and then he waved his hat to them, and Em and Sue and Jessie joined in a chorus of thanks and good-bys.

Nora Perry.

A LULLABY.

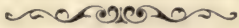
HUSH, hush, my sweet;
Rest, rest thy tired feet;
Forget the storms and tears of thy brief hours;
There 's naught shall thee distress,
Wrapt in sleep's blissfulness,
Crowned by a dream of flowers.

Hush, dearest, hush;
May no intruder brush
From off thy bloomy cheek the downy kiss;
May no unquiet fly
Go rudely buzzing by,
To snatch away thy bliss.

May dreams enchanted spread
A pillow for thy head,
And hang a curtain 'twixt thee and the sun;
While smiles shall overflow
Thy rosy lips, as though
The angels' whispers were too sweet for one.

Then sleep, my baby, dear;
Yet, lest the traitor, Fear,
Should cry, "The child will waken nevermore!"
Stir in thy dreams anon,
Bidding the thought begone,
And lift thine eyes to bless me as before!

Mary N. Prescott.



HOW SOME BOSTON FELLOWS "TREED" A FOX.

THIS is n't an old story, or a fiction, or anything of that sort. The thing happened on the 9th of last November, 1870, down in Maine. I say "down," because all the rest of the country seems to have the impression that Maine is *down*, geographically; though being farther north than the rest of the country, it ought to be "up," according to my way of thinking. But call it "down" if you like.

All through the fall the Edwards boys, Tom and "Midge" (we call him

Midge because he 's such a little spud of a fellow), and myself had been planning to do a little fox-hunting, after the first snows had come. There were foxes about, though we did n't often get sight of them. Indeed, they would have to be very plenty for us to see many by daylight. For Reynard, you must know, is a rogue by practice, and without doubt by nature, — a regular cracksman among the quadrupeds, and nearly always in the way of the law. So, like a true "professional," he keeps pretty close by day, though always on the lookout for "openings," when there are no spectators.

By going out and listening, however, almost any evening, we could hear his short, sharp bark off on some bare ridge, or down by the brook; and out in the cleared fields we had frequently heard him "mousing" round the stone-heaps, — making a low, squeaking noise to call out the field-mice which had their nests there. For it is a great mistake to suppose that cats enjoy a monopoly of mouse-catching. Tabby is but a bungler in the business at best. Your great solemn owl is the champion mouse-catcher. One owl will catch more mice than a dozen cats. And Reynard himself, although as a gentleman sportsman he much prefers partridges, turkeys, and an occasional goose, will, upon a pinch, turn to as a mouser and prosecute the business with a dexterity cats never dreamed of.

As a preliminary step to our fox-hunting, we had invested in a hound, a great spotted, flap-eared chap with the usual hollow, froggy voice, which comes out, when he runs, just so much at a time and at every other leap.

Snow was now the only thing wanted to enable us to commence operations. For it does n't do much good to chase a fox on bare ground with our common hounds; at least we don't often do it.

A few inches of snow, especially if it be damp and accompanied by a little rain, not only renders the track plainly visible, but makes the fox's "bush" so heavy that its weight soon tires him. It began to snow up here on Monday, the last day of October; and Tuesday morning, November 1st, the ground was covered to the depth of several inches. We were out early; there were plenty of tracks, and, selecting a fresh one, we laid on the hound. Away he went baying steadily. After dodging about for an hour or so in a swamp, the fox ran off to the higher lands to the northward, where, after "circling" twice around a high, bare hill we call the "Hard-scrabble," he "took the ground" in an old burrow. Crowbars and shovels were brought up, and after a couple of hours of good, honest digging he was unearthed, seized by the hound and despatched. It was n't a "silver-gray" or a "woods-gray," — nothing but a common red fox. Still we felt pretty well satisfied; we had secured the game, at any rate, and thus shown that we *could* hunt and catch a fox, — a point upon which some of the senior members of our respective families had been a little sceptical.

During the day the snow had melted off, and we were waiting for another storm, when our prospects were most unexpectedly darkened by the arrival in the neighborhood of three fellows from the city, who came up ("down," I mean) on the afternoon stage, and went into quarters at the tavern out

at the "Corners." Midge had been there when the stage came; and what he now told us concerning them was anything but satisfactory. They had brought, he said, four hounds, a lot of guns and rifles in long green covers, and a whole chestful of traps, shot-pouches, shooting-jackets, etc. And Midge had heard them telling the landlord that they had come down expressly to have some sport fox-hunting, and that they might stay a month, perhaps, if they found game to their liking. After they had gone out to supper, Midge had examined the register, and seen the names of "Archer," "Newcome," and "Bragdon," all of Boston.

"Plague take 'em!" was all we could say. Their coming had just spoiled all our plans. Perhaps they *did* have as much right to hunt as we had. But we could n't see it so exactly; we were the "oldest proprietors" at any rate, and we felt as if they had no business to get in our way. Consequently it was in no very amiable mood that we listened to the baying of their hounds the next morning.

All that day, and during the two following days, they were out, hallooing, *stebboying*, and now and then firing off guns. We soon discovered, however, from their motions, that they were green, grass-green, at the business; that was some satisfaction. Foxes, when chased by the hounds, nearly always "circle" around some hill, or range of hills. But Messrs. Archer, Newcome, and Bragdon evidently knew nothing of the advantage usually taken of this fact, namely, to make the dogs relieve each other by taking them off and laying them on afresh, also by waiting for the fox at some point along his circuit and thus shooting him as he comes round. And we presently learned at the Corners that they had n't met with great success, — in fact, had n't got a fox. But it amounted to much the same to us. For with the outrageous din they were keeping up, every fox would soon leave the township.

It began snowing again on the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th the ground was white once more. A rare chance; but, hearing their hounds out as early as six o'clock, we held back. We did n't care to get in their way. For they were a pretty saucy, flashy-looking trio; and there was no knowing what *unpleasantness* might result to boys, like us, from running across them on their war-path.

During the day they *ran* a fox up to the "Hardscrabble," where he began circling around the base of the hill, as ours had done. Looking up from the flat below, we could see the chase, upon the southward side, quite plainly. They would be near an hour making the circuit, which might have been from five to six miles in extent. The hounds were apparently pretty well tired down, and the fox was fully half a mile in advance of them. He still seemed pretty well to do, running by fits and starts and keeping his "bush" up off the snow. And over on the crest of the opposite ridge, across the deep, wooded valley, we espied our city friends, seemingly jaded as their hounds, ogling the steep, rough sides of the "Hardscrabble" with an air of leg-weary desperation.

"Now if they only knew enough," exclaimed Tom, "to cross over and

lie in wait for the fox, somewhere along the path he 's running on, they might shoot him as easily as not, when he comes round again."

"Of course," said Midge; "but that 's what 's the matter with them; they don't know enough. Dare say they never saw a fox nearer than this one."

"And they 're never like to at this rate," said Tom. "Should think they might get discouraged after a while."

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Midge, suddenly. "Let 's play a little game on them. Get the gun and come on, quick!"

"Why, what will you do?" said Tom.

"O, I 'll tell you. Come on!"

The fox had just passed along the south side of the hill; we ran up the valley on the opposite side from our Boston friends, keeping well out of sight; and going up through the hemlock growth to the foot of the hill we soon came upon the track. The next thing was to find a good hiding-place. There was a clump of low spruces, some eight or ten rods off. Here we concealed ourselves, and waited for the fox to come round again.

"It 's rather a saucy trick, Midge, to shoot the fox out from before their hounds," said I.

"I know that well enough," said he. "But they shall have their fox all safe and right. We 'll have some fun with them, though."

In about forty minutes we again heard the hounds coming round the foot of the hill; and presently the fox appeared, trotting leisurely along with his tongue out a little. 'T was a fair "woods-gray," a beauty, with a "bush" as large as the sleeve of your great-coat. Occasionally he would stop, cock his ear and listen, then lick the snow a moment and scuttle away again. As soon as he had come up opposite our hiding-place, Midge fired and dropped him.

"Now for a sell!" he exclaimed, throwing down the gun. "If the hounds come up before I get him placed, you keep them off."

There was a large yellow birch, with low, trailing limbs, standing near the track; such as you often see out in the pastures. Catching up the fox, Midge trailed him along to the root of the tree, then, slinging him over his shoulder, climbed rapidly up and placed the carcass in as natural a position as possible among the topmost branches. This done, he as quickly descended, and brushing out his tracks with a spruce bough, came back to our lurking-place. It was rather a ludicrous spectacle certainly. For, of course, to a person knowing anything about a fox, his habits, toe-nails, etc., the idea of one climbing a tree must be wholly preposterous and whimsical.

In a few minutes the hounds came up, and running to the tree snuffed round a little; when, suddenly discovering the fox aloft, they began yelping and whining, as is their custom when sighting game. We kept quiet, waiting for the hunters. It was too far for them to have heard our gun; but they would doubtless come round soon. So we waited with great patience, in anticipation of a rich thing. In the course of an hour and a half we

began to hear voices, and, peering out from among the thick spruces, saw them come out in sight of the tree and the now clamorous dogs.

"Hillo! 'pon my soul," quoth Mr. Archer, "they 've treed him at last! See him look down at them!"

"Did n't know they climbed trees before," said Newcome.

"Ah, that 's because you 're not posted, Fred!" cried Bragdon.

"Well, did you now?" inquired the *not posted* Newcome.

"*I?* Well, I don't know that I did. But they do, it appears."

"There 's evidence for you, at any rate!" exclaimed Archer.

"Well, what 's to be done?" demanded Bragdon.

"Done! why, shoot him, I suppose," said Archer. "We 've treed him, and the next thing is to bag him."

"Let 's all fire together," suggested Newcome, "so as to be *sure* of him."

They were seven or eight rods off; and, raising their guns, Bragdon counted (as if it had been a duel) one, two, three, and they all blazed away, Archer dropping his gun as it went off; at which we crammed our mouths

with snow to keep from roaring. Some of their shot must have hit the carcass; for it swayed a moment, then came tumbling to the ground. The

dogs rushed upon it; and it was pretty well chewed up before the "sportsmen" could get it from them. So they did n't attempt to skin it, but contented themselves with cutting off the tail, — "English style," they called it, — with which they departed, in great good-humor, and not a whit the wiser for the trick that had been played on them.

We ran home, and, hastily swallowing our suppers, betook ourselves to the tavern to hear their story. It was now evening, and the usual bar-room company had collected. Our sportsmen had just come in, bringing poor Reynard's tail as their trophy.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Uncle Pete Emery, an old merry-andrew of the first water. "So you 've got him at last!"

"Yes, siree, my old buck!" cried Archer, slapping the old fellow on the shoulder. "Rather a nice job too! Hounds treed him handsomely!"

"Treed him! Treed him!" exclaimed everybody.

"Yes, treed him," repeated Archer. "In a pretty high tree too. Forty feet from the ground, sure!"

Now the evening assemblage at the Corners tavern is never in any state of the weather a very intellectual one, but they could n't stand that anyhow. A great and mighty silence succeeded this unparalleled announcement, broken at first by a few incredulous "whews" and whistles, and then by a roar of laughter. Archer stared contemptuously around. Bragdon asserted, protested, and declared upon "his word and honor" that it was so. The uproar redoubled. It seemed as if those old fellows would split themselves. It was very evident they had n't the slightest intention of believing a word of it. Archer and Bragdon now flared up. "They reckoned they knew what they had seen, and what they had done; and they were not to be sneezed at by any such crowd as the one now present. In short, if that beastly haw-hawing was n't shut off, somebody might get punched." But just then supper was called; and having been out all day they concluded to devour the supper instead of the crowd.

As soon as they had gone out Midge told the whole story, amid a chorus of laughter. And under the circumstances *we* judged it prudent to withdraw before they came in again. So I can't describe the *dénouement.* I have been told, though, that it took them down prodigiously. At any rate, they left the next morning, hounds and all. But they sent Midge the present of a first-rate rifle, with their "compliments"; and the old fellows out at the tavern speak of them in the very highest terms. So I must needs acknowledge that they did the handsome thing by us all.

I can't help hoping this may come to their eyes. If so, they may know by this token that we still take a fox up here now and then, but that we have n't heard of any being "treed" round here since the 9th of November.

C. A. Stephens.

FIFTEEN YEARS HENCE.

I WAS seated in my perch in the apple-tree, one very warm day last June, with a book in my hand, alternately reading, and then gazing on the lovely landscape which lay before me. My book was not very entertaining, and after perseveringly trying for about a quarter of an hour to get interested in the plot, I was gradually lulled to sleep by the sweet summer breeze that wafted to me the fragrant smell of clover and fresh green grass from fields and meadows far away.

I dreamed that my darling wish had at length been realized. I had visited Europe, and after an absence of many years was returning to my native place, which I had left a respectable little village, but which my friends had informed me in their letters I would never know, it had grown so and was so very much improved.

I dreamed I was on the train and the conductor was approaching me. Conductor, did I say? — rather conductress, for such was the label fastened on her hat. Yes, it was a woman in bloomer costume, who passed energetically down the aisle, saying, "Tickets, if you please," to the passengers. My blood fairly froze when she approached me, but I managed to get a good look at her. She was young and rather good-looking, and not at all disagreeable. Of course I had read of such things in the papers, while I was abroad, but the first shock completely overpowered me.

The train at last reached D——, and our conductress opened the door, and informed us of the name of the place. I gathered up my various bundles, shawls, etc., and proceeded to go out.

Instead of being immediately besieged by cries of "Want a hack?" as soon as I stepped from the car, another woman came up to me and asked if I wished to go to the best hotel in the city. I said that I did, and she replied, "Then step right down here, please"; and, looking down, I discovered a flight of stairs leading to a very pretty drawing-room, where several passengers were already seated. Some were reading, and one young lady was playing on a piano that stood in one corner of the room, for it was brilliantly lighted by means of some wonderful electric apparatus.

"But what is this?" I asked, amazed.

She regarded me a moment with a look of curiosity, and then smilingly said, "Why, it 's the Underground Railway that will take you directly to the hotel."

At this I was satisfied, and took my seat. We went with terrific speed, and reached the hotel in about a minute. We stepped directly from the car into an elevator, which took us to our rooms.

The next morning, wishing to see some of my old friends, I immediately set out for my brother's. Having reached the house, the door was opened by a very respectable-looking man. "Well," I thought to myself, "Tom is really getting stylish, — such a beautiful house with a man to attend to the door, — it 's quite surprising."

The man put my card in a little box, which was arranged on one side of the wall, and giving it a knock, it rushed up the wall in a most alarming manner, and finally disappeared. Presently it appeared again, with a slip of paper inside, on which was written, "Ask the lady if it would be too much trouble to come up stairs." On my saying that it would not, I was conducted to an elevator, which soon brought me to a room where my brother was seated, with one child on his lap, and three or four others playing about the room. He rose and received me very cordially, and introduced the children to me.

"Well, Tom," I said, "how happens it that you have time to spend a quiet day with your children? You used to be so hurried that you never had a moment to yourself."

"Yes," he said, "and how I used to enjoy it! But Mrs. —— takes all that off my shoulders now. She is in a very fine business."

I fairly held my breath with horror. Then Tom had actually married one of these dreadful women! "He must be crazy," I thought, and on the spur of the moment I asked him what he did it for.

"Bless you," he said, "you don't suppose she was strong-minded when I married her? O no! she was as pretty and interesting a girl as you would like to see."

I spent about an hour with Tom, and then went to see Kittie Williams, once my dearest friend. I was ushered into a library, where she sat writing. Kittie was never a pretty girl, but she had always been careful to dress becomingly, and was considered by us all very stylish. But, goodness, what a change! Her hair was twisted up in a knob on the top of her head. Her dress was some sort of undefinable color, and she wore a great alpaca apron that nearly covered it. The middle finger of her right hand and the end of her nose were completely covered with ink. She seemed very glad to see me, but only shook hands in a gentlemanly way.

"O Kittie," I said, "it is so good to see you once more after these long years."

"If it 's just the same to you," she said, "I should prefer Katharine as my cognomen." Of course this produced a chill, and we did n't get along half so well as when we used to chatter about the last party, the German, and dress.

We were talking about my travels, and I said I had seen some wonderful book in Paris, that she wished to read very much. She asked me the direction, and immediately wrote it down, then rang a bell, and, a servant appearing, she told him to telegraph for that directly. In about twenty minutes he returned with the book.

"How fortunate you were to find it," I said; "I did not know that it could be purchased in America."

"Why, goose," she replied, "it 's just come from Paris."

Ding, dong! ding, dong! I awoke with a start, to find the dinner-bell ringing.

M. F., age 14.

LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

It is n't every boy who is lucky enough to see as many soldiers as I have seen. I say *lucky*, because most boys regard the sight of some soldiers as quite a treat. But, lucky or unlucky, I have seen a great many.

At the beginning of the "late onpleasantness" I lived in a quiet town in Pennsylvania. Soon after the war broke out, my father was appointed an officer in a hospital about eight miles from Washington. We all went down to "Dixie" with him, and took up our quarters in a house belonging to a gentleman who had run

off down South on the approach of the "Yankee invaders." In Virginia we should say "he skedaddled."

Our house was very near a small colony of negroes, who were employed by Uncle Sam as teamsters or laborers in the Quartermaster's Department. In the midst of the huts stood a stuccoed, yellow building once inhabited by one of the first families of Virginia. They had, however, long since left for parts more remote from "Yankeedom." There were four or five forts in sight from our windows, and as many more within a few miles, so that we were comparatively safe. It would have been a hard matter for any rebel to get within the *cordon* of batteries which encircled us.

One of the first recollections I have of our new home is that the pump creaked all day. It certainly did, for with camps around us not well supplied with water, our yard was crowded at all times by thirsty soldiers who came to drink, and to fill their canteens. A few of them came and went rather noisily, and indulged in a great deal of *language* while they stayed. Once a squad marched into the yard, stacked muskets on the pavement, and knocking at the back door, politely asked for a piece of soft bread. They got it, for we had seen hard-tack, and knew what it was. I once took a piece, laid it on a brick, and hammered it till I was tired, only succeeding in crumbling the edges.

Often we would hear the sound of the drum and fife, and long columns of the boys in blue would tramp past, raising clouds of dust, which marked the progress of the column after it was out of sight. On such occasions we always went to the windows and waved our handkerchiefs to show that some hearts were loyal yet. The men were delighted, of course, as they were not usually treated so in Virginia, and testified their pleasure by waving their caps and dipping their colors. A negro regiment once went so far as to give us three cheers, of which manifest breach of discipline no notice was taken by their officers.

At that time I supposed that an officer's staff was some sort of club with which he battered the rebels, and that an ambulance was the same thing as an avalanche. I was cured of these delusions long before I left "Dixie."

One night after we were all in bed, a trampling of horses and jingling of sabres was heard, and looking from the windows in the moonlight we saw General Kearney and staff ride up to the door. They wanted shelter during the night, and of course, as good Unionists, we gave it to them. So they were made comfortable, — the officers in beds, and the servants in the stable or on the floor.

The General went away in the morning, and we had some fun watching the negro servants saddle the horses. One of the men had an enormous rusty horse-pistol, and he was displaying its merits thus: "Now, Sambo, if I once hit you wid dis yere pistol, you 'd be gone up!" As there was no danger of its ever "hitting" anybody, the scene was certainly laughable. After the negro had finished praising the revolver, he stuck it in his belt, and strutted about, no doubt feeling as big as a general.

W. S. Jerome, age 16.

OLD LETTERS.

WHAT a fascination old letters exert over us! What a pleasant task it is some rainy day to pull out the carefully tied packages from a drawer and peruse the pages of bygone days!

Here is one printed in great sprawling capitals, — only two lines, from one who signs himself "Charlie," and who is now, grown a tall young man, laughing over your shoulder at the simple sentences. But they were very dear to the mother-heart when she received the first letter from her boy.

Here is another in a flourishing school-boy's hand, requesting mother to "persuade the governor" to let him come home and spend the Christmas holidays and to send him some extra money; it also contains his picture taken in his cloth cap, with his round shaved head and rosy cheeks. This picture is not to be found with the family likenesses, for young Charles, grown very vain and manly, destroyed it one day, declaring he "would not have such a caricature round the house"; he forgot that he was just that "caricature" in those days.

And now you pick up a little package of notes written on small French note-paper, from which a delicate perfume arises; they are old and worn, and the ribbon around them has faded to an indescribable color, but they are very precious to mother, who, seated in her rocking-chair, says with that peculiar smile which parents always assume on such occasions, "Only the oldest daughter can read those, dear." Near them lies a similar package, only the small even penmanship is replaced by a bold, masculine hand, and father looks rather simple as you take them while he says, with a wink at mother, "That's a very hard knot, my child, better leave it for me to untie."

Here are your own home letters, which you wrote while away at school or visiting some intimate friend. How the lack or abundance of capitals stares you in the face, how remarkably childish the handwriting, how badly constructed the sentences! A feeling of strange mistrust in yourself creeps over you, as you remember that you felt as important then as you do now, and you wonder if five or ten years hence you will appear as ridiculous to yourself as you now seem to have been then.

Here is a letter full of kindly advice and grave counsel, written in a trembling hand, and with your name superscribed in full. It is from dear old grandpa, who a few years ago closed his aged eyes and peacefully fell asleep.

There are letters written to your mother in her girlhood; letters written when you were a baby, telling all your little sayings and doings to absent papa, which you read as of another person; letters from some relative of your mother's family, who sailed away to travel in foreign lands, and who has been the hero of numerous long stories, recounted to two generations and unconsciously enlarged at each repeating; letters of condolence telling of some member of the family who quietly slipped away from the home-circle, to wait for them — in Heaven.

Ah, what a history do these old letters tell! Then let us never be guilty of consigning them to the flames, but let us rather cherish them as sacred relics of the past, which may teach us many a valuable lesson, and serve to while away many a leisure hour.

Hattie Pettes, age 17.

St. Louis.

ADDIE'S CARLO.

He was a black-and-white Newfoundland dog, with shaggy hair and large, mournful-looking eyes. Papa bought him of an old sailor when he was quite a little dog, because Harry and Rob had so long wanted a pet of the canine species. They had a pony, rabbits, and innumerable squirrels; but they voted them "dull" and "no go" in comparison with a dog. So one day, to their great joy, papa brought home

Carlo. Our little "Baby Addie," two years old, took a strong fancy to him the moment she saw him, and insisted on calling him hers. So after that he was "Addie's Carlo," although he belonged to the boys.

He grew to be a big dog, and was very fond of us all; but he had a special attachment for Addie, and would follow her all around, and guard her so carefully that mamma felt perfectly easy about her when she knew that Carlo was with her.

One pleasant afternoon in summer, Harry, Rob, and I, accompanied by Carlo, took Addie and started for a pond in the neighborhood. We carried our lunch with us, and after we had eaten it, Harry and Rob went in search of ferns for mamma, leaving me to take care of Addie. With a shawl for a pillow, I lay down under the shade of a tree, saying, impressively, "Now, Addie, don't bother me, but play with Carlo like an angel as you are, and be sure to keep away from the water."

She promised obedience, and I turned to my book. I had reached the most interesting part, when I was startled by a splash and a loud scream. Springing to my feet, I saw Addie struggling in the pond, which was at least six feet deep near the centre. I rushed down to the water's edge; but Carlo was before me. Jumping in, he caught her dress in his teeth, and dragged her on shore; so that I only reached the water in time to take Addie in my arms, and dash up to the house, where, after a great deal of excitement, she was at last undressed and put to bed. After this noble act of Carlo's, he was at once elevated to the dignity of a hero, and nothing could have induced us to part with him.

But one day he wandered off into the woods alone, and some one shot him, — in mistake, I suppose. He was dreadfully hurt, but not killed, for he managed to drag himself home, and Harry, having started out in search of him, came upon him at the gate, and rushed back to the house, crying, "Mamma, Mabel, come quick! for the gate has been shot and it 's lying by Carlo!"

We did n't stop to laugh at this somewhat eccentric announcement. We carried Carlo to the stable, where the coachman, who was something of a surgeon, bound up his wound, and laid him on a bed of soft cotton. But all our care was of no avail. He died the next morning, and we buried him under a weeping-willow, near the spot where he saved Addie's life. We have had a great many dogs since then, and some have died; but not one of them has been so much loved during his life, or so deeply mourned after his death, as Addie's Carlo.

Mabel Colby, age 14.

ORANGE, New Jersey.

PICTURES.

I SPENT a Saturday during last November in visiting the art-galleries of New York under my brother's escort, and enjoyed the treat very much. They were full of beautiful pictures, but as I like figures better than landscapes I do not remember more than two of the latter, among all I saw. These two, however, impressed me as being very beautiful.

One, by James Hart, was called "Peaceful Homes," and it was perfectly and serenely lovely. The blue sky, the quiet, distant hills, the row of picturesque cottages, the broad, sleeping valley, the grassy meadows, the winding river, were all in exquisite harmony. The foreground was partially occupied by a pretty slope, where the haymakers were loading the wagons, and the other portion was a pretty scene among the "peaceful homes." This I saw at Goupil's, where it occupied the whole end of the room.

The other — I cannot remember where I saw that — was a snow-scene. It represented a blacksmith's shop, its roof covered with snow, the trees around it white and drooping, the road, little travelled, also cloaked with the fleecy snow, all white and snow-hidden; while the door of the shop being open the glowing fire and the well-defined figure of the blacksmith bending over his anvil contrasted charmingly with the outer world.

Among the *figures* portrayed, I was struck by the well-expressed humor in the face of an old professor, who, coming softly up to a lad sleeping over his books, was in the act of pouring, from a small pitcher, some water down into the delinquent's ear.

There was another amusing scene representing an old man, halting in his hobbling gait, and resting upon his staff, to look after the receding figure of a young man who with flying coat-tails was speeding down the path on a velocipede. The mingled horror, admiration, wonder, and disgust in the old man's face were most comical to see.

A third which I noticed was of a fat little baby some two years old, about to crawl into a kennel on its hands and knees, pausing to turn its laughing face to us; while the proprietor of the kennel, a splendid dog, sat by with an unmistakable laugh on his face. He seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the joke.

A beautiful fruit piece represented a glass of foaming cider, two splendid peaches, an apple, an English walnut, and a bunch of grapes.

A little picture called "Flirting," by J. G. Brown, showed a young lady dressed in the present fashion, with one of those "sailor-hats" on, standing by a fence before a brown stone house. She was looking a little over her shoulder; her blue eyes fairly danced with mischief, and her smiling lips disclosed a set of perfect teeth, while holding in her pretty hand, cased in dainty "kids," a lace handkerchief, she seemed about to pass it over her lips. It was the liveliest, merriest, prettiest little picture I saw, and brought a smile to every face which paused to look at it.

Many more beautiful pictures attracted me in a greater or less degree, but the last ones which I saw were the grandest of all, — two great paintings by that marvellous genius, Doré. They were "Jephthah's Daughter," and "Dante and Virgil in the frozen Infernal Regions."

The first was very beautiful and sad. Sitting on the summit of a knoll of earth, in the careless posture of grief, with their forms outlined against that boldly drawn, glorious sunrise, was Jephthah's doomed daughter, and seven of her companions. Their faces are eminently Jewish, and strikingly beautiful, though different as possible. Every face is sad. One lies burying her beautiful head on the bosom of her doomed companion. Others, entwining arms, weep together; while some sit alone in sad reveries, silent and despairing. The figures are all life size, the painting being seventeen feet by twelve.

Dante and Virgil are the prominent figures of the second. Virgil, laurel-crowned, stands calmly surveying the dreadful scene. Dante, red-robed, with awed and fearful face, approaches cautiously. They stand on a solid expanse of ice, spectral with its white glistening, and horrible with the heads of the damned which break through and peer above. At the poet's feet are two heads; that of an old man is gnawing the head of his murderer. It is horrible! But grotesque, awful as it is, admiration is kindled at the sight, for it suggests the great mind which could frame and embody such a scene.

For my part it causes me to revere, not indeed the man Doré, but his mind, which must be a great one!

Etta Hardy, age 16.

LEONIDAS. — A DECLAMATION.

It was on the morning of the 7th of August, four hundred and eighty years before Christ, that Leonidas, with three hundred of kindred spirit, performed a deed that shall be transmitted from father to son through the generations of men, while human hearts throb with the love of country and home. Four days had the haughty invader lingered at the mountain pass, to afford this desperate band time to reconsider their act and disperse. Summoned to lay down their arms, they replied, "Come and take them." Vainly had Xerxes poured his thousands upon this devoted band, till the defile was choked with Persian dead.

At length the tidings came that ten thousand men, guided by a traitor, were threading the goat-paths to attack their rear. With ample opportunity for retreat, the Spartans, dismissing their allies, remained to face the storm.

Never has the sun looked down upon a scene more sublime! On the one side, in solitary grandeur, tower the massive cliffs of Œta, wreathed with the white foam of torrents, and shaggy with forests bathed in dew. Before them stretches the narrow path leading to a plain where lie the hosts of Xerxes, — two million men. And on the other side, the sea.

[In those rude ages of brawl and battle his life and liberty alone were safe whose hand could maintain his right. So also the nation unable to defend itself found no allies. To be weak was to be miserable. The laws of Lycurgus aimed to produce the greatest physical strength, with contempt of pain and death, and to inspire an absorbing love of country. They decreed that all puny and imperfect children should be put to death, thus leaving to grow up only the strongest of the race. Among the Spartans all labor was performed by slaves, that the citizens might be left at leisure for the study and practice of arms. The fatigues of their daily life were greater than those of the camp, and to the Spartan alone war afforded a relaxation.

They disdained the protection of walls for their cities, while they boasted that their women had never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. From infancy they were taught that glory and happiness consisted in love for their country and obedience to its laws. They were early accustomed to cold, hunger, and scourgings. No tender parent wrought with saddened brow her boy's battle robes, or buckled on with tears his armor; but the Spartan mother's farewell to her son was, "Bring back thy shield, or be borne upon it." Trained in the contests of the gymnasium and the free life of the hunter and warrior, accustomed from childhood to the weight of harness graduated to their growing strength, their armor was gracefully worn, and their weapons were wielded with instinctive skill.

Such was the stern brotherhood, chosen from a thousand Spartans. In them dwelt

a spirit which, preferring the toils of liberty to the ease of servitude, caught from those frowning precipices and that matchless sky a love for the soil enduring as life itself.]

As the sun arose they bathed their bodies, anointed themselves with oil, and arranged their hair as for a banquet.

"Let us," said Leonidas, "breakfast heartily, for we shall all sup with Pluto to-night. Comrades," cried the heroic king, as the serried ranks gathered around him, "those whose laws do not forbid them to retreat from the foe have left us. I welcome you to death. Had not treachery done its work, three hundred Spartans had still held at bay two million slaves. Deem not, because we warriors in the full strength of manhood perish, nor hold the pass, we therefore die for naught. This day shall we do more for Sparta than could the longest life, consumed in war or councils of the State.

"As trees that fall in lonely forests die but to live again in other trees, so shall our blood, which ere high noon will smoke upon these rocks and stain these fretting waves, beget defenders for the soil it consecrates. To-day you fight the battles of a thousand years, and teach this vaunting foe that bodies are not men, that freedom's laws are mightier than the knotted scourge or chains by despots forged.

"The savor of this holocaust, borne by the winds and journeying on the waves, shall nerve the patriot's arm, while Pinda rears its awful front, and from its sacred caves the streams descend. Inspired by this your act, henceforth five hundred Spartan men shall count a thousand. Our countrymen shall with envy view the gaping wounds through which the hero's soul fled to the silent shades, and mourn because they were not privileged with us to die. Our children shall tread with prouder step their native hills, while men exclaim each to the other, 'Behold the sons of sires who slumber at Thermopylæ!' These battered arms gathered with jealous care shall hallow every home; our little ones with awful reverence will point to the shivered sword, the war-scarred shield, the bloody vesture, or the helmet cleft, and say, 'My father bore these arms at old Thermopylæ.' With noble ardor they will pant for the day when their young arms shall bear ancestral shields, the spear sustain, and like their sires strike home on bloody fields for liberty and law."

Now flute-notes and the sweet music of the Spartan lyre float upon the breath of morn, as they encounter the foe. Persian arrows and javelins darken the air, and discordant yells rise up to heaven; but before that terrible phalanx the multitudes fall like grass before the scythe of the mower. Their spears give no second thrust; their swords no second blow. Assailed by millions in front and rear, they are slain, not subdued. To-day they teach the age that there are nobler employments for man than the acquisition of riches or the pursuit of pleasure. The patriot scholar goes from the contemplation of the relics of Roman and Grecian art to pay a deeper devotion at their grass-grown sepulchre; listens to the dash of waves, breaking as they broke upon the ear of Leonidas and his heroes, when on that proud morning they marched forth to die; reads with awe that sublime epitaph, and passes on, a better patriot and a better man.

Elijah Kellogg.

NOTE. — The Publishers of Our Young Folks are obliged, by their arrangements with the author of the foregoing declamation, positively to prohibit its republication.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—No. 15.

ENIGMAS.—No. 16.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 6, 3, 11 is a female animal of the ruminating kind.

My 7, 13, 5, 8 is often drawn, but not so often delineated.

My 1, 13, 10, 12, 2 is a convenient shelter in a rain-storm.

My 4, 5, 10, 14, 8 is what all are liable to become if they indulge in a bad habit.

My *whole* was a distinguished discoverer.

Charley W.

No. 17.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1st is in harp, but not in lute.
My 2d is in outfit, but not in suit.
My 3d is in meadow, but not in plain.
My 4th is in getting, but not in gain.
My 5th is in vessel, but not in bowl.
My 6th is in hollow, but not in hole.
My 7th is in evil, but not in sin.
My 8th is in whiskey, but not in gin.
My 9th is in winter, but not in snow.
My 10th is in humble, but not in low.
My 11th is in song, but not in tune.
My 12th is in summer, but not in June.
My 13th is in lengthy, but not in long.
My *whole* is the name of a popular song.

L.

No. 18.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 10, 13, 14 is to ascend.
My 11, 2, 9, 16 are useful in winter.
My 7, 5, 8, 4 is an animal.
My 12, 15, 6, 8 is a tree.
My 3, 8, 15, 6, 1 are used in driving.
My *whole* is a recent important event.

S.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 19.

Why is a housewife, careful, nimble, neat,
And always busy, often on her feet,
Like a weak, sickly, pitiable one,
By whom no active business can be done?

Why is a tooth, defective and in pain,
Like what they seem to think they need in Spain?

Two horses racing,—one outstrips the other,—
How is the hindmost one just like his brother?

Aunt Ottie.

CHARADES. — No. 20.

A little maiden bright and fair
  Comes hurrying home from school;
Her cheek is glowing with the air
  Of winter, keen and cool.
Over the path so smooth and white
  She runs with nimble feet,
Yet sometimes pausing in her flight,
  Lest she my *first* should meet.

Reaching her pleasant home at last,
  She enters at the door;
Her cloak and hood aside are cast,
  She thinks of school no more.
And while before the fire she stands,
  Puss in her arms she takes,
Who, by the soft caressing hands
  Well pleased, my *second* makes.

Then from kind lips that never fail
  To yield to her request,
She begs the dear old fairy tale
  By young and old loved best.
The wonders of the magic wand
  Absorb her very soul;
And glittering in the prince's hand,
  She seems to see my *whole.*

R. S. Palfrey.

No. 21.

My *first*, be he reputed bright or dull,
Is like to be each person's Great Mogul.
My *next* we all condemn, and should eschew,
For odious 't is from every point of view.
My *third* is fragile, clear, of wondrous use;
Treat it with care, it will not stand abuse.
My *whole* is *fish-derived.* — I 've said enough.
Too soon you 'll guess the serviceable stuff.

Aunt Ottie.

CONCEALED WEAPONS. — No. 22.

1. Can none be found to undertake the job?

2. There is a big log under all that moss.

3. About the third hour I fled from the field.

4. A barber said, "This chap is to look better before I am through with him."

5. This wordy war will never cease.

6. There was a break in the conversation.

7. Yes, sir. A pier of stone is the best.

8. Carrie's pearls were found in the Indian Ocean.

9. Mr. Carr owes me five dollars.

G. P. W.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 23.

F. D.

ANSWERS.

7. The United States of North America.

8. Nearly every one crossing the water stands in fear of a rough sea. [(*Nearly every* 1 *crossing the* water) (*stands in* FEAR) (*over* rough C.)]

9.
J U N E
U R A L
N A I L
E L L S

10. 1. Short. 2. Often. 3. When he has *lost* his left hand, for then only his right hand is *left*. 4. Abel. 5. Stoneman. 6. Because he is incapable of reflection. 7. Because he is the head of all the Russias (rushers). 8. Stoc*king* and blac*king*.

11. Ulysses S. Grant.

12. Chrysanthemum.

13. Hornpipe.

14. "A Tale of Two Cities." [(Eight) A (Love) (two cities.)]

EVERY mail brings us the most gratifying assurances of the interest awakened by, and the benefit derived from, "Our Young Contributors'" department. Its influence is already widely felt, not only in converting the usually dreary task of "composition writing" into a pastime, but in leading the young, by its pleasant examples, to cultivate easy and simple forms of expression. Here is one of many letters on this subject: —

WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA, December 20, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": I wish to thank you for the aid you have given my school in "composition-writing." When I took charge of the intermediate department of the public school in this place, some five months since, "writing compositions" had never been included in the exercises, and was considered as one of the more difficult tasks properly belonging to the grammar school.

I commenced by encouraging the pupils to express *in writing* their ideas on some familiar subjects just as they would express them orally; at the same time reading the views of the "Young Folks" to strengthen my position. I have also read to the school many of the productions of your "Young Contributors." Now, "writing compositions" is considered by many of my pupils as more interesting than "speaking pieces."

Yours truly,

MRS. M. C. ROSBORO.

NEW HAVEN, December 30, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I am happy to say that I can furnish answers to both questions asked in your January number.

1. The 4th of March has been selected as the day for inaugurating the President of the United States ever since Washington was inaugurated, as that day comes on Sunday less frequently than any other day of the year.

2. In some popular old play the expression, "What will Mrs. Grundy say," occurs.

I am in great haste to receive the February number and to continue my reading of "Jack Hazard." . . . .

I have a word to say about "We Girls." It is perfectly charming, but hardly conclusive enough. Barbara ought n't to be the only one to be married off, but I live in hopes that next year Mrs. Whitney may write a story that will satisfactorily dispose of Ruth and Rosamond.

From almost the beginning of last year I thought that the story-teller was Barbara until the last two numbers, when I decided that it was Ruth, but did n't feel proud of my penetration when the December number arrived and I found my first thought was best.

I have been asked whether the writers for Our Young Contributors are paid for their articles, or if the practice and criticisms are considered as compensation enough. Are you at liberty to tell?

Your affectionate friend,

DILLY DRAYTON.

Yes, — "Our Young Contributors" are paid for their articles. Your answers to the two questions are not quite satisfactory, yet we thank you for them just the same. Here are better answers below.

ASHLAND, OHIO, December 29, 1870.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I find in Wheeler's "Noted Names of Fiction" the following explanation of the term "Mrs. Grundy": "A person frequently referred to in Morton's Comedy, 'Speed the Plow'; but not introduced as one of the *dramatis personæ*. The solicitude of Dame Ashley as to '*What will Mrs. Grundy say?*' has given the latter great celebrity; the interrogatory having acquired a proverbial currency."

Your little friend,

NETTIE L. PEARRE.

This question was also answered by Jennie Harvey, Calais, Me., Frank D. Phinney, Rochester, N. Y., "Mabel," Stella M. Richardson, Muscatine, Iowa, A. C. E., and H. P. Day, Jacksonville, Ill.

The "Fourth of March" question has been answered in a most thorough manner by our correspondent, "W. A. W.," who tells us that, in making the necessary historical investigations, he had to look through some thirty volumes in the Boston Public Library. As this question has been often asked, and we believe never before correctly answered, we give his article in full, as an original and curious item of American History.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

The question is frequently asked, Why was the 4th of March selected as the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States? Because it never falls on Sunday, is the answer

sometimes given; but the absurdity of this assertion is apparent on a moment's consideration. The 4th of March falls on Sunday just as often as Christmas or New Year's day does, and for the same reason. As a matter of fact it fell on Sunday in 1821, when Monroe entered upon his second term of office, and again in 1849, when General Taylor became President. In both cases the inauguration was postponed until the following day.

The true answer to the question is to be found in the following facts. The present Constitution of the United States, formed by a convention of delegates from the several States leagued together under the "Articles of Confederation," which met at Philadelphia in May, 1787, was finally adopted and signed by the members on the 17th of September of the same year. It was to go into operation when assented to by nine of the States, and Congress — the Congress of the Confederation — was to make such preparatory arrangements as might be necessary for commencing proceedings under it. The ratification of the ninth State — New Hampshire — was received by Congress on Wednesday, the 2d of July, 1788, and on the same day a committee was appointed "to report an act for putting the Constitution into operation in pursuance of the resolutions of the late convention." On the 14th of the same month the committee reported the draft of an act which provided that the electors of the President and Vice-President should be chosen in the several States on the first Wednesday of the following December. On the 28th the act was amended so as to read "the first Wednesday in January" instead of "the first Wednesday in December," and in this form it was finally passed by a unanimous vote on the 13th of September. Undoubtedly Wednesday, the 7th of the month, was selected for this purpose rather than Thursday, the 1st, both because New Year's day was observed as a holiday in many places, and also because the middle of the week was obviously the most convenient time for voters to assemble. The act further provided, that, on the first Wednesday of February, — just one month later, — the electors should meet and vote for President and Vice-President; and that one month after that, or on the first Wednesday of March, — which was the 4th, — the new government should go into operation. Hence it happens that the 4th of March is the day on which the inauguration of the President regularly and customarily takes place. But there is no law requiring it to take place on that day. It is the usage of Congress to appoint a joint committee of the two houses to wait on the President elect and inform him that he has been chosen President for four years from the 4th of March following. The practice of the incoming President has varied. Sometimes he has signified verbally to the committee his "readiness" or his "purpose" to take on that day the oath prescribed by the Constitution; and sometimes he has communicated to the Senate by letter his intention of doing so. If he chose to postpone the act, he could do so. And it is a noteworthy fact that Washington, on his first accession to office, was not inaugurated until the 30th of April, so that for nearly two months the nation was without any duly qualified chief magistrate, and the government without any organized executive department.

A CORRESPONDENT feels himself aggrieved because we have printed only a part of the "William Henry Letters" in this magazine, and the rest are only to be found in the book which contains them all. When the author began to write and we to publish these Letters, no book was in contemplation; nor was it supposed that more than three or four packets of them would ever see the light. It was soon found, however, that a new and delightful vein in juvenile literature had been struck by a writer of genius; and month after month the "Letters" continued to rejoice our editorial eyes, and to gladden the hearts of our readers, until no wonder "Our Young Folks" came to regard "William Henry" as belonging exclusively to themselves!

These sprightly contributions began to appear in October, 1867, and were concluded in November, 1870, being scattered over four volumes of this magazine. It is an evidence of their extraordinary popularity that the public, instead of tiring of them in all this time, still called for more. It was not thought advisable, however, to run them through still another volume; and we leave it to our most dissatisfied readers if we have not done pretty well by them in this particular. Far better, certainly, than we ever promised or expected to do. We gave the letters consecutively, as they were written, until, feeling the necessity of saying good by to William Henry in our last volume, we passed over a few in order to get at that remarkable letter to William Henry from his father, the plain sense and practical wisdom of which seemed to us to make a fitting conclusion to the series.

There was already a demand for these scattered contributions in a collected form. We are glad — and we think everybody else should be glad — that the author was induced to make a book of them, including many new letters, an introduction, and a full-length portrait of the hero, — William Henry, to the life, his hands in his pockets, and his face covered with freckles and full of good-natured roguery. The book purports to be edited by a friend of the family, Mr. S. Y. Fry, whose interesting comments are scattered through its pages, and whose "introduction," descriptive of William Henry's home and of visits to his relatives, is perhaps the most captivating part of the volume. The account he gives of William Hen-

ry's room, and of his trunk, which contained almost everything but steamboats and anacondas, and into which it was not safe to put one's hand at random, for fear of fishhooks, is especially diverting. Indeed, we should be glad to transfer the entire introduction to our pages, but forbear, knowing that very many of our readers will have the book itself, and contenting ourselves with the assurance that, though we have lost William Henry, we still have the accomplished authoress as a constant friend of "Our Young Folks."

CHELSEA, MASS., November 26, 1870.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

In common, I believe, with many other young people, I have a desire to know what manner of person "C. A. Stephens" is. In particular, I wish to ask,—what is his age, and in what State does he live?

The stories of this young author are, there can be no doubt of it, truly remarkable. They contain absolutely no crudities, are totally free from the usual juvenile tautology, harbor no exaggerations, are written in perfect good taste, and in a plain, quiet, effective style, which I had thought no mind save that of an experienced author could have devised or sustained. If "C. A. Stephens" be really a youth, his writings entitle him to the highest rank among juvenile authors.

Will not the editors of "Our Young Folks" take official notice of that "essentially American" institution already grown to respectable and respected proportions, known as Amateur or Juvenile Journalism? Surely "Our Young Folks," so well informed in all things, is aware of the existence of many able miniature journals, edited, printed, and conducted by youth; and of the publication of a magazine, similar in style to its yellow self, called the "Young Pilot," conducted by boys of eighteen.

The young authors of the United States are united in a flourishing society (the Amateur Authors and Printers' Association), which meets at Buffalo in January, and of which the writer is a member. Give the young authors a notice, by all means.

One more remark, and I am done. Did the Editors never find cause to deprecate the frequent and unnecessary use of the word "as" in the contributions of young people? It has been my experience (and I have seen a good deal of this description of work off and on) that in the writings of youth especially, and in those of illiterate people of any age, the little insipid conjunction occurs almost invariably, tasteless and weakening as it is. Sometimes it is used most inappropriately by people who should know better. To cite an example: "Parents should see to it that their children are restrained from coasting in the public streets *as* it is a dangerous practice and should be stopped at once." How much better that passage would be without the "as." Once more: "The entertainment being given for a charitable object, it is hoped that there will be a full attendance *as* a good time may be expected." Or to show the word in its most common and vicious connection: "He reached forth his hand to seize the fragile craft, but he could not grasp it *as* it swept with the velocity of an arrow down the stream." Do you catch the idea? I hope so. I think I shall *try* to be one of your "Young Contributors."

Yours truly,
W. T. GANNETT.

Yes, we "catch the idea," and think your suggestion regarding the little word "as" a just one.

C. A. Stephens is indeed "a youth," and "A Crow Hunt," which appeared in our August number of last year, was his first attempt at authorship. Noticing some unmistakable marks of inexperience about it, we wrote to ask the author's age, and, finding that he was still in his "teens," though well along in them, we printed it in the department of our "Young Contributors." So much we are at liberty to state; and we trust it will be no betrayal of confidence to add that he lives in the town of Norway, Maine, in the midst of the wild scenes he describes.

THE following letter and answers were crowded out of the February number:—

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Your own remarks upon the answers to the prize questions have anticipated all criticism, but I should be greatly obliged for your opinion concerning two of them.

Is No. 1 answered correctly? Heat of course increases, but does it create the draft in a chimney? If so, why should there be a draft when there is no fire? And why does a high chimney draw better than a short one?

Also, is not "366" a full and concise answer to No. 4? No explanation is asked for,—why should it be given?

We have been much interested in the progress of "We Girls," and have felt as sorry to part with them as, four years since, we were to part with "Leslie Goldthwaite,"—but perhaps we shall some time catch another glimpse of them, as we did of Leslie. Mrs. Whitney certainly excels in her charming little *home pictures*. Where does she live?

Hoping that there may be a spare corner in the "Letter Box" in which to answer my questions, I am, as ever,

Your sincere admirer,
"BETSY LAVENDER."

Answers. Though there be no fire in the chimney, the air will rise in it when warmer than the air out of doors; so it is, after all, the "expansive force of heat" that causes the draft. We re-

member that "Lawrence" once explained in these pages why a tall chimney draws better than a short one: "The hot air keeps drawing until it gets out and is free; — it is like a string of horses attached to anything: the longer the string, the more they will pull." See "Lawrence's Adventures," p. 38.

"366" was a sufficient answer to No. 4; yet the explanation was not considered objectionable.

Mrs. Whitney lives in Milton, Mass.

THE author of "Dat ar Bill," to whom we sent the illustration which accompanies her sketch in this number, writes from Washington, D. C.: —

"It may interest you to know that 'Flibertigibbet' is a real character. . . . . The picture is so nearly an exact likeness, that it would seem as if the artist must have met with him and made the sketch from life."

We learn through a friend of the artist that he did make the sketch from life: *he* saw Flibertigibbet in New York, — or are there two Flibertigibbets?

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., January 1, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I write to you to wish you *A Happy New Year*, and to thank you for giving "Young America" such a beautiful magazine.

I never read a story that I liked better, or read with more interest, than "We Girls." Is the last of it a promise for more by and by? If so, we shall be so eager for it we can scarcely wait till "the world goes round the sun a time or two."

I am much pleased with Our Young Contributors' department; its sketches are the *freshest* in the whole magazine. I particularly like Pearl Eytinge's contributions. By the way, could n't you tell us how the name "Eytinge" is pronounced? We have been disputing about it, and would like to know which way is right.

Sincerely yours,

MALLY.

Eytinge is pronounced *Ĕt'ing*. "Barbara" has not confided to us her plans, but perhaps she or another will tell us more of "We Girls" when there is more to tell.

Marietta, a new subscriber, asks the following questions: —

1. Which were invented first, pianos or organs?
2. How old was Charles Dickens at the time of his death?
3. When was Robert Browning born?
4. What was Mrs. Hemans's maiden name?

Answers. 1. Organs. 2. 58 years. 3. In 1812. 4. Felicia Dorothea Browne.

Thanks, Marietta, for your kind letter. We always like to receive answers to the "Evening Lamp" puzzles, for then we know if they interest those for whom they are intended, and whether they are hard or easy to guess. But our magazine goes to press so early, on account of the large edition we print, that the answers to one month's puzzles usually come in just *after* our next number has been sent to the printers, and consequently too late for us to acknowledge such favors in the Letter Box. Will you, and all our friends who mean to send answers, send them as early as possible hereafter, so that we may give the proper credit for them?

E. F. U., Worcester, Mass. — Your pleasant letter somehow got mislaid, or we should have acknowledged it before now. Thanks for the rebuses, which will appear. We have not yet decided when to offer our next prizes for the "Evening Lamp" department. The editors must have the real names of contributors and of competitors for the prizes, although fictitious signatures are allowed.

Carrie S. Gold, West Cornwall, Conn., asks the Letter Box: "Will you please tell me 'the Seven Wonders of the World'? I have not been able to find more than six that I am sure about."

Who will tell her?

THIS letter comes to us from Fairfax County, Va.: —

"We have taken 'Our Young Folks' into our home and hearts, as a dear friend; bright, eager eyes watch and wait for its coming.

"I think that hearing from some of its distant readers, as 'Coraline' suggests, would be a rare combination of instruction and amusement. . . . .

"Traces of the war remain here on all sides. Lately we were spending a day in the woods, feasting on the glories of 'Old October,' and things more substantial. Below us was spread out a broad, rolling valley, flecked with sunlight and shadows, — groves in burnished splendor, and winding 'runs' and 'branches.' Beyond, the Bull Run Mountains rose darkly. . . . . We came to an open space, — in its centre a grave. Mosses and wild vines covered the mound. A pine-tree and a cedar guarded it head and foot. A rude wooden head-board had carved on it: —

'WILLIAM HENNESY,
Co. B, 2d Reg. S. C. V.
Died Feb. 11th, 1862.
Aged 26.'

"We gathered around it, sadly wondering, — had he a mother, or one dearer still? how he died? and do his friends know where he lies sleeping? — not thinking now whether he had been friend or enemy. Yet this young soldier had evidently been laid to rest by kindly hands, while many a poor fellow has crawled off, wounded and sick, into

some thicket, and died alone. Then 'missing' written against the name of somebody's dear one, in the paper. Perhaps, years after, a skull, a few bones, the remains of a musket, and a shred of blue cloth, are found by a chance passer, the only tokens of his terrible fate. This really happened two miles from where I write. Before leaving, one of the party sketched the spot, and others collected the lovely ferns growing near.

"SANS SOUCI."

WINTER is swiftly passing, and the robins will soon be here again. When they come, and you hear the first sweet note ushering in the happy days of spring, repeat to yourself the following graceful lines by a favorite contributor, and wish your wish.

"HEAR IT AND WISH."

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

The herald note of summer days,
How full and clear it rings!
Hark! when you hear it you must wish —
The year's first robin sings!

What shall I wish? Put by the thought
That looks to self alone;
But wishing for another's good
Is praying for one's own.

HITTY MAGINN'S "Word about the 'Word Square'" has called out several criticisms and answers. "Willy Wisp" thinks the writer ought to have told "Our Young Folks" what a "word square" was, instead of taking it for granted that they knew already. *We* think, judging from the letters we receive, that few besides "Willy Wisp" himself could have stood much in need of enlightenment on that point. One correspondent — "Hoky Poky," Buffalo, N. Y. — sends us no less than eleven word squares made up on the framework of the two words suggested by Hitty Maginn! Yet neither he nor anybody else has quite got Hitty Maginn's word, — although two or three have come very near it. This we print the first in the list below. Following it, in the order in which they are named, are words sent in by Edward Pennock, Phila., John S. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y., A. Langdon Root, Geneva, N. Y., "Hoky Poky," and W. F. M., Kennebunkport, Me. (Others have come in, too late for notice this month.)

TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL
OCHRE	OCHRE	OCHRE
THYME	THERE	THERE
ARMOR	ARRET	ARRAS
LEERS	LEETS	LEESE
TOTAL	TOTAL	TOTAL
OCHRE	OCHRE	OCHRE
THESE	THEME	THEME
ARSIS	ARMED	ARMOR
LEESE	LEEDS	LEERS

With the answers to Hitty Maginn's article we have received three or four six-word squares, called out by his statement of the difficulties in the way of their construction. One of the best of these is by A. Langdon Root, Geneva, N. Y., the first two words of which we give in this number, promising the whole next month. Meanwhile, who can fill up the square? Here are the words: SCIONS, CATNIP.

Our Young Contributors. — The following pieces have been accepted: "Crossing the Atlantic," "How the Toast was burnt," "Something about my Grandmother," "An Iceberg at Sea," "Chased," "Trapping Woodchucks," "My Summer at Lake Champlain," "Grandpa's Story," and "The Story of a Cross." Poetry: "Only a Soldier," "Puss," "A Picture," "Queen Bess's Wish."

A. M. B. and *E. B.* — We have not hitherto placed any limit to the age of "Young Contributors." The new department is designed for boys and girls of any age.

Mary. Your poetry will hardly do for "Our Young Contributors"; but the little story of "Our Thanksgiving" is interesting, and we shall try to make room for it. You must send us your full name and address, however.

Kitten White. — "Florrie's Runaway Visit," though nicely written, is too long for the rather slender thread of interest running through it; and the poem is spoiled by some faulty lines.

"*Frost.*" "School-Girls" is a lively and natural little piece, but the versification is hardly up to the standard of "Our Young Contributors." It would be hard to say what its special faults are.

Emma S., Denver, Colorado. — Your letter is long, but so interesting that we shall print nearly all of it. Thanks for the pictures.

Student. — If Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is not absolutely perfect, it is remarkably good, and ought to be in every library. It has the indorsement of such scholars as ex-President Walker of Harvard, President Woolsey of Yale, Prescott the Historian, Hon. George P. Marsh the philologist, George Bancroft, Horace Mann, Whittier, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters.

SALEM, January 20, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have taken "Our Young Folks" from its first appearance, and my interest in it deepens every year. In my opinion no magazine can compare with it, and now that the new department — "Our Young Contributors" — has been added, it seems complete. I believe that I enjoy "Our Letter Box" as much as, if not more than, any other part, and have taken great interest in this matter of "unknown correspondents."

I think that the story entitled "Catching the Prairie Nymph," by Miss Theodora R., is, to use a school-girl's expression, "perfectly splendid"; and I wish you would ask her, through the "Letter Box," if she would like to correspond with me. My address is No. 10 Linden St., Salem, Mass. And please give my name Nannie, which is what some of my friends call me. Age sixteen. If the "Nymph" will answer my request I shall be delighted to give her my full name.

Respectfully, ——

HERE is a nice little letter written by a lad ten years old, from Nagasaki, Japan: —

"MY DEAR AUNTIE, — Day before yesterday, which was Sunday, K——, the man who supplies our steamers with coal, sent up his servant to ask me to go to a very high mountain, — in fact, the highest one in the place. Sunday is the Japs' holiday, — and we went up to fly kites and eat Jap chow-chow. First we went to K——'s house and got kites and two balls of string. The Jap kites are not like ours one bit; they are square, and very hard to get up. K——, two servants, and myself started for the top of the mountain. It was a hard job I can tell you, and I had to stop twice at booths where some little girls were giving water out of a brass kettle to people who passed. (O, at first we went into a small joss-temple, and stayed about three minutes, saying prayers.)

"As soon as we got to the mountain, what do you think I saw? Why, nothing but kites and men and boys. There were about 200 kites, and 300 men and boys, not counting the men and ladies that were in the tents eating. Our servants began cutting away the bushes; after they had done so, they spread blankets down, and then set out the chow-chow (which is fish done in various ways), rice, pickles, and everything under the sun. The men drank about 25 glasses apiece of Saki, — a very strong drink like brandy, made out of rice, — and every one got a red nose in a little while, but the Japs thought it was very jolly. I guess the Japs would die if they had no rice. But I have no more to say about this, so I will tell you about our cook.

"About one month ago he came to mamma and said that *his* mamma was very sick. (The Japs have about twelve mothers die in one year.) When we first got our cook he did not know a thing, but mamma taught him how to make a good soup, roast a leg of mutton, make gravy and all sorts of things. Mamma said that he might go for twenty days, and he said he would come back; but twenty days came round, and no cook. One night Matgo, our boy, came running in to the door of mamma's room, saying there was a big fire. Papa went out and found Mrs. Lyons's house in flames. It seems that our cook had gone to live there and cook for Mrs. Lyons. The next morning I went down and found him wringing his hands, and saying that all his money and all his clothes were burnt up. I walked up to him and asked him if his *sick mother* was better, and told him it served him right, for telling such a lie.

"Give my love to everybody.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"ROBERT TILDEN GIBBONS."

THE earliest answers to our February puzzles were sent in by Etta M., Manchester, N. H., Edward Pennock, Phila., and "Nedloh," Turin, N. Y., who answers all but No. 8, and adds: "In respect to 'Marion's' question in the February number, I would say that it would be *south* every way; there could be no such direction as *east*."

"Nedloh" also asks who was the author of the quotation, "The trail of the serpent is over them all," and where it is to be found.

Who will tell him?

Mutual Improvement Corner.

Edmund King Daniels, Dubuque, Iowa (wishes correspondent interested in geology, mineralogy, etc.

Dilly Drayton, Box 1772, New Haven, Conn.

Mabel Colby, Orange, New Jersey (a "Young Contributor"; wishes correspondents between 14 and 17, living anywhere but in the Middle States; — reader of Mrs. Whitney's stories; — must give their real names).

"*Pertinacity*," 178 New No. Division Ave., Williamsburg, N. Y.

Charlie D. Hamilton, Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. M. R., Box 79, Muscatine, Iowa ("a little girl ten years old").

J. Miller, Box 554, Columbus, Ohio.

Nellie O'Connor, Whitewater, Wis.

Marion, O'Fallon, St. Clair Co., Ill. (wishes correspondent not under 18).

Fritz, Cincinnati, O.

C. P., Syracuse, N. Y. (correspondent must not be younger than 13).

Wilfrede Barry, Box 122, Hyannis, Mass.

W. M. Pinckney, Post Office, N. Y.

Willett J. Hyatt, Hudson River Inst., Claverack, N. Y.

R. D. K. H., Lostine, Cherokee Co., Kansas (boy living on the Kansas frontier).

Amy Forrester, Box 22, Hagerstown, Md.

Carrie B. Holmes, Worcester, Mass.

M. E. N., 30 St. Peter's St., Salem, Mass.

Katie P. Warren and *Nina F. Phillips*, Cambridgeport, Mass. (wish correspondents not under 16).

W. M. C., Box 608, Trenton, N. J.

Caddie Carleton, Nashua, N. H.

E. D. Y., Cazenovia, N. Y. (desires correspondent especially in phonography).

"*Antoine*," Box 231, Cazenovia, N. Y. (French or German and miscellaneous correspondence desired).

Florie, Box 157, Astoria, L. I.

"*Sans Souci*," Clifton, Fairfax Co., Va.

Lamplighter, P. O. Box No. 65, Folsom, Cal.

J. R. C., Box 907, Freeport, Ill. (correspondent must be a reader of really good books).

S. F., Box 38. West Haven, Ct.

Ego (sister of the above, same address; would like a girl correspondent of 16 or 17).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1871. No. IV.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER IX.

JACK IN CUSTODY.

"I'VE ketched the feller!" crowed Mr. Pipkin under his conspicuous front teeth. "Here 's yer robber, Mis' Chatford!" And, throwing down the woodchuck, that "stout, courageous man" laid both hands on his captive's ragged shoulders, as he pushed him towards the door. "Took *me* to ketch him! He could n't git away from *me!*"

"I have n't tried," said Jack, with an injured air. "My dog would have tore you to strings and ribbons, if I had said the word. Come! you need n't choke me now!"

"You poor boy!" said Mrs. Chatford, compassionately, "is it true that you have stolen our horse and buggy?"

"Pretty likely I have!" said Jack. "But what have I done with 'em? That 's what I 'd like to have him show me!"

"Mabby they 're in his trouse's pockets!" said the sarcastic Miss Wansey. "You 've done a great thing, Mr. Pipkin! Dear me! that boy never would have gone about the country stealing horses and buggies if he had known *you* were alive!"

"Miss Wansey," said Mr. Pipkin, regarding her sternly, "I 've nothin' to say to *you!* I 'm talkin' to Mis' Chatford. He 's owned up that he 's

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

the chap the Welby boys ketched breakin' into their stable last night, and — "

"Did I say breaking in?" Jack interrupted him, sharply. "I said I was going in to sleep on the straw."

"And I say, breakin' in, — that 's what we call it," said Mr. Pipkin, with his hands still grasping the boy's collar quite close to his throat. "If he 's stole our horse an' buggy, he 's hid 'em in some piece of woods, and of course he denies it. Had n't I better take him right over to Squire Peternot's and git him committed?"

"Bring him in here," said Mrs. Chatford; and Jack was taken into the kitchen, while Phin went to find a rope to tie the dog with. "There, Mr. Pipkin, you can take your hands off from him; he won't try to get away; will you?" turning kindly to little Jack.

"What should I try to git away fer?" said Jack. "I 've no place to go to; I can stay here as well as anywheres!"

This was spoken recklessly; yet when he sat down in the chair placed for him, and looked up at the new faces about him, his heart was softened, and he began to feel that he would rather stay there than not. One was the motherly face of good Mrs. Chatford. Beside it was the sweet, kind face of her niece, Annie Felton, who kept the district school, and "boarded around," but always came to spend the Sabbath with her relatives. The bright little girl's face, looking upon him with such intense curiosity tempered with awe and pity, was that of Phin's younger sister Kate. A fourth face was that of Miss Wansey, who was strongly inclined to take Jack's part, — perhaps because Mr. Pipkin was against him, — and to the poor little motherless, sisterless, friendless prisoner, even she looked not unlovely.

"No place to go to!" repeated Mrs. Chatford. "Have n't you any home?"

"Not much!" said Jack; "without you can call an old scow on the canal a home. But I 've lost even that."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"With some charcoal-burners, over the other side of the hill. I went to them after I *did n't* break into Welby's barn," said Jack, casting an evil look after Mr. Pipkin, who was retiring in disgust. "Just go and ask *them* if I 've stole any horses and wagons. My dog killed the woodchuck 'fore I knew he was in a trap; then just as I was turning him over to look at him, that man come up and grabbed me."

"You told the Welby boys you had been flung into the canal, did n't you?"

"Yes, and it was true!"

"But only a little while before you told Squire Peternot that you had been hunting all day for work. Was that true, too?" asked Mrs. Chatford, with mild, penetrating eyes fixed upon him.

The muscles of Jack's face began to work; and he picked nervously at a hole in his knee, as if bent on finding a way out of his difficulty in that direction. Then suddenly he lifted his red, glaring eyes to her face.

"No; that was a lie," said he. "I thought nobody would want me if I said I had come off from the canal. Nobody wants a chap like me, any way. I thought I 'd find work, and be something better than a driver. But it 's no use!" Down went the red eyes again, filling with tears of desperation. "Everybody 's agin' me! I 've no chance." And Jack began to wink hard, and grind his teeth together, while all stood round regarding him pityingly.

"Have you had any breakfast?" Mrs. Chatford asked, after a pause, with just the slightest tremor in her usually calm voice.

"Yes 'm; the charcoal-burners give me some."

"Well, don't be troubled; no harm shall come to you here. I don't think you took the horse; but it will be better for you to stay quietly where you are till my husband comes home."

"I won't run away," replied Jack; "but I 'd ruther go outside there and stay where my dog is, if you 'd jest as lives."

"You can," said Mrs. Chatford.

So he went out, and sat on a log of the woodpile; and Lion came up to him there, and licked his hands and face, wagging his tail for joy.

Phin followed with a rope in his hand.

"I wish you 'd put this on his neck; he won't let me," he said.

"What will I put a rope on his neck fer?" said Jack, making Lion lie down between his knees.

"So as to tie him," Phin replied, with a rather foolish smile.

"What 's he to be tied fer?" said Jack.

"O, to keep him; I want him!" said Phin, holding out the rope. "I 'll take good care of him; — you can't do anything with him now, you know."

"What 's the reason I can't do anything with him now, you know?" said Jack, without appearing to see either the rope or the argument.

"Why, you 're took up, and you 're going to jail," replied Phin.

"Ain't you sorry for me?" Phin had not thought of that. "Guess you 'll cry when I go to jail and you git my dog, won't ye, — hey?"

This was said with such a superior, saucy, and defiant look, that Phin was quite abashed by it; for it made him feel that in this ragged little driver he had encountered a youth of larger experience and greater resources than himself.

"Maybe I 'll buy the dog of you," he said, blushing, as he quietly dropped the rope on the woodpile.

"Maybe you will, O yes! When I set him up at auction, you can bid him in!" And Jack put a derisive thumb to his nose.

"Is he hungry?" Phin asked.

"I don't think he 's seen the time since I 've owned him when he was n't hungry," replied Jack. "Git me a piece of bread, and I 'll show you a trick."

Phin ran eagerly into the house, crying, "He 's going to make his dog do a trick! I want something for him to eat!"

Miss Wansey, who was of an economical turn of mind, puckered her

mouth severely, and was about to deny the request, when Mr. Pipkin struck in with, "Don't you go to feedin' that great dog! he 'll eat more 'n a man!"

"If he eats more than *some men*, he 'll eat enough for three!" said Miss Wansey, and she went straight to the pantry.

"Some men?" echoed Mr. Pipkin. "*I* ain't a great eater, I 'm sure; I 'll leave it to Mis' Chatford! There 's reason in all things. I never *quarrel* with my victuals; I do my dooty by 'em, and that in a perty straight-for'ard, honest kind o' way; and that 's better 'n pretendin' I hain't no appetite, and then pickin' for the best on the table, like *some other folks*," raising his voice, to make himself heard in the depths of the pantry.

"Mr. Pipkin," said Miss Wansey, coming out with the end of a loaf in her hand, "I 've nothing to say to *you!*"

Phin took the bread, and ran out in great glee, while Kate and the schoolmistress and Miss Wansey, and even Mr. Pipkin, went to the door to see the trick.

Phin, always ambitious of playing an important part, gave only a small piece of the bread to Jack, keeping the rest in his own possession.

Jack held the piece on his fingers, and said, "Sit up, Lion!" Lion sat up. "O, farther off than that!" and the dog, removing to the distance

of three or four yards, again put himself into an erect posture, with his fore-paws hanging.

"Speak!" said Jack. Lion barked. "Louder!" said Jack. The dog spoke louder. "Now catch!" said Jack, and gave the bread a toss. Lion's jaws flew open like a trap, and when they closed again the morsel had disappeared down his throat.

"Ain't he splendid?" cried Phineas, turning to the audience as if he had been master of the entertainment, and Jack and Lion his performers.

"Give me some more bread, and I 'll show you another trick," said Jack.

Phin broke off another piece, which Jack held up. "Roll over, and then speak!" Lion rolled over, and spoke, and again got his reward. "Now roll over three times, speak twice, turn round on your hind legs once, and speak again. He 'll want a good large piece for that."

"Now you 'll see something!" cried Phin to his audience, as he gave the morsel.

"I don't believe he can remember all that!" said Kate, wonderingly.

"You 'll see!" said Phin, with the greatest faith in his performers.

"Now, Lion!" cried Jack. And Lion, having rolled over punctually three times, spoken twice, and turned round on his hind legs once, spoke again, in exact accordance with the programme, — all to the great astonishment of the spectators, who, watching the dog, did not perceive that Jack gave him some slight signal for each motion he was to make.

"Did you ever know before that a dog could count?" Phin asked, triumphantly.

"I 'll show you a better trick than that," said Jack. He made Lion sit erect, then placed a piece of bread on the end of his nose, which was pointed towards the zenith. "Now wait," said he, "till this young gentleman counts ten; then snap. Count!"

Phin, blushing with pride at being called "this young gentleman" and made to take so distinguished a part in the performance, began to count, — "*one, two, three*," — very pompously. Jack kept his eyes on Lion, who kept his eyes steadily on Jack. Phin thought he would not stop at ten, and was counting right on; but before he could say "*eleven*," the dog's mouth flew open and the piece of bread dropped from his nose down his throat.

"O, that 's the best dog I ever saw!" cried Kate, running into the house. "Do, mother, come out and see him!"

"I think you might all be better employed Sunday morning than to be playing tricks with a dog," said Mrs. Chatford, going to the door, — perhaps with the intention of rebuking the young people for their levity. If so, she for a moment quite forgot her purpose, and an indulgent smile rippled her placid features at sight of Lion holding another piece of bread on his nose and Phineas counting again. She considerately waited for the conclusion of the feat before uttering her reproof, and then something occurred which prevented her from uttering it at all.

"I swan to man," said Mr. Pipkin, "if there ain't the hoss 'n' buggy!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE HORSE AND BUGGY.

JACK and his dog were forgotten in an instant. All ran to the corner of the house to look. There indeed was the buggy coming up the lane, with Mr. Chatford and Moses riding in it, Old Maje drawing it, and the mare led behind. At sight of so many astonished faces staring at them, Moses and his father began to laugh.

"Where did you find 'em?" cried Phin.

"In the queerest place!" said Moses, choking with merriment.

"We 've got the thief here!" said Mr. Pipkin.

"Have ye? I guess not!" said Moses, holding his sides, while tears ran down his face.

Just then Mr. Welby and Abner drove up the lane; and it was observed that they were also laughing. After them came galloping two young horsemen who had likewise been thief-hunting, — Bill Burbank and Don Curtis, — both laughing so hard that they seemed ready to tumble from their saddles.

"If we hain't got him, where under heavens is he?" Mr. Pipkin demanded.

"It 's the funniest thing!" said Moses, fairly doubling himself over upon the dasher in convulsions of mirth, while his father said, "There! quit your giggling, — it 's no laughing matter."

"What 's become of the old wagon?" Mr. Pipkin inquired.

"O ho!" said Moses, straightening himself, and trying to get the kinks out of his sides. "I 'll tell ye in a minute!"

"Come, let 's hear!" said Mr. Welby. "We met your husband —" turning to Mrs. Chatford, — "and saw he had found his buggy, and Moses started to tell us about it, but he laughed so he could n't; then his father whipped up, as if he was ashamed to tell."

"You see," said Mr. Chatford, trying to keep a grave countenance, — "(Do stop snickering, boy! it 's Sunday!) — mistakes will happen," giving way to a very broad smile.

Moses had by this time alighted from the buggy, and wiped his tearful countenance, and got some control over his risible muscles; then, supporting himself by holding on to one of the wheels, he let out the secret.

"We drove first to the Basin, — where we could n't hear anything of the thief; then we started up the canal road, but we had n't got far when the old wagon began to come to pieces. First, one of the forward tires slipped almost off, and I had to pound it on with a stone. Then when we started up I noticed that the nigh hind wheel was beginning to wabble. I got out again, and found the spokes on one side loosening in the hub, and springing out of the rim on the other. We pounded 'em in as well as we could, and then turned around to go back to the Basin for another wagon; but the twist on that wheel was too much for it, and we had n't gone ten rods before

it went down, all sprawling, like a daddy-longlegs. Then we picked up the pieces, and took a rail from a fence, and tied it under the wagon with the halter, and dragged it back to the Basin with the end of the hind axle-tree riding it. But just as we were going round the corner, to turn down to the tavern, Duffer's dog came out at us, and I thought he 'd tear us to pieces, — he was so excited by that rail!"

"I should think that dog would get killed some day," said Abner Welby. "He comes out at everything and everybody, — a great, savage bull-dog! and Duffer only laughs if you complain of him."

"Well, we finally got to the tavern," said Moses; "but no one-horse wagon was to be had there. Just then old Tom Ball, the shoemaker, came along. 'There 's a buggy standing under the store shed,' says he; — 'I noticed it there the first thing this morning; — maybe you can take that.' So we went round to the shed, with a pretty large crowd following us, for a Sunday morning. Sure enough, there was a buggy." Here Moses showed alarming symptoms of going into convulsions again. "I said, 't was just such a buggy as ours! We went a little further, and father said, 'But there 's a horse hitched to it!' Then the crowd of fellows — O ho!" And Moses leaned for support on the buggy-wheel.

"Was it Old Maje?" cried Mr. Pipkin!

"Yes, yes!" said the deacon, impatiently, looking rather foolish.

"And a sorry beast he was!" said Moses. "He had had nothing to gnaw but the dry manger, all night; and he was about as glad to see us as we were to see him!"

"All night?" echoed Mr. Pipkin. "How could that be?"

"The thief got sick of his job and left him there, I suppose," said Mr. Chatford, with a humorous drawing down of the facial muscles.

"That 's what we thought at first," said Moses. "But I noticed all at once that father began to look queer. 'I declare,' says he, 'the rogue has hitched him exactly as I always hitch a horse!' Then I looked, and 't was his halter-knot, for all the world!"

"Fact is," said the deacon, "'t was one of my unaccountable oversights. I suppose I shall never hear the last on 't, — though what there is so dreadfully funny about it I can't see."

"I swan to man!" said Mr. Pipkin, his narrow mouth stretching into an unusually open grin about his frontal ivory, "it jest begins to git through my wool! Deacon forgot he rode over to the Basin last night, and left the hoss hitched under the shed, and walked hum!"

"And we 've had the whole neighborhood out hunting the thief, when there was n't any thief!" said Moses. "Some are hunting him yet!"

"Never mind," said Mr. Welby; "they 'll think they 're paid for their trouble when they hear of the joke."

"Well, well! I 'm willing you should make merry over my blunder," said the deacon. "For my part, I 'm thankful the affair was no worse; — we 've got the horse and buggy again, and there 's nobody to blame but me. Though I thought I heard somebody say the thief had been caught."

"That 's the best of it!" cried the sarcastic Miss Wansey. "Mr. Pipkin has been and done the bravest exploit! It took *him* to catch the thief! He has been off in the fields and picked up this poor little fellow, and brought him home, choking him half to death, as if he was some terrible robber!"

"Miss Wansey," said Mr. Pipkin, bringing the front teeth down upon the nether lip in his severest manner, "I 've nothin' to say to *you!*"

CHAPTER XI.

JACK WAITS WHILE THE DEACON SHAVES.

JACK had approached to hear the diverting adventure of the horse and buggy, and all eyes were now turned upon him. He stood in partial eclipse behind Mr. Pipkin's stooping shoulders; and he looked so slight of stature, and so amiable of countenance (he was actually tittering), — so little, in short, like the brigand he had been taken for, — that the absurdity of his arrest became apparent to every one, and caused another good laugh at Mr. Pipkin's expense.

"That 's the boy Jase and I saw in our barn-yard last night," said Abner Welby.

"Yes! and the boy you all thought was the thief, jest as much as I did!" grumbled the aggrieved Mr. Pipkin; "though now one would think I was the only fool, by the way I 'm laughed at."

"I would n't stand it, Pippy!" said Mr. Chatford, with mock sympathy. "They 've been laughing at me just so. But tell us how you found the boy."

Phineas now eagerly struck in, and made himself glorious in his own eyes by telling the story of Jack's capture to an ever-increasing audience, — for more of the unsuccessful thief-hunters had by this time come in, and curious neighbors were arriving. "And you never see anybody so scared as Phi was, — afraid the dog would eat him!" said the little traitor, who had shared all his companion's fears, and had kept carefully behind until all danger was over.

"Scared?" said Mr. Pipkin, indignantly. "I wa' n't scared the leastest mite in the world. *You* hung back so, I was afraid the thief would git away, — that was all that troubled me."

Here good Mrs. Chatford made herself heard. "No more disputing! Here 's this poor boy, who turns out to be no thief at all, but an unfortunate wanderer, without home or friends; for my part I believe him when he says he is seeking honest work; and now here 's an opportunity for somebody to do a good action. Just hire him, some of you, and give him a chance."

"Why don't you do that yourself, Mrs. Chatford?" said Bill Burbank from his saddle.

"I would willingly; but we 've two boys of our own, and a man besides."

"That 's just my case," said Mr. Welby. "The boy ought to have a chance to earn an honest living; but, fact is," — lowering his voice slightly

and talking over the back of his wagon to the deacon, — "he 's a profane wretch, and he 'll corrupt all the boys about him." And, having launched this formidable judgment in the way of Jack's fortunes, the worthy farmer drove off with his own virtuous son Abner.

Jack heard, notwithstanding the lowered tones, — as did everybody else; and the hope that had kindled in his countenance a moment before died out of it. He hung his head betwixt shame and gloomy desperation, and looked about him for Lion, as if seeking support and solace in the one friend there was no danger of his corrupting, and that loved him, "profane wretch" as he was.

"Where are you going, my boy?" said Mrs. Chatford, with deep pity and concern, as he was starting off.

"Who cares where I go now?" said Jack. "Nobody wants a feller! I 'm to be took up for stealing, and then set adrift agin, jest as folks take a notion, I suppose."

"Wait! stay! don't be hasty!" cried the deacon. "Come, Burbank! take this boy; — you 're alone with your mother; you have to hire a good deal; it 'll be money in your pocket, and a blessing to him, if you 'll make a home for him. Come, Bill!"

"I 'm afraid the little wretch will corrupt me!" laughed Bill.

"Why don't you offer him to me, deacon?" said Don Curtis, grinning at his own absurd suggestion; for he was a sort of vagabond himself, with but one known virtue, and that was his entire devotion to his friend Bill.

"I should be afraid *you* would corrupt *him*," replied the deacon.

"There! you 've got it now!" laughed Bill, and galloped off, followed by his faithful companion.

"Mr. Peternot," then said Mrs. Chatford, earnestly, to the squire, who was once more on the spot, dressed for meeting, and so transformed by a black hat, shining broadcloth, and a stiff, high stock that put his neck in pillory, that one who knew him only in his every-day attire would scarcely have recognized him, — "now, Mr. Peternot, you have no children, — take this poor orphan and give him a trial, won't you?" But she pleaded in vain.

"If I have anything to do with him," said the squire over his tall stock, with stern emphasis, "it will be to commit him for vagrancy. Nothing more nor less." And he stalked off, stiff and grim and limping, with his horn-headed cane.

Mr. Pipkin and Moses had by this time taken the horses to the barn; Annie Felton had gone with Kate into the house, Miss Wansey had returned to her work, the neighbors had dispersed; and now the deacon was left alone with his wife and Phineas and sullen Jack. He looked compassionately upon the ragged little driver, as the latter stood with downcast eyes, kicking the dirt with his toes, and waiting to know what was to be done with him; then passed on into the house, saying, "Well, I must hurry and shave; the first bell is ringing already."

Mrs. Chatford followed him in. "Father, what do you think?" she asked, anxiously.

"I think just about as Mr. Welby does," replied the deacon, helping himself to hot water.

"O, well!" sighed Mrs. Chatford; "there 's too much reason for thinking so, I know. But don't you believe our boys have got principle enough to resist bad influences?"

"They 're just like all other boys. Put a vicious one with 'em and you 'd see the effect on 'em pretty quick. Manners are catching."

"That 's very true; and don't you suppose our boys would have an influence over him? I am sure there are good traits in that poor child; they only need to be fostered and brought out. Suppose one of our boys had been left an orphan, and thrown into bad company, and had no better chance for himself than that boy has!"

The deacon coughed uneasily as he loosened his shirt-collar and applied a copious lather to his face, before the kitchen looking-glass.

"I don't know what to say. The truth on 't is, Bill Burbank ought to take him. Or the squire. But I should pity the boy if the squire had him! — Will you lay out my clean shirt, mother? — I wish Pippy had let the ragged little tramp alone!" And the deacon honed his razor while his beard was soaking. "Well, what 's wanting, Phineas?"

"That 's the best dog ever you see?" said Phin, slipping into a chair beneath the mirror, and looking up into his father's face with a very sweet, insinuating expression. "He 'll do all sorts of tricks, and he 's a grand good watch-dog, and — say! can't I have him?"

"Nonsense! we don't want a big dog like that! Get away: you 'll make me cut me."

"You 'll have a horse stolen in earnest, by-m-by. He 'll take care of the stable. Say, father! if I can buy him, may I?"

"Not Sunday. Why ain't you getting ready for meeting?"

"I guess I sha' n't go to meeting to-day; got a headache," murmured Phineas, feebly. "Maybe he won't be here with his dog to-morrow; and — say! — if he 'll take a dollar for him may I give it?"

"Wait till to-morrow and we 'll see. Come! get out of my way. I don't believe your head aches so but what you can go to meeting."

"It does — it aches to split! He 's going back to the charcoal-burners', where he stopped last night; they 've partly promised to take him."

"They 're no more fit to bring up a boy like him than anything in the world!" said Mrs. Chatford. "He might just as well be on the canal as with such heathens as Danvers and Grodson. They 'll teach him shiftlessness and Sabbath-breaking, and everything that 's bad."

"Nobody can teach a canal-boy much in that line!" said the deacon.

"And if he goes, he 'll take his dog with him," whimpered Phin, as if that would be the climax of evils. "He knows as much as a man. You can put a piece of bread on his nose —"

The deacon stopped shaving under his chin to ask, "Whose nose? the boy's?"

"No, the dog's. And he won't snap it till you count ten. I 'll tell the

boy I 'll give him a dollar. Offer him a piece of bread, and tell him to roll over three times, and speak twice, and turn around once, and speak again, and he 'll do it all, regular as a clock."

The deacon stayed his razor again, and lowered his upstretched chin to ask, "Who will, — the boy?"

"No, the dog. You know I 'm talking about the dog, — only you want to plague me! Why won't you hire him, pa?"

"Hire who, — the dog?"

"No, no, the boy!" snarled Phineas.

"But you said you were talking about the dog," quietly remarked the deacon, wiping his razor. "Learn to say what you mean, my son."

He looked out at the door, and saw Jack sitting patiently on the log by the wood-pile, picking a rotten chip to pieces. "I 'm bothered if I know what to do with him! Bright-looking lad enough."

"He 's keen as your razor!" said Phin, who had tried Jack's edge.

"I 'm afraid he 's too keen. Who is going to meeting? If that boy stays about here, somebody must look after him."

"I will," cried Phin, eagerly.

"I guess so!" said the deacon. "Set a chicken to look after a hawk!"

"I 'll stay at home," said Mrs. Chatford, "and look after both boys."

His part gained, Phin, leaning his head on his hand with an air of patient

suffering, went out of the house, and found Jack at the woodpile. "How goes it?" he said, in a low tone of voice, meant to be confidential.

"Well enough," muttered Jack, still picking rotten chips to pieces.

"Folks all going off to meeting, perty soon," said Phin. "Me and you 's going to stay to home, — me and you and the dog."

"What am I going to stay here fer?" said Jack.

"What *are* you staying for?" retorted Phin.

"You see that woodchuck," said Jack, pointing. "Your folks want him to eat, I s'pose."

"Pshaw! we never eat woodchucks! Nobody does but such outlandish folks as Old Danvers and his man Grodson."

"Then mabby you won't mind my taking him."

"What do *you* want of him?"

"I 'd like to give a piece to my dog, and the rest to Old Danvers."

"Old Danvers!" sneered Phin.

"Yes, Old Danvers," repeated Jack. "He was a good friend to me."

"Well, I don't care what you do with the meat; only I want the hide for a whiplash."

"Then shall I be taking it off fer ye?"

"Not now," Phin whispered, with a furtive glance at the house. "Folks won't let us skin woodchucks Sundays. Wait till they 've all gone to meeting but ma; then we will." And, dragging the woodchuck away, he threw it down carelessly in a shady place behind the barn.

"Are you going to drive Old Maje to meeting?" asked Moses, looking in at the kitchen door. "He 's done his share of standing under the shed, for one while; but folks will laugh if you leave him at home."

"They 'll laugh if I do, and they 'll laugh if I don't, I suppose. I expect to cause a pretty general smile when I drive up to the meeting-house steps this morning," said the deacon; "but I guess I can stand it. Old Maje ought to have a rest, if we can manage without driving the family wagon."

"You and Annie and Kate can go in the buggy," said Miss Wansey, "I 'll ride with some of the neighbors, and Moses and Mr. Pipkin can walk."

"Mr. Pipkin," said that gentleman, coming in just then, "can possibly take care of himself, an' 'tend to his own business, 'thout any assistance from Miss Wansey."

Yet Miss Wansey's suggestion was adopted, and the deacon drove the mare. "Turn Old Maje out into the pasture, as soon as he has finished his mess," was his parting charge to Phineas. "And let that boy alone. And, see here, boy!" added Mr. Chatford, as he gathered up the reins, "don't you go to leading my boy into mischief while I 'm gone; mind!" And he shook his finger at Jack.

"Of course he won't!" said Phin, with a light laugh, thinking of Lion's delightful tricks, and the woodchuck behind the barn.

J. T. Trowbridge.

STONE-FALLS AND STAR-SHOWERS.

ONE night last August, while I was up at the Abbots' in New Hampshire (I spent the summer vacation there with Alford and Wash), we saw a rather strange sight. It was about ten o'clock in the evening. We had been out after a raccoon, and were going home across the common, when all at once we heard a great roaring and hissing which filled the air all about us.

"O, look up there!" cried Alford. We looked and saw — what I can't very well describe — a great shining body moving slowly through the sky, and leaving a long bright trail behind it.

"Gracious! it 's coming straight for us!" cried Wash, running off sidewise. And it did seem so; for it kept growing bigger and brighter and flying straight down toward us, making a queer noise, like the *put-t, put-t, put-t* of a fire-wheel throwing out yellow balls on a Fourth of July night. But in a second more it went over our heads and struck in a pasture about half a mile above us, on the side of a mountain. We could see a pale glow up there; and a streak of bright smoke stretched back from it over our heads and off into the sky. But in a few seconds this had faded out in the starlight.

"There 's a firework for you!" exclaimed Wash. "I thought we were spoken for, sure. Nothing but a meteor though, I suppose. Let 's go up to it."

We climbed the hill, guided by the faint light, and found a quivering, jelly-like mass as large as a bushel-basket, which gave off a very disagreeable odor. I 've smelled something very much like it in the laboratory at school. Its light was like that of a jack-o'-lantern, or a glow-worm. It was hot too, and tiny lines of vapor streamed up from it.

"Mr. Henry ought to know of this," said Alford as we were going down. "In the morning let 's get some of it and carry down to him. It will be cool by that time."

Mr. Henry is a gentleman who lives down at the village, a sort of scientific man. He has a cabinet of minerals, and has fitted up the attic of his house as an observatory, with great, movable skylights and a telescope six feet long. But when we went up the next morning our jelly-ball had all dried away. There was nothing left on the spot but a thin film with bluish and purplish tints. The grass was dead all around it, — killed by the heat, I suppose. So we had nothing but the story to take to Mr. Henry that evening.

He was up in the observatory, the housekeeper said, and would be glad to see us. Just then Say came out, — that 's his little niece, not so *very* little either, — and invited us up. He had seen us coming across the lawn, and had sent down for us; that 's the *sort* to call on. Who does n't hate to visit a man and have to dig him out, as you would a ground-hog from his hole, before you can get at him?

Mr. Henry was much interested in our account of the thing and inquired very particularly about it, saying he should have to go up in the morning and examine what was left of it.

"Well, what was it?" asked Wash. "Would you call it an aerolite, or a shooting-star, or a meteor?"

"First, define your terms," said Mr. Henry. "What do you mean by an aerolite?"

"Well," answered Wash, "an aerolite is a stone which falls from the sky."

"Very good. What is a shooting-star?"

"O, a little starlike spark that shoots along, away up in the air, and disappears without any noise."

"Yes; now what is a meteor?"

"I give it up," said Wash. "You tell us that."

"Very well," said Mr. Henry, taking up a book. "Here 's the definition: 'Meteors are luminous bodies which have a sensible diameter and a spherical form. They frequently pass over a great extent of country, and are seen for some seconds of time. Many leave a train of glowing sparks; others explode with reports like the discharge of artillery, the pieces either continuing their course or falling to the earth as aerolites; while still greater numbers burn without noise and are vaporized.'"

"An aerolite, then, is a meteor, or a piece of a meteor, which falls to the ground," said Alford.

"And a shooting-star is a little meteor which turns to gas, or vapor, before it gets down to the earth," said Wash. "Why, they 're all the same thing, after all."

"Yes," said Mr. Henry. "All have the same origin, undoubtedly. But some are larger than others; some are nearly all iron, like this fragment," taking a rusty-looking stone from a shelf. "This sort generally falls through to the earth; while others have more sulphur or phosphorus about them, and turn to vapor in the air. Still, they are all little worlds, baby planets you might call them. And if in their wanderings they get too near the larger planets, they lose their balance and fall upon them."

"But I 've read," said Wash, "that these meteors come from the moon, — thrown out of the volcanoes there."

"I dare say. Astronomers used to think so; but that idea is pretty generally exploded now. To begin with, there are probably no active volcanoes on the moon. Yet granting that there are, it would require a most amazing force to throw these stones beyond the reach of its attraction. Indeed, it is pretty certain that nothing ever gets away from the grasp of a planet, or satellite, so large and strong as the moon."

"But why do meteors burn and explode, or turn to vapor, as they do?"

"Why is a spent ball shot from a rifle found to be hot? Or why does electricity get red-hot, and thus become lightning, as it darts from cloud to cloud? The resistance which the air offers turns a part of this great speed into heat and light. Just so with the meteors. They dart down into our atmosphere, often with inconceivable velocity. It is their own motion

and the friction of the air that burns or melts them. The one you saw last night seemed to be turning to vapor when it struck against the hill."

"What a host of them there must be!" said Wash. "I saw several one night last week; and the papers mentioned two thousand being counted one night last November. They 're falling night and day, of course."

"Yes; Professor Newton, of New Haven, has calculated that no less than four hundred millions fall to the earth daily."

"And were it not for the air, these would all come down to the earth at full tilt, would they not?" said Alford. "How much do they weigh?"

"Professor Harkness thinks that their average weight is about one grain. But they are of all sizes. Some nights, especially in November or April, you would have enough to do to dodge the big ones."

"Well," said Wash, drawing a long breath, "this air of ours, besides being a fine thing to breathe and do business in, is a great blessing to our craniums, it seems."

"You may well say so," remarked Mr. Henry. "This terrible meteoric fusilade might, in some months of the year, prove more fatal than the most malignant plague, were it not for the huge umbrella which the atmosphere presents."

"Up at the moon, where there is no atmosphere, the meteors plunge down at full speed, I suppose," said Alford. "Imagine a hundred million aerolites rattling on its bare rocks every day!"

"Which moon?" asked Mr. Henry.

"Which moon!" exclaimed Wash. "Why, our astronomy says that the earth has but *one* moon!"

"Undoubtedly, but a French astronomer (those Frenchmen are very cute fellows) tells us that he has recently detected a small body, probably a meteor, which revolves about the earth, at a distance of five thousand miles, in a permanent orbit. Coming in from space, this little planet has balanced itself as a new satellite to our globe. It goes around the earth in three hours and twenty minutes. So you can reckon its velocity yourselves."

"Think of it coming down in Boston, or on the Capitol at Washington!" said Alford. "For of course this must be a pretty large one to be seen so far off. How large have they been known to fall to the earth?"

"The Chinese," said Mr. Henry, "have preserved an account of a great meteor, over six hundred years before Christ, which fell upon an army, breaking a number of chariots and killing ten men. That 's about the first glimpse we get of meteors. Some hundred and fifty years after that the Greeks have an account of a stone from the sky, equal to a full wagon-load, which fell into the Hellespont. In ancient times these stones were always objects of veneration or superstition, — the gifts or missiles of the gods.

"One of the earliest accounts of star-showers," Mr. Henry went on, taking down some books, "relates that in the year 472, at Constantinople, 'the sky was alive with flying stars.' Again we are told that, in 1202, 'the

stars appeared like waves in the sky, and flew about like grasshoppers, dispersed from left to right. In the time of King William II. there occurred in England a very wonderful shower of stars, 'which seemed to fall like rain from heaven.' An eyewitness, seeing where an aerolite fell, cast water upon it, which was raised in steam with a great noise of boiling."

"That was one of the hot ones," said Wash, "like that which fell in Tennessee two years ago. It struck on a ledge and went down ten or a dozen feet into the solid rock, — so the paper said. It boiled and sizzled and kept red-hot for two or three days."

"Some tourists in South America," said Mr. Henry, "once saw one fall at a little distance, and found it intensely heated, so much so that it was impossible to go within several rods of it. They estimated its weight at fifteen tons. After it had cooled, they tried to break off specimens; but it was too hard for any tools they could procure."

"Bob Eastman told me they had a large one at Yale," said Alford.

"Yes, *that* is iron, — meteoric iron, though, not just like common iron."

"Call it *sky-iron* then," said Wash, "for the sake of a short name."

"Sky-iron it is, then," said Mr. Henry. "Now hear this account of an Italian meteor. 'At Crema, one day in the fifteenth century, the sky at noonday became dark. A cloud of appalling blackness overspread the heavens. Upon this cloud appeared the semblance of a great peacock of fire flying over the town. This suddenly changed to a huge pyramid that rapidly traversed the sky. Thence arose awful thunderings and lightnings, amid which there fell upon the plain great rocks, some of which weighed a hundred pounds.'"

"That sounds a little stretched," said Wash. "Makes me think of the stories of Popish saints."

"That was an age of marvels and miracles," said Mr. Henry. "But hear this and compare the two. 'At one o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of April, 1803, there occurred a heavy stone-fall at L'Aigle, in Normandy. This shower extended over an oval area nine miles long and six miles wide. Two thousand stones fell at L'Aigle, upon trees, pavements, and the roofs of houses, so hot as to burn the hands when touched; but only one person was struck. Several loud explosions preceded the fall, — which seemed to come from a single black cloud in a clear sky, hanging at a great height. A few seconds previous a bright meteor with a very rapid motion had been seen approaching from the northward. The thunder and the stone-fall were thought to come from the bursting of the meteor.'"

"That sounds much more matter-of-fact," said Alford.

"In 1819," continued Mr. Henry, "a meteor of great size traversed a wide extent of this country. It was seen both in Massachusetts and Maryland, and is not known to have fallen. Its diameter was estimated to be half a mile, and its height above the earth, twenty-five miles."

"That was quite a planet," said Wash; "but are our common shooting-stars as high up as that when we see them?"

"Yes, higher. Herschel estimates the average height of shooting-stars

at seventy-three miles, when first seen; and that they turn to vapor before coming within fifty miles."

"When Professor L—— was here the other day, I heard you talking about 'bolides,'" spoke up Say, who was crocheting at the window. "What are those?"

"O, that 's only another name for meteors. 'Bolides' is the plural of the Greek word *bolis*, which means a missile, — something thrown. So our scholarly Professor L—— calls them bolides."

"And so did you," said Say.

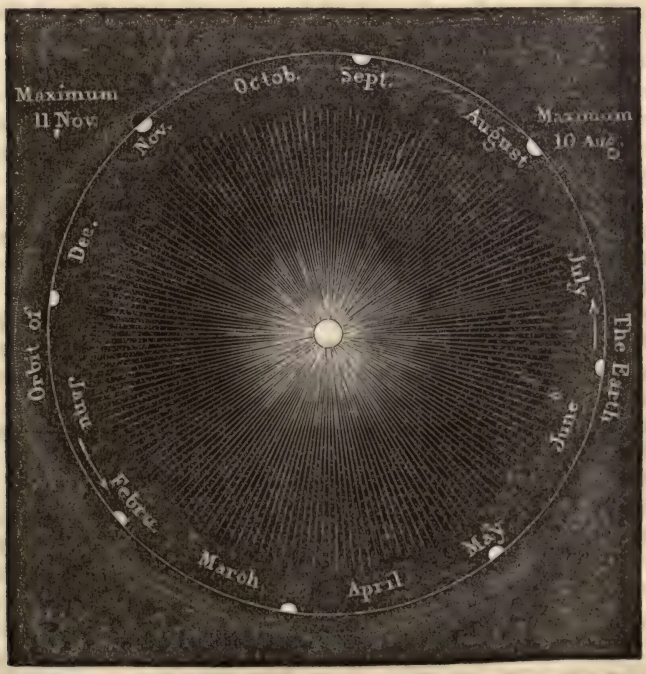
"Yes; 'when you 're in Rome, you must do as the Romans do.' But between ourselves 'meteors' is much the better name. Everybody knows what that means."

"Why do we hear so much about meteors in November?" asked Alford.

"Because for a great many years November has been especially noted for its star-showers."

"But Mr. Boynton, our teacher, spoke of watching for them the 17th of April," said I.

"Yes, April is another month, and also August, when inferior showers may be looked for. Astronomers think that these little bodies revolve around the sun in rings or zones, myriads of them together like swarms



Supposed Ring of the August and November Meteors.

of bees; and when the earth in its orbit passes through one of these floating girdles a star-shower follows. This is thought to occur both in April and October, also in August and November."

"Why, the asteroids Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and the rest revolve about the sun in a ring, something like these meteors, don't they?" asked Alford, — "only on a larger scale."

"Yes, the asteroids are merely a belt of great meteors, some of them several hundred miles in diameter. In them you see a connecting link between meteors and planets."

"He who picks up an aerolite, then, may pride himself upon being the owner of a whole world," said Wash.

"And the expression 'I 'd give the world for such or such a thing' might be a very cheap offer after all," suggested Say.

"What's that little world up there, that old rusty stone you showed us, worth, Mr. Henry?" inquired Alford.

"Considered as old iron, about three cents, I suspect."

"A whole world for three cents!" exclaimed Wash. "What a thought for Alexander and Napoleon!"

"I 've heard grandfather tell of a great shower of meteors in 1833," said Alford. "That was in November. They fell thick as snow-flakes. Folks thought it was the end of the world. I 've read that the negroes down South were frightened nearly to death, and set up a dreadful gabblement. There has n't been anything like that of late years, has there?"

"Nothing so remarkable as that; though Professor Loomis, of New Haven, thinks that the shower of November 14, 1867, was not much inferior. This shower was expected the year before, but disappointed us. The November meteors vary in brightness through periods of about thirty-three years."

"I don't see why there should be more one year than another, if it is the same ring of meteors which the earth passes through every November," said Alford.

"They are thought to be more crowded and in greater numbers at some parts of the November belt than others; and when the earth goes through one of the crowded portions, which it does once in thirty-three years, we have a brighter shower. The April and August rings, on the contrary, — if the August is distinct from the November ring, — are probably more even and uniform. Hence about the same number are seen every year, during these months."

"Well, are these meteor belts anything like comets?" asked Wash.

"Not exactly *like* them, perhaps," said Mr. Henry; "for comets are brilliant masses, while meteors are not visible till they fall into our atmosphere. Yet Herschel thinks that these swarms or shoals of shooting-stars are portions of comets, — shreds torn off by the sun's attraction. It is also thought by some that the orbit of the November shower is the same with that of Tempel's comet, known, too, as the comet of 1866; while the August ring is the path of the comet seen in 1862. And Dr. Weisse goes on to say

that the April meteors are in the orbit of the great comet of 1861. So, in answer to your question, Wash, meteors and comets may be considerably alike."

"I mean to watch next November or April," said Alford.

"O, you 'll forget all about it before that time!" said Say.

"Not I. I 'm going to see how many I can count."

"A very good resolve," remarked Mr. Henry. "You may discover something really important. You need n't laugh, Wash; I 'm not joking. He will bring keener eyes to the task than older men. Watch, and if you see anything unusual, describe it faithfully. The sky is full of wonders; and you will be as likely to see them as any one."

"What nights in November or April shall we watch?" asked Alford.

"The 14th of November and the 7th or 21st of April, I should say. Wake or get waked, and go out about three o'clock in the morning, and watch till six. You 'll probably see the best of the shower about five. Don't expect too much; and don't set up a howl, as some persons did in 1866, if you see nothing very wonderful. Perhaps, in another part of the world, the people may be witnessing a grand display. I was one of the disappointed ones in November, '66; but the next November amply repaid me for my patience."

"But what are we to do," inquired Alford, "if they fall?"

"Count them; see how many you can count in an hour. Be on the lookout for large ones that leave trains or smoky streaks behind them. Listen; you may hear explosions. Those would be of the meteor class. There will be a variety of colors or tints; reckon them. In November the earth will be moving toward a point in the Constellation Leo. On the morning of the 14th that point will be a little east of the zenith. All, or nearly all of the meteors will seem to spring from that point. Keep a correct account of those which do not. You may call those 'unconformable,' or 'stray.' See how many 'strays' you can catch. Finally, wrap up well, so as not to take cold; else your mothers will be scolding about 'those meteors.' Don't count too loudly, or the night air may make you hoarse; and be sure not to count any that don't *shoot*. I wish you success. Good night, boys."

Well, I went away from the Abbots' the next week, and forgot all about the meteors, until, a few days ago, I got a letter from Alford, from which, near the close, I make the following extract: —

"O, do you remember that meteor we saw last summer, and how we were going to watch, on the morning of the 14th of November? Did you watch? We did. Stayed out from four till five, — just an hour. Nearly froze to death, though. Colder than Labrador. Counted fifty-three in the hour. There were two 'strays,' one red one, three bluish ones, and four that had tails, — trains, I mean. We 're going to watch again the 21st of April, — not the 1st, mind you. Hope it will be warmer, though.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. Abbot."

I mean to watch, too, this time.

C. A. Stephens.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

A SILENCE falls within the room,
  Where, gathered close together,
Warm-curtained from the evening gloom
  And from the rainy weather,
Sit round the hearth a group of four, —
  Mamma and Mabel, thoughtful Jack,
  And Puss, a ring of white and black,
Curled up near Mabel on the floor, —
  While the weird Genius of the Fire
  Reveals each inmost heart's desire.

Jack dreams of many a wondrous shore
  Beyond the mighty ocean;
He hears its never-ceasing roar,
  He feels its restless motion;
And, while into the flame he looks,
  Sees side by side within the glow
  The tropic bloom, the arctic snow,
Of lands he reads of in his books;
  For the weird Genius of the Fire
  Has shown to him his heart's desire.

Sweet Mabel, on whose golden hair
  The warm sun still seems staying,
Sits quiet by her mother's chair,
  For once tired out with playing;
On the bright coals her hazel eyes
  Fix dreamily, and, gazing thus,
  See toys and bon-bons marvellous,
And dolls of varying form and size.
  So the weird Genius of the Fire
  Depicts her childish heart's desire.

Then Puss, who evidently tries
  His best to keep from dozing, —
A furry ball with great green eyes
  Now opening and now closing, —
What fights he sees! how bravely fought!
  What midnight frays unknown to fame!
  What giant mice, what noble game,
All strangely willing to be caught!
  For the weird Genius of the Fire
  Shows even Puss his heart's desire.

The spell around the mother cast
  Shall charm awhile her sorrow,
And from the brightness of the Past
  A radiance shall borrow;
Shall fill again the vacant chair,
  Shall bring again the vanished days,
  And the red light that leaps and plays,
Shine once more on her soldier's hair.
  Thus the weird Genius of the Fire
  Reveals her widowed heart's desire.

Then the Magician of the Flame
  Laughs softly at their dreaming:
"Though I have earned the conjurer's name,
  My art is only seeming.
Let the bright embers fade and fall;
  The magic lies not in the blaze,
  But merely in the eyes that gaze.
Do they not know that after all
  They draw these Pictures in the Fire,
  And thus show *me* their hearts' desire?"

J. D. Fanning.

GRACIE LUPIN.

"WAS she a truly little girl, Uncle Joe?"

"Certainly. I know just where she lived, — in what city, what street, and what house. I even know how many front windows the house had, for she and I have stood opposite and counted them more than once. Thirteen. I know the color of her eyes, and what kind of a ribbon she wore in her hair, and the name of her school-teacher. Why, I could almost tell the number of scallops round her double apron!"

"Double apron?" asked Alice.

"Yes, — one before and one behind."

"O, what a funny Uncle Joe! I know what you mean, — overskirt."

"Well, whatever it was, she wore it to some great fair, — the Cretan, I think, — and that was where she saw the Grand and Wonderful Paper Dolly, Mary Hill.

"The Grand and Wonderful Paper Dolly was ten inches tall; she had very rosy cheeks, very curly hair, and a real trunk full of clothes. There were dinner dresses, party dresses, gymnastic dresses, and bathing dresses; school hats, best hats, and croquet hats. There were capes and sacks and pelerines and sontags and garibaldis and esmeraldas — "

"O, what a funny Uncle Joe again! You don't know how to tell it! Esmeralda is a dance!"

"Is it? Then she did n't have one of those. But I was going to say, that over her head might have been seen a notice in these words: —

'MARY HILL, THE WONDERFUL PAPER DOLLY!'

And there was a strip of thick gilt-edged paper fastened to her dress, on which was printed this beautiful piece of poetry, called

'THE PAPER DOLLY'S PETITION.

'Come hither, little maiden fair,
Don't look so sad and melancholy!
If you have any change to spare,
Pray buy me for your Paper Dolly.

'My name is Mary, Mary Hill;
But call me May or Moll or Molly,
Or even Polly, if you will, —
But buy me for your Paper Dolly!

'Kitties will scratch and tea-sets break,
And jackstraws, they are naught but folly;
But how much comfort you might take
In cutting clothes for Paper Dolly!

'When winter flings his snows about,
And nothing 's green but pine or holly,
And girls are kept from going out,
How nice to have a Paper Dolly!

'But when the summer skies are fair,
And summer birds are blithe and jolly,
And summer flowers are everywhere,
O, don't forget poor Paper Dolly!

'Your money is all gone, you say?
Don't look so sad and melancholy,
But go ask grandma; she will pay;
Then I shall be your Paper Dolly.'

"Gracie went to her grandmother, as the verses directed, but such a crowd of people were pressing and jostling that when at last they reached the spot it was to find the lovely Mary Hill marked 'Sold.'

"'O, too bad, too bad!' said Gracie. The tears came to her eyes. She cried in the fair, and also on the way home. After tea Cousin Ann thought to comfort her by reading aloud from a fairy book. I believe there never was such a child for fairy stories as Gracie. She believed every word of them, and would gladly have sat up all night to see for herself whether or no the little folk came out to dance in the moonlight. But on this night, though Cousin Ann read story after story from the red-covered book, Gracie would not be comforted, for still she mourned the loss of lovely Mary Hill!

"At last Mrs. Lupin said to her, 'My dear child, everybody in the world has to be disappointed sometimes, but if everybody in the world cried about it, what a crying world this would be! Come, cheer up! cheer up! Don't be such an unhappy little girl!'

"'I want to be happy,' Gracie sobbed out, 'but the unhappy won't go away!'

"'I knew a woman once,' said grandma, 'who had a very good rule to go by. She used to say that all the unhappy ones had a dark spot around them, and on that account they ought to do something to make some other person feel bright and happy, so as to keep the world from being too gloomy.'

"'Why, what a good rule!' said Mrs. Lupin. 'I never heard that rule before, but I understand it very well. All who make a gloomy spot are bound to make a bright one too. Now Gracie has been so unhappy about

Mary Hill, that the house does not seem at all cheerful, but if she plays horse with Johnny he will laugh and that will brighten it up!'

"'Why, certainly,' said Cousin Ann. 'I 'm sure that 's fair. And you want to do the fair thing, Gracie, — I know you do. There ought to be as much laughing as crying, and as you 've made a good deal of crying, it 's no more than right that you should begin to make some laughing!'

"About half an hour afterwards I heard Gracie ask Johnny if he wanted to be her pony. Of course he did. Johnny seemed made on purpose to be a pony. He neighed and galloped and trotted and reared up, and stumbled and kicked and rolled over, and ate grass as if he loved it; and, judging by the way they both shouted, we thought there was a good deal of laughter being made in their corner of the world!

"Just before Gracie went to sleep that night, and after she had had her long 'going-to-bed talk' with her mother, Cousin Ann read to her the 'Story of the Fairy Queen,' which was no doubt the reason, or partly the reason, of her dreaming this little dream about the Golden Throne. I will tell it in her own words as nearly as I can remember them.

"'I dreamed that I was walking along all by myself, in a strange world, where I never was, and pretty soon a light began to shine down. I kept walking along, and the light that was shining down began to shine brighter and brighter. At last I saw a high hill, with a Golden Throne on top of it, and that was where the light came from. A beautiful Queen, like a fairy angel, sat upon the throne, in the midst of the light. A great many more fairy angels were there, — smaller ones. They stood among some rainbows, and they were very busy.

"'And I said to the Queen, "What are those fairy angels doing?" And the Queen said, "They are making happiness for the people of earth."

"'Just while I stood looking they began to sigh, and to say, "Alas, alas!" Then the Queen said, "Why do you sigh and say, 'Alas, alas!'?"

"'And one of them told the Queen, "The rainbows are used up, and we can't make any more happiness, and there is n't enough to go round. Some of the people will have only a little bit, and there will be dark spots around them!"

"'The Queen bowed her head down, and when she had had a very long thinking, she said, "Call all the little children of earth! Call them from the north and the south and the east and the west!" Then four trumpeters blew four trumpets.

"'And when all the little children were gathered together, the Queen said: "Little children, there is not happiness enough, and we ask for your help. Go back where you live and make somebody smile a smile of gladness every day, for every time you do so happiness is made. There are millions of you, little children, and millions of smiles will help make earth bright." And that 's all I dreamed. I waked up then. It was lightening and thundering right in my room, and my mother was sitting in a chair beside my bed looking at me.'

"A day or two after this I happened to call at the house that had thirteen front windows, and after chatting awhile with the grown folks, went up stairs to find Gracie.

"'She must be in some mischief,' said grandma, 'for we have n't heard a sound from her this half-hour!'

"I stepped up to the room where she sometimes went to play. The door stood open a little crack, and I peeped in. Gracie sat perched in a grown-up chair, before a carved mahogany table, upon which were spread quite an array of playthings. Among them were a coach and four, a Noah's ark, and some cows of a kind that might have been in the ark, but if so they certainly died soon after the flood, as we have none of that shape now. A man, probably Noah himself, was milking one of them.

"The coach and four, Gracie had often told me, were carrying off a 'wedding couple' on their wedding journey. Their baggage was on the rack behind. The driver seemed to be in trouble with his horses, and very anxious to make them all go one way. Two of them were white and two black. I asked Gracie once if it meant that the 'wedding couple' were to be happy half the time and sorrowful half the time, and she said, No indeed, they were to live happy all their lives, like the princes and princesses in the red-covered book; the horses were accidental.

"I saw, standing in the doorway, that Gracie had been cutting out paper dolls, and had placed them around the table in different positions. She seemed just then to be in deep thought. The hand which used the scissors had dropped in her lap, while the other held up a poor unfortunate creature, whose arms were not mates.

"I could not help smiling, though it does seem too bad to smile at the misfortunes of even a paper doll. And from smiling I very nearly came to laughing, for the sight of two paper figures that stood on a platform and appeared to be preaching set me into such a tickle that I was obliged to turn away until I became sober enough to show my face inside. One of these I judged to be a Quaker, very much out of health, as he kept his hat on and seemed weak in the joints. His right leg was rather crooked, but then the scissors might have slipped, and I thought Gracie did very well in cutting out a hat which fitted his head so nicely.

"I stepped softly into the room, and don't know how long I might have stood behind her chair without being found out, but for my catching a glimpse of Dorcas, the great rag-baby, which lay there almost under the table. Gracie cared more for this big, old, chubby, rumpled rag-baby than for the best doll in the baby-house. The poor thing had been lugged and tugged about for many a weary day, but was always sure of a good night's rest clasped in Gracie's arms. I observed that she had outgrown her cradle and lay partly in and partly out. Her eyes, nose, and mouth were done in chain-stitch with black thread. And her puckered-up face did have such a comical, doleful expression, — as if she were saying to herself, 'I 'm a poor 'bused baby! I want to be tended, but I try hard to keep asleep!'

"The cows and Noah and the two preachers and the wedding turnout were

GRACIE LUPIN.

DRAWN BY A. P. CLOSE.]

[See the Story, p. 216.

altogether too much for me, and I laughed out. Gracie looked up with a puzzled air, as if wondering, first, how I came there, and next what it was that amused me so. I became sober in a moment.

"'Why, Gracie,' said I, 'what can you be thinking about? You have n't stirred for nearly a minute!'

"'I was counting over the children that live in the *tenant house* round the corner,' said she, — 'three in basement, then five up above, then two next up above them, then two more higher, and one 'way up at the tiptop.'

"I found out afterwards, from the grown folks, that Gracie one day held a long private talk with grandma, and then went out in a great hurry, with a handful of little pictures, bits of ribbon, and other knickknacks from the playroom, saying that she was going to make her dream come true.

"Pretty soon she came back gay as a butterfly, calling out, 'They did, mother, — they did! They smiled!'

"'Who smiled?' asked her mother.

"'The little *tenant house* children!'

"'And what made them smile?'

"'Why, when I gave the things to them!'

"It seems that when I found Gracie perched up at the table that day, so still and so thoughtful, she had spread her playthings about her, and was contriving a plan to give each child a present. If there were not enough, the number was to be made up in paper dolls, which Cousin Ann had agreed to cut out clothes for.

"Gracie planned to give Dorcas to as many as three different children, but changed her mind each time. At last she caught her up and gave her a close hug. 'O darling, darling Dorkey,' she cried, with tears in her eyes, 'I can't, I can't; I never shall give you away to one single little child! You are such a good Dorkey!'

"One day when Katie Mulligan was at the house scouring paint, Gracie whispered to her mother, 'I 've a good mind to try it on Katie.'

"'Try what on Katie?' asked Mrs. Lupin, for she had forgotten about Gracie's dream.

"'Why, the smile, you know!' said Gracie.

"'O yes,' said her mother. 'I would if I were you.'

"'What shall I do it with?' asked Gracie, — 'a piece of gingerbread?'

"'Why, it is my gingerbread,' said Mrs. Lupin. 'I don't know that it would be quite the thing for you to make her smile with my gingerbread!'

"Gracie all this time had her hand in her pocket, with its fingers shut over an apple that she was unwilling to give away, for the reason that she wanted to eat it herself. At last, with a great effort, as if it had been glued in there, or stitched in, or frozen in, she drew out the apple and thrust it into the big red hand which held the scrubbing-brush.

"This proceeding raised a smile on Katie's face, bright enough and broad enough to satisfy any little girl.

"'Och,' said she, 'an' 't is n't ivry one wud give that to me. Shure

an' I 'll bring it home to my mither that 's down wid a very wake sickness!'

"Not long after I went to take tea at the house, at a time when Gracie happened to be in one of what grandma called her 'naughty spells.' She pouted, she put all her playthings out of Johnny's reach, she said 'No, I sha' n't!' when he asked her to let him be the storekeeper, and would not even speak a pleasant word to her mother. Mr. Lupin and all the rest of the people looked very sober, and I saw, in fact, that they were having a cloudy time at the house with the thirteen front windows.

"When Gracie was fairly out of her 'naughty spell' and sat working away at a new lot of paper dolls, her mother said, 'I don't know what Gracie thinks about it, but I think that grandma's smile and papa's and Cousin Ann's and Johnny's and mine would help a little towards brightening up the earth; but there are times when a certain little girl that I know of makes it impossible for any of us to smile!'

"Gracie understood in a moment what her mother meant, and not knowing what to say, she threw her apron over her face and kept still as a mouse."

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

COUSIN TIM'S SLEIGH-ROBE.

"O WHAT a lovely sleigh-robe!" was the exclamation of both children as they stepped into Cousin Tim's cutter.

"Yes, it 's a beauty," said Cousin Tim, covering them with it, and placing himself on the movable seat before them. "Do you know what it is?"

"It 's a tiger skin!" said Ella, admiring its colors.

"No," cried Rufus, — "it must be a leopard's skin; a tiger don't have spots like that. A tiger has stripes."

"It 's a Bengal tiger," Ella insisted; "is n't it, Cousin Tim?"

"It 's neither a Bengal tiger nor a leopard," said Cousin Tim, smiling. "Guess again."

He gathered the reins into one hand, and waved his whip with the other; the horse started, the bells jingled merrily, and away sped the light cutter over the snow.

"I know! it 's a panther skin!" said Ella.

"A panther is n't so large as that," said Rufus, — "or I should have guessed a panther before."

"You have guessed all around the mark," said the owner of the robe. "It is an animal that resembles the panther, the leopard, and the tiger, and belongs to the same ferocious cat family. That skin has a history. I saw it first on the back of the creature, which I helped kill."

"O, tell us about it, Cousin Tim!" cried the eager children.

"It must be a short story, if I tell it while we 're sleigh-riding. Had n't you better wait till we get home and then have a long one?"

"Tell it short now, and then tell it over again long this evening," said Rufus.

"Well, here 's the short of it. You remember — no, you don't remember — how the United States steamer Water Witch, sent out by our government to make a survey of the La Plata River and its tributaries, was fired upon by a Paraguayan fort, and had one man killed. That was an expensive shot for poor Paraguay. Of course a powerful nation like ours could not be expected to put up with such an insult, though Paraguay is so far from the United States that it might be some time before we could exact satisfaction. It was four years in fact; — the Water Witch was fired upon in February, '55, and in January, '59, Commissioner Bowlin, backed up by a fleet of twelve steamers, two frigates, and seven other armed vessels, arrived in Paraguay and presented his bill to that miserable little South American republic."

"Was it paid?" asked Rufus.

"Rather!" said Cousin Tim, laughing, "though it was some time first. While negotiations were going on, we lay in the river, and had plenty of time to amuse ourselves."

"*You*, Cousin Tim? Did you go out with the expedition?"

"To be sure; I was clerk on one of the store-ships. I was full of adventure in those days; and falling in with some mestizos, who boarded us one morning in a canoe, I was a good deal excited by the stories they told of game to be found in the forests."

"What are mestizos?"

"They are a mixed race, half Spanish and half Indian; a large part of the inhabitants of those South American countries are mestizos. Those who boarded us were intelligent and friendly, and, with the aid of our interpreter, we traded with them for fresh vegetables and fruits. We learned from them a good deal about the country around us, its wild beasts and birds; and the result was that the master's mate, the boatswain, myself, and three jolly tars — just a nice little party of six — dropped quietly into a small boat at daybreak the next morning, rowed several miles down the river and then up one of its tributaries, a broad, quiet stream flowing through one of the wildest regions I ever saw."

"You had guns?" cried Rufus.

"To be sure," said Cousin Tim. "Never shall I forget that morning! At sunrise we were gliding in almost perfect silence through the green-tinted water, overshadowed by forests on both sides. Only the creaking of the rowlocks,

'The light drip of the suspended oar,'

and the ripple at our bow, broke the stillness as we penetrated that wonderful solitude. Then some long-legged, wading bird flapped up, croaking, from the water's edge, or swimming waterfowl took flight; and occasionally there was the report of a gun. Some birds of bright feathers flitted through the shadowy borders of the forest, but not one sang."

Jaguar Fishing.

"What did you shoot?" Rufus was anxious to know.

"It would be the *long* of it to tell all that. We rowed many miles up the stream, past tangled wildernesses, beautiful palm-groves, and grassy plains of amazing fertility. Then we started to return. It was when we were floating with the slow, smooth current about a bend in the stream, oars lifted, and every man on the lookout for game, that our boatswain made a discovery. We were passing under a mass of overhanging foliage that trailed its vines almost to the water; he caught hold of a branch, and in a moment we were moored, — resting motionless in the shadows of the woods. Then we saw, on the trunk of a fallen tree which leaned to the water from the opposite shore, the very animal we had most wished to meet, — the most superb, the largest and fiercest carnivorous beast of the South American forests."

"What was it? Do tell us now, cousin."

"It was a jaguar, — sometimes called the South American tiger. He is a most formidable fellow; his strength is such that he can drag off an ox. This was one of the largest size. We were half hidden by a screen of foliage; and he was so intent on his occupation that he did not see us."

"What was he doing?"

"Watching for fish, I suppose, though we did not wait long enough to see him catch any. Like all animals of the cat kind, the jaguar is exceedingly fond of a fish diet; and he is said to be an expert fisherman. He stands in shallow water, or watches from a log or rock, and when he sees a fish glide within his reach, with a stroke of his paw as rapid as lightning he flings it out on the shore, where he devours it at his leisure. Very likely he has some way of attracting his finny prey, — as snakes charm birds. Our jaguar was crouched in just the attitude of an animal watching for fish, and I have always been sorry we did not wait to see him throw one out. But we were afraid he would spy us and escape. The boatswain, master's mate, and I put our rifles through the leaves, got a good aim, and at a signal all fired together. With a yell he leaped from the log, and fell with a great splash into the water. Our tars pulled for him on the instant. We reached the spot, and found him tumbling blindly about in shallow water streaked with his own blood."

"And what did you do to him?"

"Just let him alone till he drowned, — or perhaps I should say died of his wounds, for he had two bullets in his skull. One of us had missed him. He was a splendid prize to carry back with us!"

"How did you divide your shares in him?"

"The master's mate, boatswain, and I bought out the men, and then cast lots for him. I won. After we had shown him to our friends up the river, I had his hide taken off and carefully cured with the fur on; and here it is, — a South American jaguar skin keeping you warm as you ride over the snow through the cold wind of a Northern winter. Curious, is n't it?" And Cousin Tim whipped up his horse.

Harvey Wilder.

MRS. BIDDY HEN'S MISFORTUNES.

WHEN Biddy Hen lived at Van Roslings
She adopted fourteen little goslings,
Which took to the water,
Each son and each daughter,
And grieved Biddy Hen of Van Roslings.

To Rehozen, one day, she went down
And got a new skirt for her gown;
But the pattern she bought
Was so scant and so short,
That it left her poor feet bare and brown.

So when she came back from Rehozen
Her heels and her toes were quite frozen,
"*Cut-ca-da*, never fret,"
Biddy said; "I can get
New feet if my old ones are frozen.

"For I once knew a cat in Cohoes
Who made ivory claws for her toes,

With joints of soft wood,
And she said they were good.
I envied that cat in Cohoes."

Then Biddy called up all her chicks
And sent them to fetch her some sticks;
And when they 'd brought twenty
She said, "There 's a plenty;
Cluck, *cluck*, that will do, little chicks!"

Next morning her work was complete,
And a toilet she made for the street,
Where she met Bolton Gray,
('T was contrived, I dare say,)
And he said, "What *remarkable* feet!"

Then he asked her to go to Cathay
To learn the rare game of croquet;
He assured her such grace
Would adorn any place;
She 'd outshine all the belles of Cathay.

So Bolton Gray bought the car tickets,
And Biddy took mallets and wickets.
He won fifteen score,
And she twenty-four,
Then went in and dined at McRickett's.

He begged her to stay to the ball
Because she was handsome and tall;
But while dancing a reel
Biddy lost off her heel,
And fainted with fright in the hall.

Such tumbling of feathers! such fuss!
Such scrambling for seats in a "'bus"!
After taking a lunch
Of light dumplings and punch,
Biddy rallied, and rode in a "'bus."

One evening — 't was early in spring —
She went to hear Pattimi sing,
But so high was the gale
That her bonnet and veil
Were flirted away with a fling.

Her eye-glass, bouquet, and prize locket
Shot off through the air like a rocket.
Till Mr. Monsoon,
Who was mending the moon,
Just hid them away in his pocket.

When Biddy next day chanced to waken,
She found her nerves wofully shaken,
And exclaimed, "O dear me!
I must journey by sea!
My nerves are so wickedly shaken!"

After packing her frills and her fan,
And putting some peach in a can,
And locking her cot,
She sailed in a yacht,
By way of North Pole to Japan.

She spent a gay season in Jeddo,
But was ill all the time in her bed, O!

She could not get mice,
And physicians said "rice
Would give her dyspepsia in Jeddo."

She saw a shrewd Yankee in Kish,
Who sold ready-made clothing and fish;
She said to this fellow,
"Have you an umbrella?"
"Yes, marm, any sort you may wish."

But when she went out in the rain
She spread her umbrella in vain,
For 't was covered with paper;
A cheat was the draper
Who sold such umbrellas, that 's plain!

She hoped to spend May in Madeira,
But in crossing the hills of Sahara
She caught a slow fever,
And, alas! we must leave her,
Dead! — dead, on the sands of Sahara.

Ellen Porter Champion.

SEA-CUCUMBERS.

WHAT would you think of an animal that, when caught, would kill itself rather than be a captive, — and kill itself in the oddest way, too, by throwing out its teeth, its stomach, and all its internal organs, becoming a mere bag in your hands? That is just what the sea-cucumber does when captured. But, strange as it appears, this suicide is only a sham, for these organs will all grow again.

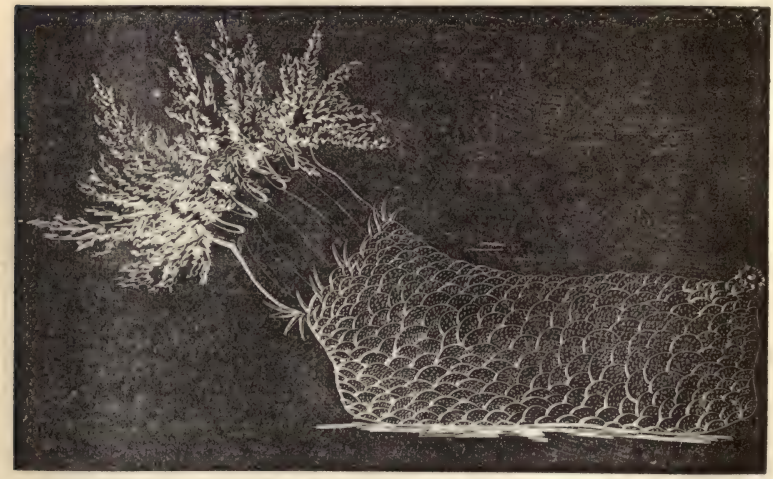
The sea-cucumber — as you may imagine — gets its name from its resemblance to the garden cucumber, and is one of the most curious creatures in the ocean, full as that is of wonders.

It is found of all sizes, from one inch to a yard long. Its mouth is at one end, and is surrounded by what you would think was the petals of an elegant flower. But the wise men call them "tentacula," and they take the place of arms, for they seize the food, and are organs of feeling to the creature.

The South Sea Islanders will not touch it to eat, while the Chinese devour it as a luxury. But you know the Chinese eat rats and puppies, and can't be expected to be very dainty.

Thousands of Junks — Chinese boats — are sent out every year to fish for sea-cucumbers. Huts and furnaces spring up on the shore, as if by magic. They catch them either by spearing or by diving and seizing them in the hands. As soon as they are brought ashore they are boiled, then flattened with stones, and spread out on bamboo mats to dry. When dry they are smoked, and are then supposed to be fit to eat. The taste is said to resemble lobster. The Chinese call them "trepang."

This common sea-cucumber has a more elegant relative, the *Cuvieria*, found on the Atlantic coast. When taken from the sand it is dull red; but, placed in a glass bowl with fresh sea water, its color (as we read in Agassiz's charming "Sea-side Studies") "changes to a deep vivid crim-



son, the tentacles creep out softly and slowly, till the mouth is surrounded by a spreading wreath, comparable, for richness of tint and for delicate tracery, to the most beautiful sea-weeds. A *limestone pavement*, composed of numerous pieces, covers almost the whole surface of the animal."

Naturalists have given to sea-cucumbers the more dignified name of *Holothuria.*

Olive Thorne.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

BEEB put the baby into a clothes-bag and hung him up in the closet. This, you see, was a change, both for herself and the baby. The baby found the novelty so amusing, that he stopped crying for the first time for two mortal hours. It seemed to be necessary for somebody to cry, however, and Beeb sat down and rubbed her empty, aching arms with very salt tears.

Of course her mother came in and found her. Beeb did not cry an average of more than twice a year, but, twice or twenty times, her mother would be morally sure to find her. Generally she dried her eyes, and told her mother that she had a headache, and told herself that she must stop. This time she sat and cried on, and told herself that she could n't help it, and told her mother that the baby was in the clothes-bag.

"I am sorry to see that my daughter finds it so hard to help a sick mother," was the encouraging comment.

"How much would it cost to keep another girl?" said her daughter, suddenly.

Mrs. Burden *was* a sick woman, and she looked pale and injured at this.

"That is quite out of the question, Beeb, as you very well know. Your father can't possibly afford to keep but one girl. It comes very hard upon me, with my health. I have always looked forward to the time when my daughter would take the care off from me, pleas—"

"How much?" interrupted Beeb.

"—antly and cheerfully as a daughter should," finished Mrs. Burden, pulling the baby out of a hole which he had kicked in the clothes-bag.

"*How* much would it cost to keep a nursery-girl?" persisted Beeb.

"From two to two and a half or more."

"Well, Meg Bolles or Sue Crowe, for instance, you could get for two dollars?"

"Sue 's sick, and Meg 's half grown, — yes, I suppose so."

"Would a two-dollar girl be worth as much as I am? Would you get as much out of her? That 's what I want to know."

"Why, yes, — I suppose I should, just about; perhaps a little more; I should n't hesitate to call on her for fear of finding her in a fit of crying because she had been asked to keep the baby a little while for me when I 'd been awake with him till morning."

Beeb received this thrust with bright cheeks but firm eyes. She loved her mother, and her mother loved her; but they had always disagreed about the housework, always; always would, she hotly thought. When it came to the baby she was apt to be impertinent. It seemed a great pity. It seemed time to do something about it. She had always meant to, since she left school, — ever since she was called off to make preserves the very

first morning that she had set about "a course of study," with her door locked.

"Two times fifty are a hundred, and twice two — would n't she have a vacation? — twice two is four. One hundred and four dollars. Mother, if I will earn one hundred and four dollars and hire Sue Crowe, will you take her for a nursery-maid instead of me?"

"O yes," said Mrs. Burden, listlessly, pinning and unpinning the baby.

"And be just as well contented?"

"Yes."

"And not think I 'm ugly nor selfish nor undutiful nor undaughterly nor anything?"

"No, O no — where 's the baby's other shoe? And I declare! you 've let him get at Job's paint-box, and —"

Beeb shut the door and stood still in the entry and sighed. Evidently, her mother had not much faith in the prospective services of Sue Crowe. Evidently, Beeb herself had not as much as she would have liked.

However, she had a little perseverance, and that was something, and she did n't much care what people said about her, and that was more, and she was very, very tired of baby-tending, and that was more yet.

So she kept her eyes open, and her ears too, and read the newspapers and thought and planned, and gave up plans and was discouraged, and tried again and thought again and planned again, and said, "If a girl of eighteen can't earn one hundred and four dollars, she ought to be ashamed of herself!" and was so very much ashamed of herself that one day she shamed herself into a bright idea.

She kept it quite to herself, as people always should do with bright ideas till the gloss is worn off, and they can see how bright they really are, but she wrote a letter on the strength of it, and that she did n't keep to herself. She put it into the post-office with her own hands that very night. It ran like this: —

"ELEGANT ELECTROTYPER, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR, — I should like to see a specimen of your silver-plating for domestic use, as advertised in the Every Evening of this week. I enclose postage. Please send also one of your circulars for agents.

"Respectfully,

"(MISS) BEEB BURDEN,

"Northampton,

"Mass."

Four days after that Mr. Burden brought home from the office a very plump letter for Beeb. She opened it, and a little bottle fell out. It was her specimen bottle of silver-plating.

"Homœopathy?" asked her father. But Beeb went away with red cheeks, and locked herself and her bottle and her letter into her own room.

She opened her letter and read it.

"MISS BEEB BURDEN,

"DEAR MADAM, — We enclose specimen bottle of our silver-plating and directions and circulars, as requested. Hoping to hear from you again, we are

"Respectfully yours,

"ELEGANT ELECTROTYPER & CO."

She opened her bottle and tried it. She experimented on a little black silver fruit-knife and a big brown copper door-knob. Her little bottle turned them both to fresh and fair silver, in which she could see her own dancing eyes. Whatever else might be said of Elegant Electrotyper, he was so far no cheat.

She opened her circulars and studied them. At the end of half an hour she put them down and sighed.

"I must have," she said, aloud, "seven dollars to begin with. Sev—en dol—lars." She looked in her purse and found just three. She might go to her father, but she would n't go to her father. She would run her own business on her own capital, or not at all.

It seemed very hard that a girl of eighteen should have to give up her chance of a substitute in the dreadful draft of the world on nursery-maids for want of four dollars!

Beeb went to her upper drawer. There are very few trials in life that a girl will not find some balm for in her upper drawer.

Beeb went from force of habit, and to keep from crying, and to see if her laces were tumbled, and for want of something better to do, but when she got there she saw her robin's-egg sash and gloves.

Quick as a flash she thought, "I 'll sell them to Martie Glegg!" And quick as the thought she was over at Martie Glegg's, and had actually offered to sell her her best sash and gloves for four dollars!

It was a dreadful thing to do, — and Beeb was very fond of that sash, — and when the pure, pale, wonderful tints of the heavy silk fell out over Martie's astonished hands, it seemed so horrible to be selling silver-plating for a living!

"Why, how funny!" said Martie Glegg.

"I know it," said Beeb, winking fast, "but I can't help it. I have a reason. I don't care so much about the sash as I do about the money just now. Is it a bargain?"

Martie had always coveted the robin's-egg sash, and it was an easy bargain. She took the silk and the gloves, and Beeb took the money, and that was all.

That was all till Beeb went to see her Cousin Mudge in East Hampton, a week after. It was while she was at East Hampton that her mother had this note from her.

"DEAR MOTHER, — I don't know what you will think, but I am going on an agency for silver-plating. I shall begin to-morrow. I had the box sent here because Cousin Mudge and I always get along, and I knew she

would n't care, and she does n't. She says I can sell silver-plating and be a lady too. I thought it was very nice in her to say so. Of course I think so too, or I should n't be doing it. I hope you won't mind. You know you said you would take Sue Crowe if I could get her. I shall strike out from Cousin Mudge as a head-centre. I thought perhaps you and father would rather I would n't begin at home.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"BEEB."

"You will want a bag," said Cousin Mudge, the next morning at breakfast. That was one good thing about Cousin Mudge; if she approved of what you were about, she lent a hand to it as a matter of course.

"A bag?" Beeb paused, perplexed over her muffins.

"To carry your bottles in. How did you suppose you were going to carry them?"

"Why — in the box — I — suppose. I had n't thought!"

"Of course you had n't," said Cousin Mudge, and down came her best travelling-bag, of umber-colored morocco, new and shining.

"Suppose I should break a bottle, and silver-plate it?" said Beeb, aghast. "Let me have the old carpet-bag with the blue roses on it."

"Nonsense!" decided Cousin Mudge, "there 's no reason why a lady should n't carry a lady's bag, because she happens to be a — "

"Pedler," said Beeb as she started off; "that 's it. I don't feel like anything in the world but a pedler."

However, there are so many worse things one might feel like, that she plucked up courage, and when she found that her gloves matched the umber-colored bag to a shade, she held up her head, and was quite happy.

She made three calls that morning. The first was at a new house built since her last visit to Cousin Mudge, and the people were strangers quite. That enlivened her, for you might as well be a pedler as anything else, you see, if nobody knows that you were ever anything else, and she rang the bell boldly.

The servant looked her over, and stood with her hand upon the latch.

"I have some silver-plat— " began Beeb.

"Back door," said the servant, briskly.

Beeb reddened redder than the umber-bag, and had nine tenths of a mind to take herself immediately back to her mother's nursery, and give the silver-plating to the baby to poison itself with. But Beeb had more common sense than most girls — no, I do not mean to take it back — more common sense than most girls, and she stood fire. If she could sell her silver-plating at the back door, why not? To the back door she stoutly went.

"I should like to sell you some silver-plating for domes— "

"We has our silver solid in this house," said the back door, in the shape of a huge red cook.

"— tic use," pleaded Beeb, faintly. But she beat a rapid retreat, to spare herself the back door's repartee.

Her second call was on a motherly old woman with a baby in her arms. She said she should be glad to look at the silverin' and invited Beeb in. Beeb went in, and with trembling hand produced her little specimen bottle, and her large sale bottles, and her circulars, and her advertisements, and her fruit-knife, and a brass button that she carried to experiment upon, and tremblingly sang the praises of her wares.

"A new thing, — and a very special agency, — and will brighten all your silver, and — and — I 've forgotten what else, but you can see for yourself, ma'am; everything, I 'm sure, from chimneys to tooth-picks."

This ghastly effort to be amusing Beeb never renewed. By the next day she came to the novel conclusion that one could be an agent and talk sense too.

"La me!" said the old lady, who was much interested in the little bottles. "That beats all! Now I can't afford to buy one of them myself, but if you 'll hold the baby a minute, I 'll jest step over and see if Anny Maria won't take one. She 's my darter, Anny Maria, and lives in the next house. That 's her baby. Is n't he cunnin'?"

"Yes, very," said Beeb, meekly, as the umber bag went out of her lap, and the heavy baby came in, "you — won't — be gone very long?"

"Bless you, no! Half a second. *You amuse yourself* with the little fellow, and I 'll be spry."

The old lady was not so "spry" as she might have been. Beeb "amused" herself with Anny Maria's baby for — by the clock — a full half-hour.

"Might just as well be shaking rattles at home!" thought poor Beeb. But she did not dare to run away, for fear the baby would crawl into the fire, and Anny Maria arrest her for murder.

When the old lady came back the agent and the baby were both crying. The baby was black in the face, and the agent had spoiled her umber kids.

"Deary me," said the old lady. "Why, I thought you 'd enjoy it to rest a spell, and have a baby to play with. Well, Anny Maria she rubbed up a fork and two spoons with that there little specimen bottle, and she liked it first-rate; but you see she could n't buy a bottle because her husband was n't to home!"

Beeb made one more call that morning. It was at a shoemaker's house, across the way from the old lady. They told her at the door that they did not patronize beggars, and she went desperately back to Cousin Mudge.

"I 'll give it up! I 'll go home and get into a big apron, and be nursery-maid the rest of my life!"

"Nonsense!" said Cousin Mudge. "Don't give it up till after dinner. I 've got a strawberry-pie."

Beeb ate the strawberry-pie, and concluded to try again in the afternoon.

So she tried again the afternoon, and at the first trial she stumbled over the valedictorian of her class in the young ladies' Star of Hope Seminary, mistress of a pretty little brown house of her own.

"Poll Perkins!"

"I 'm Poll Higgins at your service."

"And I 'm a plated pedler — I mean a silvered agent — dear me! let me in, and I 'll tell you *what* I am."

So Mrs. Poll Higgins let her in, and Beeb told her what she was, and why she was, and all about it.

"That 's the best joke of the season," said Mrs. Poll. "Why, I 'll buy your silver-plating!"

"For domestic use," began Beeb glibly. "Nothing deleterious in its composition. Will plate silver, copper, bronze, etc., in five minutes. Truly, Poll —" the dignity of the agent broke down, here — "I 'm *not* a cheat, and it *is n't* a sell, nor a wash, nor anything dreadful. You need n't plate up your old steel knives. It 's made to clean your best silver with. Silvers it right over, and so much easier than silver-soap!"

"Beeb," said Mrs. Poll, "I shall die laughing. You 'll make your fortune, see if you don't. To think of it!"

Beeb thought very well of it when Mrs. Poll bought the First Bottle, and paid for it, cash down. Beeb thought better still of it when Mrs. Poll put on her hat and ran over to a neighbor's with her and her bag and her bottles, and introduced them all into the parlor, and she thought best of it when she found that she had sold Bottle No. 2, and been let out of the front door besides.

Her spirits were up now, and she took leave of Mrs. Poll and ill-luck together, and canvassed the town till tea-time bravely and volubly. By tea-time she had sold Bottle No. 6.

"Very well," said Cousin Mudge. "*Very* well. Now, my dear, you just make your head-quarters at my house as long as you can, to save board, and silver-plate this town, — if you don't mind going where you 're known?"

"Not a bit!" said perverse Beeb. "I rather enjoy it now."

"Then, when you 've used up this place, strike out by cars here and there, you see, and come back at night."

"Or board in a respectable dressmaker's family, for instance — 'cheap,'" suggested Beeb, whose business invention sharpened with her success.

"Four weeks," said Cousin Mudge, reflectively, "I should *think* would be all you need."

What were four weeks of silver agency to a year with a baby? Beeb's eyes snapped and shone, and Beeb's heart and head swam in a blur of silver-plate.

It was, I believe, just four weeks thereafter that Mrs. Burden, dejectedly walking the room with the baby, opened the last letter of the business correspondence with which this story is concerned.

"EAST HAMPTON, Tuesday.

"DEAR MOTHER, — You see there are more ways than one to help you. I enclose one hundred and four dollars. It would have taken longer if I had had more board to pay. Cousin Mudge has been very good. I wrote to Sue Crowe a week ago, and engaged her to come to-night. You may expect her confidently. I shall stay a day or two longer to rest, at Polly Higgins's, and then you may expect to see

"Your affectionate silver agent and lady of leisure,

"BEEB."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE BLUEBIRD.

'TIS early spring; the distant hills
Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow,
And bird-notes from the lofty trees
Come down in warblings soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
He sings sweet love-songs to his mate;
They choose the dear old apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

One door, one window in their cot,—
All else is safe from wind and rain;
The ruffled nest of former years
Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
This shady home so near our door,
Till busy parents come to bring
Their dainties to the fledglings four.

How sweet to climb the bended trunk,
To gaze upon the tiny brood,
And see four little gaping mouths
Upraised imploringly for food!

Dear warblers of my early years!
A child again, once more I wait,
And watch you in the apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

C. F. Gerry.

TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

FIRST DAY.

WE were on the top of Lookout Mountain. Harry, leaning against Elephant Rock, considered by turns the long cut in his shoe, produced by a sharp bit of limestone, and the steep mountain-side, so perpendicular that one found it hard to believe the Union troops had ever scaled it. Below lay the Tennessee Valley and the hills about Chattanooga, bearing

as they will for years to come the marks of battle in long thin lines of earthworks, over which we had walked that morning.

"I believe I don't want to see another thing," said Harry at last, positively. "I 'm a walking volume of general information now, and another battle-field will finish me. I move that we go home peaceably, and come again when we want some more."

"Then suppose we take the votes of the party as to the best way of getting there," said the Major, taking out an Appleton's Guide. "You 're bent upon sea-sickness, Harry, and will say *via* Charleston; but, Josie, what do you and mamma think of Kentucky?"

"I don't remember that there is anything very interesting in Kentucky," Josie began, but stopped suddenly. "I should think there was, though! Why, Harry, the Mammoth Cave!"

"The Mammoth fiddlestick! I know it 's a humbug," replied that young gentleman, scornfully. "I know all about your caves. There 's that one near Lake Dunmore, where they say Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys hid. You break your neck almost to get at it, and then it 's only a little, mean, dark hole in the side of a hill."

"Well, the eyeless fish, and the river Styx, and the Star Chamber."

"Snares and delusions," said Harry, more faintly. "Wait till you get to New York, and you can sit all day in the Central Park Cave. There 's a spring, and 't will do just as well as the river Styx."

"Don't pay any attention to him, papa," said Josie. "Hold up your right hand, mamma. Now here we are, three against one. We 'll take Kentucky, and you can go home by way of Charleston if you like, Hal; papa 'll let you."

"I 'll think about it," said Harry; and then the matter was settled, and we were not surprised to hear him say the next afternoon, "It 's nicer to keep together, papa, and I think I 'll just see what the cave is like."

So the next morning, stiff and sore from much knocking about in the misnamed sleeping-car, we found ourselves at Glasgow Junction, and shortly after in a long, springless wagon, creaking and groaning behind two lean mules. Up hill and down, over rocks and stumps we went, sliding perpetually from the narrow, leather-covered board which formed our seat, and on which no human being could have kept his place two consecutive minutes. But the road lay under miles of royal beeches; mocking-birds and thrushes were our orchestra, and we were even sorry when a final jolt brought us up before a long, rambling set of buildings, almost buried in foliage. There was, perhaps, an acre of open court-yard, and then dense forest all about.

Half-way we had stopped for an hour to go through Proctor's Cave, a proceeding which resulted in Harry's coming out triumphant, and declaring he had known all along that caves were humbugs. There were many curious formations, — great curtain-like folds of limestone, forming what are known as "Domes," but all a dirty gray, dripping with moisture, and in no way attractive. So it was with many doubts that we arrayed ourselves

after dinner in the costume provided, — a uniform of mustard-colored flannel horrible to the eye, and giving one the look of an escaped convict. Josie in her bright gymnastic dress was the redeeming feature of the party, who, after an early dinner, started on what is called the "Short Route."

The Mammoth Cave is as large as a county, but its numberless side avenues are seldom explored even by the most persevering visitor. The "Long Route" is a little more than nine miles in length, though the supposed end of the cave is some miles beyond, but reached through such difficulties that visitors do not often undertake it. The "Short Route" includes about three miles of wonders, and is a sort of introduction to the longer day's work, which no one will willingly forego who has once entered the cave.

Incredulous, and ready for disappointment, we clambered down the steep hillside leading from the hotel, through a deep ravine, to the mouth of the cave, half hidden by overhanging trees and creepers, and from which a strong current of air swept up, several degrees colder than the atmosphere about us. In Proctor's Cave we had picked our way down into a dark hole, over some narrow, muddy stairs, giving one the feeling of going into a very uncomfortable, ill-kept cellar. Here the beginning was more encouraging, — masses of rock piled up on either hand, and steps cut in the limestone. At the bottom of these we found ourselves in an arched space fifty or sixty feet high, and here the guide stopped to light the little tin lamps set in frames like a lantern, but without glass, one of which we each carried.

Here began a level road, marked with wheel-tracks; on one side a wall of loose stones removed to make it; on the other deep pits, the remains of the saltpetre works, which during the war of 1812, and for some years after, were in full operation.

For the first half-mile we passed one after another of these pits, the cavity through which our path lay widening now and then into roomy openings with fanciful names, — Kentucky Cliffs, Gothic Gallery, etc., but all gloomy and dingy to the eyes fresh from daylight, reminding one of vast old wine-vaults given over to dust and emptiness, rather than the stately structures whose fine names they bear. The rush of cold air near the entrance had ceased long before, and that about us now seemed perfectly dry and almost warm.

"There 's something wrong about it," Harry said, as we went on. "Not the stillness, though that is getting oppressive, but the want of flavor. I tell you, Josie, grass and leaves and sunshine are the body of common air, and when they are left out, it 's nothing but a poor ghost. To-morrow I 'll bring along a lump of mother earth, and take a comforting sniff as I go. Halloa! what 's that?"

"Here you are, ladies and gentlemen, before the 'Giant's Coffin,'" said our guide, stopping before an immense rock a mile from the entrance, and which, unlike the fine names thus far heard, really meant all it said. On the right hand of the lofty room rose an immense rock forty feet long, twenty feet wide at the point where one would imagine the Giant's shoul-

ders to be, and eight feet high. Standing there in the dim light given by our faintly burning lamps, it seemed as if a moment's ascent of the rocks at the back would show to our eyes the crumbling bones of its giant tenant, dead ages before; and Josie shivered as we passed beneath the overhanging end of the coffin, and looked for a moment into a narrow passage, leading into what is called the "Deserted Chamber."

Here at one time, in digging for saltpetre earth, the workmen met with a flat rock a little below the surface. Raising this stone, which was about four feet square, they found a small chamber, and within sat a female figure in perfect preservation, dressed in deer-skins; by her side a pair of moccasins, and a bag or knapsack of bark, containing a bark cap, headdresses of feathers, necklaces of some hard, brown seed, two rattlesnake skins, needles of bone, and several other articles, which our guide described at length, as we turned back to the main cave. The bones of bears and other animals, and the skeletons found at times, many years ago, prove the cave to have been the resort of some tribe of Indians, long since extinct, and whose history is speculated upon at length in some of the many books on the cave.

Leaving the Giant's Coffin behind, we came shortly to the remains of some houses, built a few years since, and occupied by the consumptive patients of a physician, who believed that the even temperature and dry air would prove an effectual cure in even the worst case. The idea was at last given up, many dying in the cave, and as many almost at once on coming out to daylight. We went into one or two of the huts, built from the loose stones in the cave, and consisting only of four walls and a door, windows and roof being a superfluity in a place where neither sun nor storm can ever come. Here the guide told us of one gentleman who, with a servant, occupied one of the houses for nearly four months, living by candle-light, and having his supplies of food, etc., sent in each day. Attacked by a sudden hemorrhage, he sent the servant for assistance, but when, an hour later, friends and physician entered the silent room, the unfortunate man was found dead, with an expression of indescribable horror fixed on his face.

Leaving these living tombs, we passed on to the Star Chamber, the name of which seemed more absurd than any other heard as yet. The blackest darkness was about us, as the guide blew out our lamps, and left us huddling together on a flat rock, and an absolutely frightful silence settled down, which even our voices could not alter.

"I can't bear it," said Josie, at last. "I feel just as that poor man must have done. Do call the guide."

"Hush," said Harry. We saw a faint glimmer in the distance, and the guide's voice was heard low and muffled as if from the bottom of a well.

"Here, ladies *and* gentlemen, here you now see the risin' sun."

First a pale gleam from the distance, shining through what seemed to be gray clouds, but were really the half-transparent layers of limestone. Then a pure, steady light, as the oiled paper burned freely; and looking

up and around we saw an immense vault, covered by a single dome of solid rock, one hundred and twenty feet high. Right and left the walls sloped away into deep, thick darkness, but above us shifting clouds seemed to pass, and stars shine out full and clear from infinite distances. That we were almost two miles underground was incredible, but as the light slowly died out, and all again was blackness, Josie once more held my hand tightly, while Harry sighed, "O, if he would only do that again!"

"'T would n't be natur' to have more 'n one sunrise in a day," said the guide, facetiously, as he relighted our lamps, and led the way toward the Bottomless Pit. How we got there I can hardly tell you. There were dreadful holes where we climbed down ladders, and black chimneys where we climbed up, and a low passage which bent us double, and a narrow one which barely let us through, and then another ladder, and a bridge wide

The Bottomless Pit.

and strong as the worst sinner could desire, and this led over the Bottomless Pit. There was a hole here we knew, and a deep one, but we stood quietly on the bridge, waiting till the guide, passing around a projecting rock, lighted and threw down some sheets of oiled paper, and bending forward we looked down, down, down, as the floating flame descended. We saw below a profound abyss; above, a height which seemed to have no end.

Some one has said, "It is like a steeple built over a gulf, and both curtained with uncut velvet of creamy richness." The real height is three hundred feet, and the rocky window or opening through which we looked is one hundred and sixty feet from the bottom. This lies in the "Long Route," and as we should see it again the next day, we followed the guide again, down the slippery ladder, and on toward "Registry Hall," the end of the "Short Route." Here a mile or more seems an almost unbroken succession of arched rooms or galleries, the vast masses of broken stone piling up on either side, making one fancy himself in a city of ruins, — a city whose sun and moon are taken away and a judgment of great darkness come upon it. Through the whole extent of the hall names have been cut or written or smoked on the smooth gray wall, some dating as far back as 1810, and with the true American desire to perpetuate one's self, Harry spent some time in doing as hundreds of foolish people have done before, and will do after him.

At the end of this hall is an immense column many feet in diameter, and having in it a niche known as the "Devil's Arm-Chair." Here Jenny Lind and Ole Bull, and many another famous man and woman, have rested. Jenny sang, they say, one of her sweetest songs, and Ole Bull played on that famous violin, from which he is never parted day nor night, and with which he so charmed the party who accompanied him that one of the galleries is now called "Ole Bull's Concert Room." This gallery or hall is eighty feet wide and sixty high, and has two unexplored passages opening out from it. The echoes were wonderful, and so delighted the great musician, that after leaving the Cave Hotel he walked back seven miles through the woods for one more pilgrimage under ground.

A few minutes in the Devil's most uncomfortable resting-place, and then came the return, — back through Registry Hall, and room after room which, as we swung our lamps upward, seemed to be veiled with flying clouds. One, lit up for a moment by a burning sheet of oiled paper, showed two giants clearly defined, black against the gray wall, and engaged in tossing a baby like a ball between them. The baby was of course upside down, but very genuine for all that. There were fighting hens, and ships under full sail, and sleeping bears, and we bumped our heads looking up, and stumbled over sharp rocks when we did n't look down, and altogether were scratched and generally bruised, when we once more reached the mouth of the Cave, and saw the real stars shining down.

"And to think," said Josie, rapturously, as we walked down the long piazza to our rooms, — "to think we are going in again to-morrow!"

Helen C. Weeks.

THE MUD-TURTLE AND THE GHOST.

THREE small boys, Harry, Sammy, and Tommy, eight, nine, and ten years of age, last summer went down to Jabish Brook, where they had what they called "a bully good swim." Their swimming consisted in crawling about with their hands on the bottom of the brook where it was shallow, making a great splashing with their feet, and then shouting, "Hi! hi! see me swim!" though none of them could swim a stroke. They nevertheless tried to make each other believe that they were very proficient in the art. Boys are not easily fooled, and so I suppose that neither of these deceived the other, but, like some men, perhaps they deceived themselves.

After they had paddled about in the water for three or four hours in the heat of the day, until their skins were well tanned, Harry, the ringleader of the party, proposed that they should go out. No quicker said than done! In a minute they were all standing on one leg, jumping up and down to shake the water out of their ears. This done, they hurried on their clothes, without stopping to wipe themselves, and were soon ready to push for home.

They had all started, when Harry turned and threw a stone into the water. No sooner had it plumped to the bottom than up from a deep hole sprang a huge mud-turtle. He came out on shore, and with his ugly-looking mouth wide open toddled for the boys. They were a little frightened at first, and ran a few steps; but their courage suddenly returning, they each picked up a stick, and gave him such a drubbing that he was glad to run back to the water, into which he fell with a thud. Then again he faced his enemies. The boys thrust their sticks at him, and he caught one in his mouth and held on so tight that when they all pulled together at it they hauled the huge fellow clear out of the water upon the land.

Then Sammy, as quick as a flash, seized hold of his tail and flopped him over. It was fortunate that Sammy did this, otherwise some of them might have been severely bitten; but lying flat upon his back, the turtle was perfectly helpless. The boys now found in the driftwood a wide board about five feet long; they pushed him upon it, shouldered him, and bore him off in triumph.

It was nearly a mile to their homes, and most of the way was up hill. The little fellows sweat prodigiously, for the turtle was very heavy; but at last they deposited their burden in a huge tub, where they supposed he would be safe. Very soon after he was weighed by the boys' fathers. Guess how much he weighed? — fifty-three pounds, boys, as sure as I live. You may be certain that for a fresh-water turtle he was a perfect monster.

The father of one of the boys was also considerable in size, weighing on Fairbanks's scales two hundred and fifty pounds. Drinking rather too much beer that day, about twelve o'clock in the night he woke, you may

be sure, very thirsty. He got up, lit his pipe, and in his night-cap and long night-gown went groping about the house for a drink of water. The pail was empty, and so he went out of doors to the well and drew some.

When he had quenched his thirst, he happened to think about the turtle, and went to the tub near by to look at him. Judge of his surprise to find the cover and the huge stone which had held it down both lying on the ground. He looked into the tub and found the captive had escaped. He immediately started in pursuit. Hurrying into the main street, he spied the turtle running away as fast as possible; and, giving chase, soon overhauled him.

Now as this man was running along he was seen by two ladies on the opposite side of the way. He was a ridiculous-looking object in his night-dress, with a pipe in his mouth; and in front of him ran a huge mud-turtle. If the ladies had taken a good square look at him, I am certain they would have laughed a great deal at his odd appearance; but no, they only gave one slight glance, and then ran screaming away, thinking him a ghost.

As soon as they got home they routed all the inmates of the house in which they boarded, telling them, one after another, as fast as they appeared, that they had seen a spectre! Several of the men and three of

the ladies sallied out in pursuit of the apparition, and the crawling imp which the two scared ladies said they saw accompanying it. Of course no ghost was found; the street was all clear; Mr. H—— having caught the mud-turtle, put him in his tub, and gone back to bed. He had seen nothing of the ladies, and had not heard them scream.

The next day the whole town were talking about the ghost. In opinion people were divided. Some thought it was a real ghost that the ladies had seen; others believed it was all their imagination. Every one told all the ghost-stories he could think of, and compared them with this, which seemed more real than any. The ladies were persons whose word could not be doubted; and the great thing in favor of their story was that there were two witnesses to it. In all the other ghost-stories which were told only one person had had the honor of seeing the apparition.

At ten o'clock Mr. H—— made his appearance, and inquired what was the matter. Twenty-five people all told him the story in one breath, and all differently. He thought for a few minutes, and then, to the infinite amusement of the crowd assembled, told how he had been out in the night in pursuit of a mud-turtle. This to most people was a sufficient explanation; still the two ladies stoutly maintained that Mr. H—— was not the ghost they had seen, though they owned after a while that their ghost was a very fat one.

The story spread through all the adjoining county, and something new was added to it at every telling. Some had never heard it contradicted, and there are people, I presume, who believe the whole story even to this day.

I knew one man, a firm believer in ghost-stories, who soon after this occurred went to California. He was an inveterate talker, and I dare say he has told this ghost-story as being really true a hundred times to people along the Pacific coast.

This, I think, is a fair sample of the manner in which many ghost-stories are manufactured and spread.

As for the mud-turtle, he was bought by a gentleman in the city of S——, who gave nine dollars for him; and the boys bought books with the money.

Ralph Ives.

SYLVY'S SEARCH FOR THE SUN.

THE sun was setting in a sea of crimson light amid the forest-trees far away to the west; lower and lower it sank until at last it disappeared, and nothing was left but the gold and purple clouds sailing grandly through the sky.

Little Sylvy stood at the door of her cottage home, which was in one of the half-settled Western districts, where the houses are scattered, and nothing can be seen for miles but green fields and waving trees. She watched the bright sun, and wondered where it had gone. Certainly she had seen it fall among the trees over yonder, and if she could only get there she would find out who made the golden sunbeams that always darted away when she tried so hard to catch them. Perhaps a great giant dwelt there, who kept a roaring fire all day long, or most likely they were spun by fairies and thrown down on the earth. Who knows? Surely they looked like fairy work.

Without stopping to get her hat, or to think of anything but fairy sunbeams, Sylvy started forth across the orchard, over the meadows, through the long lane, and into the woods, on her journey to look for the sun.

It was growing dark, but she pushed on, hoping to reach the middle of the forest before night set in. She hurried on, thinking all the time how beautiful it would be when she arrived there, and how the fairies would welcome her, and "Perhaps" she said, softly to herself, the little face all in a glow, "Perhaps they will give me some of the goldy sunbeams to take home all for my own self." So she trudged along, saying she "guessed it was n't so very far off now." But the night came with all its silence and gloom, and Sylvy could not see where to turn or which way to go; the tall trees loomed up in the darkness, and the wind moaned so mournfully through the leaves that the little tear-stained face grew white with fear. Drawing her little frock over her head, to shut out the dark, dark night, and dropping on a heap of leaves, Sylvy fairly cried herself to sleep.

So passed the night, and when morning woke the little traveller, she gazed around bewildered, but in a moment the remembrance of yesterday came back to her mind, and bursting into tears she moaned, "Mamma, mamma, come take me home!" But mamma was very far away, and crying would not bring her; so, drying her eyes, she looked around for the path by which she came. Seeing one which she thought must be it, she went bravely on, and finding some ripe berries made a fruit breakfast.

But alas! it was the wrong path, and every step was leading her farther and farther from home. Not knowing this, however, she ran quickly forward, expecting each moment to reach the end of the woods and see the little white cottage standing in the distance; but the hours rolled slowly by, and still Sylvy was in the wrong road.

Sometimes a squirrel peeped at her from his cosey house in a tree, sometimes a toad would hop across her path, or a little snake would twine its way through the fern, but these things only served to frighten her. When the summer day began to wane, hope died in the strong little heart that had been so brave all day, and in a weary, plaintive voice she cried, "O, come to me, mamma! I 'm so hungry, I 'm so hungry!" O, the feeling of utter loneliness that crept over her as she glanced around and saw nothing but tall trees standing up like great black ghosts! Sylvy was *so* tired; slowly she dragged one foot after the other.

Her only hope was to get out of the woods and find some kind farmer who would take her to her papa's house. Just as it began to grow dark she found herself free from the forest at last, and on the edge of a broad boundless prairie, not a house in sight, nothing to be seen but miles of waving grass.

Too weak, too weary to cry, little Sylvy sank on the ground, and, clasping her tiny hands together, tried to say the prayer her mother taught her, O, it seemed so long ago! Would she ever kneel at that mother's knee again? Would she ever rest in that snow-white cot, soft smoothed by mother's hands? Would she ever raise the little arms for another good-night kiss? One alone knew.

"Our Father" came softly from the trembling lips, and then the bright eyes closed, and Sylvy was dreaming of home.

When the dawn glided in, it saw upon the open prairie a little form, — so still! — with tiny hands folded on the breast, a half-smile hovering round the lips. The dress was torn and the little shoes were very worn. The wind whispered low among the trees, and the dawn passed slowly by, leaving a bright beam of light resting on the golden curls. It was poor little Sylvy. Was she dead?

Listen! There is a sound of breaking branches and rustling leaves afar off in the distance; presently the sound comes nearer, and in a few moments a stalwart farmer, with a careworn, anxious face, appears upon the silent scene, followed by several men.

He looks hastily around, and seeing the little dress springs forward, with one bound clasps the child in his arms, crying, "My darling! my little daughter!"

That night a happy family gathered in the farmer's humble cottage, while kind neighbors clustered round the door, with smiles of welcome for the little wanderer which were brighter than the brightest beams that fairies ever spun. And in their midst sat little Sylvy, telling them all in her sweet, lisping voice about her Search for the Sun.

Pearl Eytinge.

GOING UP TRINITY SPIRE.

On a bright, sunny day — the last in the glorious month of June — I made my first visit to the city of New York, accompanied by a young friend, who kindly offered to be my companion and guide.

After an hour's stroll through Central Park, we turned our steps towards the majestic spire of Trinity. This church, situated on Broadway, and fronting Wall Street, is nearly half a mile from that once famous spot, — the Battery.

Now, to most boys at the age of ten a dome or a church-spire is pervaded with an air of mystery; and it is their delight to climb to its top, and explore its hidden recesses. So it was with me. I do not know what I would not have given, — I *might* have parted with my first boots, which were ever so dear to me, or my little

brown jacket, with its glittering brass buttons, — could I have given even a hurried glance at the interior of the church-spire in our little village. And when I found that I was going to New York, I said to myself, "I will visit Trinity spire."

Hurrying from the rush and din of the street, and entering the broad threshold of the church, careful to doff our hats, we were met by a short, jolly-looking old man, to whom my guide put the question, "Can we go up the spire?" He nodded assent with a serene but transient smile. Paying him the fee, which is "a shill'n, — twenty-five cents for two," we were left alone to grope our way up the three hundred and eight steps which were before us. At first the winding stairs were of stone, and very narrow. Soon we reached well-worn wooden ones, with a rickety railing at the side. Then we came to a long, straight flight, in ascending which we were obliged to grasp the side-rope firmly. Again the stairs grew winding, and we soon found ourselves beneath the bells of the chime, and bending to avoid the massive beams that support them. Then the air was hot and almost suffocating. I began to grow weary and almost breathless. Just then we discovered some windows, and to them we rushed for a breath of fresh air, and a glimpse of the jostling crowd far below us. Then up, up again, higher, higher, and the spire grew narrow, — we knew we were nearing the summit. At last the 308th step was taken, and there we stood, two hundred and fifty feet above Broadway.

Resting on the window-ledge, I caught a good whiff of sweet, pure air, which seemed in delightful contrast to that which I breathed a moment before. Looking up Broadway, I saw the pretty white tops of the almost endless line of omnibuses. Men seemed to be boys; and children were hardly distinguishable. Directly in front of the church stood old Wall Street, the paradise of the Crœsus tribe. The clatter of hoofs, and the wild yells of the drivers were lost to me. The tops of houses and warerooms greeted me on every side. Away off, over the river, I saw Brooklyn; and looking in another direction I saw the green fields of New Jersey. So I viewed the great city and all around it.

We should have remained longer, but could not, my guide having said, "We must go." Down, down we came, passing the bells of the chime, and the large board on which were so many names of those who had visited the spire.

Safely down, we were ready to bid "good by" to the church, hoping, however, ere many months should have flown away, to revisit "the American Babel," and to ascend once more the towering spire of Trinity.

Clarence Fairfield.

OUR ISLAND.

I LIVE on the border of Wisconsin, separated from Michigan by the Menominee River. Our home is on a small island connected with Marinette by a bridge. A few years ago the island was nothing but a swamp, but since then it has been partly filled up with sawdust and slabs, and now there are two steam saw-mills running on it. Their foundations are of logs, slabs, and sawdust, a great many feet deep. Leading through swamps there are roads which are made of sawdust and slabs, and all the houses are built on the same kind of material. To make gardens, dirt is brought and put on top of the sawdust. It will be some time before the whole island is filled up in this way.

Last spring we had the largest flood that was ever known here; it covered almost all the island, and it was over two feet deep in some places. The people living near the bank had to move away, and those who lived higher up were so frightened that some of them left. One of the upper dams broke, and all the logs came rushing down, and we thought the island would be swept away, but when they came to the lower dam they stopped, and the island was saved.

There are about one hundred and forty men working in the two mills. They begin work at six in the morning, and stop half an hour for dinner, and then work until six. In the winter the mills are closed and the men go up in the woods and get out logs. These are hauled to the river by oxen or horses, and in the spring, when the ice melts, they float down the river until they come within about a mile of the mills, where the river is divided by timbers, called booms, into several passages, one for each mill. Men are stationed there to separate the logs as they come down, and push them into the right passage, for they are all marked; they then float down to the mills, and are hauled up into them on slides. As soon as a log is hauled up, it is rolled on to a car; a man standing there turns a crank, and the log comes in contact with a circular saw, which saws off a slab the whole length, on one side. The car then returns, the log is rolled over, and a slab is sawed off the other side. These slabs are pushed down to the end of the mill, and are sawed into laths and pickets, while the log is run through a set of saws, from thirty to thirty-six in number, called a gang-saw, and cut up into boards. Of these the sound ones are carried on rollers down a slide at the end of the mill, while the others are placed under another saw and made into smaller boards. The edgings, which are too small to be of any use, are loaded on a car, rolled several hundred feet away along a track, and put into a fire-pen and burnt. The lumber, after it is rolled down the slide, is loaded on scows, which are taken by a tug out to vessels at the mouth of the river, and by them it is carried to Chicago, Milwaukee, and other large cities. Some of the mills work night and day; they have two gangs of men, and one gang takes dinner at twelve o'clock at night just as the other does at noon. Only the strongest and healthiest men can work in the mills; they are mostly Germans, Swedes, and French.

James S. Payne, age 16.

MARINETTE, Wisconsin.

MIDGET.

MIDGET is my cousin. She is five years old, and has big blue eyes, a big mouth, big ears, and a big head altogether. Now I suppose you think she is not pretty? But she is! Her eyes are not so blue as they used to be, and on cloudy days when she is not feeling very good-natured they turn to gray, but they are shaded by pretty eyelids, as white and drooping as any Broadway belle's. Although her mouth is large, it is pretty, and I suppose her ears would not look so big if her hair was longer. I cannot tell what color her hair is, for just now it is cut so close to her head that it looks more like the fur of a mouse than anything else. Midget is not her real name, but we think it suits her, and I am afraid if I should tell you it was Georgie you would think she was a boy. She is n't, and she does n't like to be called one.

Midget is pretty good-natured generally, but gets cross sometimes, and she does like to get into mischief. There is not a corner in the house or out of it that she has left unexplored, nor a chair or table she has not left her mark upon. As a

consequence she gets a good many falls and bruises, and she cries a little about them all.

She has a great taste for music, and I have no doubt will surpass even the young lady who plays "Kitty Popcorn" when she gets old enough to take lessons. As for dolls, she does n't care one snap of her finger for them, and would rather be racing up and down the street any day than playing with them.

Midget has her own opinion of men, and you will see it is not very complimentary. She was visiting at her aunt's one day, and sitting on her mother's lap at the front window she saw two men with very shaggy-looking hair and beards coming down the street. Midget asked what they were. Her mother told her they were men. She sat very still until they had passed, and then, turning around, said, "All that ain't men are bears; ain't they?" I think Midget will be a strong-minded woman when she grows up, for she asserts her rights very decidedly among her five playfellows, and does not care the least bit for dolls and kittens, or any other of the playthings in which little girls usually delight.

She has no papa, but she has a pretty mamma, and two pretty sisters, both with boys' names like herself. She was only three years old when her papa died, but she remembers him well, and often wonders what he is doing in heaven. Only the other night she wanted to know if the stars were papa's eyes. Some time ago a friend of her mamma's died, and now she wonders if Hester has seen papa yet. She says if she had known that she was going to see him, she would have sent her love to him. I think her papa knows and returns all her love, and with him to watch over her and lead her into the right, she cannot go far wrong in her path through life.

Mary Williams.

A PICTURE.

Two childish feet gently pressing the grass;
  Two little copper-toes polished and bright,
Serving as mirror to the flowers they pass;
  Two sunny eyes full of laughter and light;

A rose-budded mouth, that was made to be kissed;
  Gold-tinted hair clustering softly and sweet
Round the white brow in a gold-tinted mist;—
  Such is the picture my fancies meet.

Two dimpled hands closed firmly and tight
  On a bunch of bright buttercups, earth's fairy gold,
Coined in the mint of our dear mother, Night,
  And stamped with a dew-drop, just from the mould.

Gayest of blossoms around there be,
  Daisies and clover-blooms, fairest of flowers;
But the fairest of all, it seems to me,
  Is the child-blossom, fresh from the garden of hours.

Lottie A. Smith, age 14.

New York.

HINTS ON TABLEAUX.

I PROPOSE to give a few plain directions by which effective scenes can be arranged in any room with but little trouble or expense.

You will need 10 boxes of various sizes, 2 half-length picture-frames, 1 wash-tub and board, 1 broom, 20 feet annealed wire, 2 dozen curtain-rings, 12 large lamps or 20 candles, or a gas rod 12 feet long with 15 5-foot burners upon it, 6 yards black tarlatan muslin, costing 50 cents per yard, and 5 cotton sheets.

If the room has no folding-doors you must have a thick curtain or bed-quilt contrived to draw on a wire across the room at one end, leaving a space about 15 feet deep for the stage. This space must be draped with shawls or curtains by stretching wire across the sides and back of the stage near the ceiling and hanging them by means of rings firmly sewed upon the cloth. You will thus have a square room draped all around, except in front. Then procure 4 upright pieces of narrow board just the height of the room for posts, screw them upon the back sides of the frames near the edge, so that when you raise them up the frames will stand upright 4½ feet from the floor. Cover all the space above and below the frames with cloth of the same color as the back wall, so they will appear to the audience as if they were hanging upon the wall; put up these frames 4 feet apart, and nail 4 strips of board 5 inches wide in the shape of a large frame between them, having the top and bottom strips which form the frame 6½ feet apart, which when completed will give you a large frame between the two smaller ones. This large frame will be 4 feet wide and 6½ high outside. A curtain must be arranged to run in front of the frames in order to cover them when not in use.

These 3 frames stand at back of the stage (the supporting posts nailed to the floor) 2½ feet from the wall, so as to give room for the performers behind them.

If gas is available, fasten a rod with burners upon it over the top of the curtain or folding-doors. The best way is to make for it a shelf supported upon two posts about 8 feet high. Over the burners and behind them tack sheets of common tin, bent so as to throw the light down. If you cannot get the tin conveniently, fasten behind the burners a white sheet, which will serve the purpose very well. If the curtain does not come to the ceiling you must put a shawl or thick cloth above it, so that the light cannot show much over the curtain into the darkened room where the audience sit. When gas cannot be had, fasten the candles upon the shelf. If kerosene lamps are used, holes must be made in the board to fasten them firmly in their places. In a very elaborate performance the stage should be raised to a level with the eyes of the spectators. But I have had many very fine performances in a parlor where we did not begin work until two hours before the curtain rose.

Next make a veil of black tarlatan muslin large enough to cover the space before the folding-doors or posts which support your curtain.

In the programme I am to give you this month I shall introduce only such costumes and appointments as can readily be obtained in any house. We will begin with a group of statuary, as this requires more time for preparation than other scenes. Here is a very simple one: — *Justice, Mercy, and Peace.*

Justice stands on a high pedestal made of two boot-boxes covered with a sheet; Peace on one box; and Mercy kneels on two boxes placed end to end so as to make a long pedestal. They are draped in sheets. Peace must be taken by a child dressed in a short frock of white cotton belted around the waist. Justice must be a larger lady than Mercy. Mercy kneels in attitude of prayer with clasped hands; Justice stands erect holding a sword and scales covered with white cloth, and having a bandage over her eyes; Peace stands on the right of Justice holding a stalk of paper lilies in her right hand. The faces must be whitened with lily-white rubbed on dry.

In all statues the hands which are shown are covered with white cotton gloves, the arms with stocking-legs sewed to the gloves, and the heads with wigs made of lamp-wicking. Remember to turn down your gas, or to draw a strip of green cambric before your kerosene lamps; and if your statues stand still, the effect is wonderful. When the audience have seen enough of the statues, lower your curtain or shut folding-doors. The assistants rapidly clear the stage; draw away the curtain which hides the picture, and in one minute the audience behold to their astonishment a set of tableaux. In one frame *Milton*, at the age of 10, by a girl with a round face and light, wavy hair falling upon her shoulders in front, flat-top cap, pointed paper collar, velvet basque; in the other the *Pride of the Market*, — a dark-haired young lady, rustic hat, white waist, bodice cut out of red flannel; she holds on her left arm a basket of apples, and in her right hand the largest apple of all. In the centre or large frame we will have *Lear and Cordelia.* Lear sits proudly on a soap-box, Cordelia has her left arm over his shoulder. Throw light from the left side with a common reflector. Turn the light on at top, and the pictures look as if they were painted.

Next we must have a comic scene, — *Love's Disguises.*

A pretty girl in calico is washing at a tub at the right side of the stage; a fop is looking at her through an enormous eye-glass; he is dressed showily, with white hat and cane. In the next scene the maiden is sitting on a chair in the centre, and a cunning little Cupid aims his great tin bow at the fop from the wash-tub.

In the mean time the active assistant has filled the frames again and without delay the audience behold — *Catawba, Little Nell and her Grandfather, and Little Bo-peep.*

Catawba holds a glass half full of vinegar; light flowing hair, white dress, with grape-leaves. Bo-peep, high sugar-loaf hat made of red paper, calico dress tucked over red petticoat; holds a crooked cane. Nell, calico dress, broad hat. Grandfather leans on her shoulder, cane in right hand.

And then — *The Roman Girls at the Shrine of St. Agnes.*

The Saint, in white, stands in the large frame; before her on the stage two boxes covered with a sheet form the shrine, on which stands a cross made of unpainted wood 2½ feet high; one dark Roman girl holds a wreath of flowers over one arm of the cross, another kneels at the other side, passing to her a basket of flowers, a third kneels in prayer at front of stage telling her beads, a fourth stands in the corner of the stage at back holding a sheaf of straw. Dress, — black, brown, or red skirts; black bretelles over white waists, long white towels on heads, folded 3 times the

longest way, and placed flat upon the head leaving the rest to hang down behind. Concealed singers sing Ave Sanctissima.

By this time the audience will be ready for something to laugh at, so we will have — *Ignorance is Bliss: a French Peasant Scene.*

At the left of the stage an old lady is asleep in a high chair. She is dressed in black, or in any plain dress; wears a white apron, and has a white shawl folded across her shoulders; also a high cap and spectacles, which have fallen upon her nose. At the right a girl sits at the spinning-wheel. She has on a bright short skirt, white waist, red or black bodice; on her head a cap of lace gathered in a rosette with very long ribbons streaming from it; on her arms she has three ribbons, one at 2 inches above the wrist, the next below the elbow, the third near the shoulder. A youth is kneeling at her feet holding her left hand. She looks archly at him, regardless of the unconscious grandmother. The youth has ribbons upon his arms like the girl; he has no coat on, but bright suspenders joined in front with two bars. In the 2d scene the lovers remain as before, except that the grandmother has wakened, and is just raising her broom with the intention of waking the young man also. In the 3d scene the grandmother holds the lovers apart at arms' length by grasping one ear of each. The girl is crying at the left side, and the youth at the right of grandmother looks sheepishly down, with his finger in his mouth. Next draw away the back curtain again, and show more pictures which the assistant has had time enough to prepare.

In the centre frame stands a *gleaner.* In one small frame a child with a red cape over her head and a little basket in her hand personates *Red Riding-hood;* and in the other a *Marchioness.*

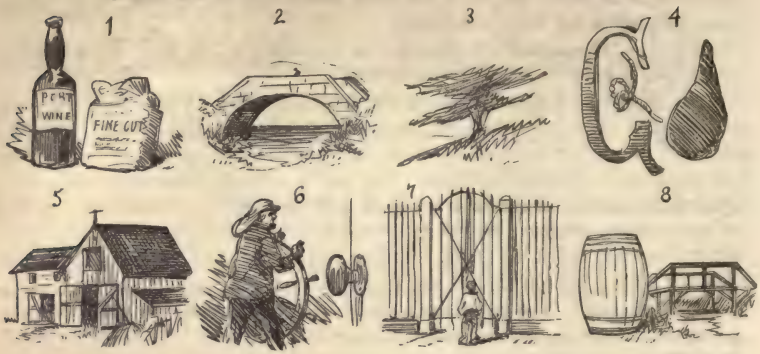
Next the *Angels' Whisper.* In a cot-bed two little children are sleeping. One angel lifts the quilt at the right corner of the bed; at the head another angel with clasped hands is smiling upon the sleeping babies; behind the bed in the centre of the stage upon a box stands a third angel with hands extended in blessing; the fourth angel kneels in prayer at the foot of the bed. In the 2d scene the little child who lay in front of the bed is kneeling, the highest angel places her left hand upon the child's shoulder and points up with the right. The other angels turn and look in same direction. The children are dressed in night-gowns, the angels in white muslin; their wings are made of a wire frame 4 feet long, in rough imitation of the shape of a bird's wing, and are covered with coarse muslin; the two wings are fastened together by a band of tin five inches long pierced with holes for the elastic which confines them to the shoulders.

As by this time the spectators may be tired of still scenes we will give them an illustrated ballad, — "The Mistletoe Bough," "Old Robin Gray," or "Alonzo the Brave," and conclude with a burlesque pantomime, or Jarley's Waxworks." But as these require a very full description I shall reserve them for a future article.

From what has been said this month you will understand how to arrange a very simple but effective exhibition. I shall hereafter explain how to throw colored lights without fire, smoke, or smell, how to paint scenery and mix the paints, how to present ship and boat scenes in a perfect way, yet so simply that a boy of twelve can make and paint them for himself, and give full accounts of elaborate scenes, pictures, burlesques, and statuary, interspersed with many amusing adventures which have occurred in the travels of the writer.

G. B. Bartlett.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—No. 24.



W. S. J.

No. 25.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

A nation's choice, — with a reduction,
And due allowance for Reconstruction.

The prayer of Orestes : its symbol, a dove
With an olive-branch ; and its fountain-head, Love.

Cross Words.

A vice, but not vicious ;
Rough, friendly, malicious.

A reminder that sweetest
Fair things are the fleetest.

A river whereby three great armies
Made history epic, — or the charm is
In Kinglake; ask him where the harm is.

The fag-end of a fête, if you 're
Not too dull, nor I too obscure.
A wave in eternity's ocean ;
Measureless, save by emotion.

Psyche.

ENIGMA.—No. 26.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 13, 5, 16 is a large country.
My 1, 15, 4, 3 is a testament.
My 11, 12, 7 is an enemy to its best friends.
My 14, 8, 9, 16 is a piece of furniture.
My 6, 5, 7 is a mark, intention, design.
My 10, 16, 11, 15, 13 is a famous city.
My *whole* is the name of a great ruler.

Bobinette.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 27.

My 1st is freely to bestow.
My 2d a metal you all know.
My 3d is only emptiness.
My 4th I leave for you to guess ;
'T is terminations, nothing less.

L. B. H.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 28.

ANSWERS

15. 1. Hartford. 2. Dorchester. 3. Marblehead. 4. Concord. 5. Woodstock.
16. Hendrick Hudson.
17. Home, Sweet Home.
18. Surrender of Paris.
19. 1. The first woman is *notable* the other *not able*. 2. The tooth is *aching*. In Spain they need *a king*. 3. Foremost horse has got *ahead*, hindmost horse has got *a head*.
20. Slipper.
21. Isinglass.
22. 1. Cannon. 2. Gun. 3. Rifle. 4. Pistol. 5. Sword. 6. Sabre. 7. Rapier. 8. Spear. 9. Arrow.
23. "They sin who tell us Love can die."

Robert Southey.

[(Th a)(ce *in*) (ho)(tel) (us) (Love) (can) (die).]

SEVERAL hundred answers to our January prize question have been received, and are now under consideration. It has been impossible for us to announce the prizes this month, owing to the large number of answers that came in late. In our next number we shall make the awards and print the best of the articles on the "Characteristics of a Gentleman."

OUR valentine came late this year, — but here it is: —

A VALENTINE.

Strange that such difference there should be
'Twixt "tweedle-dum" and "tweedle-dee"!
But more diversity you 'll find,
Confessed by every candid mind,
And lasting while the stars shall shine,
'Twixt "truly yours" and "truly thine."

E'en to an enemy, your worst,
You calmly sign that soulless first;
So to your grocer or your baker,
So to your tailor or shoemaker;

So to your butcher: "Mr. Skewers,
Send us a calf's-head. Truly yours";
So to your laundress: "Mrs. Bluers,
Don't iron my buttons off. Truly yours";

So to your ale-men: "Messrs. Brewers,
A cask of pale ale. Truly yours";
So to your plumbers: "Messrs. Screwers,
The boiler 's leaking. Truly yours."

But of all men of many kinds,
Of various looks and diverse minds,
To one alone *I 'd* deign to sign
That melting phraselet, — truly thine.

So now, d' ye see, my word assures,
If you 're my friend, I 'm truly yours;
But if you 'll be my valentine,
Why, then, I 'll say I 'm

TRULY THINE!

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

We send with this letter our first efforts in making enigmas. We have thought of trying for the prizes offered for compositions, but would like to find some good plain rules for punctuation. Could you not publish some, or refer us to some book?

We have had "Our Young Folks" ever since it has been published, and like it better every year. We think "We Girls" and "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" are the very best stories we ever read. Our family is something like that in "We Girls," — three girls and one boy; only, unlike them, we have a little sister almost three years old, and the pet of the house. Like them we have just moved into a new place, and do our own work, having a woman come once or twice a week to do the hard part. Only somehow things don't seem to come so easy to us as they did to them; perhaps it is because we are younger. Our ages are sixteen, fifteen, and thirteen, while our brother is eight.

Hoping you will give just one peep of your editorial eye at this letter, we are

Your friends and delighted readers,

MINNIE, LAURA, and CLARA.

Thank you, Minnie, Laura, and Clara, for your enigmas, and still more for your kind letter. And now about punctuation. In any good English grammar you will find rules plain enough, we should think, for your purpose. The application of those rules can only be learned by practice; and a very good practice is this, not only in punctuation, but also in paragraphing and the use of capital letters: —

Take any page of good English (say a page of "Our Young Folks"), and copy all the words consecutively, without points, paragraphs, or capitals. Lay aside your manuscript till you have forgotten about it, and then take it up and punctuate it according to your judgment, putting in capitals and marking the places for paragraphs. This done, compare your copy with the original, revise it, and afterwards rewrite it as it should be.

This exercise may be varied, and made much more interesting, where two or more persons engage in it together. Let Clara, for example, read slowly the printed page, while Laura and Minnie write down the words from her lips, each punctuating, paragraphing, capitalizing, and *spelling*, in her own way. Then compare copies, and laugh at your own and each other's mistakes. We venture to say that more real practical knowledge of these matters will thus be gained in an hour, than by writing a dozen ordinary compositions.

The rules and usages with regard to punctua-

tion will be found to vary not a little, according to different authorities; yet the essential principles of the art are the same with all our best writers and grammarians. Acquire these, then apply them according to your own taste and good sense.

A CLERGYMAN, Rev. G. W. F., writes from Wilmington, Del.: —

"My little five-year-old son has been a subscriber for three years, and now he insists on being a *contributor* to 'Our Young Folks.' He looks for every number with anxious delight. He laughs and he cries over its contents. He has often desired to send you a communication. I at last consent. This is his first literary effort. The composition and mechanical work are exclusively his own. His mother corrected the orthography of three or four words."

Here is the "effort": —

JAMIE. MY CAT. PULLS THE BELL WIRE WITH HIS TEETH AND SOME TIMES THE BELL RINGS AND DISAPPOINTS US FOR WHEN WE GO TO THE DOOR THERE IS NO ONE THERE. HE DOES MANY CUNNING THINGS. HE WAS A KITTEN LAST WINTER, AND IS A VERY LARGE CAT NOW. HE IS THE ONLY PET I HAVE. HE IS A VAIN CAT. WE HAVE CAUGHT HIM ON THE BUREAU LOOKING IN THE GLASS. HE COMES UP IN MY BED EVERY MORNING.

PRESCOTT.

AGE, FIVE YEARS.

DOVER, ME., January 22, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

In the January number of "Our Young Folks" were two articles which very much interested me, — "A Lump of Charcoal" and "A Christmas Tree under Difficulties." Now this query arose in my mind. The Esquimaux have no vegetation; what purifies the atmosphere for their lungs? And why is not the air of *our* winters, when no vegetation is consuming carbon and giving out oxygen, less pure and health-giving than when plants are growing?

Hitty Maginn thinks the six-word square very difficult. I send you the following. It's my private opinion it *is* rather difficult. . . . .

LUTHER M. AVERILL.

The six-word square we omit, since it is marred — like so many that have been sent us — by the introduction of a foreign word.

The question you might have answered yourself, if you had taken into consideration the great currents of wind which are constantly moving over the earth, from the tropics to the poles mixing, changing, and purifying the atmosphere, so that no very great excess of carbon can anywhere accumulate in it, except in crowded cities.

"*Perfect Penman*," who very properly puts a large (?) after his signature, writes to ask if one person, a subscriber, can send more than one set of answers to compete for a prize; and why T. B. Aldrich does not "contribute regularly," as advertised in our prospectus for 1870.

To the first question we say no, decidedly. The second we will answer, Yankee fashion, by asking two questions: Do you ever see that illustrated weekly paper called "Every Saturday?" — and are you aware that T. B. Aldrich is its editor? If so, and if you have watched the constant improvements making in that paper, which have already placed it far before any other picture paper ever printed in America, you may reasonably conclude that the author of "The Bad Boy" has had his hands full. Yet our promise of contributions from him was made in good faith, and we still hope that he will erelong find time to furnish them.

DEAR EDITORS: —

I suppose most of your readers would call us a family of old folks. Still we take your magazine. We always have taken it, and I hope we always shall. The older we grow the more we wish to keep our feelings young, and we think "Our Young Folks" helps us in this. We enjoy the whole of it. And we have many pleasant evenings guessing your charades, rebuses, etc. This has led us to make some ourselves, a few of which we venture to send you, in gratitude for the many pleasant hours your magazine has given us.

OLD FOLKS.

We receive many such letters as the above, and we wish it were in our power to thank, personally and editorially, the writers of all of them. Our magazine is designed for the *young in heart*, of whatever age, and we are always gratified to know that genuine children cannot outgrow it.

WE are sure that all "Our Young Folks" will read with interest this cheerful but touching letter from one of their number in California.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, January 15, 1871.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Many a weary hour of sickness has been shortened and enlivened by reading your magazine, especially "We Girls," in 1870. Every month I look forward to the arrival of "Young Folks" as one of my greatest pleasures. When the New Year was rung in by the "wild bells" (doubtless it will be the last New Year's chimes that I shall hear on earth, for though but sixteen years of age, the doctors say I cannot live another twelvemonth), I was very anxious to send my little sister, in far-off Missouri, some gift as a remembrance; and of the presents to be found

for the little ones, nothing seems so suitable as a copy of the "Young Folks" for 1871. I know if *I* send it to her, the subscription will be continued for years. . . . .

With many wishes for the continued happiness of "Our Young Folks,"

Yours respectfully,

E. M. B.

Our Young Contributors. — The following articles have been accepted up to March 1st: —

"*My Country Home*," by Minnie M.; "*Our little Wren*," by Gracie V. Vanness; "*The Barbagianno*," by W. S. Walsh; "*Knitting-Work*," by Genie M. Wilde; "*Nantucket*," by Grace S. Babcock. "*How Arthur Ran Away*," by Winogene: "*A Trip to Versailles*," by Julia Metcalf; "*The Old Meeting-House*," by Mary D. Priest; and "*Robbing the Birds' Nests*," by Lucy Bittinger. Poetry: "*The Modern School-Girl*," by H. J. Williams; and "*Signs of Spring*," by Eudora M. Stone.

Addie H. — Packages marked *Author's Manuscript*, and containing nothing else, left open at one end, and addressed *to the publishers*, can be sent through the mails at the ordinary rates charged for newspapers. The author's address may be affixed; but letters to publishers or editors must pay letter postage.

"*Studying Style*" shows the need of a little more study of the same sort.

"*The Carpenter's Son*" has a good idea in it, worthy of being carefully written out; but the versification is careless. It contains several weak lines; and such words as *saw* and *before* cannot possibly be made to rhyme between the covers of "Our Young Folks."

Jessie W. — "Would it be impertinent to ask if Miss Pearl Eytinge, whose marriage notice appeared recently in the New York Tribune, and Miss Eytinge who has written for 'Our Young Folks' is the same person?"

The same person, Jessie. Pearl Eytinge, our "young contributor," — Pearl Eytinge, age sixteen, — is married! We give this month the last but one of the sketches written by her for "Our Young Contributors'" department. The other will appear soon: and after that we hope to welcome her as an *old* contributor.

To Enigma-Makers. — The answer to each word in the enigma must be given, or the editors will not be likely to find time for studying it out.

EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

DEAR SIR, — Here is a new style of rhyme, written so as to be read in two different metres. Perhaps some of your young contributors might like to try their hands at the same style of composition.

Yours, etc.,

W. W. W.

1st.

The golden sun shines out so bright,
And grand with beams of radiant light;
Throughout the land o'er hill and dale
The mists of morning rise and sail;
Across the hills and up the skies
The shepherds turn their wondering eyes
Above, and gaze upon the scene
With joy and love, while on the green
The village lads at play so gay
Are happy as the livelong day.

2d.

The golden sun shines out so bright and grand,
With beams of radiant light throughout the land;
O'er hill and dale the mists of morning rise,
And sail across the hills and up the skies,
The shepherds turn their wondering eyes above,
And gaze upon the scene with joy and love;
While on the green the village lads at play
So gay are happy as the livelong day.

OUR old contributors must look sharply at their style when such young critics are about as the writer of the following: —

MY DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Doubtless you have read in the last number, that of February, an article entitled "Weeds and Words," by A. Newbury. This very article, though it be on common errors, is itself wrong where it would correct. I think if A. Newbury would look at the following sentence a moment, the error would be apparent to the author; it is, "'Don't' is a contraction for 'do not,' and not for 'does not' (does n't), hence it requires a plural nominative." Surely, "I" is not a plural nominative. According to the author of "Weeds and Words," you would say "I does not," and "I does n't," which is not correct, for you should say "I do not" and "I don't," therefore "don't" does not always require a plural nominative. If any of you can find a mistake in this my first attempt in the literary line, I will gladly receive any corrections that may benefit my future writing.

Yours,

M. MARIAN PYCHOWSKA, *aged* 11.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Ella F., Trenton, N. J. — "Lawrence's Adventures" contains but little of importance that will be new to the readers of the back volumes of "Our Young Folks," with the exception of a copious index, which enables one to turn readily to any of the curious processes which it describes. The book comprises those sketches of Lawrence which appeared in "Our Young Folks" between December, 1866, and December, 1869, and contains, besides the articles on "Glass-Making," "Coal-Mining," "Ship-Building," etc., papers

on swimming and the rescuing of drowned persons; — all put in the form of a story, and fully illustrated. For anything more you may wish to know about it we must refer you to our advertising pages, or to the book itself.

J. H. R., Lockport, Ill. — You will find some of your questions answered in the article on "Stone-Falls and Star-Showers" in this number. For a thorough yet concise treatise on the subject which interests you — and it is certainly one of the grandest subjects the human mind can grasp — we know of nothing better in its way than Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. It is admirably adapted either for schools or for private study.

Mrs. A. E. S., Greenfield, Ohio. — Back volumes of "Our Young Folks," containing twelve numbers each, handsomely bound, can be had of the publishers at $3.00 per vol.

ARROW ROCK, MO., January 7, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I send a few questions which I should like to have you answer, if you please.

1. What is the best Latin grammar for a student beginning that language without (or with) assistance? A writer in the —— recommends Harkness's "Arnold's First Latin Book," and I've seen Bullion's Latin Books highly spoken of; then there are Anthon's Grammars, and several others that I have heard of, and I should like to know which series *you* think is the best.

2. Is n't it right to say *Jones's Harkness's*, &c.? The writer above mentioned says, *Harkness'*, but it seems to me that such words do not come under the rule, "Do not say *Moses's horses's*."

3. Webster, in his American Dictionary (1828), says that it is incorrect to say, "he came *agreeably* to promise," that it should be *agreeable*; but one of the new school dictionaries tells us not to use the adjective instead of the adverb in such a connection, and many writers, Sir Walter Scott among the number, use *agreeably* in this way. Which is right? I side with the "American Dictionary."

Yours, etc., E. S. W.

1. The Latin Grammars for beginners, which you mention, are all good books. Andrews's smaller Grammar is also an excellent work, and so is Harkness's "Elements of Latin Grammar." If, however, you should decide to use Allen's "Manual Latin Grammar" (145 pages, price $1.25), we think you would have no reason to regret your selection.

2. It is not only "right" to say Jones's, Harkness's, &c. (in the possessive singular of nouns which in the nominative end in *s* or the sound of *s*), but it is much better to do so than it is to say Jones', Harkness', and the like. The latter form is irregular, and is in most cases regarded as very slovenly. Exceptions are in words in which the sound of *s* or *z* occurs more than once in the nominative: to add another *s* for the possessive would be harsh and offensive to the ear. Thus "Moses' brother" is more euphonious than "Moses's brother" would be, but the latter mode is entirely correct.

3. "He came agreeable to promise," or "He came agreeably to promise," — which expression, you ask, is right. The former only, says Dr. Noah Webster. Both, say we; but the former is antiquated, even if not wholly disused at the present day. If we decide for "agreeable," we must consider it as an adjective in agreement with the clause "He came," — his coming being agreeable to promise. If we substitute "agreeably," we modify the word "came" by using another word which shows how the coming was done, that is, in agreement with, or conformably to, promise. The last revised edition of Webster's Dictionary justly says that the use of "agreeably," in cases of this kind, "is now so fully established that it cannot be set aside."

Madge. — The grammar in use in the public schools of Boston is Greene's; the arithmetic Walton's; the history Seavey's edition of Goodrich (History of the United States); — all excellent text-books. The best "General History" that we know of is Weber's Outlines of Universal History, published by Messrs. Brewer and Tileston of this city.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

If you could just see the welcome you have in our school you would not forget it. There are thirteen or fourteen of us who take the magazine. We use it as a reading-book in school and think it very interesting. We have read the January number through, and expect to read "Bolton Woods" and some other parts again. . . . .

My mother says I am always asking questions, so I ask you one. Who printed the first newspaper, and what was its title?

Yours truly,

MATTIE LA FORCE.

AGENCY CITY, Iowa, January 7, 1871.

Mattie's question is a difficult one to answer satisfactorily and at the same time briefly. Printing was invented about the year 1450, and in the latter part of the same century small news-sheets, called *Relationen* and *Newe Zeytung*, were issued in Germany, in the form of letters. The first regular newspaper published in England was edited by one Nathaniel Butter, and was called *The Certaine Newes of the Present Week*. It was issued weekly, and the first number bore date May 23, 1622.

BUFFALO, N. Y., February 18, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

In reply to Miss Carrie S. Gold's question in the March number of your magazine I append the following gathered from about four works of reference in my possession.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The First was a Statue of Apollo, The Colossus of Rhodes, seventy cubits (nearly one hundred feet) high. It was placed so as to have the appearance of striding across the mouth of the harbor of the city of Rhodes, which was the capital of an island having the same name. "It was so large that a large ship under full sail could pass beneath it." It was constructed of brass, and such were its proportions that a man could not grasp its thumb with his two arms! This statue was begun by Chares and completed by Laches, both pupils of Lysippus and inhabitants of Lindus. After standing nearly half a century it was overthrown by an earthquake; it lay where it fell for a century or more accumulating rust and decay and was finally bought by a Jewish speculator from the government, to use for old brass.

The Second was the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a work of astonishing magnificence and art. It was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet in height. It took two hundred and twenty years to finish it. Afterwards it was set on fire by a man named Erostratus to render his name immortal.

The Third was a most beautiful Sepulchre of Marble, built by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, in honor of her deceased husband Mausolus.

The Fourth was a Statue of Jupiter in his temple in the city of Olympus, formed with wonderful art by Phidias, of ivory and gold. It was of prodigious size.

The Fifth was the Walls of Babylon built by Semiramis. Their length was sixty miles, their height was three hundred and fifty feet, and their breadth eighty-seven feet. Six chariots could easily drive abreast on the top of these walls.

The Sixth was the Pyramids of Egypt.

The Seventh was the Palace of Cyrus, King of Persia, built by Menon, with no less prodigality than art, for he cemented the stones with gold.

Yours truly,

HOKY POKY.

T. H. F., New York, gives as the Seventh Wonder, "The Lighthouse (Pharos) of Alexandria," and adds: "Some authors, instead of the 'Lighthouse, mention the 'Labyrinth of Crete' as the 'Seventh Wonder.'"

With the "Walls" the "Hanging Gardens" of Babylon are usually mentioned as forming one of the "Wonders." Of these E. B. T., another correspondent, writes: "They were in the form of several terraces, one above the other, the whole supported by vast arches. The top was covered with reeds and lead, upon which was laid a sufficient quantity of earth for the largest trees to grow. There were many large apartments where one could sit and enjoy the fragrance of thousands of the most beautiful flowers that the world produced, and see the ever busy little humming-birds gathering their sweets."

This question has also been answered, according to various authorities, by Eugene McArthy, "Admirer," Maggie Rozemon, "Barbara," C. W. S., S. H. B. Preble (age 11), F. S. Allen, A. F. Dresel, C. M. B., Effie C. Sweetser, S. C. O., Edward Pennock, Letitia C. Merritt, B. Blank, S. M. L., Louise Howe, Eva G. Baker, M. B. W., Grace H. Learned, Marion Talbot, Frederick McIntosh, Alice T. Bradish, and many others.

One of these — Oliver C. Weller — adds: — "Somebody says that what I have given were, but that the following now are, the Wonders of World:

1. The art of printing. 2. Optical instruments. 3. Gunpowder. 4. The steam-engine. 5. Labor-saving machinery. 6. The electric telegraph. 7. The photograph.

LIMINGTON, ME., February 19, 1871.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I think I can answer the question of "Nedloh."

"'Poor race of men!' said the pitying Spirit,
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall:
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

These lines are found in Thomas Moore's poem of "Paradise and the Peri."

AMY T. MARSTON.

Answered also by "G.," "Willie," Irene de MaCarty, J. S. H., John H., Denison, Carrie H., "Faithful Reader," Ida Wood, S. C. O., Mary A. Barney, Helen L. Burleigh, "Shoo Fly," W. H. Gardner, Lucy, Belle T., D. H. Blackham, Birdie Watson, and others.

FORT WASHINGTON, January 24, 1871.

DEAR EDITORS: —

It is only since the beginning of the new year that our boy, a little invalid, has had the happiness of knowing your delightful "Young Folks." It has been truly a blessing to him, and I know of nothing that could take its place. As to "Jack Hazard," why, I love the little rascal as if he were my very own! Blessings on him for the smiles he has brought to a wan little face.

To please my invalid, I have composed a "word square," and the little fellow is so anxious that you should see the wonderful affair that I have promised to send it, warning him that he must never expect to see it again.

Your grateful

SUBSCRIBER.

We will let the dear little fellow see it here.

My first, a good and precious gift
To little readers given;
My second a student might have been
If he had only striven;
My third, a cool and shady spot,
The whispering trees among;
My fourth with tiny icicles
In winter-time is hung;
My fifth their brightest colors take
In the autumn of the year, —
The nutting time so dearly loved
By "Young Folks" far and near.

L. L.

Answer next month.

HITTY MAGINN's article on the word square has called out a large number of interesting five and six-word squares from ingenious correspondents, who have our sincere thanks for their favors. We shall use the best of them.

"N. C. W." and his "ten-year old boy" send us an excellent six-word square, which, they say, "may encourage Hitty Maginn to *hit him agin*." Of this we give here the *first* and *last* words, and wait to see how many of our readers can fill the square: PLEASE, ERASER.

Here also are the first two words of a capital six-word square by E. H. B., of Chicago: ASTRAL, STRIVE.

The answers thus far received to A. L. Root's six-word square, of which we gave the first two words in our last number, curiously show how limited is the number of words which can be used to complete a square of this kind on such a basis. Of twenty-eight correspondents, eleven — viz., Letitia C. Merritt, Edward Pennock, S. E. G. (a little girl of ten), E. H. B., "Hoky Poky," Grace H. Learned, Annie May, Harry F. Eberman, Alexis, Fred H. Johnson, and C. M. H., — worked out successfully A. L. R.'s square, as follows: —

S C I O N S
C A T N I P
I T H A C A
O N A G E R
N I C E S T
S P A R T A

Several of these, together with the seventeen other correspondents, got one other square, in which *Nicene* takes the place of *Nicest*, and *Spared*, or *Spares*, or *Sparer* (practically the same word), the place of *Sparta*. Two or three other squares, containing inadmissible words, are left out of the count; so that here we have, as the result of the work of twenty-eight good heads, only two different squares made up on the basis of the first two words.

In answer to several inquirers we will here say that, in our judgment, words employed in modern English speech or literature, including well-known proper names, make up a good word square, and that the use of obsolete or unnaturalized foreign words should be avoided.

THE earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by "Barbara," Mamaroneck, N. Y; "Antoinette," Mt. Holly, N. J.; "Admirer," Philadelphia; J. A. W., Philadelphia; "Châteaugay," George Finlay, South Manchester, Ct.; Helen A. Ely, Black Mills, N. J.; Harry S. Stallknecht, Montrose, N. J.; Sophia B. Morrs, Burlington, N. J.; and Allie, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A. B. C. writes: "I think unknown correspondents ought to mention their sex, just for the convenience of those who may desire to write to them."

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only, or members of families in which "Our Young Folks" is taken. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Edward Pennock, 805 Franklin St., Phila. (would like a correspondent interested in microscopes, etc.).

Maud Lincoln, Newton Centre, Mass. (girl of 13; would like to correspond with a girl not over 15).

Bell Mack (boy of 15), Lewisburg, Penn.

Antoinette S. Bassett, Box 144, Waterbury, Ct. (age 14).

Etta M., Manchester, N. H. (age 15; wishes correspondent interested in natural history).

Alfred, East Somerville, Mass. (boy of 16).

Nellie G. B., Box 288, Warren. Trumbull Co., Ohio.

Floy Osborne (care Charles Howard), Springfield, Mass.

C. D. C., Box 33, Providence, R. I.

Sara P. Jamieson (age 14), Calais, Maine, Box 355.

Louis J. Skinner (age 17), 490 Broadway, N. Y.

Florence E. A. (age 16), Box 75, Washington, Ill.

Jennie Harvey (care of E. B. Harvey), Calais, Maine.

"*Dekay*," Box 82, Williamstown, Mass. (would like for a correspondent, any boy or girl of 16 or 17).

N. M. Elliott (care H. E. Sproul), 299 East Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y. (girl of 16).

"*Gabriel*," 1317 Delaware Ave, Wilmington, Del.

Hattie A. McLean, 96 Princeton St., East Boston, Mass. (wishes a correspondent who likes fun and Miss Alcott's books).

Pearl Winters, Cambridgeport, Mass. (would like for a correspondent a lover of music).

E. O. Thorndike, Belfast, Maine.

Caddie Carleton, Nashua, N. H.

John Lockwood, Box 348, Annapolis, Md. (age 14; would prefer a correspondent not over 15).

L. Howard, Box 820, Dayton, Ohio (girl of 16, fond of dancing, music, riding, and painting).

Ned F.——, Hanover, N. H.

Francis W. P., Box 524, Decorah, Iowa (wishes a correspondent about 15; subject, coins and postage-stamps).

W. C. Kenyon, 1 and 2 Reynolds Block, Chicago, Ill., (wishes correspondents about 13).

"*Flo*," Box 420, Danbury, Conn.

Harry W. Grant (care P. H. Brown), Portland, Maine, (age 16; interested in natural history).

Queen Mab, Troy, Miami Co., Ohio (age 15).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. MAY, 1871. No. V.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XII.

JACK'S TRANSFORMATION.

FARMER CHATFORD drove away with Annie and Kate, and joined the long, straggling procession of country vehicles that went rattling by, making Sunday at that hour seem livelier than any other day of the week. Mr. Pipkin and Moses had already started to walk, and Miss Wansey had been picked up by a passing wagon; Phin and Jack and Lion had mysteriously disappeared; and Mrs. Chatford was alone in the house.

Soon the last vehicle had passed, the distant ringing of the church-bell ceased, and perfect stillness followed, broken only by the crowing of a cock in the yard, the cackle of a hen, and the tick of the kitchen clock, — sounds which seemed a part of the solemn Sabbath quiet.

Mrs. Chatford, having taken a little time to set things to rights after the folks were gone, opened her Bible and her spectacles; but before beginning to read she thought she would see what had become of the boys. They were nowhere about the house. She looked in the orchard, but they were not there. Then she stood by the well, and marred the all-pervading Sunday silence by calling "Phineas!"

In the mean time that guileless youth had got Jack and Lion behind the barn, with the woodchuck, a pocket-knife, and a whetstone; and there he was, diligently sharpening the blade, when he heard his mother's voice.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"What!" he said in a whisper, immediately adding, "Keep still! she won't know where we are."

"Phin-e-as!" she called again.

Another whispered response from the owner of that euphonious name, who kept on whetting the knife. Somewhat disturbed in her mind, Mrs. Chatford returned to her Bible and spectacles.

"There! she 's gone in, — I knew she would," said Phin, feeling the knife-edge with the ball of his thumb. "Now we 'll have this woodchuck's hide off in no time."

"She won't like it, will she?" said Jack, holding a paw whilst Phin cut the skin around it and made a slit up the inside of the short, thick leg.

"I don't much think she will," said Phin, laughing; and he went on cutting, followed by Jack, who stripped off the hide.

The woodchuck was dressed, and Lion had his share of it, and the pigs had theirs, and Phin was telling how the hide was to be tanned, when a motion of the dog caused him to look up. The very sudden manner in which Phin's countenance changed and his tongue began to stammer caused Jack to look up too. Within three yards of them, at the corner of the barn, stood Mrs. Chatford, with her spectacles in her hand, regarding them with mild displeasure.

"He wanted me to," said Phin, before she had spoken a word. "He is going to carry the meat over to Old Danvers and his man Grodson, to pay 'em for keeping him last night; — they 're suffering for a woodchuck."

"Have you been here ever since the folks went to meeting?" Mrs. Chatford inquired.

"Yes 'm, I s'pose so," said Phin.

"Then you were here when I called you?"

"Yes 'm."

"Why did n't you answer?"

"I did; I said 'what?' both times; did n't I, Jack?"

It made Jack wince to be obliged to say *yes* to this; for, after Mrs. Chatford's kind words to him in the kitchen, he had felt that he never could and never would deceive her.

"You did n't answer very loud, that 's certain," said Mrs. Chatford. "Now come into the house. If he wants to take the meat over to the charcoal-burners, he can."

"O, I forgot!" suddenly exclaimed Phin. "Pa told me to turn Old Maje out into the pasture, soon as he 'd finished his mess."

"Well, do as he told you. And, Phineas!" said the good woman, her benevolent soul pleased with Jack's plan of relieving the sufferings of his friends, the colliers, "you can go part of the way with him, — if you won't play, — and carry a pie to poor old Aunt Patsy."

Phin would have liked to go all of the way with Jack, but the idea of turning aside to visit Aunt Patsy did not suit him; so he said, with a wonderfully sanctimonious look for a boy who had just been caught skinning a woodchuck, "Why, ma! it 's Sunday!"

"No matter, if it 's an errand of mercy you go on. But I remember you have a headache. Jack will carry the pie for me."

Jack brightened at the thought of doing something to please her. Phin thereupon changed his mind, and said he would go too; "He won't know the way, without I show him."

"Well, — only don't play," said Mrs. Chatford. "Come into the house first, Jack; I 've something for you." For it had suddenly struck her that Jack was needlessly ragged and dirty. "I am going to give you some clean clothes to put on," she said, taking him into the kitchen. Then, looking at him again, "But would n't you like to give yourself a good washing, while I 'm picking them out?"

"I don't think a good washing would hurt me a mite," said Jack, made glad at heart by the prospect.

"Take him right to the woodshed, Phineas, where you won't be afraid of slopping, — take plenty of soap and water and towels, help him about his bath, and then come to me when he is ready for his clothes. And, Phineas! he 'd better use a comb. Here 's a coarse one for the snarls, — and then a fine one."

In half an hour Jack came out of the woodshed so completely transformed that Mrs. Chatford could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw him. He had shed every rag of his own clothing, and was clad in a clean, plain suit selected by her careful hands from the wardrobes of Moses and Phineas. He was thoroughly washed and combed, and his shining countenance testified to the wholesome combined effects of hope and of soap and water.

"Why! is it — can it be! — dear me!" said the gratified housewife. "I don't see but what you look as well as anybody's boy! Now if you can only put off all your bad habits with your old clothes, and put on new behavior with this clean suit, I shall bless the day that brought you to us!" And hopeful tears glistened in the motherly eyes that looked so kindly upon the outcast boy.

"I feel now as if I could begin a new life, if I only had a chance!" said Jack. "But in my old rags I don't believe I could ever have forgot I was a canal-driver."

"There 's a good deal in that," said Mrs. Chatford. "Well, these clothes are yours; and I think the best thing you can do with the old ones will be to bury them in the ground somewhere. All but your hat. That 's a good chip hat, — I had n't noticed it before."

Jack, growing suddenly very red and embarrassed, wished she had not noticed it then. "It 's a borrowed hat," he stammered.

"O, is it? Then I will give you one of the boys', so you can have a hat of your own, and not be obliged to wear out somebody else's."

Poor Jack was quite overcome by so much goodness; and the feeling he tried in vain to hide caused the good woman's heart to warm towards him still more. "You ain't a bad boy, I know you ain't!" she said, pulling down the clean white cotton wristbands that had been Phineas's under the coat-sleeve that had belonged to Moses.

"But I don't see what you do all this fer me fer!" said Jack, passing the other sleeve across his eyes.

"Because you have been brought here for stealing our horse and buggy, when I am sure you never stole anything in your life!"

Jack gave a glance at the "borrowed" hat, and said, with a knot in his throat that made his voice very husky, — "I wish — I don't deserve it — just fer that!"

"Then I do it because you are a poor, friendless boy; and I can't help it!" said Mrs. Chatford, with a bright, tender, tearful smile. "Here is *your* hat; you 'd better put the other one away till you have a chance to return it."

Jack took the proffered hat, — it had been the elder son's, — and hung the "borrowed" one upon a nail, and went out of the house with a heart so full that it seemed to him that he must suffocate if he stayed in her presence a minute longer.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW OLD MAJE CARRIED DOUBLE.

PHIN followed with a basket, in which were packed three quarters of the woodchuck for the colliers, and a custard-pie and a loaf of bread for Aunt Patsy.

"Here, take this," he said, "while I lead out Old Maje," — that patient animal not having yet set his weary hoofs on the grassy pasture. "Get him into the lane once, maybe we 'll have a ride."

Lion had in the mean while eaten what he could of *his* quarter of the woodchuck, and buried the rest. He followed as the boys entered the lane with the basket and Old Maje.

"Can you ride him with nothing but a halter?" said Jack.

"O yes!" said Phin. "He 's just the cleverest old horse ever you saw. I 've got on his back in the field sometimes, and rode him all about the lot, guiding him with just my heels and a hand in his mane. You can ride too, if you want to; he 'll carry double. We can ride almost to Aunt Patsy's house, by letting down two pairs of bars and a rail fence; you can get off and do that."

I don't suppose any lad in the country ever refused an invitation to ride, under even harder conditions than those proposed to Jack. Phin led Old Maje up to a big stone, and got on first; then he held the basket while Jack mounted behind him; then Jack took the basket, and Phin the halter-strap. They got along very well until they were out of the lane. Jack had dismounted to let down the bars, and mounted again, when Phin said he "guessed they would ride a little faster."

Old Maje had walked thus far; but now he was urged into a trot. Hearing almost at the first rebound of the boys on his bare back the rattling of brown paper in the basket, he gave a frightened start, and broke into

HOW OLD MAJE CARRIED DOUBLE.

a canter. That made the brown paper rattle worse than before. Phin pulled in vain at the halter, and in vain Jack cried, "Hold him in! hold him in!"

"I can't!" exclaimed Phin, breathlessly. "Drop the basket!"

"That custard-pie!" cried Jack.

"Darn the custard-pie! He 'll break our necks!" said Phin.

"Stick on! I can," said Jack.

To add to the excitement, Lion now came leaping and barking by the horse's side. Higher and higher bounced the boys at every pitching motion of the terrified animal, and Phin found himself fast working forward upon the narrow ridge of his neck.

"O, ketch hold! ketch hold!" he cried, giving the halter to Jack, and grasping neck and mane with both hands. "O, I 'm going! I 'm going!"

"No, you ain't; I 've got ye!" said Jack.

With the arm that carried the basket he also supported his companion, while with the other hand he pulled hard at the halter. Old Maje did not mind his pulling in the least. His gallop, however, was very much like that of an old cow, and Lion was able to keep up with him. That sagacious dog seemed to know what the matter was; for he made earnest springs at the horse's head, as if with intent to seize the halter and hold him.

They passed the brow of a hill, and began the descent of the other side. Phin was now well over on the horse's neck, doubled forward, clinging fast, with terror in his face and horsehair in his hands. Jack saw that it would not be possible to hold him on a quarter of a minute longer. A bright idea struck him.

"Here, Lion!" he cried; "hold!" And he swung down the halter-strap until it was firmly gripped by the dog's teeth.

The effect of this manœuvre was astonishing to horse and dog and boys. Lion settled back, pulling sideways upon the halter with all his might; the horse's head was drawn suddenly about, and the horse's body followed it, describing a curve so abrupt that his riders flew off at a tangent, the basket tumbled with them to the ground, and the pie went rolling like a wheel down the hill.

"Hurt? Ye ain't hurt, are ye?" cried Jack, on his feet in an instant.

Phin got up slowly, a ludicrous picture. I said the pie went down the hill; I should have said the pie-plate; — the pie, flying from the basket, had been scattered along the earth, just where Phin, tumbling heels over head, must needs roll into it. He rose, spluttering, holding his hands far out from his body, and his fingers far apart, and looked down at himself, all plastered and dripping with custard.

It was impossible for Jack to keep from laughing at the sight. He was partially sobered by the thought, — "What if it had been *my* clean clothes?" when Phin, perceiving him inclined to mirth, flew into a fury.

"I 'll get it on to *you!*" — and he rushed to claw and embrace the offender.

"No, you don't!" said Jack, defending himself with the basket. "Take care; you 'll get something worse than custard!"

Thereupon Phin, who was not surpassingly brave, desisted; and Jack asked, "What 's the good of pitching into me?"

"Laughing at me!" snarled Phin, wiping his hands on the ground.

"You 'd laugh at yourself, if you was n't so mad," said Jack. "I never see so funny a sight!"

"You did it!" Phin complained.

"I?" cried Jack. "I was only a passenger. You 'd have pitched off before you did if I had n't held ye on."

"You rattled that paper so!"

"It rattled itself; and how could I keep it still, when every jump of the horse threw us half a yard up in the air?"

"You might have dropped the basket, as I told ye!"

"I was afraid of spilling the custard-pie," said Jack, and laughed again to think how he had saved it.

"Then you had to fling it out just where I would fall and get it all over me!" said Phin; and, having thus cast the blame of the catastrophe upon his companion, he began to feel better.

Lion had stopped the horse, and was now holding him. Jack gathered up the bread and the meat, which were uninjured, and made an excursion to the foot of the hill, where he found the plate with some of the under-crust still sticking to it; then, on his return, he worked for some time upon Phin, scouring him with wisps of grass and brown paper. Phin was by this time laughing with him.

"I might go over to Aunt Patsy's," he said, "and carry the crust, and let her scrape me clean, and in that way she might get her pie, — for she never 'll get it in any other way, that 's sure!"

This plan seeming hardly feasible, from the small prospect there was of Aunt Patsy's falling in with it, the boys got off the custard as well as they could without her assistance, and — Old Maje being now turned loose — pursued their way on foot.

CHAPTER XIV.

"ERRANDS OF MERCY."

THEY found at the coal-pit a merry fellow, whom Jack hardly recognized at first. It was not Danvers, and — could it be the dark, unfriendly Grodson? He was sitting on a log, talking in a very sociable way to himself, and every now and then throwing back his head as he indulged in the snatch of a song or a fit of laughter.

"He 's part Indian, did ye know it? and he 's tipsy," said Phin. "I 'm afraid of him!"

"What 's the good of being afraid?" said Jack; and he went forward with the basket and the dog, while Phin kept behind. "Hullo, Mr. Grodson!"

"Hullo!" returned Grodson, dubiously at first, turning and rolling his eyes at the visitor. "Welcome, my frien'!" — speaking thickly, and with difficulty. "Walk into m' parlor, ze spider to fly, ze perries' li'lle parlor 't ever you disspy!" And getting up from the log, he shook both Jack's hands with such overwhelming friendliness that Jack, in his clean clothes, feared that the tall, grimy collier was going to hug him.

"Where is Mr. Danvers?" said Jack.

"Gone a-courting," said Grodson, with a skip and a jump. "Did n't ye know Danv' 's courting a woman? Come 'long and take a drink." And he picked up from behind the log a bottle which he brandished in the air, singing, in maudlin style, —

"For this night we 'll merry, merry be,
And to-morrow we 'll be sober."

"I 'm going to be sober to-day," said Jack, and he steadily refused the drink which he would have gladly accepted the day before. "I 've brought you some woodchuck-meat, killed this morning; and now I must be off."

"Ain't ye going to stay with us?" said Grodson. "Come, we 'll hire ye; and *this night we 'll merry, merry be* — hurrah!"

As the drunken man tipped up the gurgling bottle at his lips Jack called out "Good by!" and hurried away, leaving the meat on the log.

"The idea of your hiring out to that man!" said Phin, keeping well ahead of his companion, and looking back to see if Grodson was after them.

"So I say!" replied Jack. "Last night and this morning that place seemed as if it would be a good home; and I don't know what I would n't have given for a pleasant word from Grodson. But now I could n't bear to stay there!" Mrs. Chatford's kindness and the feeling of clean clothes had made such a difference in Jack's way of thinking!

The boys went first to the woodchuck-trap, which had been left sprung, and which they now set in a new place, — Jack taking pains to show it to Lion, and to warn him against ever putting paw into it. Then Phin said, "Le 's go and carry the bread to Aunt Patsy."

"Where does she live?" Jack inquired.

"Just over the hill here. She owns a notch right in the corner of Squire Peternot's farm. That makes the squire awful mad, and he 's tried every way to get rid of her, — to buy her out, drive her off, send her to the poor-house, and I don't know what else; — but there she sticks, all the tighter 'cause she knows how he hates her."

"Widder?" asked Jack.

"Grass widder," said Phin, as they hurried on. "She 's buried one husband, and she 's got another alive somewhere, — he married her for her house and land, and when he found he could n't get 'em he went off. That 's her house, over on the cross-road; and there she is herself, pulling down the old well-sweep. Le 's hurry along, 'fore she goes in."

Aunt Patsy had got a bucket of water up into the curb, and, being too feeble to lift it, was dipping some out into a pail, when the boys approached

the garden fence. Phin saluted her, not very respectfully, I fear, for she merely turned her head and gave him a scowl. She was dressed in a dreadfully soiled and patched old gown, and her gray hair, short and bristling, gave her a wild and ugly look.

"She 's had so many tricks played off on her, she 's suspicious of boys," remarked Phin. "Say, Aunt Patsy! here 's a loaf of bread ma sent you."

"Your ma?" said Aunt Patsy, regarding him once more, with a softened expression. "Oh! Phineas Chatford, — is that you? Come into the gate, won't ye?"

"We 'll climb over, if we won't hurt anything," said Phin.

"There 's nothing here to hurt," said the old woman. "Everything 's going to 'rack and ruin, just like the owner. I was a smart woman once, and I had a neat, perty place; now look at us! Oh! oh!" and she gave short cries of pain as she attempted to lift the pail she had partly filled with water.

"Let me!" cried Jack, running to carry the pail for her.

"Whose boy be you?" said Aunt Patsy.

"I 'm nobody's boy," replied Jack.

"Guess you must be some relation to me; I 'm nobody's old woman."

"Where 's your husband, Aunt Patsy?" Phin asked, in order to hear her talk.

"Hugh! don't talk husband to me! I 've put one good man under the sod, and I was a fool ever to strike hands with another. I thought the brute wanted me, but it turned out 't was my farm. A good many want that. But they won't get it till I 'm gone. Then Squire Peternot can drive his ploughshare over my hath-stun, if he wants to, and if he lives arter me."

"Why don't ye sell?" asked Phin. "They say you 've been offered nine hundred dollars for your piece of land. Why don't you take it?"

"'T would tickle 'em too well," said the old woman. "I 'd stay here if 't was only to spite 'em. Me and my land goes together. Squire Peternot can walk over us both, arter I 'm buried in it, if it suits him, but he must keep off while I 'm above the sod. Walk in. 'T ain't a decent house to ask you into, but it 's the best I 've got. Thank ye for lugging my pail; ye can set it on this bench."

"Here 's the bread, Aunt Patsy," said Phin, placing the loaf on an old pine table beside some very dirty dishes. "Ma sent a custard-pie, but we got flung from the horse, carrying it, and here 's all that 's left of it, in this plate, — except what sticks to my clothes."

"Your mother 's the only Christian woman I know. I 'm glad to get a loaf of her bread, and I thank you for bringing it. No matter about the pie. Won't ye set down? I 'm horrid lonesome here, and I 'm glad to see any human face, if ye don't come to play tricks, or to pester me to death about my bit of land."

"Ain't there something else I can do fer ye?" said Jack, looking round upon her miserable abode.

"If you was a girl I would set you to work. I want somebody to slick me up. I 'm ashamed of my kitchen," said the old woman.

"Would n't you like to have these big sticks of wood split?" Jack inquired.

"Bless ye, yes! I 've hacked and hacked at 'em. There 's an old axe in the shed."

"O, come along! I would n't!" said Phin, discouragingly. "Ma 'll be wondering what 's become of us."

"You did n't think of that when you set the trap," said Jack. "I 'm going to crack up some of this wood for her, anyhow."

"What 'll meeting-folks think if they go by and hear an axe in your shed Sunday?" said Phin to the old woman, as Jack began to chop and split the tough sticks.

"If they think I 've a friend come to see me that 's a better Christian than any of 'em, for all their church-going, they won't think fur wrong. They can go and set in a pew in their fine clothes, but who of 'em ever thinks of visiting the widder in her affliction? What boy is that?"

"He 's nothing but a common canal-driver in my clo'es!" said Phin, cynically, envious of Jack's praise.

"He 's a fine boy; — I 'll give him something!" said the old woman, fumbling in a closet, while the axe still resounded in the shed.

"Of course!" said Phin, bitterly, half aloud; "bringing ye a loaf of bread is nothing, — *I* don't want any pay, — but splitting up a few old sticks is a great thing!"

"What 's that you 're saying?" the old woman inquired, coming away from the closet.

"Nothing much. What you going to give him?"

"Wait and you 'll see. He 's a better boy than you be, Phineas Chatford, if he *is* nothing but a canal-driver in your clothes. I know a good boy when I see him, and I know a selfish boy when I see him." And Phin perceived by the sparkle of her eyes that she had heard every word he said.

Just then Jack came in bringing an armful of wood, which he laid down beside the hearth.

"O, that 's nice! O, you 're a blessed good child!" said Aunt Patsy, in a voice tremulous with grateful emotion.

"I 've split up all there is," said Jack. "Shall I bring it all in?"

"That 'll do for now, — thank ye, and bless ye! If I had some money I 'd pay ye for what you 've done, and get ye to come and split some more when Don Curtis draws it from my wood-lot. He cuts my wood to the halves, but he 's so lazy I never know when he 'll bring me any."

"I 'll come again if I can," said Jack; "but if you had any money I would n't take it."

"I 'm going to make ye a present, any way. Here 's a little pocket-compass that used to be my fust husband's; it 's no use to me, and I may as well give it away as to have strangers snatch it up arter I 'm dead and gone."

Jack regarded the curious trinket with boyish interest, and it cost him no little self-denial to give it back to her. As she insisted on his keeping it, he said, "No, not to-day; I was n't working for pay. Next time I come, if there 's a good lot of wood to split, maybe I 'll take it."

That seemed to please the old woman, and, in the hope of receiving another visit from Jack, she put the compass away.

"Why did n't you take it? I would!" said Phin to Jack, on their way home across the fields.

"I d'n' know; somehow I could n't," said Jack. "I thought I would at first; but, then, she looked so miserable and poor and — I could n't!" And Jack startled both himself and Phin by — swearing!

It was just one little word, and it came out, not in malice or anger, but as a relief to the emotions of his heart. Phin turned and gave him a sly, strange look. Jack blushed to the tips of his ears. But for that fault of the unruly tongue he might have prided himself upon having behaved that day in a manner which would almost have met the approval of his unknown friend, the packet passenger. He had been flung from a horse, and had not sworn, — a marvellous circumstance! he had refused Grodson's whiskey, — which was quite as remarkable, since the little canal-driver had long since acquired a taste for grog; and he had carried the old woman's pail for her, and split her wood, from mere good-will, thus unconsciously obeying that friend's third rule of life, — "Help others"; and here he had spoilt all,

as he believed, by that most untimely oath. Poor Jack! he did not reflect that there might be a difference in oaths, and that one which sprung to the lips from old habit, and the throbs of a heart struggling against its own emotions of pity, belonged not in the dark record of those inspired by violent thoughts. But he had sworn, — SWORN IN HIS CLEAN CLOTHES; what would Mrs. Chatford say, if she had heard him, or if Phin should tell her?

Yet it was perhaps a good thing for Jack that he had made that slip, since it served to keep him humble, and on his guard against giving way again to the old bad habit. And now the reflection that he had done other things that morning which she would have thought wrong for Sunday caused him some misgivings, although he had her own son for an example.

"Who 's that?" said Phin, looking back at Aunt Patsy's house.

"Danvers! ain't it?" said Jack.

"Old Danvers!" giggled Phin. "He 's going to see Aunt Patsy! "That 's where he goes a courting! O, won't the boys laugh when I tell 'em? Old Danvers courting Aunt Patsy!"

And in his delight over this discovery Phin forgot all about Jack's swearing.

J. T. Trowbridge.

DOWN WITH THE DIVERS.

DEEP down in the waters of the ocean is a mysterious world vaster and richer than that of earth or air. The creatures which creep and swim in it are far more numerous than those which walk upon the land or fly. It is not level, as one would suppose, judging only from the smooth sandy beach glistening in the sun; it has its broad plains, deep ravines, and high mountains. "There are places," says Lieutenant Brooke, who sounded the sea along the route of the first Atlantic cable, "where Mont Blanc (the White Mountain of the Alps, whose summit is three miles above sea level) might be sunk without showing its peak above water."

Much of the mud at the bottom of the sea is found to be chalk, which when dried you can write with, and in which, when still soft and wet, creep countless insects so small that the naked eye cannot distinguish them. In northern latitudes there have been found growing at the bottom of the sea, clustering around wrecked ships, great reeds and twining vines and plants of varied colors, forming beautiful submarine gardens. In the warmer regions of the south, where the sun shines brightest at the ocean's bottom, the reeds and plants grow to be trees, and the gardens become forests of bright foliage. Among these fishes swim, looking like birds flying through the air. Some are great monsters, going about to destroy and devour. Here are rich mines of coral, pearl, and sponge. There is a coral-mine in the Atlantic Ocean known as the "Silver Banks of Hayti," which is forty miles long and twenty miles wide, and submerged in clear water

from ten to one hundred feet. In the Indian Ocean there are others which lie four hundred feet below the surface and are hundreds of miles in extent. The bottom of the ocean in many parts of the "Silver Banks" is as smooth as a marble floor, and far more beautiful and variegated. In other parts great coral columns from ten to one hundred feet high and from one foot to eighty feet in diameter rise to the surface of the waves. Arches spring from column to column, giving the mines the appearance of some vast cathedral or palace. Shrubs and vines grow and twine about these columns, and long palm-like leaves of varied hues wave with each motion of the sea as if fanning the unseen inhabitants of the deep.

There are beings — shall we call them genii? — that daily go down into the ocean's depths, breathing and eating and drinking and walking under the sea in search of its riches. These strange creatures resemble huge

Divers at Work.

monsters, larger than the largest men. Their heads are of hard, stiff material strangely shaped, with great glass eyes; and from the back of their heads grow long tails, through which they breathe. Usually they have no houses in the ocean, though sometimes they are found living and laboring in iron houses of curious form, without floors, yet into which the water cannot penetrate. Of course you have already guessed that these genii are divers, and that their houses are diving-bells.

The name of the first genie of this kind is not known. Long before any one had built the diving-bell there were men whom its riches tempted to dive naked into the sea. The pearl and sponge fishers are known to have practised diving in the waters of Europe and Asia four hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. The sponge-divers who live on the islands

and coasts of the Mediterranean Sea are a strange people, half-land, half-water animals, as one might justly call them. They are trained from infancy for the hazardous labor. They have among their curious customs one which prohibits a young man from marrying until he can dive to a great depth and bring to the surface a certain number of sponges each day. They fish in small sailing vessels called *caiques*, each carrying six or seven divers. These natural divers descend without artificial aid to a great depth,

Diving for Sponges.

and it has been said remain under water as long as two minutes, though this is very doubtful. Once at the bottom of the sea they tear the sponges from the beds where they grow and bring them to the surface. Here the poor animal soon dies, and is dried in the sun, to be offered for sale.

The pearl-divers of Ceylon and South America do not descend to such depths as the sponge-divers. They have a framework in which they stand, and they take down a basket in which the oysters they gather are deposited. They are armed with a huge knife, with which to fight the sharks they sometimes encounter. This weapon they carry, singularly enough, between their teeth. In their mouths they deposit a sponge, from whose pores they suck the little air which remains when the sponge is saturated. When he reaches the bottom the pearl-diver leaps from his frame, fills his basket, then, as a signal, pulls the string attached to the boat above, and the basket and frames are drawn up. The diver is left to get to the surface as he can. This these experienced swimmers find no difficulty in doing. The South Sea Islanders may be said to almost live in the water. Travellers have described their numerous feats, such as diving to the bottom of the sea in search of a nail; but the most remarkable I have heard was the adventure of a number of them in search of an anvil lost from an English ship. They found it without difficulty, but could not bring it to the surface on account of its weight. So they dived time and again, and by turning the anvil over and over, finally landed it on the adjacent beach.

The natural divers whom I have described are barbarians. Civilized nations, from an early period, have possessed artificial means of descending into the water. Something similar to the diving-bell and diving-armor was seen three and four hundred years ago. In 1538 the Emperor Charles V. of Germany and his court, besides ten thousand other spectators, saw with wonder and amazement two Greek divers descend in a large kettle into the water, carrying a lighted candle, without wetting their clothing or extinguishing the light. In 1687 a Boston ship-carpenter, named William Phipps, recovered three millions of dollars from the wreck of a Spanish ship by the aid of a diving-bell. Three millions was looked upon as a much more magnificent fortune two hundred years ago than at this day, and the ship-carpenter was made a knight by King James of England, and was afterwards appointed Governor of Massachusetts. The first person to improve and scientifically construct a diving-bell was Dr. Edmund Halley, and to him the honor of its invention is usually paid. He was the famous astronomer who discovered the comet now called by his name, and who explained the mysteries of the magnetic needle, the ocean currents, and the trade-winds. Dr. Halley's diving-bell was made of wood and was covered with lead. He supplied it with fresh oxygen when submerged by sending down barrels of air to be emptied into it. After Dr. Halley came another inventor, who used the air-pump for forcing fresh air into the bell. With the aid of this improved bell the divers went to the bottom of the sea and built stone piers for bridges and docks, — the first instance of the diving-bell being used for such purposes.

The secret of the diving-bell is a very simple one. The principle of its construction is, that air and water will not mix, and that a volume of air can be forced through water as readily as a stream of water can be thrown into the air. To test this, take a deep bowl filled with clear water, a goblet,

and a small lighted wax-taper set in a piece of cork large enough to float it. Then reverse the goblet over the cork in the bowl, and press it downward to the bottom. The water will rise a little way in the goblet, but the light will still burn, though below the surface of the water outside. But if the goblet is held at the bottom for two or three minutes the light will be extinguished before the taper has burned away. The reason is that the air within the goblet becomes fouled, and a flame requires fresh air as well as fuel. When a man goes down in a diving-bell he is in the same need of oxygen as the candle. Life, as well as flame, must be fed. The bell itself holds enough to keep an occupant alive for a short time, but not long. Hence it is necessary to force fresh air in and the bad air out, and for this purpose the air-pump is used.

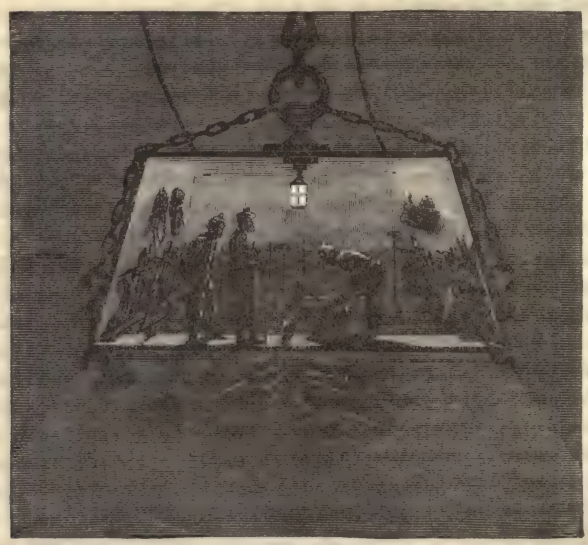
Persons who have never gone down in a diving-bell may think a trip to the bottom of the sea both unpleasant and dangerous. Old divers relate that their first efforts were attended with some pain, owing to the compression of the air, but that they soon came to feel "quite at home" in the bell. Hiram Hill, a famous diver of the Western rivers, who has spent more than three years of his life under water, has said that he now feels as much pain in coming up into the air as he at first did in descending. Another diver once expressed his idea of the pain of his first descent by saying he "had a humming in the head as if some one had let fly a swarm of bees there." Another described his sensations as those of a man bound hand and foot with bands of iron. The danger is not greater than the discomfort. Ladies have been known to make descents, — one of whom went down for no other purpose than to write a letter to her mother dated "At the bottom of the sea." The divers themselves never think of the danger.

"Fear?" exclaimed a diver, when he was asked if he was not afraid to go down in the bell alone. "If any one is afraid he'll never do for a diver!" This is true also of other kinds of business, from that of the soldier to that of the chimney-sweep.

Conversation cannot be carried on very pleasantly in a diving-bell, owing to the great compression of the air in it. Divers have a system of signals by which they "talk" with those above who work the air-pumps and lower and raise the bell. The water, which is a good conductor of sounds, is the telegraph which they employ. The diver cannot hear any sound made by those at the pump, but those in the open air can distinctly hear any sound made by him in the bell below. When he wants "more air" he strikes one blow with a hammer on the side of the bell; those above hear the sound borne by the water, and obey by pumping faster. If the diver wishes to be "drawn up" he strikes three blows; if to go "lower down," four; while the signal to "stop," or, as a diver would say, "hold hard," is two blows. They also use small buoys of various colors, each having a different signification, and which, set free from the bell, rise to the surface. When they wish to say something unusual, and for which they have no signal or buoy, they write the message on a board with chalk, and send it up.

There is little need for lamps in the diving-bell, for the sun shines to the bottom of the sea, and penetrates through the numerous windows in the roof of the bell. The light is of course not so bright under the water as above it; still, on a clear day, the diver can see to read or write at the lowest depths. Often, looking through the windows of his bell, he can see the clouds passing along the sky. Convex lenses, which concentrate the rays of the sun, have sometimes been used as windows, with curious results. Mr. Mackintosh, an English diving-master, relates that while building the light tower at Stonehouse Point he went down one very hot day with his workmen, and was surprised to find that when the bell was twenty-five feet under water, his clothes were set on fire by the rays of the sun concentrated by one of the convex lenses overhead.

The diving-bell has been called the "Balloon of the Sea"; but the comparison is not just and fair to the bell. The balloon is certainly very handsome, while the diving-bell is very ugly; but you will find that in real life beauty and usefulness do not always go together, while ugliness and goodness are by no means always strangers. The diving-bell has been man's slave; the balloon, his plaything. The balloon has done little towards making known the laws of the air, while the diving-bell has told us nearly all of what we know of the lower depths of the sea. I confess I like the patient, slow drudge of a diving-bell, on whose faithfulness we can depend, better than I do the flighty, ungovernable sprite of a balloon.



Diving-Bell.

The bell is furnished with benches, on which the divers sit or stand until the bottom is reached. They then step off, and set to work in the narrow space in which they are confined. For the bell is the diver's prison-house,

which he cannot leave while under water, although the bell itself can be moved about. This is its great disadvantage; and a remedy for it has been sought by inventors. What was needed was some apparatus not too heavy to prevent the diver, after reaching the bottom of the sea, from moving about at pleasure. After many experiments the diving apparatus, or armor, was perfected.

Diving armor is generally thought to be only about forty years old, but the idea of it is much older. The two Greeks who descended in the bell in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. wore over their heads large bladders, which contained fresh air to supply them for two minutes. Dr. Halley, the inventor of the bell, used also a leather cap with glass eyes which covered the head and received air from the bell by means of a tube. The fault of these two plans was that in making the cap water-tight about the neck the wearer was choked nearly to death. This suggested the idea of clothing the whole figure in armor. In 1721 a man named John Lethbridge, with this idea in his head, made an air-tight cask with two holes for the arms and two more for the legs, and a glass loophole through which to see. When this armor was in use it looked like a common barrel with arms and legs and one eye. This was objectionable because it was too tight around the arms and legs; besides the diver was not always sure of being able to keep his legs, and at best could only lie down on his face. Still John Lethbridge used his cask for forty years and made a large fortune with it. In 1789 a German named Klimgart made the first complete armor for diving. The head-piece was of tin, the jacket of leather, and the pantaloons and boots of leather hooped with brass. There were two pipes,—one for furnishing fresh air, the other for breathing out the foul air. On the back was carried a bag which contained fresh air. The armor was so heavy that it was almost useless.

It was not until 1829 that a Frenchman, named Siebe, invented the armor now in use. It is made almost wholly of India-rubber, only the helmet being of metal and leather. The trousers, boots, and jacket are all of one piece, and the diver gets into it up to the neck from above, just as one would get into a sack. The neck-piece is arranged to draw closely about the lower part of the neck and padded so as to keep tight without choking. In the same way India-rubber rings are placed around the wrists. There are no gloves; the touch of the fingers must often be the diver's only guide, and these cannot of course be covered. The last thing he puts on is the helmet. This covers, but does not rest on the head, being supported by the shoulders and breast. The diver adds also a dagger to his belt and an axe in his left hand; on his breast is hung a heavy weight and at his back another. When all else is ready the mouth-piece of the helmet is screwed on by one assistant while another at the same instant begins to work the air-pump which supplies the helmet with air. The diver then descends into the water by a ladder, or, jumping overboard, sinks rapidly at first, but more slowly after a time, to the bottom of the sea.

The principle of the armor is precisely the same as that of the bell. The

diver breathes the air contained in the helmet instead of a bell; in fact, the helmet is a miniature bell. The tubes through which he breathes are similar to those used in the bell. Besides these, the diver carries down attached to his belt a rope called the "life line," by which he is drawn up at a signal, in case of accident. His means of talking to the men above are this line and the tubes; the signals are made by pulls. The weights are required to sink and keep the diver at the bottom. On land these weights would be very heavy; in water of twenty or thirty feet weights of eighty and one hundred pounds are not felt; nor is the weight of the armor to be noticed. The diver, thus loaded so that he can only drag himself along on land, can clamber over sunken ships or rocky reefs, jump down hatchways, and even climb masts and stanchions. Divers are often masons who build submarine walls, and they say that the labor of moving a large stone in the water is much less than on land. Many carry down with them for a walking-stick a heavy crowbar, which at thirty or forty feet below the surface is not heavier than a stout cane out of water.

French Diving Apparatus.

An improvement even on Siebe's armor is the diving apparatus shown in the accompanying picture. This consists chiefly of a steel reservoir of air surmounted by an air-chamber, which the diver carries on his back, and from which he supplies his lungs at will by means of a pipe connecting the chamber with an India-rubber mouth-piece, while the reservoir is kept supplied by the force-pump.*

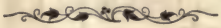
Divers are not only masons but carpenters, and many of them make

* For a full description of this modern French invention, see that interesting little work, "The Bottom of the Sea," published by Charles Scribner & Co.

large sums by patching the hulls of steamers to save them from sinking. When the Great Eastern steamship was returning to England from her first trip to America some years ago, she sprung aleak below the water line, and began rapidly to fill. Efforts were made to stop the flow of water on the inside, but it was not until a diver went down on the outside of the ship and patched the hull that the leak was stopped and the vessel enabled to reach Liverpool in safety. During the Russian War the English ship-of-war Agamemnon was shot through below the water line. The carpenter, who had formerly been a diver, at once put on his armor, and while the cannon-balls were falling about him plunged into the sea, sank to the side of the ship, stopped the holes, and saved her from sinking. Since that time the English sailors have been trained to use submarine armors.

The principal work of the diver is to recover lost treasure and lost ships. By his aid a sunken vessel can be searched from stem to stern, and everything of value stripped from it as cleanly as if it lay on the beach in the hands of the wreckers. Six or seven years ago the Royal Charter was sunk on the English coast, and the divers set to work to strip her. One day one of them, more lucky than the rest, roaming about in the hull of the sunken vessel came upon a solid bar of gold worth $ 10,000. In 1860 the ship Malabar was sunk off the coast of Spain, and remained untouched until 1861, when a single diver went down to her and on the first trip found the entire treasure of the vessel, amounting to $ 1,400,000. From the wreck of the Lady Charlotte a diver named John Gann recovered $ 500,000 in gold.

Major Traverse.



A FAMILY MYSTERY.

REVEALED BY A CHIMNEY.

HERE I am, at my last gasp. I 've stood it thirty-five years without flinching; but now my time is come. Pleasant sky, you and I must part. Bright sun, good by. Remember I 'm but a humble instrument, and forgive me for smoking in your face.

Look, iron-hearted men, see how a hero dies! The blood is settling under my finger-nails (to use a figure of speech), yet it 's not I that will cry quarter!

Well, what would you do? Here I am alone; shovel, tongs, cooking-stove, — all gone that make life desirable! Yesterday you climbed on top of the house, sirs, and tore off the tin roof, rolling it up into parcels like so much jelly-cake. I looked on and saw you, but the bitterness was past. The time I could have wept was the day the family — *my* family — had notice to quit. When *they* were gone, — rocking-chairs, work-baskets, cough-medicines, and all, — what did I care for the rest? I saw you pull down the walls till the air was so thick with plaster you could have cut it

with a knife. I saw you rip up the chamber floor as if it had been a rag-carpet. I watched you pulling away the door-steps where *she* used to go and stand, looking up and down the street. I saw wondering children and old women, too, coming to pick up shingles and clapboards for kindling. Little by little, crash after crash, down went the house, till there was nothing left standing but the other chimney and me. And this morning *he* was taken; now I 'm sole survivor. Ah, but I could a tale unfold; only nobody listens. Few indeed understand the language of chimneys. (Talk about the language of flowers!)

I hear some foolish fellow say I look like a monument. Well, so I am a monument, smiling at grief. My grief began to come, or I began to come to grief, last winter, when I first heard the talk about "improving the street." I knew *we* were a frame-house, — not a beauty, — one story with a basement kitchen, and most likely our room would be better than our company. I tell you I hated to break up! The family had serious talks about it over the kitchen fire, close to my best ear.

"Mother," said the old gentleman, rubbing the patched knee of his gray trousers, "we used to laugh at our neighbors on the 1st of May; who 'll laugh now? Where shall we go, and what 'll become of us?"

Think of his appealing to her, a sick woman, that sat coughing in her chair! But that 's always the way, — it was "mother here," and "mother there."

"Never mind, Abel," said she, cheerily; "Nell will look us up another rent, and John will pay for it all the same."

John lives in Boston, and has a wife with "blue blood in her veins." I am not quite clear what blue blood is, but it 's something that keeps her at arms' length from this family.

"Ah, well-a-day!" sighed the old gentleman, "it 's trouble upon trouble. I 've been a broken-down man ever since that mystery of Dick's."

They always called it "the mystery."

"There, there, father, don't give way. Look up to Heaven and have faith! 'T will all be cleared up yet."

But no, the old gentleman only looked straight ahead for consolation, into the bowl of his tobacco-pipe. Reckon *I 've* reason to know where he looked. Many 's the time I 've thought I should choke!

There are three children, John, Nell, and Dick. Only one at home now. Nell, bless her heart, I always did my best to draw when *she* laid on the shavings. She 'd sing even a coal-pit into good-humor. Her father never could understand why she should have so much better luck than he had, making a fire. (I find I 'm getting wheezy. That 's right, little boys, put on more shingles; it warms my heart.)

Now I 'll plunge right into the heart of my story. The fact is, I know more about it than any of the rest of the family.

A year ago, when Dick was attending school, he came home one night with a diamond ring on his finger.

"How splendid! Whose is it?" said Nell, flying round to make butter-toast for supper.

"That 's telling," said Dick; "what if it 's my own?"

"Humph! Then it 's paste!"

"Paste indeed! It 's a solitaire, worth seven hundred dollars."

Nell let the toast burn. She put the ring on her finger and twirled it round and round. Knowing it was worth seven hundred dollars, and "its owner would n't take a thousand," it dazzled her eyes almost out of her head.

After Dick had teased her long enough, he told her it belonged to James Van Duster, the wealthiest boy in school.

"And he does n't know I 've got it," added Dick. "I just slipped it off his finger when I was helping him out with his Greek. Won't it be a jolly joke when he goes round inquiring for it to-morrow?"

"O Dick, how dared you?" said Nell; and then I smelt the toast burning, and heard her scraping it with a knife. "The ring 's too large, you must n't keep it on your finger, Dick; let me have it for safe-keeping."

"You, Nell? Why, you 'd serve it up in the toast-dip, just as you did the salt-spoon last week."

"But think, Dick, if anything should happen to such a splendid jewel!"

"Well, there won't anything happen, so don't fret. If I was in the habit of losing —" Dick checked himself, and I suspect he blushed. Nell, with all her kindness of heart, could n't help laughing, for Dick was as harum-scarum as the breeziest hurricane.

I felt low-spirited from that moment, and was afraid I never should breathe freely till the ring was fairly out of the house. In the evening Dick came down into the basement kitchen again to crack some butternuts. He knelt by the brick hearth and began to pound. I could have told him better than that; there was a crack in a corner of the fireplace. All of a sudden off slipped the ring and danced into it.

You could have knocked me over with a feather! But as true as I stand here that boy went whistling up stairs, and never missed the ring till Nell asked what he had done with it. You may depend there were a few remarks made then! Dick rushed up stairs and down, and the whole family went to hunting. Next morning a carpenter was sent for to take up the boards under the dining-room table. There was a hole in the carpet there, and Dick was almost sure he must have dropped the ring when he stooped to pick up his knife.

How I longed to be heard! I talked as plainly as I do now; but what 's the use when people will insist upon it that it 's "the wind sighing down chimney?"

Nell suggested that the ring might be "round the fireplace."

"You 're 'warm,' my dear," said I, joyfully. But as fate would have it, they only picked out the wrong bricks, and did n't strike deep enough either. Here lies that solitaire, as solitary as Hamlet's father's ghost! Here it lies, at the northeast corner, eight inches from the surface.

"What of that?" said I, trying to be as philosophical and cold-blooded as a lightning-rod. "Pshaw! Nothing but the dust of the earth any way. I mean nothing but coal-dust! Peace to its ashes!"

But James Van Duster did n't agree with me on that subject. He thought more of the ring than he did of his best friend. He was n't quite as absent-minded as Dick took him to be. He knew when the solitaire was drawn off his finger as well as either you or I would know. And being a high and mighty young fellow, with a mind as narrow as the neck of a half-ounce vial, and jealous of Dick into the bargain, what should he do that morning but send an officer after the ring.

You might have heard Mr. Dean groan clear across the street. The officer was very polite, and listened to all the family had to say, but whether he believed it or not I 've no means of knowing. All I can say with certainty is that old Mr. Van Duster interfered, and said if Dick could pay the price of the ring, the lowest price, — eight hundred dollars, — he need n't go to jail ; the matter should be hushed up.

Eight hundred dollars ! Why, old Mr. Dean just earned his salt by tending an oven at a bakery. There was nothing in the house of any value but Mrs. Dean's piano, and that would n't bring more than three hundred. Of course it went though, and John had to be written to (I don't know what his blue-blooded wife said !) to make up the balance. He did this in the shape of a loan. I did think John was hard-faced. He might have given Dick the money for their mother's sake. It was too bad for such a young fellow as Dick to be saddled with a debt, even if he had been careless.

After this the boy could n't afford his time to go to school, so he got a clerkship. At first he held up his head with the best of them, but after a time the cold shoulder was turned to him. The Van Dusters had n't kept their word ; the story was whispered around that Dick had stolen the solitaire and could n't return it because the Jew he had sold it to refused to give it up.

Dick was nearly wild. He ran away to work on a farm in New Jersey. I believe his mother's letters were all that sustained him.

" Never fear, Dick," said she, " this mystery will be cleared up in God's good time. We can't see why the trial was sent, but perhaps it was to make you patient and full of charity for others. You may depend upon it as the truth, that

> 'The sorrows of your youthful day
> Will make you wise in coming years.' "

The old gentleman gave right up, and the care of the whole family fell upon Nell. She is a shrewd little manager, and has found enough embroidery and copying to do to keep off starvation ; as for clothes they have n't had many.

She is a most remarkable girl. (I do hope that 's she coming round the corner !) All the amusement she seemed to have was going to the door, standing on the steps, and looking down the street.

(More shingles, boys ! I 'm about out of breath.)

Ah well, what with Mrs. Dean's cough, this " mystery," and all, we have been a suffering family ; but we have our blessings, not the least of which

is Nell. We have had some cosey times this winter too, popping corn over the coals; but it 's all past now. They went to Thirty-fifth Street yesterday.

I don't know how I could have borne it but for the reflection that I was dying for the good of the family. Yes, when I fall, murder will out! The ring comes to light!

Boys, you 're sharp-eyed, but you won't get it. I keep looking out for Nell; she told her mother she should watch that kitchen chimney when it fell.

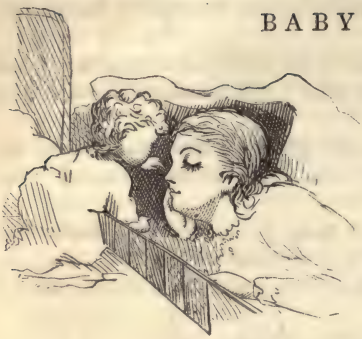
Bravo! There she stands! That 's Nell, the modest girl in the blue dress, with the bird on her hat. Make way for her. Bravo, Nell, I 'm reeling! Hammer away, ye iron-hearted men, I 've got my death-blow. Sharp, Nell, I 'm dow—dow—down!

"Please, sirs, let me look here for something?" says she.

"Yes, Nell, look in the northeast corner. Hurrah! She 's found it! That revives me! Hurrah! I wish I had some hands to clap! Three cheers for the little girl in blue! Fare—well!

Sophie May.

BABY'S DAY.



OPEN your eyes, mamma!
Day soon will begin.
Open your eyes, mamma!
I want to look in.
Yesterday, dear mamma,
Out of your eyes
There peeped two little boys
Just of my size.
Are they there now, mamma?
Whose can they be?
And do you love those boys
As you love me?

Don't feed me any longer, —
Not another minute!
Does my mouth look pretty, think,
With a great spoon in it?
If you people speak the truth,
I am sweet enough;
There 's no need of choking me
With your sugary stuff.

Mamma, where are you?
You are the sweet!
Nicer than all
They can give me to eat.
Here I come to you, —
Toes, fingers, and feet!
Have you a kiss or two
Growing for me?
Where do you hide them?
Please let me see!
Now I shall steal them, —
One, two, and three.

What is the next thing
For baby to do?
Duckie, I think,
I 'll go swimming with you.
Doggie, look sharp,
And if we get drowned,
Fish us both out,
You comical hound!

Dick, we 'll on our travels go,
I 've two feet, don't hold me so!
O, my shoes won't walk a bit!
Down upon the floor I 'll sit.
If you think I 've had a fall,
You 're mistaken, that is all!
But why will this old house shake,
Every single step I take?

Now get out my pony, Dick!
Whoa! Gee up there! where 's my stick?
Over the world and away to the moon,
Clever old Dick, we must get there soon,
Or the barley-candy will all be sold,
And we can't buy a gingerbread horse for gold.

O, the sand blows in my eye
Here is Noddy's Isle close by;
And, — don't tell me that I fib! —
Dick, it looks just like my crib.
Good night, pony! Trot away!
I 've done riding for to-day,
And I hear my mother sing,
Sweet O sweet as anything! —

SONG.

My baby shall go
  To the Island of Sleep,
Where soft little dream-waves
  Around him will creep.
And when the moon rises,
  Away in her boat,
With the stars rowing races
  All night he shall float.
And when morning's red horses
  Spring out of the sea,
As swift as a sunbeam
  He 'll come back to me.

Lucy Larcom.

TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

SECOND DAY.

"TO-MORROW" dawned, and showed a drizzling rain, coming down in slow, sulky fashion, as if determined to last all day. In the hotel it would have been hardly bearable, but underground, what difference could it make? and we put on the mustard-colored uniform with enthusiasm. To-day's experience began like yesterday's, only now there were two guides, and a party of three besides ourselves. The younger guide carried a basket of provisions on which we were to dine at the end of the route, and a can of oil slung on his left hip. Warned by past experience, the Major exchanged his hat for a stuffed skull-cap of the same pleasing color as his uniform, and designed to soften the inevitable bumps received in "Fat Man's Misery." Harry provided himself with a paper box, sufficiently large to hold two of the curious cave crickets, looking like the ghosts of a daddy-longlegs and a grasshopper combined. They scurried away as Harry tried to catch them, dropping legs about promiscuously, and scaling the walls as well on three as on six.

In the Bat Chamber, not far from the Vestibule, thousands of bats clung and squeaked as one of the party threw a stone or two in passing. These, with the crickets and eyeless fish, are the only living inhabitants of the Cave. Josie suggested taking a bat home and trying to tame it, but changed her mind as she looked at the strange body and wicked little eyes of the elfish thing Harry picked up and presented her.

So we passed on, reaching the Giant's Coffin after a time, and stooping almost to the ground as we squeezed through a narrow way, from which opens the "Long Route." By and by came "Fat Man's Misery," just a zigzag through the small holes in the rocks. Then the "Vale of Humiliation," where one must go almost on his hands and knees or not at all, and this for a quarter of a mile. Harry chuckled privately over the young lady who would not wear the mustard-colored uniform, and who presently came out from the Vale into Great Relief Avenue looking very much disgusted, and declaring she wanted to go back. Certainly, the extra guide said, but there was no other way of return than through this same valley, whereupon the young lady was silent and walked on, throwing her pretty travelling-dress over her arm.

Passing over the bridge of the "Bottomless Pit," up and down ladders, through holes, up hill and down dale, we came at length to the brink of the River Styx, shut in by rocky walls, and flowing silently through a cavern of stillness. The stone which Harry dropped in through a cleft in the rocky roof covering it splashed far below, sending up a faint echo. We looked for a moment into its dark depths, and passed on gladly to Lethe, but a short walk beyond. More blackness,—a river of ink disappearing

suddenly around a corner of rock; dark cliffs roofing over the entrance, and no ripple or breath of air to give token of life. Drawn up at one side was a small flat skiff, and, remembering the nearly impassable places we had crawled through, Harry at once asked, "How could you ever get a boat as far as this? It 's three miles in, is n't it?"

"Just three," said one of the guides. "The boat came in by bits, a lot o' men taking a board apiece. There ought to be more than one, for if there 's

Navigation in the Cave.

a big party we have to make two trips. It 's pleasant, though, standing on the shore, and seeing another party navigate the river, their torches

shining on the water and agin' the roof and wall as they poke along. It makes a pictur', — particularly if the boatman happens to be a black feller."

As he talked we took our places, the older guide shoved off, we rounded the projecting rock, and glided along between the gray walls arched over by a roof varying from twenty to forty feet in height.

"It 's like going through some old cathedral aisle at midnight," said Josie. "And there is a sort of gallery half-way up, just like a church. There are niches underneath too, — windows, or perhaps places for busts."

"A gentleman as came in here once," remarked the guide, "said them niches was just the places for the busts of disapp'inted politicians. They 'd be filled mighty quick, I reckon, ef 't was so."

The laugh which followed echoed back so sweetly and wildly that at once we were silent, and then the guide began a plaintive negro song, pausing between each line, the echo of the first coming back about the time of the third. No pen could give the wonderful effect of that sweet, reluctant echo, coming to us, it seemed, from remote and unknown distances, never trod by human foot.

"'T is the singing of the Sirens," Harry whispered low, and then we were still again, and listened, with no desire for speech, as we floated on for a mile and more. The last half of Lethe is called Echo River, and here the echoes are still finer. They ended at last, and then came silence, — silence. When green things stop growing, and sun and moon hold their breath, you will know what that silence is like.

Parallel with the river runs an avenue called Purgatory, but no one cared to give up Lethe for this place of groans, from which the loudest and most doleful echoes seemed to come. Not one wanted to leave the boat, but five miles of marvels were still to be explored, and very reluctantly we picked up our lamps and stumbled on. "Silliman's Avenue" came next, forty feet high, and then the "Infernal Regions," where one must constantly guard against stepping into pits; then an opening called "Cascade Hall," where one hears the plash of water from an unseen fountain; "Ole Bull's Concert-room"; "Martha's Vineyard," the walls covered with curious stalactical formations like bunches of grapes; the "Standing Rocks," and curious columns, before each and all of which our guide paused with a "Here you are, ladies *and* gentlemen. Here 's your slacktites *and* slagmites!"

"It 's too much," said Harry, at last. "Nine miles of perpetual amazement is as bad as nine dinners in one day. And I 'm so far gone now that I can't admire anything but that ever-retreating dinner-basket. When *are* we to stop?"

The eighth mile was performed in profound silence, not even a lamp lifted to admire and examine, — the "Hanging Rocks" and "Elindo Avenue," and a dozen other noteworthy spots, all needing a column at least of description; but enthusiasm was dead, and not till the guide rounded to, and the file of stumblers stumbled into a group around that basket, did it revive.

We were in Washington Hall, but cared not a straw for Washington or anybody else as we sank down wearily on sharp corners of rocks, and watched the unfolding and taking out of cold chicken and rolls. Then a march on the double quick began, for every fresh bone to be picked required a going after it, and the ration of bones for each can only be guessed by one who has been there. Relics of numberless dinners lay all about. Ale and wine bottles in piles; bones and bits of bread, and part of a chicken in good preservation, which the guide affirmed had been there a month, and would last good a year, in the dry air.

A dinner eaten eight miles from daylight is something to remember, but like everything else it came to an end, and with fresh courage we prepared for the last mile, the most wonderful of all the nine. The proportions of the rooms are no greater, but walls and ceilings are lined by crystallization, with every variety of spar, and the snow-white glitter dazzles the eye. Here and there some barbarian has written his name in lamp-smoke on the pure surface. There should be a law against such desecration, and if persisted in, the author should be left on the "Rocky Mountains," which one must climb before reaching the last hall, or in the desert valley known as "Dismal Hollow," where a little time of quiet reflection would probably make him desire to mend his "tricks and manners" permanently.

In this valley the guide burns oiled paper to show the wilderness of desolation, and one can hardly imagine a worse Hades than the black concave overhanging the blacker rocks, stretching away on every side into unknown darkness. With a long breath we picked up our lamps, and pushed on to the end of our pilgrimage, a small chapel, so called from the altar at the end, over which hangs a curtain formed by the stalactical ooze. Behind this Harry at once penetrated, the faint gleam from the lamp shining through the transparent folds and lighting up the little altar like a shrine. The guide's nine-mile lecture on "slacktites and slagmites" was over, and he sat peacefully smoking and waiting our pleasure. Josie broke off little bits here and there, loading down her much-enduring pocket, and the Major looked at his watch.

"Half past three," he said. "Over six hours to this point, and now we must do it all over again. Up, lamps, and at it!"

Six miles to Lethe, and the last half-mile gone over with the hips higher than the head! If one could have conveniently yielded to exhaustion, it would have been done at once, but the motives for going on were too strong to admit of weakness. Like the horse in the story, so tightly reined up that he could never give out, we pressed on, stopping only at the river for one of the eyeless fish, who, seeing no danger, swam right into the net held before his unsuspecting nose, and was at once transferred to a bottle of alcohol and Harry's pocket. To-day his pearly, spotless little body floats in the same phial, standing now on Harry's mantel. Looking at it, you see that all the organs of the body are forward of the gills, the stomach being directly behind the brain. There is no visible eye, though with the microscope it is said the collapsed socket can be seen The organ

has died out from want of use. I am not certain either that he has any nose, for as there is nothing to smell, it would dwindle and become extinct on the same principle as the eye.

Up stream again, thinking all the way how impossible it is to see all in one day. More weary stumbling, and at last starlight and something to smell, and a hot supper and then bed. Neither one day nor *ten* in the Mammoth Cave can give a full idea of even a part of its wonders, and to know them better than this mere outline allows, you must read some of the many books upon it, and end with a fortnight or so at the Cave Hotel, where, having once paid the fees for the "Short" and "Long Routes," you are at liberty to go in free every day in the year. A half-dozen smaller caves are scattered about the county, and if you take time to visit the negro cabins near the hotel you will hear a separate legend for each one, and begin to wonder how any rash mortal ever dared first to penetrate the shadowy avenues and winding labyrinths guarded for long ages by the silent "spirit of the Cave."

Helen C. Weeks.

HOW WE HUNG THE "MAY-BASKETS."

OF all the merry old Saxon sports our sturdy great-grandfathers brought over with them from "Merry England," which through the whole year could compare with those of May? — with "May Day" and its flower-seekings, the ribboned "May-pole," and the pretty, flower-crowned May queen, and last, but not least (in our own times), the "May-baskets," — those frolicsome flittings in the gathering dusk!

Perhaps some of our town readers never hung a May-basket, — possibly never heard of such a thing! Sorry for them! They 've lost a deal of fun; and for their benefit I 'll try to explain a little.

A May-basket is — well, I hardly know how to describe it; but 't is *something* to be *hung on a door*. Made of paper generally, it contains almost anything, by way of small presents, you have a mind to put into it, together with your respects, best wishes, — love, perhaps. It is hung after dark at the door of anybody the *hanger* fancies. Which done, the said hanger knocks and scampers. If a boy, it 's a great disgrace to get caught by a girl. Such a failure implies a lack of masculine spunk. On the other hand, if the hanger be a girl, why, she rather *ought* to be caught. It disgraces the boy again not to catch her. And the reward of catching, as I 've always understood it (from a boy's stand-point), is, if the parties can thus agree, a kiss in the dark, and the young lady's society homeward.

Right sorry am I that all these jolly customs are passing away. They are thought not quite genteel enough for the young people of this generation, — too rompish and bouncing. And are we happier in our "sets," with

our cold nods and airs of indifference, than when a whole village joined hands around its May-pole? Well, I hope we are.

But I still know a little rustic neighborhood, away back among the mountains, where as yet the boys and girls have never dreamed that the dear old May games, with "baskets" in the vesper, are not the very pink of gentility. There I love to go back (for it used to be my home), and when May night comes round get out a certain boy friend of mine, and race and run and "scrimmage" up and down, with a troop of merry girls hard behind us, — girls who (I doubt if I ought to tell it) will get over a five-rail fence quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. Sometimes, despite all our doubling and dodging, we bring up on a brush-heap, and are caught in woful plight; and then we are poked and pinched and laughed at. Or, what is still more rare, by dint of hard scampering we catch, actually catch, the agile sirens flitting on before us. And then the homeward walk in the warm May evening, with the broad red moon peeping up over the dark, spruce-clad ridges; froggy voices in the swamp below, and the whippoorwill chanting from the white ledges up in the shrubby pasture. Quite romantic, when done according to programme.

Sometimes, though, it was *anything* but romantic. Ah! I *still* remember a May night when this same Tom Edwards and I were lads or boys (which is it a fellow is when he 's eleven — and twelve?) It makes me shrug to think of it yet. I wonder if two little chaps ever did get into such a scrape and *catch* it so before!

As usual there was but one house in the neighborhood where we really cared to hang baskets. We hung them elsewhere out of friendliness; but those going to the Lynches were more carefully prepared than the rest. For there was Cad and Jess and Lorette, especially Lorette. Perhaps Tom would have said "especially Jess."

But, bless you! it was about as much as a fellow's neck was worth to go there with a May-basket.

For O, they kept a great fearful dog, — old Scoge, of hateful memory. Was n't I glad when the dog-law came and cut him off in the midst of his iniquities! And the old gentleman head of the family was worse still.

"Old Jock Lynch," as his neighbors called him, was a bear, — a grizzly one. It had been a long time, too, since he was a cub; and he had forgotten all about how he felt then, I suppose. To this day I have n't quite got over my amazement that he should have been the father of Lorette.

He was down on boys and all their "silly quirks," and had a long-standing antipathy to the May-basket business. Rather than to have fallen into his hands, we would have taken "Alvarado's Leap," and risked it.

But the sentiment which urged us on to brave these dangers was a strong one, — strong enough to carry us through them. I remember that for a whole week before the May night in question we had been spending the nights together laying our plans. But it was a tough problem. We could n't seem to manage it, till along toward morning of the night before Tom waked up all of a sudden.

"Kit, Kit," whispered he, "I 've got it now! I 've just thought how we can do it."

"How?" exclaimed I, broad awake at the happy announcement.

"You know their old corn-crib, back of the buildings, in the garden? Well, we 'll hang 'em, and cut round through the garden, among the lilac-bushes, and get into the corn-crib. You know the little door in the end buttons on the outside and hasps on the inside. We 'll unbutton it, slip in, and hasp it to; and in the night so, even if they should come round into the garden, they won't mistrust we 're in there."

"That 's just the thing, Tom."

"Yes; and we 'll run in there after every one, — we 've got three to hang, you know. They 'll think we 've run off down the road toward home, and chase on after us. We can hear everything they say through those great wide cracks in the crib. O, won't it be fun to hear them talk and wonder where we went?"

Fun alive! We did n't sleep another wink that night, the very thoughts of it were so exciting.

The next evening was warm, but moonless.

"Just the right sort," said Tom, as we were taking a last look at the baskets, to see that the "fixin's" had not lost out, and that the pins were in right for hanging them to the door.

We waited till ten o'clock, however. It would be better to let the elder Lynch go to bed, if he would, before getting too near. From a safe distance we kept watch; and when at length a light had been seen to appear and shortly after disappear from a window thought to belong to his bedroom, we entered the premises and made our way stealthily round to the corn-crib. At that season it was nearly emptied of corn. We unbuttoned the door and crept in. It had rather a *mousey* smell, but, as Tom had predicted, was just the place to make our head-quarters in.

We listened; all was quiet.

"Now for it," said Tom; and, leaving two of the baskets there in the crib, we took Cad's and stole round to the door. Tom was to pin them on, and I was to *knock;* we had brought an old mortar-pestle for that purpose.

"All ready," whispered Tom, pressing in the pin.

Two ponderous knocks from the pestle! and in the crack of a whip we were round and safely housed in the old crib. We even thought it took them some time to get out. But they came out at last, — Cad, Jess, and Lorette, with Dan, their little brother, — and raced off down the road, while we lay and snickered.

They were wofully at fault, though, and by and by came back, wondering and not a little chagrined.

"Have n't seen a thing of them," said Jess.

"Nor a sound either," said Lorette.

"O, they 're round somewhere," said Cad, taking down her basket. "Let 's go in and wait. They 'll be back."

We let them wait some time, though.

"*Shy* is the word now," whispered Tom. "They 'll rush out the moment the pestle strikes next time."

But after all had for a long time been still we ventured round again with the second basket.

"Guess we 've out-winded them," said Tom. "They 're abed by this time."

But with the first stroke of the pestle the door flew open, and out rushed all three of the girls at a pop. Coming out of a bright light, though, they were unable to see us quick enough. Dodging noiselessly back, we scuttled away among the lilacs, and regained the crib once more. Old Scoge sprang out, barked, and took a turn through the garden. We trembled; he did n't happen to nose us out, though, but ran off after Dan and the girls, who were chasing down the road again.

"A pretty snug shave," muttered Tom, drawing a long breath. And just then the gruff paternal voice was heard demanding from his bed-chamber what all that noise and *rumpus* was about that time of night. Here Mother Lynch probably informed him of the day of the month; for after a pause he snorted, "First day o' May! Little scullions! I 'd like to get hold of 'em!"

Prayerfully hoping he would n't, we waited for the girls to come back, which they at last did, utterly nonplussed at their failure to get the least clew to our whereabouts.

"I know it 's Kit and Tom," said Jess, "but where did they go to so quick?"

"That 's the question," whispered Tom.

"They 'll hang another, I guess," said Lorette; "I have n't had any yet."

The little minx doubtless knew she had good reason to expect one.

Here the father was heard ordering them into the house — and to bed.

"This time 's the rubber," whispered Tom. "I *do* hope Old Jock won't come out, or Scoge either; he almost smelled us out."

We waited a full half-hour. There was too much at stake to make time any object. Then, with trembling and palpitation, we edged round for the third and last time; but ere Tom could pin on the basket, the door was opened with a jerk, and a savage grab made from a big, brawny hand. We sprang away like cats, traversed the garden and dived into the crib. Scoge was after us too; his great ugly head entered with us, but a knock on the nose from the pestle made him withdraw it; and we got the door to, and hasped it. But the racket thus made had betrayed us; and Scoge, too, was now worrying at the crib.

"Gone into the corn-crib!" shouted little Dan, running up.

"Into my corn-crib!" exclaimed his father, stumbling out through the currant-bushes. "Hold 'em, Scoge! Hold 'em!"

"We 're in for it now!" gasped Tom, "and no mistake."

But the girls did n't come out; that was one comfort.

"And they 've hasped the door, too," cried Dan, trying it.

"O, they want to stay, do they?" chuckled the old man. "Button the door, Dan. They shall stay till to-morrow. Whose boys are they?"

Dan did n't know.

"Whose boys are ye?"

We kept quiet; it would n't mend matters to confess now.

"Won't talk, will ye? Go get the goad-stick, Dan. I 'll make 'em talk."

Dan brought the goad, a long white-oak one, with a fearful brad, made from an old awl. We knew that goad-stick, and shuddered.

"You little skites!" growled Old Jock, thrusting the goad in through the wide chinks, and prodding at random. "See if you won't talk!" Tom got the first pricks, and squawked and screeched, in spite of himself.

"Old Zack Edwards's boy, if I live," muttered the old wretch. "Voice just like old Zack's."

"O, don't, father, don't hurt them so!" pleaded Jess from the window.

"You go to bed, gal. Now who 's t' other one?" bradding recklessly into the corner where I was crouching.

Heavens! how I yelled!

"O ho," laughed he, "the old Deacon's son, sure 's the world. Might have brought him up better," bradding again. "Take that, you Deacon's son! How does that taste?"

"Now don't, father, please don't!" cried Cad, coming into the garden.

"Go back, gal! Step!"

Cad vanished.

"Now," continued he, with a few farewell prods at us, "you stay here till morning." And with this pleasant good night he left us, cribbed.

This was rather rough usage from a man whom we had fond hopes of making our father-in-law, certainly. But we had to stand it. We could n't even get out of the crib; for it was a stanch one, and could n't be burst. And that old button was a most incorruptible one. No amount of fingering through the cracks could stir it a hair's-breadth.

"Kit, we 're in a dreadful scrape," said Tom.

"A dreadful scrape," said I. Several hours passed. We did n't say much; we were profoundly taken down, and sat looking at the stars through the cracks. Despite the general misery of the situation, I was dropping off to sleep, when a whisper from Tom roused me. A little dusky figure was stealing out through the lilacs, stopping to listen at every step.

"It 's Jess," said Tom.

"Lorette," said I.

And it was Lorette. Tip-toeing noiselessly up to the door, she hastily turned the button, then darted away through the garden and into the house.

It is needless to add that the good turn (turn of the button) was fully appreciated; and that we made ourselves scarce forthwith.

C. A. Stephens.

THE WAKEROBIN.

WHEN leaves green and hardy
From sleep have just uncurled, —
Spring is so tardy
In this part of the world, —
There comes a white flower forth,
Opens its eyes,
Looks out upon the earth
In drowsy surprise.

A fair and pleasant vision
The nodding blossoms make;
And the flower's name and mission
Is "Wake, robin, wake!"
But you 're late, my lady,
You have not earned your name;
Robin 's up and ready
Long before you came.

You trusted the sun's glances,
To rouse you from your naps;
Or the brook, that near you dances
At spring's approach, perhaps;
Your chamber was too shady,
The drooping trees among;
Robin 's up already,
Don't you hear his song?

There he sits, swinging,
In his brown and scarlet cloak,
His notes like laughter ringing;
'T is plain he sees the joke.
"Accidents will happen,"
Laughs robin loud and clear,
"If you think to catch me napping,
Wake earlier next year!"

Rebecca S. Palfrey.

BASE-BALLS:

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

OF the thousands who play base-ball all over the country, scarcely one in a hundred, we dare say, knows how the ball is made; the player's knowledge of it being confined chiefly to what the rules of the game require as its composition, — "The ball must be composed of India-rubber and yarn, and covered with leather."

Nearly if not quite all of the base-balls used in America are made in Massachusetts, in the town of Natick. There, at two manufactories, thousands of dozens are made every year, giving employment to upwards of two hundred women and girls. Having recently visited one of these manufactories, we propose to tell the legion of readers of "Our Young Folks" how base-balls are put together.

First let us look at the India-rubber, which is the chief article in the making of a ball. This of itself is a curiosity to any one who has never seen it as it arrives in this country. It comes in flat oval cakes of a dirty brown color, called "bottles." At one end of the bottle is a mouth which opens into the core of the mass. Of course you are all aware that India-rubber, or properly speaking caoutchouc, is a vegetable substance, obtained by making incisions in certain trees, in much the same manner as the Vermont farmer obtains sap from the maple. When the juice comes from the trees it is nearly white, but in preparing it for the market it is smoked; hence its dark color. One of these "bottles," which contains some twenty-five or thirty pounds of rubber, will make many hundreds of balls.

The way the rubber is prepared is as follows. First the "bottle" is cut into pieces, so that it may become thoroughly seasoned before it is used. It is then made into long, narrow strips, not quite an inch wide, which with the aid of a pair of pincers are soon reduced to thin ribbons of rubber, not so thick as the paper upon which this is printed. Everything is now ready to begin the shaping process. A small ball of cork is used as the core, and around this is wound layer upon layer of the rubber ribbons, until the ball has reached a certain size. Several layers of yarn are then wound over the rubber, each one being fitted snugly by the dexterous use of a round wooden roller. As the ball begins to assume its proportionate size, it is measured and weighed, so that it may not exceed the limits prescribed by the rules of the game. The yarn used is of different grades according to the quality of the ball; the first quality takes the best of blue woollen yarn, while for cheap balls a poorer kind is used.

The ball is now ready to receive its covering. This is made of horse-hide, which after undergoing the process of tanning is as clean and white as kid, while its durability renders it peculiarly adapted to this purpose. The covers, cut out in two pieces by a die, are wrapped up in damp cloths, to render them pliable, and in order that they may be easily sewed by hand.

For the best balls white silk is used, and for the others strong linen thread. After lying a few days to dry, each is stamped with its size and weight and the name of the maker. In some cases the grade of the ball is denoted by some name, as "Red Stocking," "Bounding Rock," etc. Last comes the boxing and labelling; and the balls are then ready to be "batted" and "fielded" by the patrons of the game.

C. R. Byram.

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THAT EGG STORY.

CHARLES LAMB once wrote a very amusing treatise upon "Popular Fallacies," in a vein of facetiousness foreign to my present purpose.

Consider, seriously, the vast amount of good logic that is thrown away because of false premises. For how many centuries ships were built on the most absurd models, because somebody had said that it was easier to draw a tapering log through the water "butt end foremost"! Nobody saw fit to question the statement, and therefore all vessels were built with the broadest part near the bow. Finally some original thinker — in our own day — tried an experiment; and lo, the log towed easier point foremost!

Which of my readers believes that an egg can be made to stand on end?

"O," you respond in one breath, "we have read history, and know how Columbus put this question, and how he conveyed an idea by his mode of answering it." But, my dear Young Folks, an egg *can* be made to stand on one end, upon a polished glass plate or other smooth surface, by simple balancing.

Some eggs are much more difficult to put in position than others; but I never failed to accomplish it in any instance. Every one of you can do the same. The only secret is that all the fingers and thumbs that touch the egg must leave it at the same instant. Observe this, and with a little perseverance you will invariably succeed.

I was first shown this by an Italian distiller, on the remote sugar estate of San Francisco Xavier, at the northern foot of the Cuzco Mountains, in the Island of Cuba. When he stated that he could make an egg stand on end, all of us present laughed at him, and began to talk of Columbus.

"Ah yes," said he, "esa cosa de Colon," — that matter of Columbus; "but I can do it, and you can do it. It is a little thing," he continued, "but I have drank much beer with this," meaning that every one was ready to bet upon the impossibility of the undertaking.

Nevertheless he did it, and we all did it. So, my young friends, you may set about it, with perfect faith in your success.

Moral: be careful how you accept a maxim until you have proved it.

Charles D'Wolf Brownell.

CATCHING A MAN-EATER.

THE most formidable member of the shark family is the great white shark, or *lamia*, commonly called the "man-eater." He is especially fond of cruising among the coral-reefs of the Pacific, where the islanders have a queer way of catching him. They select a great log of some light wood, and having shaped it into a rough model of a canoe, turn it adrift with a strong rope attached, one end of which dangles, in the shape of a running noose, in the water below. This the great lamia perceives, and — impelled, I suppose, by curiosity — straightway proceeds to thrust his head into it. The noose slips between the fins, where it is speedily tightened and made fast by the frantic efforts of the now frightened fish to extricate himself. His struggles only serve to agitate the log and give notice to his Indian enemies, who are watching it from their canoes. Darting upon him at once with furious shouts and yells they ply their heavy war-clubs and yet more dangerous spears, till King Shark yields to his fate, turns his white belly upward, and is towed in to furnish a feast for his captors.

Nor must the mighty Greenland shark be forgotten; he is the sworn foe of the adventurous whaler, and knows no fear, — at least none which he permits to interfere with his blubber feasts; for no sooner have the hardy seamen secured their whale and commenced cutting off the great blanket-pieces, than this pirate of the northern seas makes his appearance, thrusting in his ugly snout and snapping great bites from the dead whale, taking morsels as big as a man's head at a mouthful. He gets many a thrust with the long whaling-knives, but returns to renew his meal as soon as the first smart of the wound is over. But this big fellow has his own troubles like the best of us, and might well go swimming round among his native icebergs with "Please pity the blind" hung round his neck; for a small parasite, not three inches in length, fastens upon the corners of his wicked little eyes and lives upon their juices, partially if not entirely destroying their sight.

The fox shark, or "thresher," attacks the whale, which he fairly flogs out of its life with tremendous blows of his forty-foot body, whose strokes resemble those of a flail, and come down with a noise like the report of a great gun.

The blue shark is the pest of fishermen. He steals the fish, following them up even into the net, biting and rending its meshes, cutting off hooks, and winding himself up in the lines, by a rotary motion of the body, until it is really cheaper to replace than to disentangle them. The lady shark of this family is said to keep a sort of portable nursery for its young, into which she calls them — when they get into trouble while playing out of doors — by the simple process of opening her huge mouth and letting them swim down her throat.

Next in order come the heart-headed, hammer-headed, and broad-headed

sharks, whose names suggest their derivation. As for the porbeagle or Beaumaris shark, he is a fish of an amiable countenance but a decidedly bad character among his finny neighbors, whom he sometimes amuses himself by swallowing whole. The skate-toothed shark, whose flat-topped grinders resemble the cylinders of a crushing-mill, lives entirely upon shell-fish, which he breaks with ease, eating an oyster out of house and home with a rapidity which would astonish even a professional opener of bivalves. The basking shark gets his name either from his laziness or his love of the sunshine, for he spends his time when not at his meals (which no well-regulated shark allows himself to neglect) in floating on the surface of the water half asleep, in which condition he is often surprised, and falls a victim to the fisherman's harpoon. The spinous shark is literally a "nobby" (though I ought to spell it with a k) fellow among his mates, as he is sprinkled all over with little thorny knobs, the precise use of which he has thus far kept to himself. In addition to those I have mentioned there is a long list of fishes, all more or less related to the great family of sharks, to enumerate which would turn my man-eater story into a lesson on shark-ology. As it is I shall spin my yarn without further delay.

Some years ago I found myself, through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy, a passenger on board the United States storeship S——, on my way to join my regiment, then stationed upon the Pacific coast. We had caught the trade-winds in the usual latitude, and with their assistance had run our course favorably until the breeze died away leaving us tossing upon the uneasy ground-swell of the Atlantic, where we rolled, drifting to and fro at the mercy of the tides, some few degrees to the southward of the line. Ah, you New England boys may talk about your hot weather, but you will never know what hot weather really means till you have sweltered beneath the burning sun of those cloudless tropical skies.

For three days we had not felt a breath of air; there had not been even the ripple of a "cat's-paw" upon the glassy sea, whose slow-heaving, sun-varnished billows of deepest blue swelled in azure ridges unbroken by any fleck of foam till their wavy lines were lost in the sharply cut horizon. Overhead there was no cloud, no speck indeed unless it were a seabird's wing; all was bright and dazzling, a very furnace sun-heated from early morn till the blazing orb went down red and fiery as if he dropped from a burning sky into a molten sea. Look where you would there was no sign of coming wind or yet more welcome rain. The vertical rays melted the very pitch in the seams and made the oaken planks too hot to be trodden by a slippered foot. There was little desire on the part of any one to exert himself needlessly; for myself, as an idler and having nothing to do, I used to lie in the cabin as near as might be to the open port and gasp the time away, tantalizing myself meanwhile with vivid recollections of ice-creams, not to mention certain cooling memories of deep-sunk wells and mossy mountain springs bubbling clear from their native rock. I remember reading Parry's Arctic Expedition at the time with a feeling of envy impossible to describe, and panting for a stray iceberg.

It was high noon of the third and most terrible day of this dead calm that I strolled listlessly out upon deck, where one of the officers called my attention to a dark razor-like fin which went cutting its slow but steady way through the waters as it circled slowly round our ship.

"What 's that?" I asked.

"Ah, you don't know a sea-lawyer then?"

"Sea-lawyer? Do you mean a shark?"

"Yes, I have given you a salt-water name for him. That fellow is a rouser, eighteen feet at least. See how closely he sticks to us! He travels lazily enough now, but let a man fall overboard, and the poor fellow would lose the number of his mess before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

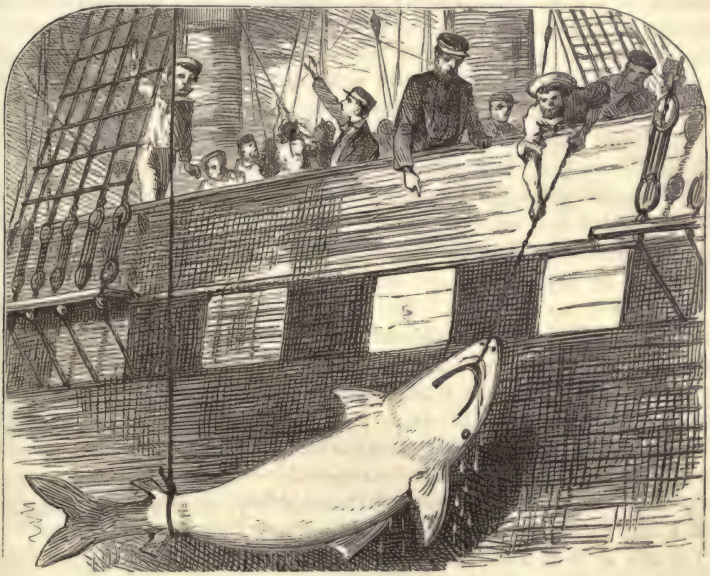
The razor-like fin, a black speck amid the blue, went gliding up and down for an hour or more, arousing the hatred of some of our older tars, who had their own private reasons for bearing towards the great lamia or man-eater any sentiment but that of good-will. We had old wreckers from the Florida reefs, men who had seen service among the West India keys, or pulled in and out of African roadsteads, who one and all considered this fellow as their natural foe. At length, after some discussion among themselves, an old quartermaster, who had grizzled and browned in sun and tempest till he seemed more like some strange creature of the sea than an ordinary man, rolled aft, and, hitching up his tarry trousers in true nautical style, with a scrape of his leg and a polite pull at his gray forelock, asked the lieutenant if "his awner would objict to the men hooking that rascal cruising astarn?" adding (for old Grummet was a licensed character) something about a brother of his who had been "gobbled up by one of them bloody pirates in the Ingee Sea."

So it came about that the autocrat of the quarter-deck obtained the necessary permission from our bilious and peppery little captain, who in the dearth of greater excitement vouchsafed to appear and oversee the sport himself. Plans for the great man-eater's capture were now quickly laid. These consisted in rigging a line of reliable rope, to which was fastened a fathom or so of iron chain ending in a shark-hook of mammoth proportions. To this a three-pound junk of shining pork was made fast for a bait. The whole contrivance was then quietly lowered into the clear blue water astern; and, a sufficient amount of line having been paid out, the inboard end was firmly tied, and we began to watch with some little eagerness for the event.

Now none of these proceedings had escaped the dull, wicked-looking eyes of the huge creature that drew slowly near as if to examine our bait. We could see the white pork glisten, a little spot of pearly brightness amid the blue depths below, while the ugly form of the huge lamia brushed by almost touching the rope as he circled above it with his slow-moving fins and gently-wagging tail. At length he seemed to have gained confidence, or his appetite overcame his scruples, for with a sudden rush he turned over on his back, seized bait, hook, chain, and all, and storing them away in his capacious maw swam off with as much composure as if such ironmongery

formed an ordinary part of his every-day repast. A moment more, and the line tightened with a jerk, — the sharp hook slipped clean through his jaw, tearing the flesh till its hooked head showed itself outside. The great lamia, mad with rage and pain, went into a flurry of struggling and fighting, now tugging vainly or endeavoring to bite off the chain, and then throwing himself clear out of the water, which he lashed into foam with the powerful strokes of his far-sweeping tail. But this could not last long. After giving him a few minutes to exhaust himself, half a dozen strong fellows got hold of the line and hauled him alongside, enjoying with true sailor gusto his unavailing efforts to escape.

Meanwhile by order of the officer of the deck a running bowline was slipped over the monster's fins, and, a watch tackle having been clapped on to the main-yard, the noose was drawn taut, and the men bowsed away with



willing hands upon both lines, hoisting the fish by both head and tail fairly out of the water and finally dropping him with no gentle violence upon the sun-scorched planks. Here I amused myself by watching, from the safe elevation of the quarter-deck, his anything but playful gambols. He would fairly lift himself by sheer muscular strength, snapping and springing like a mad dog. His great tail wagged to and fro, striking at all who came within its reach, and making it a service of no slight danger to approach the spot where he lay. Upon being menaced with an oaken handspike, he seized it between his teeth and fairly wrenched it out of the sailor's grasp, leaving proofs of their cruel power in the prints deeply indented in the wood.

At length our cook, a negro of the veritable Congo hue, of Herculean

build, stripped to a pair of pantaloons, and, armed with his butcher-knife, fairly threw himself astride of the enraged fish. After one or two attempts, in which the shark almost succeeded in dislodging him, he plunged his weapon into its back, repeating his blows till he severed the spine, and the great head with its teeth like broken glass was left to do its snapping without the aid of its yet wriggling body. The angry jaws still grasped any object thrust between them, and the heart when torn out continued to beat.

We had no means of ascertaining the shark's weight, but his jaw-bone would pass over a man's body, and he measured upwards of twenty feet in length. Yet we are told the lamia has been found to exceed even thirty feet in length. Upon opening his stomach we crowded round looking for some indication as to the nature of his recent diet, but we searched in vain, for this fellow had what sailors would call a "clean-swept hold." Yet the stomach of a newly caught shark has sometimes made strange revelations. One, for instance, was taken which contained, among a collection quite as miscellaneous as a school-boy's pockets, a lady's workbox with sewing materials, including a small pair of scissors complete. Its fair owner has yet to be heard from. Another was the receptacle of a slaver's papers, evidently thrown overboard to escape capture, which Pirate Shark had bolted, and possibly retained to *digest.* It is said that a shark was lately captured in the Thames (where, fortunately for the bathers, he is an infrequent visitor) with the watch and seals of a young gentleman who had fallen overboard from an outward-bound ship. The timepiece was little the worse for wear and found its way back to the father of the dead sailor.

But to return to our lamia. He was hacked and hewed and torn piecemeal, much as he would have dismembered his captors had the circumstances been reversed, — that is to say, had the shark done the fishing instead of ourselves. Then came the eating, or rather cooking, of the man-eater; for though shark-meat went into every frying-pan, and fresh grub is fresh grub when forty days at sea, Jack's taste for fish must have been keen indeed to have dined upon those dry, tasteless morsels. For myself I nibbled it gingerly with the ward-room mess till I could say, with a clear conscience, that I had eaten man-eater, and then forbore.

Yet ugly as he is when living, his dead carcass, like many another repulsive thing, has its uses and value in commercial eyes. The oil finds ready sale; the flesh when properly prepared is considered a luxury, second only to rat by the puppy-eating Celestial; the knobby spine tipped with gold is transformed into a cane with which some amiable old gentleman ambles to the stock exchange, and thinks cheap at a five-pound note. Not even the skull, with its grinning rows of saw-like teeth, proves valueless, for it is eagerly sought after by the collector of curiosities, and gets the place of honor in many a museum of queer things from under the sea.

G. D. Brewerton.

MAY-DREAMS.

"WHERE have you been, this long, bright day?"
I said last night to a tired child;
"I 've been to the woods to see if May
Is coming," she said, and gravely smiled.

"And what did you find, sweet searcher, — what?
How did the woods reward your quest?"
"I found one blue forget-me-not,
And a robin thinking about his nest;

"And springing grasses and clover-shoots,
And a bluebird singing overhead;
Violets under some gnarled old roots,
And nodding columbines white and red;

"Some star-flowers, too, by a shady pool, —
Such wee, white things! — and I bathed my feet
In a dancing rivulet clear and cool,
And I gathered ferns and mosses sweet;

"O, and so many things besides! —
But now I am tired, please — good — night!"
And she lays her hand in mine and glides
Gently, gracefully out of sight.

But her last words haunt me, soft and low, —
"O, and so many things besides!"
Ah, sweet dreamer! you little know
All the meaning that in them hides.

Faith in an End as yet unseen,
Boundless Trust in a promised Good, —
These were the spoils that you brought yestreen,
Richest of all, from that dim old wood!

Build, O robin, your downy nest!
Sing, O bluebird, and dance, O stream!
Spring, all green things, and own her quest!
Come, O May-time, and crown her dream!

Caroline A. Mason.

CHASED.

IT had been a sultry day in August. Not a cloud had appeared in the great blue dome, all quivering with heat. The faint breeze that just rustled the broad green leaves of the ripening corn was hot and stifling. The oppressive closeness was almost insupportable, and many an anxious look was directed to the sky for some sign of the long-withheld rain.

The sun sunk slowly in the west, and as if in mockery the full moon rose, red and coppery, in the already darkening east.

I was at this time spending a school vacation with a friend of my father's, a wealthy land-owner in one of our Western States, who, among other kind acts, had caused a handsome little mare to be placed at my disposal.

As soon as it became cool enough to enable one to move about, I made preparations for a long gallop by moonlight; but Nellie — my little mare — was quite frisky, and eluded all my efforts for her capture, until I was just ready to give it up, when — just like her sex — she changed her mind, and allowed me to put her halter on. So thoroughly had my attention been given to her capture, I had not noticed a heavy-looking bank of clouds that had arisen in the east and hidden the moon. Determined to have my ride, however, I put her bridle and saddle on and rode down to the "lower pasture," as it was called, a piece of land containing one hundred and twenty acres of the original turf.

After putting up the bars behind me, I started out into the pasture on an easy "lope," and soon lost all knowledge of the points of the compass, it being too dark to enable me to distinguish any prominent landmark. But what did I care which way north was? or south? I felt perfectly contented where I was; the solitude and the stillness gave me an all-alone-in-the-world sort of feeling. The only sound that came to me from the outer world was the occasional bark of some vigilant house-dog, and then nothing but the measured tramp of Nellie's hoofs. Far away from that dark prairie were my thoughts, — away back to my city home. Faces as dear as they were familiar appeared at Memory's call, and satisfied my longing. And then Imagination drew aside the veil that concealed the future, and unfolded to my mind wondrous pictures, — boyhood's dreams, one and all fulfilled.

A shrill neigh and a hurried trampling shattered all my castles, and brought me back to the prairie, in time to seize the bridle just as Nellie gave a wild snort of terror, and bounded to one side, where she stood trembling and quivering with fear.

I knew in a moment what the trouble was. I had run on to a drove of colts that were pastured there. Without a moment's thought I wheeled Nellie around, and dashed off in the opposite direction, though I must have known that the whole drove would instantly follow.

I had not gone far when I thought I heard a confused trampling behind. A steady pull on the bridle-rein stopped Nellie, and I listened. The dull, heavy thud of horses' feet in the long prairie-grass came distinctly to my ears. They were chasing me! And though I might easily have avoided them, by remaining quiet for a few moments, I resolved to have a race.

"Hi! up, Nellie!" and the brave little mare went off on a long swinging gallop.

Out of the tall grass and on to the short, solid turf, above the long, steady strokes of Nellie's hoof, came clear and sharp on the night-air the thundering of a large body of horses in a gallop.

The whole sky was now overcast. The darkness was intense. The wind began to come in irregular gusts, cold and chilly. As it rose, so rose my spirits until I fairly yelled with excitement. Every gust of cold air that swept by caused a responsive thrill; every bound that Nellie made caused my blood to flow faster.

Suddenly Nellie swerved to the right. The fence! Yes, there it was, and learning thereby my whereabouts I headed her for the bars. She was reeking with sweat when we got there.

Springing from her back, I yelled like a wild Indian at the on-coming drove, scaring them away; then I hastily led Nellie through the bars to go up to the house.

The wind in the mean time had completely died away; but as I put up the last bar, and sprang upon my little mare, there came a strange, low, moaning sound from the east. The storm was coming! "Now, Nellie!" I exclaimed, digging my heels into her sides, and away we went.

Faster and faster, but in vain! The air seemed suddenly to grow cold, a few great drops of rain came splashing down, and then the storm burst upon me. The wind howled and raged, loaded with the dust from the roads and fields. And just as I came in sight of the house, a great sheet of water came dashing down, drenching me thoroughly in an instant. . . . .

You may imagine me the next morning saluting the family ears with, "I bid you good mawdig."

George G. McRoy.

THE AGE OF MINSTRELSY.

THE conduct of the boys in our street is at present very strange. They wander about disconsolately in squads, with their hands in their pockets (the usual attitude of masculinity under depressing influences), talking in whispers. Their marbles are neglected, shinny is unanimously voted "slow," base-ball is thrown aside in disgust, and even window-smashing has lost its charms. Their chief occupation seems to be the study of the features, gestures, and actions of the colored person who lives across the street, with a view to imitation.

For you must know that these young gentlemen, being devout worshippers of the noble art of negro minstrelsy, and firm believers in the greatness of "Shoo, Fly," have determined to expound the same to an enlightened juvenile public, at the moderate price of three cents per head.

The first intimation that I had of the state of affairs was given me on Monday by Bob, one of the youthful aspirants to histrionic honors.

"Say, Sis, we 're going to have minstrels on Saturday night. Don't you want to come? Tickets three cents."

"Let 's see your tickets," said I. And a number of small squares of paper were

pompously dragged from the depths of a pocket, the smell of which was strongly suggestive of bread-crumbs and powdered slate-pencil, and held up for admiration. And this is the ticket.

> **Grand Minstrels.**
>
> DOORS OPEN AT 7½ P. M.
> BEGINS AT 8 P. M.
>
> **Tickets, ... 3 cts.**
>
> *No admission after* 8 *P. M.*

"But why no admission after eight P. M?" I inquired.

"'Cause we want to use the front entry for a dressing-room."

"Where is it to be?"

"In Warren's house."

"Are you going to act?"

"Yes, sir-ee. I 'm a going to do the old woman in the 'Black Statue.' You 've never been to the minstrels, and of course you don't know. Gals never know nothing." With which disparaging remark my young friend took himself and his tickets into the street.

But a short time after he came back with a doleful face. I inquired the cause, and was informed that the whole concern was "busted up, Sis"; that Warren could n't have it in his house 'cause the painters were at work, and the baby was sick; and that the world was very much out of joint. I made several attempts at consolation, but at the same time distinctly remarked that the performance could not take place in our house.

However, the next day dawned upon the phenomenon of a boy whose mother was perfectly willing to have her house pulled about her ears, and preparations for the grand event went on smoothly. The day before the consummation so devoutly wished one of the company mutinied, but before night he was only too glad to ask pardon and be restored to the favor of gods and men.

The next morning was rainy, but nothing could dampen the ardor of the performers. About ten o'clock Bob put in an exhilarated appearance, with "Look a-here! I 've been appointed treasurer to the company, and I 've sold twenty tickets, and I want some clothes for to-night. I 'm the old woman, you know."

I escorted him up stairs, and we fished among the old clothes until we found what suited his Highness, — a striped skirt and spotted sack. Arrayed in this imposing garb, he was a most respectable old lady, although the skirt came but just to his knees; and the only thing that marred his otherwise correct costume was the disagreeable prominence of his boots and trousers, a case not without a parallel in history.

The tragic robes were carried to the scene of action, and at seven o'clock that evening the owner followed them, leaving me at home alone. I was kindly offered a place on the free list, being a member of the press, but I considerately declined.

About ten o'clock the door opened, and in stalked the "old woman," his hands and face beautifully burnt-corked. He looked very much like one of Du Chaillu's gorillas.

"Well," I inquired, after sufficiently admiring his complexion, "how did it go off?"

"Bully; we cleared one dollar and twenty cents." He appeared to attach more value to the money gained than to the glory. "We're goin' to buy a banjo and things and have a regular minstrel troupe."

So it appears that the entertainment of the "Grand Minstrels" was a decided success. ("Say, while you're about it you might jest as well tell 'em it was the greatest success of the season.")

So as he seems to prefer that form of expression, I suppose I shall have to employ it.

Lottie A. Smith, age 14.

NEW YORK.

TRAPPING WOODCHUCKS.

ABOUT two years ago last June I thought it would be real fun if I could trap woodchucks and get some money for the Fourth of July. So I went to work. First, I borrowed some traps of one of my friends, but I could not set them without help. So I got Frank Fillmore, one of my schoolmates, to go with me. Of course he entered into my money-making project with sufficient ardor to suit any one. O, how anxiously we waited for four o'clock! At last it came, and school was out; and away we went to set our traps.

Well, we trapped it about a week with rather bad success, but still we persevered; we thought the little "varmints" would find out where our traps were, although we thought it strange that they did not do so sooner, for we set them right in the mouth of a hole, where we were sure there was a woodchuck, for we saw him go in. At last we got dissatisfied and resolved to set them somewhere else. So we took them up and started to find a better place. It took us nearly all day, but by and by we saw a fine old black fellow, and drove him into his hole; then we set our trap in it just the best we knew how. We were very certain we should get him that very night, and, sure enough, when we went there in the evening we had him snug and fast. Then the question arose, Which should pull him out? Neither was quite willing to do that for fear he might be disposed to take revenge by just a little nip or two. At last it was decided that I should pull at him, and Frank should hit him with a stick just as soon as he came out. Screwing up my courage to the highest pitch, I took hold of the end of the chain and pulled; but he did not come out as I had expected, — not a bit of it; he stuck and hung like a good fellow, and after I had nearly pulled my arms out of joint, we concluded that we should have to dig out the hole a little.

So we went to work. I pulled and Frank dug; and we were getting along finely, when all at once, just as I was pulling my prettiest, something gave way, and over I went heels over head. I picked myself up in pretty quick time, you may believe, but as I started to run I was arrested by something hanging to my trousers-leg. I went the length of the trap-chain, and then I bit the dust. But with a terrible effort I tore myself away and fled, not stopping until I had put a stone-wall between me and my enemy. Then I glanced over my shoulder, and, seeing that I was not pursued, stopped and took a good long look. There sat the woodchuck with something in his mouth. What could it be? I looked at my feet, and saw it all at a glance. It was the end of my poor trousers-leg. But where was Frank all this time? I looked

down into the woods, and there he was seated in the top of a little yellow-birch, cutting a stick with which to defend himself against the savage little beast!

He descended from his perch in the tree, and we cut a long pole; both taking hold of it, determined to stand by each other until the last, we approached the enemy. But somehow he seemed to know just where the pole was coming down every time; so, like the Irishman in the story, the first time we hit him we missed him, and the next time we hit him just where we missed him before. Soon after, seeing he was still in the trap, we broke the pole in two; each taking a piece, we proved too many for him, and soon had the satisfaction of carrying him home, after a battle of about an hour and a half.

O, what a time we had skinning him! First, Frank stuck his knife through the skin, then I stuck mine through. It took us just about one day before we got it off, and then I must confess it was a sorry-looking skin. When we thought it was dry enough to sell we went to the tin shop with it, expecting to have so much money that afternoon that we should be envied by all the boys in school. The tinman took it and looked at it and at last made us an offer, — and such an offer! "Five cents in money, or a little tin whistle!" I will not attempt to express our feelings. We took the five cents, and bought five sticks of candy with them, each taking two, and dividing the third. So ended our trapping; and we have decided not to have any money for the Fourth of July unless we can get it in some other way than by catching woodchucks.

Charles L. Howe, age 14.

RUTLAND, Vt.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

BREEZES soft are blowing, blowing
O'er the lea;
And the little flowers are growing,
Fair to see.
And the grass is springing, springing
'Neath our feet;
And the early birds are singing,
Clear and sweet.
Little lambs are racing, racing
All the day;
And the warm bright sunbeams chasing
Clouds away.
Busy bees are humming, humming
'Mong the flowers.
Clouds are shifting — rain is coming —
April showers.

Eudora M. Stone, age 10.

EMERSON, Otoe County, Nebraska.

CUPID AND HIS ARROWS.

BOUNDING into my room last Valentine-day, "O Jennie!" cried my little sister, "mamma says that the little boy angel on my valentine is Cupid, and that the arrows he is holding are made of love. Will you please, sister, tell me all about the boy and his arrows?"

"Yes, pet. Come sit on my lap; but you must be very still."

She immediately climbed into my lap, and after folding her tiny hands, said, "Now, Jennie, I am ready."

"Well, darling, in olden times, there lived a little blind boy, who was called 'The God of Love.' His whole thought was to shoot arrows at maidens' hearts, which were never entirely their own afterward. This is the reason he was called Cupid. One day the arrows would not hit a single heart; he tried again the next day, but with no better success. Thinking that he could receive help from Vulcan, the God of Fire, he resolved to make him a visit.

"When Cupid entered the shop, Vulcan, with his sleeves rolled up, was on one knee, shoeing Venus's horse. Cupid fretted so much, that Vulcan had to stop in his work and attend to him. He told Vulcan he wanted something done to his arrows, for after all his polishing they would pierce only flowers.

"Now Hymen, the God of Marriage, had told Vulcan that the marriage torch was burning so low that the lightest breath of a Zephyr would put it out; therefore, when Cupid came in, Vulcan knew what he wanted, though he did not tell him so. Taking the arrows in his hands, he examined them closely for a few minutes; then, walking to a heap of shining bits of metal at one end of the shop, he selected a piece, which, after melting and pounding into shape, he fitted to the arrows. Handing them back to Cupid, he said, 'I will not ask any pay for my work if these do not go right through all the maidens' hearts.'

"Cupid took them, highly pleased, and hastened out to try his luck. Vulcan never heard any more complaints from Cupid or Hymen, for at every shot some maiden lost her heart. The reason was, the arrows were tipped with bright burning gold."

"Is that all?" asked Nina, as I ceased speaking.

"Yes," I answered. "Is it not enough?"

After thinking a moment, she replied, "Y—e—s, I guess so; but, Jennie, mamma said the arrows were made of *love*."

"So they were, in *olden times*, but *now* almost all are tipped with gold."

"And why with gold, sister?" persisted Nina.

"Because now the maidens *care* more for gold than love, — at least the greater portion of them do, though not *all*. Now run and get your hat, and we will take a walk."

Jennie Snider, age 15.

NEW YORK CITY.

A BIRD'S CONTRIBUTION.

I AM a bird; to tell the truth, a right jolly one too, and one that has seen and knows something of the world.

Now would n't "Our Young Folks" like to become acquainted with such a merry fellow as I? Would n't they like to have a good long talk with me about all I have seen, as I travelled from north to south, and from east to west in search — as the seasons changed — of a clime that would not freeze my tiny toes, nor, with excessive heat, compel my little parched tongue to take an "airing"? The young folks in my neighborhood are, though in rather a *distant* way, quite intimate friends of mine. In the early morning, while the lazy ones, whom I really detest, are still in bed, I delight the brighter ones with the beauty of my song and my frolicsome antics, which I can see they heartily admire. But O, the boys are sometimes very cruel, and there is need of much skilful dodging to avoid the great sharp stones that often fly thick and fast about me. Then is the time that I appreciate more fully the gentle kindness of the girls, — dear little things! *They* are never cruel. They would even delight to keep me in a splendid mansion, "all shining with green and with gold." They are sometimes so anxious for my well-being that they persuade the boys to assist them in carrying out their charitable designs; and were it not for my own obstinacy, I should long ere this have been allured to take up a pleasurable abode in that "splendid mansion," — called *a cage.*

My knowledge of this world's ways has often proved of service to me. I learned while young the affecting tragedy of "the spider and the fly," and this is the way it happened. You must know that we, as well as human beings, sometimes find it convenient to believe that "Might is Right," and in accordance with this time-honored adage I had just "snapped up" a fly, and held her buzzing and struggling in my bill. Like the maiden who related the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" to the Sultan, the fly offered to redeem *her* life by telling *me* a story. I assented to the proposition, and with a feeling of self-reproach listened to the story of the "spider and the fly," deciding to turn its lesson to my own profit. I felt that I owed the fly a thousand lives for the warning and instruction I had received.

And now before I close I want to tell you where I live when I 'm "at home." You have all heard of "out West," but would you know it when you got there? Like the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, it has left the spot where you expected to find it a little while ago, and is as distant from you while you think you are standing on its very borders as it was at first. I used to think that I lived "out" there, but am rapidly changing my opinion, for "Empire" takes such lengthy strides in her "westward course" that if one wishes to live "out West" he must keep hurrying on, hoping for no "continuing city." Well, I live near a *very* continuing city, — a city whose name comes sometimes laughably to my ears as "*Chick I go,*" and is said to be derived through a very barbarous language from a very obnoxious animal, — a city which nevertheless is destined soon to take high rank among the greatest and finest, — the "Garden City of the *Interior.*"

A bird's adieu.

A. Todd, age 10.

WOODSTOCK, Illinois.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

THERE is one epidemic which ravages homes during the ill-fated seasons of spring and autumn. As all such things have names assigned them, scientific or otherwise, this is generally known as *house-cleaning.*

The very word carries with it a shiver and feeling of dread to all who love the quiet comfort of home. The symptoms of the disease are as follows: First, Mrs. Smith grows neglectful of the little details of her husband's comfort; she often sits engaged in deepest meditation, and when he asks what troubles her, and tells her to confide in him, her only response is, "Where shall I put last winter's clothing?" or, "This carpet will look quite bright when it is turned," — which greatly distresses Mr. Smith. He knows the malady has taken a deep hold, and may soon break out in all its violence. His worst fears are confirmed soon after, when, breakfast being disposed of, Mrs. S. politely suggests to Mr. S. that he had better take dinner down town to-day as she is going to clean house, and it will be useless for him to come home. Then she tells Johnny that he can go over and play with Jimmy Jones, and take his dinner to school besides; for which he thanks her from the depths of his innocent little heart. Then she looks around, congratulating herself upon thus disposing of her little family.

Now begins the raid on the furniture, and as the principal object in moving it seems to be to fill all the halls, Mrs. Smith performs that duty with scrupulous exactness. This done, with the help of a colored woman, known as Aunt Susan, she "untacks" the carpet, and hangs it on the fence of course, because everybody else does. Then comes the delightful part of sweeping up the long-accumulated dirt, and Aunt Susan, with an additional turban on her head is enveloped in waves and billows of dust. Of course Mrs. S. retires ingloriously from this part of the action; but she is not idle. Mr. Smith having promised to send up a man to shake the carpet, and Mrs. S. thinking it time for him to arrive, she is constantly on the watch lest he should miss the house; and, having an idea that she would know the man by some means, has called to several peaceable sons of Erin to know if it was "Mr. Smith's" they wanted.

After the room has been thoroughly washed, and while it is drying, she still keeps a lookout for "*that man,*" and as he does not come she passes through several severe mental conflicts. First, "she will not do another thing! If Mr. Smith does n't care enough for her to send anybody, she will stand on her rights and show him *she* will not be imposed upon by any one." But gradually the sight of the comfortless house gains upon her, and soon drives her to the other extreme; *then* she thinks "If Mr. Smith does n't care any more for her than *that*, she will show him that she is mistress of her own house, in spite of his neglect." So at work she goes; the carpet is transferred to the clothes-line and from *one* at least it receives a most vigorous beating; for somehow Mrs. Smith labors under the strange hallucination that it is Mr. Smith instead of the carpet! At last it is put down again upon the floor, the articles of furniture are returned to their accustomed places, and from her inmost heart Mrs. S. is thankful that "cleaning" comes but twice a year.

Minnie White, age 17.

KEOKUK, Iowa.

LOST AND FOUND.—AN OPERA FOR CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

DR. NEWELL,	*next-door neighbors, and formerly intimate friends, now estranged by a political quarrel.*
MR. GRAY,	
MRS. NEWELL,	
NED GRAY,	*aged* 18.
KATE GRAY,	" 15.
MAY NEWELL,	" 14.
AMY GRAY,	" 6.

Haymakers, men, women, and boys.

SCENE I. — *The scene is supposed to be a shady lane between the gardens of* DR. NEWELL *and* MR. GRAY. *Enter* MAY *listlessly swinging her hat by its ribbons. She sings sadly to the tune of "Bonnie Doon."*

O happy, happy days of yore,
Will ye return to us no more?
Once Kate and I were side by side,
From early morn till evening tide;
And Ned from Frank was ne'er away
In any work, in any play.
Why should our fathers by their broil
Their children's peaceful pleasures spoil?

In happy days that now are gone
Some fun was always going on;
How swiftly passed each merry day
In riding, boating, or croquet!

Each joy, each sorrow that I knew
I shared, my darling Kate, with you;
More faithful friends could not be found,
And equal love our brothers bound.

Those happy days, alas! are o'er;
We meet, we talk, we ride no more, —
The boys sent off to different schools,
And Kate and I by sternest rules
Forbidden are to meet or write,
Our fondest longings all despite.
Such cruel orders *must* I mind,
And lose a friend so true and kind?

(*Enter* KATE, *dressed for school, carrying her books in a strap. The girls look at each other wistfully for a moment, then* MAY *bursts into tears and runs away.* KATE *flings her books upon the ground in a passion, stamps her foot, and presently sings to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."*)

It *is* a shame; we 're *not* to blame!
I call it downright cruel
To make us sad because Pa 's had
A fuss with Dr. Newell!

I wish Mamma would just come home;
I guess she 'd straighten matters
For May and me, though Pa and *He*
Each other tore to tatters!

When Ned and Frank were little boys,
And quarrelled with each other,
They had to make it up again,
And all bad feeling smother.
Why don't our fathers do the same,
And beg each other's pardon,
And let us children meet again
In house and school and garden?

If I could only write to Ned
Without my father's knowledge,
I 'd tell him such a tale of woe
He 'd come right home from college,
And coax the Doctor and Papa
To be good friends as ever,
And let disputes on politics
Be banished far forever.

(*She picks up her books and goes out. Enter* AMY, *from behind, having heard all the others said. She looks all about in an anxious, troubled way, and then sings to the tune of* "*Blue-Eyed Mary.*")

O dear, what is the matter?
There 's something wrong I know;
But nobody will tell me,
Although I 've teased them to.
My father 's grave and angry,
My sister 's cross beside,
And when I met May Newell
She ran away and cried.

I 'm not to play with Jessie,
Nor ask the reason why;
And when I want my brother,
They tell me "by and by."

But "by and by" don't suit me;
I want my brother *now;*
I 'd go myself to find him,
If only I knew how.

Kate said we should be happy,
If only Ned were here;
I guess I 'll go and tell him, —
I think it 's pretty near.
I 'll go down to the village
And ask the red-flag man
To show me where 's the college;
I 'm certain that he can.

(*She ties on her hat with a business-like air, pulls up her little stockings, straightens her jacket, and goes resolutely out.*)

SCENE II. — *A hay-field; a man and two boys making hay, singing to the tune of* "*Comin' thro' the Rye.*"

Turn and toss the fragrant grasses!
Turn and toss the hay!
Work away, my lads and lasses,
By and by we 'll play.
Lightly toss it, quickly spread it
In the sunshine sweet;
Then by and by, when all is dry,
We 'll shape the haycocks neat.

Toss and turn the sweet red clover!
'T is the best of hay;
Toss it well, and turn it over
All the sunny day!
Many hands make labor pleasant,
Gay and strong are we;
Then by and by we 'll rest and lunch
Beneath the maple-tree.

(*Enter* AMY, *looking tired and anxious. She sings to the same tune.*)

Will you tell me, if you please, sir,
Where to find Ned Gray? —
The way, I mean, to College Green;
I 'm 'fraid I 've lost the way.

(*Begins to cry. The boys go up to her, kindly stroke her hair, pet her, and sing.*)

Pretty darling, don't feel bad now,
Hush, dear, do not cry!
Come here, and rest you in the shade;
We 'll find him by and by.

FARMER.

Boys, go take her home to mother;
She will know what 's best;
She 'll give the pretty thing some food,
And let her lie and rest.

(*The three children go out.*)

Little dear! I 'm sorry for her;
Far she 's strayed from home.
Perhaps they 're looking for her now, —
We 'll keep her till they come.

SCENE III. — MRS. NEWELL *in her sitting-room rocking her baby to sleep. Sings to the tune "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah."*

Sleep, my sweet, for day is over;
  Slowly fades the glowing west;
Falls the dew upon the clover;
  Mothers watch while babies rest.
All the little downy chickens
  Cuddle close beneath the hen;
All the lilies in the garden
  Close till morning comes again.

Sleep, my baby; day is ended!
  Twilight closes round us gray;
By thy mother's arms defended,
  Gently drift in dreams away.
Softly fall, O rosy eyelids,
  Over eyes so sweetly blue;
Gently loosen, clinging fingers,
  Mother's care is guarding you.

Sleep, my comfort, without fearing,
  Safe upon thy mother's breast;
One by one in heaven appearing,
  Stars smile down upon thy rest;
While that heaven arches o'er us,
  While those stars their course pursue,
Mother's love can never falter;
  Living, dying, it is true.

(*Enter* DR. NEWELL *hastily. He sings to the tune of "Haste thee, Winter, haste away."*)

Do not be alarmed, my dear,
But Amy Gray is lost, we fear!
I am going to help the men
Search the woods, the brook, the glen.
Heaven grant we find the child!
Her poor father 's almost wild.

MRS. NEWELL (*starting up eagerly; same tune*).

And the mother! does she know?
Here 's the lantern! Quickly go!
(*He goes out.*)
O that this may put an end
To his quarrel with his friend!
How could the child so widely roam?
God bring her safely to her home!

SCENE IV. — *The same evening; the lane between the two houses.* MAY'S *window is supposed to overlook the spot. Enter* NED GRAY *with guitar. He has come home unexpectedly, and, not daring to call on* MAY *in defiance to his father's wishes, intends to express his sorrow and anger in a serenade. Plays "Oft in the Stilly Night," and sings.*

Sweet were those careless years
  When we were all united;
Shared all our joys and fears,
  Nor dreamed love could be blighted.
Alas that storms of party strife
  Such friendship pure should sever!
But let us hope for brighter days;
  This shall not last forever.

What though our parents stern
  For mem'ries fond would chide us,
Still, dear, to you I turn,
  Though walls and rules divide us.
Such love as ours not time nor space
  Nor cruel Fate shall alter;
My faith in you, my passion true,
  Shall never, never falter.

(*Enter* KATE, *crying and sobbing. She sings to the tune of "Hamburg."*)

Amy, dear Amy! O, what shall I do?
O Ned, she 's lost! She was going for you!

NED.

Lost? Little Amy? What 's this that you say?

KATE.

Yes! O, come help us, and you too, dear May!
The Doctor and father are searching the wood,
O sweet little Amy, so loving and good!

(*She sobs and hurries away, followed by her brother.*)

SCENE V. — *Two hours later; entire darkness. Enter two men with lanterns, and two women out of breath and confused. Tune of "Hamburg," sung fast and eagerly, throughout this scene.*

1st man. Say? Is she found, Jim? (*2d man.*) Alackaday! no.
1st woman. Darker and darker the night seems to grow!
1st man. Greatly I fear she is lost in the brook.
Do *you* take the lantern! I shudder to look!
2d woman. Where 's the poor father? He 's frantic, I hear;
This child, of them all, was to him the most dear.
1st woman. And the mother 's away, not a word does she know!
O grant, Heavenly Father, to soften this blow!
2d woman, shuddering. I feel in my heart the poor child 's dead and cold!
'T is a funeral bell that so sadly is tolled.
1st man. Hush, neighbor! hush, with your weak croaking tongue!
God helping, that bell soon for joy shall be rung.
2d man. Come! Stand here no longer! go east and go west,
It may be the darling has lain down to rest,
And is under some bushes, as safe from all harm
As if nestled at home in her own mother's arm.

(*They all go out, some one way and some another.*)

SCENE VI. — *House of the farmer. A simply furnished bedroom.* AMY *sitting up in bed, happy and confused. Her father kneels beside the bed embracing her, his face hidden in her curls. Behind him stand* KATE *and* MAY, *tearful and happy, embracing each other. On the other side,* NED *and the* DOCTOR *cordially shake hands and seem to talk together, while the farmer and his wife peep in smiling at a door behind the group. After this tableau has lasted a few minutes,* NED *comes forward and sings to the tune of "Vive la Compagnie," all the others joining in the chorus.*

Let all politicians warning take,
Vive l'amitié!
And bridle their tongues for their children's sake,
Vive l'amitié!

CHORUS.

Vive! vive! vive la paix!
Vive! vive! vive la paix!
Vive la paix! vive la paix!
Vive l'amitié! *

Let joy and good fellowship here abound,
Vive l'amitié!
Our darling was lost, but now she is found,
Vive l'amitié.

CHORUS. — Vive! vive! vive la paix, &c.

Forgotten forever be discord and strife,
Vive l'amitié!
Let love and union now crown our life,
Vive l'amitié!

CHORUS. — Vive! vive! vive la paix, &c.

(*During the singing of the last verse* MR. GRAY *takes* AMY *by the hand and comes forward,* DR. NEWELL *on his left, the two girls on his right;* NED, *stepping back between* KATE *and* MAY, *takes a hand of each in the last chorus.* [*Curtain falls.*

Articles required in this play: school-books, three pitchforks, and some hay, a guitar, a doll (to represent the baby), two lanterns, and a bed. In the guitar scene, playing can be feigned, while the real sounds come from the piano, which should accompany the whole opera. A sheet of music laid upon the strings of the piano will produce a guitar-like sound.

Laura D. Nichols.

* Long live peace, long live friendship.

ELABORATE TABLEAUX.

THE stage for elaborate tableaux must be raised to a level with the eyes of the spectators. The frames must be gilded, and the curtains made of very dark purple cambric, with the dull side toward the stage. A large frame must also be made in front of the drop-curtain 9 feet high and from 18 to 25 feet wide, according to the width of the hall.

The gas-rod must contain 26 five-foot burners and be placed over the curtain inside, 8½ feet from the floor of the stage. These burners must be fed from an upright pipe at the left side. Upon this pipe two powerful argand-burners must be fastened, 5 feet from the floor, each provided with a swinging arm, one of them with a green globe and chimney, and the other with a red. Behind each globe a large concave reflector is to be held; by this simple contrivance, colored light can be thrown to any part of the stage.

For statuary or moonlight scenes turn the upper light nearly out, and throw green on. For sunrise begin as above, then gradually turn on the upper light and place the reflector behind the red globe. For the pictures, take off the red globe and substitute a common white chimney and throw the light upon the faces of the performers in the frames. For the arrangement of the frames and curtains you can refer to the April number of this magazine; but it will be best to have your curtain roll up in the manner of a common window-curtain.

Outside of the large front frame you will need another gas-rod with 10 footlights, which must be turned down for the pictures and still scenes. They will be useful to light the front part of the stage during the pantomime and illustrated ballads which will be described in future numbers.

To make a boat which will be needed for many scenes. Lay two boards upon the floor so that they will fit together very closely at the edge; the dimensions should be about 14 feet in length, 15 inches in width, and ½ an inch in thickness. Planed white-wood or clear pine boards are the most suitable. Screw three cleats firmly upon these flat boards, one near each end and one at the centre. Turn the whole over, and you have a flat surface 14 feet in length and 2½ in width. Draw upon one end the profile of the bow of a boat and upon the other the stern. Saw the ends carefully, following your drawing. Paint the whole of a light chrome yellow. Shave the upper edge into a slight curve, beginning 8 inches from the bow and descending to the middle, then ascending to within 25 inches of the stern. Then paint a black stripe ¾ of an inch wide 6 inches below the upper edge, following as nearly as possible the curve; and, 6 inches apart, 2 more stripes below it. Next shade the bow in black, also following the curve from the upper edge to a distance of 2 feet from the lower edge. Saw out a figure-head and rudder to fasten upon the ends by screws. Stretch a strip of blue cambric 8 inches wide across the front of the stage, having three wavy lines of white painted upon it for water. The boat is held up by the persons who sit behind it on boxes; the sail is made of a sheet tacked upon a mast, which is held by a boy.

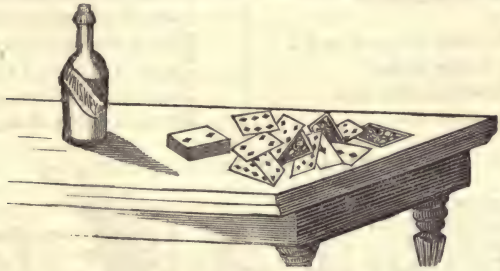
As a specimen of a boat scene I will describe to you *Cleopatra going to meet Mark Antony.* For this you will need a board 5 feet long raised to the height of the boat, upon two boxes; 1 soap-box, on which the rower sits; an oar 5 feet long; a narrow mattress and 3 pillows to form the couch; a high box at the bow for Fame to stand upon; a trumpet and bow and arrow made of tin; two high stools; a canopy made

of a scarf; a silver waiter with wine and a guitar; 1 large, handsome lady with long black hair for Cleopatra, 5 ladies as attendants, 1 little child as Cupid, and one tall lady with very long light hair as Fame, dressed in plain white drapery. Cleopatra wears a loose white waist richly trimmed with gold paper, a cloth of gold covers her, and long chains hang from her crown and extend from her dress to the bracelets upon her arms. The attendants wear loose waists of red, black, and yellow; their skirts are concealed by the boats. All should wear gold chains and ornaments, which can be made of gold paper. Another cloth is needed to cover the pillows, which is made by cutting gold paper into fancy figures and sewing it upon lace.

Cleopatra reclines upon the mattress and pillows, which are placed upon the board platform near the stern of the boat. One attendant holds the helm, two others hold the canopy above her head, a fourth is passing the wine, and a fifth sits at the oar. The Cupid stands upon a high stool near the centre. Fame is upon a box at the bow, holding a trumpet, and the sixth attendant with the guitar stands upon a high stool near the centre. Show this scene first in strong light and next by moonlight and sunrise, as explained above.

G. B. Bartlett.

PUZZLE. — No. 29. — What two books are lying on this table?



Allie.

ENIGMAS.

No. 30.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 9, 6, 13, 18 is a beverage.

My 7, 3, 11, 14, 15, 5 is an article of female apparel.

My 17, 12, 8, 19 is a thoroughfare.

My 4, 10, 2, 8 is a shiny mineral.

My 19, 1, 16 is what we must all do.

My *whole* is a familiar historical speech.

Bilboquet.

No. 31.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 12, 6, 19 is the name of a famous river.

My 8, 11, 5, 24 is a fabulous monster.

My 3, 20, 18, 4 is an iron press.

My 9, 21, 16, 28 is to tie.

My 23, 2, 10, 17, 28 is an organ of the body.

My 15, 26, 7, 13 is part of a horse.

My 29, 27, 22 is a small house.

My 25, 10, 14 is used in houses.

My *whole* is an old proverb.

Gamma.

PROVERB PI. — No. 32.

[Out of the following forty-seven words make seven proverbs, using every word, and adding none.]

A cat is good and walls.

The stone owl is as hasty as a scalded feast.

She will follow honesty enough to ruin nine ears.

The policy you have can be recalled in time.

Never stitch the best water.

The hasty lead, the cold word saves fears.

W. B. J.

CHARADES.

No. 33.

Within the precincts of my *first*
  Are gathered prince and peer, —
Beauty and valor, wit and wealth,
  All find a station here.
Fresh lusty youth, sear trembling age,
  Both hasten to my shrine,
Panting to win my pampered gaze,
  As though it were divine.

Unto my *first* my *second* brings
  A thousand useless toys,
And, guided by men's lives, doth feed
  A thousand fickle joys.
But not always in tasks like these
  My *second* spreads its wings;
But to the needy and the sick
  Oft help and healing brings.

My *whole* hath power for good or ill;
  Can urge to deadly strife,
Or make one peaceful, holy spot
  In our hard, selfish life.
In my pursuit the strongest fail,
  The boldest quake with fears;
Youth drains my goblet to the dregs,
  Age at my folly sneers.

R. C. Arthur.

No. 34.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

Obedient to his Lord's command,
See the unflinching Patriarch stand.

Chief martyr to a nation's crime.
Alike in life and death sublime.

Cross Words.

Chief of a warlike fleet.
Robbers you dread to meet.
Name that was once a glory.
Famous in Grecian story.
Bravest among the brave.
Tyrant o'er many a slave.
Unveil thy peerless light,
Beautiful queen of night.

P.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 35.

F. D.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 36.

Without my first can naught be made.
  My second we wish our friends to do.
To sit on my third I am afraid.
  Some love my fourth, alas! 't is true.
To see my fifth we watch the flowers,
And for my last ask heavenly powers.

S. E. G.

No. 37.

My first, a prince, from India came.
My second is a female name.
My third is one who bites or eats.
My fourth upon the sea-shore beats.
My fifth a city on the Aar.
My whole doth form a five word square.

Nellie G. C., age 11.

ANSWERS.

24. 1. Port Tobacco. 2. Bridgewater. 3. Flatbush. 4. Nottingham. 5. Barnstable. 6. Pilot Knob. 7. Highgate. 8. Tunbridge.

25. *Foundation Words:* Grant. Peace. *Cross Words:* GriP, RosE, AlmA, -NiC (picnic), TimE.

26. William of Prussia.

27.

G	I	V	E
I	R	O	N
V	O	I	D
E	N	D	S

28. "Have you not heard full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught."

[(Half U) (knot) (herd) (full loft) (a woman)('s) (naiad) (dot)(h) (stand) (four) (naught)].

THE first two prizes, of $20 each, for answers to the Prize Question in our January number, are awarded to the authors of the two following essays: —

"What are the Characteristics of a Gentleman?"

I.

First among the characteristics of a gentleman, I think integrity should be placed. A true gentleman is not only upright in the sight of the world, honorable in all his dealings with friends, acquaintances, and those with whom he comes in daily contact, — not only is his speech free from those equivocations which many men declare are inseparable from "a business life," — but even in his secret thought he is without shade of falsehood.

Next, courtesy should come. He is not only courteous to those whose relations to his self-interest demand such treatment; but toward father and mother his behavior is always marked by the deepest respect and affection; he strives to make home, the place where he is best known, the place where he is best beloved, remembering the old proverb, — "A gentleman at home is a gentleman everywhere." No one whom he meets is too poor or too humble to be treated courteously; for are not all children of a common Father?

A true gentleman is pure of heart; avoiding not alone "the appearance of evil," but every thought of it. In mind, as in language, he has no taint of that vulgarity which makes the society of many a (so-called) "respectable" young man something to be shunned by any pure-minded girl.

And, more than all, a true gentleman must realize that his life and talents must be devoted to a higher service than his own, or the world's, else they will be "as nothing." He must learn that the paths of literature, of science, of enjoyment, of life itself, if patiently and earnestly followed, but lead at last to the feet of Him who is their Maker and Creator. He must know that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and in his service alone there is peace.

EVA G. BAKER, *age* 15.

52 South Russell St., BOSTON, Mass.

II.

He who is kind and obliging to all; who casts a calm, loving eye toward "the little ones"; who is ever ready to confer a favor, with no hope of earthly reward; who visits the *real* poor and renders them all the assistance within his power, without proclaiming it to the world; who is humble and in no way haughty or revengeful; who looks at the heart *beyond* elegant apparel; and whose every utterance is truth without a taint of vulgarity, is — I care not what may be his name, whether he be rich or poor, high or low — *a true gentleman.*

CLARENCE FAIRFIELD, *age* 16.

WESTERLY, R. I.

The second prizes ($15 each) are awarded to the authors of the two following: —

III.

If there be the slightest difference between the true man and the true gentleman, it must lie wholly in the way of showing out the true manliness. In describing what constitutes the true gentleman, the true man must then necessarily be described.

He must possess perfect purity and perfect integrity, and must be unselfish. If he has these qualities he will be brave, even if he is a physical coward; he will be just because of his integrity, and in every way noble because of all; he will be humble because with strict honesty in his views of himself he must see faults which are apparent to no one else; he will be charitable in his judgments of others, knowing his own weakness.

He will, on account of these qualities and their outgrowths, be a continual help to others, and will be always looking for opportunities of kind-doing, and will from his very nature be a growing man, to whom each day will bring a finer tact, and a deeper love for humanity.

The "marks of a gentleman," which are referred to so frequently, — pure linen, speech, and general outside gearing, — can be only the inevitable signs of the life within.

The definition including all, — "one who loves his God with heart, soul, mind, and strength, and his neighbor as himself."

ANNIE M. CROZIER, *age* 15.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass.

IV.

A *gentleman* in my opinion is one who combines the tenderness of a woman with the valor and gallantry of a man, together with the qualities of modesty and unselfishness.

LOUIS ALLYN WIGHT, *age* 14 *yrs.*, 9 *mos.*
89 Wall St., NEW YORK.

The third prizes ($ 10 each) are awarded to the writers of the two following: —

V.

The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward. God is his Father, the Church his Mother, the saints his brethren, all that need him his friends; Devotion his chaplain, Charity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter, to let him in and out as most fit. Thus his whole family is made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house.

He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy.

Take him in two words, — a *man* and a *Christian.*

MINNIE D. BELLEN, *age* 16 *yrs.*, 8 *mos.*
596 Woodland Avenue, CLEVELAND, Ohio.

VI.

Every gentleman is expected to have good breeding and politeness; nothing is more generally admired; but this politeness must not be put on *merely* that he may be admired, it must come from good thoughts and feelings, then it will be shown as quickly to the poor and humble as to the rich and great, and make him as agreeable in his own home as in society.

The next qualities that tend to make a gentleman beloved in every-day life, are a modest deportment, cheerful spirit, an affectionate disposition, and generous and charitable feelings.

He is esteemed for being honorable, brave, truthful, and honest.

To be useful in the world, he must have good sense, education, perseverance, and industry. He must be temperate in his appetites and pleasures; keeping from those things that would injure his mind or health.

A gentleman must controll his feelings; he must "Put off all these, — anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy and filthy communication."

His tastes must be so cultivated that he can enjoy only those things that are good and pure.

He must be one who would avoid giving offence, but noble enough to forgive it in others. One who would never think of revenging a wrong, but could return good for evil. One who would do what he knew to be right, tho' he suffered for it. But when we say let him be one who could regard the interests and feelings of others, before his own, we give him perhaps the noblest quality of all; nothing marks the Christian gentleman more truely. Such was the crowning characteristic of Sir Philip and Algernon Sidney, that gained for them more love and honor than all their deeds of bravery done upon the battle-field.

NED KELLY, *age* 11.
LEBANON, Ky.

Over four hundred answers to our question were sent in, and of these about sixty were after a first reading selected for the awards. All of these had merits, and we often thought, in considering and reconsidering them, what a noble essay on the "Gentleman" might be compiled from them! But our business was to choose six out of the sixty, and leave the rest, — a duty involving far more care and study than the authors of the essays could ever have imagined possible.

We wish we had space to speak of all the answers for which we should have been glad to give prizes. One of the very best was written by Emma J. Choate, of Lowell, Mass., and only its great length prevented it from receiving an award. The same lack of condensation threw out of the final account the otherwise excellent contribution of Charles S. Scott, of Boston.

Among the other essays, which we find especially worthy of mention, are those sent in by Henrietta Hardy, New York; Minnie C. Scofield, Jacksonville, Florida; Thomas Carlton, Boston Highlands; Edward Kendal, Natick, Mass.; Katie Allen, Berlin, Wis.; Mary A. Williams, New York; Wm. S. Walsh, Camden, N. J.; T. B. Stork, Philadelphia; Nina Morse, Washington, D. C.; Nellie Packard, Rome, N. Y.; W. D. Walcott Fay, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Wm. T. Seeger, Springfield, Mass.; Carrie R. Brown, Richmond, Va.; Alice E. Worcester, Thetford, Vt.; Lizzie F. S. Barnard, Lynn, Mass.; Chas. H. Hoyt, Charlestown, N. H.; S. E. Mulford, Philadelphia; Dempster Davidson, Carthage, Ill.; Effie L. Lewis, Denver, Col.; Lottie E. Hamilton, Oswego, N. Y.; Chas. M. Hepburn, Oxford, Ohio; Mary W. Barnes, Oakland, Cal.; Albert M. Gleason, Monson, Mass., and Mamy E. Mitchell, Bath, Me., "age 7."

To this list of deserving names as many more might be added. It is but fair to state that the answers sent in by girls exceeded very greatly in number and also in quality those sent in by boys.

Many interesting letters accompanying the answers deserve attention; but we have room at present for only a single quotation from one of them. Mattie Eaton, of Muscatine, Iowa, sends with her essay "many good wishes for 'Our Young

Folks,' hoping that its readers may all better *illustrate* than any can *define* the characteristics of a true gentleman"; — a sentiment which we are sure will be heartily echoed by all of them.

M. N. H., North Columbia, Cal. — "Please tell me what you think about the expression, 'Her handwriting is good'; and is the word 'neck-handkerchief' correct? Is not the 'hand' in both expressions unnecessary? Or are both proper?"

Both are quite proper, although the second is not so elegant as "neckcloth" or "neckerchief." "Handwriting" is often a much more forcible word than "writing" would be in its place.

J. M. Copeland. — Thanks for your kind offer. We do not print a German edition of "Our Young Folks."

"*Our Young Contributors.*" — "*A Trip to Mount Washington,*" by Amy Cross, "*Our Apple-Tree,*" by Lottie E. Hamilton, "*Sunshine of the Heart,*" by Hattie F. Pettes, "*My Occidental Friend,*" by W. S. Walsh, and "*Butterflies,*" by R. L. C., are accepted.

"*God's Messages*" and "*Maple Seeds*" show a great deal of fancy and style, — indeed they have rather an excess of these qualities. The writer should try her hand at something more direct and simple.

"*John Fitch,*" is well written and interesting, yet we are not certain that we can find room for so long a biographical sketch.

Fred D. — "*A Taste of the Buck Ague*" has pretty good stuff in it, and would be very readable if told more concisely. It would occupy three or four pages of "Our Young Contributors," which is more space than we could possibly afford it. You say that you wish to "improve your faults," and that you are "most eighteen." Faults are to be corrected, not improved, and "most" is *almost* the word which you should have used. Since you ask for criticism, we should be pleased to go through your sketch and weed out some handfuls of similar errors, if time and space allowed.

BERLIN, March 4, 1871.

DEAR EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I read with great pleasure all the articles under the head of "Our Young Contributors," from month to month, and know the object of their publication. Do you not think it would be well if these articles could be criticised by those of our own age, so that we might derive benefit therefrom?

We like to see our correspondence in print, and wait with the greatest impatience for each magazine. If your present magazine cannot accommodate all our contributions, could not you add a few leaves to it, and a dollar to the price? I don't think our papas would object to this last item; I know mine would not, for we all think there is nothing like "Our Young Folks" and could not do without it.

Think this over, dear editors, and let us hear from you in your next.

Yours, HATTIE.

Our "next," Hattie, was of course the April number, which was all in type and partly printed before your letter came.

If dollars were as plenty with all papas as we trust they are with yours, we would enlarge our magazine at once; but we should be sorry to place it beyond the reach of any of our present readers, as we fear we might if any addition were made to the subscription price. Perhaps if all our young readers will interest themselves in procuring new subscribers, the publishers may be enabled to enlarge the magazine without augmenting the cost to its patrons. Meanwhile we shall endeavor to give each month in our sixty-four pages such a variety of choice reading matter as cannot be found even in the large three and four dollar monthlies.

We shall be glad to receive sensible and candid criticisms upon "Our Young Contributors'" articles, and will engage to find room for any that may be concise, pointed, and interesting enough to be worth printing. No doubt such would be entertaining and useful to both writers and readers.

Sherbrooke, Canada. — Yes, persons who are not subscribers can write for "Our Young Contributors" department.

L. M. H. — "I have been writing a sketch which I have put away to season as you advised, and by and by I may cut off the head and tail, and leave out the middle and punish you with the rest."

We think that sketch should be good.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 25.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have read every number of "Our Young Folks" since its first appearance, and never expect to be too old to read it with enjoyment. I have taken many other magazines, but I like none so well as yours. I am glad to see, occasionally, something from my own dear city, in the "Letter Box," which is to me the most interesting part of the magazine. I like the new department, "Our Young Contributors," very much, and would myself try to contribute, if I could muster up courage to write.

I am in the senior class of the "St. Louis High School" and have to write "essays" frequently. I have lived in the city all my life, so that I have seen no beautiful scenery to describe; have had *no* adventures even of the most prosaic kind. So my essays have been upon such subjects as "Whom the gods love, die young," "A gentle-

man of the Old School," and others of a like stamp. Now do you think it best for children (I was twelve years old when I first wrote on those subjects) to write upon such *old* subjects. I wish I were able to write as easily and simply upon every-day occurrences as some of the "Young Contributors" do who are not so old as I am. (I am fifteen.)

I hope Miss Phelps will write more this year. Her beautiful books are very dear friends to me. I like "Jack Hazard" very much so far. By the way, I *guessed* that that absent-minded Mr. Chatford left his horse and buggy at "The Basin." I had a grand-uncle that used to do such things.

I have answered all of the enigmas, word square, etc. . . . .

Sincerely yours, GRACE E.

Your letter and answers, Grace, came too late for notice last month. No, — we do not think it best, as a general thing, for children to write upon "old" subjects. For the development of their mental powers, it is well for them occasionally to investigate new subjects, and to write out their thoughts upon them; but for the cultivation of an easy and natural style, they should choose familiar themes, such as they themselves perfectly understand and enjoy. Is it necessary, however, to go into the country for such? Is not the city also full of interesting scenes and experiences?

Lily. — "The small hours of the night" are those represented by the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

Belle T. — "Will you be kind enough to tell me how 'Don Quixote' is pronounced?"

Don Ke-ho'ta is about as near as the sounds can be expressed in English print.

Claire D——. — The "author of a piece of poetry commencing —

'What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,'"

is James Russell Lowell, and the lines occur near the beginning of "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

E. N. W. asks, "Will some one tell me where is to be found the line 'The feast of reason and the flow of soul'?"

Edith B., writes from Providence: —

"One request I would like to whisper in your ear, — Will you please give the 'Prairie Nymph' *permission* to send us her account of the cap which Toy brought her? Her 'Adventure' was written in such an original, sprightly style, that I am sure her next story would be equally 'splendid.'"

We have received several such requests as the above, and can only say in reply that we, in common with our readers, are looking with very great interest to see the story of that cap.

P. S. The story has come! It will appear next month.

Nellie J. sends us the following curious word squares. "In the first two, the perpendicular words differ from the horizontal. The third contains each word four times, and may be read from left to right, from right to left, from above downwards, and from below upwards."

JOVE	LOVE	STEW
ERIN	EVIL	TIDE
SEND	DELL	EDIT
USES	AREA	WETS

Will Jas. V. Finbois (author of the pantomime of "Bluebeard") favor us with his address?

O., Copenhagen. — 1. Bancroft's History of the United States is published by Little, Brown, and Co., Boston. 2. Among the best recent books on birds' nests and eggs are the following: Natural History of the Nests and Eggs of British Birds. By F. O. Morris. 3 vols. London. 1856–57. Popular History of British Birds' Eggs. By Richard Laishey. London. 1858. (A cheap 16mo.) History of the Birds of Europe not observed in the British Isles. By C. R. Bree. London. 1866–67. If you read French, consult Traité général d'Oologie ornithologique. Par O. Des Murs. Paris. 1860. For America, see Samuel's Ornithology and Oölogy of New England. Boston. 1867. We are not acquainted with any general work on American oölogy.

A BRIGHT little new subscriber, sending us his subscription and the following cat story, writes: "Having set my heart on the Young Folks, here goes my one dollar for it for six months; by that time I can earn another dollar. The way I learned how good a magazine it was, — we borrowed a few numbers of a neighbor; then mother bought me a number when she went to town, and this year I feel as if I *must* have it. If I do not get it I shall be more hungry for it than for my supper when I have been all day at school."

Here is the cat story: —

"We call her Mrs. Socrates. Well, she had two kittens, one larger than herself and one little one; she used to hunt rats and mice for them most of the time. But one bright moonlight night some dogs killed her poor kittens. She mourned about for two or three days, and then went to hunting again. Everything she caught she would bring to the house, mew at the door until we opened it, and then she would walk straight to mother and lay her mouse or rat in her lap or on her dress, as if she knew mamma would take care of it. This she did to our great amusement for weeks, sometimes bringing five or six a day; then she had more kittens of her own to feed.

"FRANK LANDER LA RUE.

"BENJAMIN VILLE, McLean Co., Ill."

"*Lizzie*" writes: "Please insert the following in the 'Letter Box': A literary correspondent of the New Orleans Sunday Times solves the question concerning the origin of the two hitherto untraceable quotations, viz.: 'Consistency 's a jewel,' and 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.' The first appeared originally in 'Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads,' 1754. In the ballad of 'Jolly Robyn Roughead' are the following lines in which it appears: —

'Tush! tush, my lasse! such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruell,
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistencie 's a jewel.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest,
Wife Joan and good man Robyn.'

The second first appeared in verses written in an old memorandum-book, the author not recollected: —

'Sweetheart, good by! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten in every charm,
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

E. L. R., who is a Boston boy, has often noticed on Boylston Street a place called "Gambrinus Hall," and he has recently seen our fellow-citizens of German origin spoken of, in more than one newspaper, as "votaries" or "subjects" of "King Gambrinus." His curiosity being piqued to find out who King Gambrinus is or was, he asked his father, in full confidence of obtaining the information he desired; but his father could not tell him. He then applied to his teacher, with no better success. That neither of them should know surprised him much at first; but, on consulting Appleton's New American Cyclopædia and various biographical dictionaries (as he had been advised to do) without getting any light, he wondered less at their ignorance. Not long after, a friend told him that he thought King Gambrinus was a mythical character; and that, if so, he would be sure to find a good account of him in Wheeler's "Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction." The name, however, is not to be found in that work; and so, as a last resort, *E. L. R.* has recourse to us, there being, as he thinks, no limits to the knowledge of an editor. As this *is* one of the "noted names of fiction" Mr. Wheeler certainly ought to have inserted it in his Dictionary, and we shall look to see, in another edition, some such notice as this: —

GAMBRINUS (gam-bri'nus; *Ger. pron.* gahm-bre'nōos), written also GAMBRIVIUS, GAMBER or KAMPFER, and sometimes CIMBER. A fabulous king of the Tuiscones, or ancient Germans, who succeeded his father Marso about the year 2234 after the creation of the world, or 1730 before the birth of Christ. He founded the town of Cambray, which he named after himself; and, according to some writers, the old Germans who lived on the borders of the North Sea derived their name of Cimbri from him. After a reign of forty-four years, during which time he extended the bounds of his kingdom from the Rhine to Asia, he died, and was deified by his devoted subjects. *He is chiefly memorable as being the reputed inventor of beer.*

B. Leighton Beal, Boston Highlands, sends the following rhymed answer to L. L.'s five-word square in our April "Letter Box": —

My first, unless you are a dunce,
You 'll see is *sight*, I hope, at once.
My second now you find to be
An *idler*, lounging lazily.
My third a sweet and shady spot;
A *glade*, you ask me, is it not?
My fourth you 'll see grows from the ground, —
A *hedge*, with top cut smooth and round.
My fifth are either short or tall, —
Trees, giving cooling shade to all.

N. C. W.'s six-word square has been completed as follows by various correspondents: —

PLEASE	PLEASE	PLEASE
LOUDER	LARDER	LARDER
EUDORA	ERRATA	ERRATA
ADORES	ADAPTS	ADAPTS
SERENE	SETTLE	SETTEE
ERASER	ERASER	ERASER

The first is N. C. W.'s word, worked out by Al. Harrison. The second and third are improvements upon it obtained by E. H. B., Harry R. V., A. B. C., Helen Tilden, "Subscriber," Frederick McIntosh, H. L. J., Jr., Nellie G. R., Cattie M. Whitney, F. R. Welles, J. Clarence Lee, "Di. Vernon," and Grace Carden.

HERE are answers to E. H. B.'s word square:

ASTRAL	ASTRAL	ASTRAL
STRIVE	STRIVE	STRIVE
TRADES	TRADED	TROPES
RIDERS	RIDING	RIPENS
AVERSE	AVENUE	AVENUE
LESSEN	LEDGER	LESSER

ASTRAL	ASTRAL	ASTRAL
STRIVE	STRIVE	STRIVE
TRADES	TRADED	TROPES
RIDERS	RIDING	RIPENS
AVERSE	AVENGE	AVENGE
LESSEE	LEDGER	LESSEN

The first is E. H. B.'s word; for the others we are indebted to the same correspondents who send the answers to N. C. W.'s word, and to Laura V. Ogden, A. W. Chase, "Nedloh," Mary D. Priest, G. H. S., T. W., Fred H. Johnson, M. Hinman, and others.

HERE are the first and last words of another of E. H. B.'s six-word squares: who can fill it? TOMATO, ORNATE.

Emma W. — In enigma No. 26, "2" was changed to "15" in the second word, in order to increase the difficulty of the solution. At the same time "15" should have been changed to "2" in the last word, but through an oversight this was neglected.

The earliest answers to our Evening Lamp puzzles of last month were sent in by "Subscriber," Frederick McIntosh, Nannie, John H. Ingham, and Bessie G. Colt.

OUR readers are constantly asking us questions, — as we are very glad to have them do, — and now in return we wish to ask them one, which is not a "prize question."

Do any of them, especially any of those living on or near Cape Ann, ever use, or are they accustomed to hear others use, the word *scoon*, to signify a quick gliding or skimming motion like that of stones thrown from the hand along the surface of water?

Our reason for asking has reference to the origin and primary meaning of the word *schooner*. The kind of vessel called by this name is said, on good authority, to have been first built in Gloucester, Massachusetts, about the year 1714, by one Captain Andrew Robinson, and to have taken its name from a very trivial incident. The launch was a highly successful one, and the vessel slid off the ways into the water so easily and quickly that a bystander exclaimed, "O, how she *scoons!*" "A *scooner* let her be!" returned the captain, glad of a name for so novel a craft. The newly coined word struck the fancy of those present, and so got into common use among the towns-people, from whom it passed into wider circulation as the merits of the new vessel became more generally known. Within a few years both the name and the thing had become naturalized everywhere. But when at a later day the lexicographers came along to gather up the words composing our language, and to investigate their history, they could find out nothing about the origin of this one. Knowing that the Dutch adjective *schoon* (pronounced *skone*) signified fine, beautiful, and that it formed its comparative degree, like English adjectives, by adding *er* to the positive, — *schooner*, — they boldly asserted that the word in question came to us from the Dutch, and meant, literally, the finer or more beautiful vessel! A plausible etymology certainly, only they were unable to bring the first particle of historical evidence to sustain it.

On the other hand, there is ample and unimpeachable contemporary testimony to the fact that schooners were first built at the time and in the place mentioned, and the trustworthiness of the tradition as to the imposition of the name is confirmed by the fact that originally the word was spelt *scooner*, and not *schooner*. But — Yankee born and bred though we are — we must confess that we have never heard the word *scoon* from any Yankee mouth, and we wish to learn if it is still current in Gloucester or elsewhere. As to its derivation, there can be no doubt, we think, that it comes from the Anglo-Saxon *scunion* (pronounced *scoon-i-an*), to escape, to flee, to get out of the way, whence our *skun*, the Provincial English *scun*, and also the Scottish *scon*, which means to skip stones, that is, to make them fly away.

We have received a number of interesting communications designed for "Our Letter Box," and a host of names for our "Mutual Improvement Corner," which it is quite impossible for us to print this month. Again we must ask our correspondents to have patience with us.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Fred Phillips, Avondale, Chester Co. Penn. (wishes correspondence on birds and birds'-eggs).

Henry Fay, Box 751, Bangor, Maine (on collecting different kinds of animals; can give information on the gunning of Maine, — lakes, mountains, log-camps, etc.).

W. S. C., No. 30 Upton St., Boston (postage-stamps).

Una M. E., Philadelphia P. O. (natural history).

Charles Painter, Box 430, Emporia, Kan. (botany).

A. B. C. (Box 213, Woonsocket, R. I.), (a young lady; desires a correspondence in French with a young lady not under 18).

John L. Bliss, 44 Hunter St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (correspondent not over 14; chemistry and nat. philosophy).

Sarah H. G., Box 4, Mamaroneck, N. Y. (wishes correspondent not under 17, subject Germany and German literature, or French literature).

G. E. Bright, Corry, Pa. (would like a correspondent between 11 and 14, fond of hunting, fishing, etc.).

M. P. O. (age 16) and *R. M. E. D.*, 514 Spruce St., Philadelphia (desire correspondents interested in music).

M. H. (same address; some interesting topic).

Robert Phillips, Chagrin Falls, Ohio (drawing).

Cora A. Handel, 178 Duane St., New York (age 17; wishes a correspondent in California or Oregon).

Frank Verne (age 19), No. 178 Duane St., New York.

Jas. L. Houghteling, 298 Huron St., Chicago, Ill. (age 15; fond of music, dancing, and hunting).

Gertrude Shepard, Oakland, Cal.

T. C. D., Box 1306, New York (would like a correspondent interested in literature, — poetry particularly).

L. R. S. (care of H. S. B.), 2009 Green St., Philadelphia (Scott's poetry and rhetoric).

A. W. X., Box 385, Decorah, Iowa.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. JUNE, 1871. No. VI.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XV.

JACK AND THE BOOKS.

A LITTLE lunch was waiting for the boys when they came home, and as they ate their bread-and-milk and doughnuts Mrs. Chatford sat by and listened to their story.

"Well, I declare!" said she, when Phin explained how it happened that Aunt Patsy did not get the custard-pie, "that was too bad, now! But never mind; I'll send another next time I bake, — but don't you take it on Old Maje's back, riding double, with rattling brown paper in the basket!"

And this was the nearest approach to a reprimand which they received from that too indulgent woman.

"There's a Sunday school betwixt the services," she said, looking at the clock. "Now's just the time for it. You boys ought both to be there. Did you ever go to Sunday school, Jack?"

Jack was ashamed to confess that he never did.

"You would n't want to twice," Phin whispered in his ear. "There ain't any fun in it."

Then Mrs. Chatford, in her spectacles, with a volume of "Barnes's Notes" open before her on the table, catechized Jack, and found him wofully ignorant of subjects in the knowledge of which her own boys had been trained up almost from their

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infancy. Phin giggled: "Huh! never heard of the *Acts of the Apostles!* Why, I know half of 'em by heart!"

"No, — you know them by head; you don't know them by heart: I wish you did!" said his mother, more severely than Jack had thought it possible for her to speak. "You 've learned your Sunday-school lessons, and plenty of chapters in the Testament, but dreadful little of 'em all you have in your heart, or else you would n't sit there laughing at this poor boy. It is n't his fault, it 's his misfortune, that he has never been taught these things, which you can chatter off like a parrot, — and that 's all the good they do you. Go and take a book and read, and don't let me see any more such conduct!"

Then Mrs. Chatford talked a long while to Jack, who soon got over his sense of shame and degradation, and listened gratefully. At last the time came for her to set about preparing the late Sunday dinner, and she turned him over to Phineas.

"Take him up to your room, my son, and read him the story of Joseph and his Brethren; he can't help liking that." For she had found that Jack could not read much himself.

Phin led the way up a flight of blue-painted, carpetless stairs, past a great chimney, and into a small, low chamber under the sloping roof. There was a bed in one end, a large blue chest in the other, and a strip of rag-carpet between, spread from the door to a little low window under the eaves. To get at the window one had to stoop pretty well, in order not to hit his head. At one side of the window there was a chair, and at the other a light-stand; while the wall opposite was adorned with two rows of boys' clothing — coats, jackets, and trousers, hung upon nails — on each side of the door.

Humble as the room was, it was neat and comfortable and cosey; to Jack's eyes it was even luxurious.

"Is this all yours?" he asked.

"It belongs to me and Mose," replied Phin. "We sleep together. His clothes are that side of the door, and my clothes are this side. Half the chest is mine and half is his; there 's a partition between, — I 'll show you. He has a key to his till and I have a key to my till, and we can lock up from each other the things we 're particular about. All these books are mine, — pictures in some of 'em. How does it seem not to know how to read?"

"I can read a little," said Jack.

"Let 's hear ye."

"Will you show me when I come to words I don't know?"

"Yes," said Phin, with a treacherous smile, opening his Bible. "Here 's about Joseph sold into Egypt, — ma told us to read that, and I suppose we must. Now, what 's that?"

Jack struggled through three or four lines, Phin saying, perfidiously, "All right!" at every pause, — "go ahead; you 're reading splendid!" — until the thing he was waiting for happened, — namely, a ludicrous mistake;

then he broke forth derisively, — "Ho, ho! a coat of many collars! What sort of a thing is that? Collars! a coat of many collars! O Jack! if I could n't read better 'n that!"

Jack was tempted to swear, but he governed his wrath. "I won't read any more, if you are going to make fun of me," he said, throwing the book aside.

"I would n't! Collars! — O Jack! Come, le 's look at the pictures in these other books. This Robinson Crusoe is mine. There he is on his raft, taking things from the wreck of his ship to the island. Who cares for the pictures, though?" Phin said, the next minute. "Put up the old books; and le 's go out and play with the dog."

"I 'd ruther look at the books," said Jack, gloomily.

"You may, if ye want to. I 'm going out to find Lion, — if I can get out without *her* seeing me." And Phin went softly down the stairs, pausing only to look back and whisper, with a sarcastic grin, "Collars! O Jack! a coat of many collars!"

Left to himself, Jack soon forgot the sting of these taunts in the interest with which he turned over the leaves of the well-thumbed, old-fashioned picture-books Phin had taken from the chest. After all had been looked through, with the boy's true instinct he returned to Robinson Crusoe; and, lying upon the floor, half supported by his elbows, with the wonderful book before him, close under the little window, — his feet towards the open door, sometimes resting toes downward, and sometimes kicking in the air, — he diligently studied the page, pointing with his finger, and tracing out the sense word by word, and almost letter by letter.

He was so absorbed in this novel employment that he took no heed when the morning's procession of vehicles went rattling by again, returning homeward, and the deacon's buggy drove into the yard. But when he heard the rustle of a dress and a light footstep behind him, he looked up, and saw a pleasant face smiling down upon him from under a pretty pink bonnet. It was Annie Felton, the school-mistress.

"Have you found something interesting?" she said, in a very gentle, winning voice.

"Yes 'm, if I could only read it well enough," said Jack.

"What is it? Robinson Crusoe! Not a very good Sunday book, I 'm afraid uncle and aunt would think. You can read a little? Let me hear you."

Taking off her pink bonnet, she held it by the ribbons, as she seated herself in the one chair the room afforded, and looked down over Jack's shoulder, while he read laboriously, with careful finger on page, and restless heels in the air. She told him the hard words he could not make out, and corrected him when he read wrong, and explained this thing and that, all so pleasantly and encouragingly that poor Jack's heart, chilled so lately by Phin's pitiless jeers, warmed to a sweet glow of hope and gratitude.

"How long did you ever go to school?" she asked.

"Only about seven weeks, one winter, three years ago," said Jack. "Ye see, I hain't done much else but knock about the world, and learn just the

things I should n't, I suppose. I never should have gone to school at all, but that winter my father — or the man I called father — was off somewhere, and I boarded with a woman that sent me to school to git red of me. Since then I 've always been put to work in stables winters, soon as ever the canal closed; then soon as it opened in the spring the old man would have me with him on the scow again."

"That was too bad, — if you wanted to learn," said Annie.

"I did n't think nor care much about it then. I got laughed at when I went to school, and that made me hate to go. But I 'd give anything now if I could learn!"

"Well, where there 's a will there 's a way. I shall be glad to teach you, if you are where I can. I 'll see you after supper. Here comes Moses now." And with a bright smile flung over her shoulder at Jack on the floor, Miss Felton tripped to her room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SUNDAY DINNER.

THEN Moses came in.

"You seem to have taken possession here!" he said, looking down, not well pleased, at the intruder.

"Phin brought me up here; his mother told him to," Jack explained. "I 'll clear out, if I 'm in your way."

"No, never mind," said Moses, who was a good fellow at heart. "Seems to me you 've changed somehow, since morning. What is it, — your clothes?"

"Your mother fixed me up a little," said Jack.

"Well, you needed it enough! Come in, Phi," said Moses, as Mr. Pipkins's conspicuous front teeth and stooping shoulders appeared at the door. "Here 's your prisoner, making himself at home."

Mr. Pipkin observed Jack's comfortable attitude and improved appearance with decided disapprobation. "Wal, if that ain't jest like yer soft-hearted women-folks!" he said, indignantly. "There 's reason in all things!"

"Except somebody's head," said a tart voice behind him.

"Do you mean my head, Miss Wansey?" retorted Mr. Pipkin, turning upon that lady, and standing before her in all the dignity of a man insulted in his Sunday clothes.

"Tell Mr. Pipkin, Moses, if you please," said Miss Wansey, "that I 've nothing to say to him! I think everybody will know whose head I mean — except the owner! And as for soft-hearted women-folks, — I wonder what hard-hearted men-folks would do without 'em!"

"Guess we could do very well without some of 'em!" said Mr. Pipkin, and laughed at his own wit.

Miss Wansey flung back the sarcasm with a toss, and addressed herself to Jack. "Don't you mind a word some folks say to you; *I* don't! Hired men sometimes take upon themselves very important airs. I won't name any particular hired men; maybe you 'll find out who they are, if you stay long in this house. I don't wish to be personal. I only say, don't mind. Hem!" And with a light cough Miss Wansey sailed away.

"Miss Wansey!" the wrathful Mr. Pipkin roared after her, "I 've nothing to say to you?"

Jack, lying partly on his side, supported by his arm, looked up from his book to witness this altercation; while Moses sat on the bed and laughed.

"You 'd better *not* have anything to say to her, Phi! If she 's so hard on ye now, where 'll you be when she makes up her mind to be personal?"

"Heavens an' earth!" said the excited Mr. Pipkin; "think I 'm afraid of her? I don't care the shake of a goslin's toe-nail fer all she can say. Soft-hearted women-folks? I did n't mean *her*, by hokey!" And he stalked to his room.

Jack grinned, and returned to his book. Being somewhat critical in such matters, from his long experience on the canal, he conceived on the spot a high respect for Miss Wansey's tongue, and a very poor opinion of Mr. Pipkin as a master of the art of abuse.

Moses, having hung up his Sunday coat and put on an old one, went out. Then Jack saw Annie Felton and Miss Wansey go down stairs, and presently heard a table moved in the room below, then a lively rattling of dishes, — sounds full of interest to a hungry boy.

"Gitting ready for their big Sunday meal, — dinner and supper all in one," thought he. "Wonder if I shall be asked!"

In a little while there came a sound as of chairs placed at the table; and Jack, losing all interest in Robinson Crusoe, listened until he heard a noise of many footsteps, and a sudden clattering of chair-legs, by which he knew that the family were sitting down to dinner. A dead silence ensued for a few seconds; then a single low, monotonous voice was just audible for about half a minute; then knives and plates began to rattle, accompanied by an outburst of cheerful voices.

"They 're at it!" murmured Jack, with a most lonesome feeling at his heart and stomach.

He pushed the books aside, and, creeping up close to the window, looked out for something to divert his mind. There, behind the house, was the woodpile, with the familiar log, on which he had sat in the morning. Beyond that were two or three old peach-trees; and, farther on, an apple-orchard, beautiful in the sunshiny afternoon with its fresh foliage and green turf spotted and checkered with the soft golden light.

"O, ain't it pleasant here?" thought he. "I 'll go out and keep Lion company till they get through dinner; then maybe they 'll give us some."

Just then a quick, light step came behind him; and, looking round, he saw Phin's little sister Kate.

"Ma says, please come down to dinner," she said, with a bright smile.

"Now?" said Jack, scarcely able to credit such good news; "with all the folks?"

"Yes, with all the folks," replied Kate, laughing. "There 's a place for you, but she did n't know where you 'd gone."

Tears of gratitude sprang to Jack's eyes. Then he began to feel bashful, and murmured something about waiting till the rest were through. But Kate said, "She sent me to bring you down, and you must come!" and so he followed her.

It was a large, bountiful table to which he was invited; around it the whole family were seated, filling every place (when Kate had returned to hers) except the one reserved for him. It was the very place he would have chosen, — at Mrs. Chatford's right hand, between her and her niece Annie. He felt dreadfully awkward and embarrassed, however, never having been in such respectable company before.

"Please give Jack some dinner," said Mrs. Chatford, passing his plate across the table to her husband.

"Jack? hey?" said the absent-minded deacon with a start, turning his eyes for the first time on his youthful guest. "I beg pardon! I — did you tell me, mother? Well, well!" And, with a curiously good-humored, puzzled expression, he proceeded to fill Jack's plate.

"Did you hear anything about the stolen horse and buggy to-day?" said Phin, laughing at his father.

"I guess a good many people heard more of that than they did of the sermon," replied Moses. "About fifty persons asked me about it; and

when pa came in late, everybody turned to look at him, and every face was on the grin, even the minister's; — he had to use his handkerchief, and cough."

"I noticed I met with a rather cheerful reception," said the deacon, smiling. "It did n't trouble me; a man likes to be popular."

"As far as my observation went," remarked Miss Wansey, "somebody else was quite as popular as you, Mr. Chatford. I heard quite as much talk about the man who went out at the risk of his life and caught the terrible thief!"

"Guess you made all the talk about that, Miss Wansey!" said Mr. Pipkin, glowering at her across the table.

"Mr. Pipkin," replied Miss Wansey, "I did not address my remark to you."

"By the way!" spoke up the deacon, as if a sudden thought had struck him, — "that boy! did he go off again?"

"What boy?" said Moses.

"Pip's prisoner. I left him sitting on the log. I worried about him in meeting-time, wondering what we should do with him, if he stayed; but I have n't thought of him since. I hope, mother, you did n't let him go off without doing something for him. Well, what 's the fun now?"

Everybody was laughing except Jack, who seemed somehow to be one cause of the merriment.

"I declare!" said the deacon, "I did n't know him! I was wondering who that young visitor could be! Well, well! who 'd have thought? Soap and water and clean clothes, — they do make a mighty difference in people! What have you been about, to-day, my lad?"

Before Jack could answer, Phin, envious of his sudden popularity, chimed in, "He 's been reading about the coat of many collars, for one thing!" and he was proceeding to explain the foolish jest, when Miss Felton interrupted him.

"Jack has never had the opportunities for getting an education which most boys have. But he is anxious to learn, and if he is near me, I am going to be his teacher. He will be a good pupil, I know; and when he can read well, I am sure he will not laugh at those who are not so fortunate."

It was plain that Miss Felton's influence was great in the family, for at these words Phin looked red and abashed, and the sympathies of the rest were evidently turned in Jack's favor. And as for Jack, how thankful and glad she made him! The hot impulse, which had been again roused in him, to fling back the sarcasm in his own emphatic and vivacious fashion — a fashion which, I suspect, would rather have astonished the sedate Chatford family that quiet Sunday afternoon — now gave place to a better feeling, an indescribable thrill of gratitude and hope.

With Annie Felton and Mrs. Chatford on his side, he was humbly happy and content. Sometimes, in his lonely and wretched life, he had dreamed of what a mother and sister might be; but he had never conceived of any

beings on earth quite so beautiful and good as those two beside him. To be so near them, to hear their pleasant voices, and to feel — what he could not understand — the sweet, quiet influences which their very presence shed about him, made a far greater change in Jack than mere soap-and-water and clean clothes could have done, — a change in his inmost heart.

Although he had naturally good manners, our little driver had brought with him from the scow-cabin and the tow-path a few habits which seemed rather out of place at the farm-house table. Little Kate laughed outright to see him put some salt on his unbroken potato, and, holding it in his hand, nibble it as if it had been an apple; and even Miss Felton had to

smile when he took up a slice of ham in his fingers, and, having first tried cutting it between his thumb and his knife (which did not prove so sharp as his jack-knife), resort to the more primitive method of tearing it in pieces with his teeth. These fashions he had undoubtedly acquired through the necessity he had so often been under of jumping ashore with his dinner and eating it on the tow-path. But that did not account for his throwing his head back so far, and opening his mouth so wide, for the morsel of soft-fried egg he cast into it; and it must be owned that, when he ate with his knife, he sometimes thrust it unnecessarily far down his throat. He had an odd way, too, of seizing the implement midway between blade and handle, with a very determined grip, when he attempted to cut his meat with it on the plate, as Annie whispered him to do; and his elevated

elbows, as he earnestly hacked and sawed away, gave him — it cannot be denied — altogether too much the appearance of a spread eagle. I am sorry, moreover, to record of him a strong tendency to lick the gravy from the blade, which was not considered a genteel custom even in those days, in respectable farm-houses, — although putting the knife itself into the mouth (not too far), instead of the fork, in eating, had not then come to be thought vulgar.

Miss Felton, kindly, and in low whispers, corrected these awkwardnesses in the boy; and he proved so apt a scholar that, when the pie was served, and he caught himself on the point of using his piece as if it had been a wedge, and his head a hard knot to be instantly opened by it, he checked himself in season, and, imitating her example, cut the pie on his plate.

CHAPTER XVII.

COUSIN SYD.

After dinner, Jack understood the inviting smile Miss Felton gave him, as she threw a red scarf over her shoulders, and walked out into the garden; and he followed her. From the garden they walked on into the apple-orchard, and through its pleasant lights and shadows (it seemed like enchanted ground to Jack, with her beside him), until they came to a little brook on the other side, that went lisping and bubbling over its pebbly bed.

There on the grassy bank they sat down; and, with the mellow sunshine falling aslant upon them through the trees, the soft winds blowing over them, the brook laughing at their feet, and the social robins chirping their quiet afternoon songs in the boughs above, Annie, who had brought a book with her, gave Jack a lesson in reading.

And what a lesson it was! Ever afterwards old John Bunyan's story (the book from which he read) was associated in Jack's mind with tender green leaves and young clover, running water, singing birds and sweet breezes, and the pleasant voice and smile of Annie Felton.

The lesson over, she said she would take a little walk alone, and call on old Aunt Patsy, of whom he had told her as they came through the orchard; and, crossing the brook on a pair of natural stepping-stones, she went her way, through Squire Peternot's fields, towards the old woman's house. Jack watched the red scarf until it vanished, then walked back pensively under the orchard-trees, wondering at the strange new life of thought and feeling which had opened to him that memorable day.

As he approached the house, Lion, whom he had left at his dinner, came running to meet him, followed more slowly by Moses.

"Where 's Annie?" Moses asked, while yet at a distance. "That 's interesting!" he remarked, discontentedly, when told where she had gone. "She knew the fellows would be here to have a sing."

"It 's more her than the singing they care for," said Phin, coming after

Moses. "They never used to flock to our house so, Sunday afternoons, till she took the deestrict school. Now they 've all gone to psa'm-singing, — even Don Curtis, such a heathen as he is!"

"Flies are perty sure to find out where the molasses-mug is," observed Mr. Pipkin, passing just then with his milk-pails. "Yender 's one o' the swarm, that comes three mild, or more, to git a sip on 't."

"He?" said Moses, watching a buggy coming up the road. "That 's Syd Chatford! he 's my cousin."

"He never thought so much o' bein' your cousin till lately," Mr. Pipkin replied. "He 's growed terrible affectionate towards his Peach Hill relations sence the summer school opened."

"Did n't she live here before?" Jack inquired of Phineas.

"No, nor she don't live here now. Her home 's over in Raggy," said Phin, meaning *Riga*, a township of that region. "She teaches in our deestrict," — the towns are divided into school-districts, — "and boards around, but comes here every Saturday and stops over till Monday. Hello! Syd 's driving the colt!"

The boys hastened to meet their cousin, and Moses opened the gate for him to drive into the yard.

"How does he go, Syd?" Phin inquired.

"O, fust-rate," said Syd, alighting. "True as a die!"

"Lathers a little," observed Moses.

"Warm day," replied Syd. "'Sides, I 've come a perty good jog. Folks all well?"

"All that 's to home," said Phin, maliciously. "Annie, she 's away."

"You don't say! Gone hum, over to Raggy?" Syd inquired, with a curiously dashed and disappointed expression. "I — I guess you need n't put out my horse, Moses; I did n't come calc'lating to make much of a stop to-day; thought I 'd try the colt. S'pose the' won't be much of a sing, if she ain't here."

"O, she 'll be here in an hour or so," said the grinning Phineas; "she 's only gone to make a little call."

"O, hain't gone to Raggy? I don't mind, Mose, since you 've begun to untackle; s'pose he 'll stand better out of the fills, — colt, so."

Just then Bill Burbank and his faithful follower Don Curtis came lounging into the yard. They nodded at Syd, and immediately began to inspect the colt with great interest. They walked about him, turning their quids and squinting; Don stroked his ankles, and made him lift a foot, while Burbank looked into his mouth.

"Four year old this spring," observed Burbank, stepping back as if satisfied.

"Good leg," commented Don Curtis. "I 'd like to see him move."

"O, he can move!" cried the owner, laughing.

"There 's go in him; I see that," said Burbank, with his head on one side. "I 've got a beast I 'd like to show ye; should n't wonder if we could make a swap."

Syd's only reply to this insinuating suggestion was an incredulous laugh, — for he knew too well Burbank's horse-trading habits to care to have any words with him on so dangerous a subject.

"You 'll find a halter under the seat, Mose," said he, pulling off his driving-gloves as he turned to go into the house.

"Stiff little chap," said Burbank, following him with his eye.

"Straight as a cob!" said Don Curtis. "Don't he carry his head high, though, for such a little fellow? Treats you like a servant, Mose."

"That 's his way; Syd always felt pretty big," said Moses.

"After the schoolma'am?" queried Burbank.

"Well, the same as the rest of ye," said Moses, laughing, as he led the horse to the barn.

Miss Felton had left with Jack the book which he had been reading; and which he now started to carry into the house. As he was going through the kitchen he heard Syd saying to Phin in the next room, "Hello, there! I must see what you' doin' with that hat o' mine! By jolly, I had a hat stole last night."

Jack, who was just taking the book into the room, drew back as if he had received a shot.

"How 'd it happen?" said Phin.

"Choir met in our school-house; hung our hats in the entry as usual; looked for mine when I started to go home, and, by jolly! 't was missing. Chip hat, — did n't care anything about it; tied my handkerchief over my head; but I don't believe in the principle, — hookin' things that way! — I 'd like to ketch the scamp!"

Jack withdrew, in sudden consternation, and walked softly out of the house. His first impulse was to call Lion, and depart without stopping to take leave. Not that Syd's threat had any terrors for him. But he felt that the detection of his fault, which seemed inevitable — since the stolen hat was hanging on the very row of pegs in the entry where Phin was at that moment placing his cousin's black beaver — would ruin his prospects in that house and sink him forever in the estimation of Mrs. Chatford and her niece.

Scarcely, however, had he left the kitchen when a better thought came to him. He remembered that Miss Felton had said, "If you have any trouble, come and tell me; I 'll be your friend." And he formed a sudden resolution.

"I 'll go and meet her, and tell her everything!"

He went through the orchard, where he had lately been so happy, crossed the brook, — Lion bounding over after him, — and, passing a meadow beyond, came in sight of Aunt Patsy's house. There he sat down by a wall which separated the meadow from the pasture beyond, and anxiously waited for Annie to appear.

While in that position he was startled by a sound of footsteps coming rapidly behind him, and, looking round, saw a dapper little man walking very fast, straight towards him. It was Syd Chatford.

"He 's after me!" thought Jack, laying a hand on Lion's neck. "Never mind; I may as well have it over, and done with it!"

He was preparing to meet the expected charge in a brave and honest way, when, to his astonishment, young Syd, on seeing him, turned a little aside from his straight course, leaped the wall a few yards off, and continued his walk, rapidly as before, in the direction of Aunt Patsy's house.

"He 's after *her!*" thought Jack; "Phin must have told him where she was. That knocks me! for if they come back together, I can't speak a word to her, of course. My luck!" he added, bitterly.

He watched until he saw the dapper form disappear among the lilac and quince bushes about Aunt Patsy's house, and reappear not long after in company with a fair young form wearing a red scarf. He turned away, muttering dark resolves; but just then something occurred so startling that it drove instantly all thoughts of his own ill-luck out of his mind.

What that something was we shall see in the next chapter.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A DROP OF WATER.

NOW I have n't a word to say about the microscope, or about the queer little creatures which it renders visible in a drop of water. You have heard all about those things, and, perhaps, seen them too, so many times, that it would be quite useless for me to try to interest you any further in them. On the contrary, I am going to tell you about some very wonderful things which a drop of water can do, and about some still more wonderful things which happened when it was created. No matter if water is common; it has some very uncommon properties.

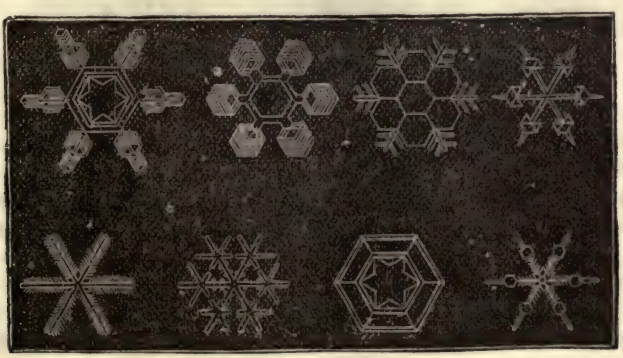
Now, in the first place, what is water? What is it made of? Before answering this question let us try a little experiment, and see if we cannot find out something. Here is a gas-burner, with a stream of gas issuing from it. No water there, surely! Now we will light the gas, and hold close over the flame, just for an instant, a cold piece of porcelain; say a teacup, or a saucer upside down. And, presto! the surface of the china becomes covered with moisture, — little drops of water, — water obtained from fire! And of course this water must have come either from something in the gas, or in the air, or in both.

To be brief, then, the gas from the burner consists of a mixture of several different gases, one of them being called hydrogen; a name which means *water-producer*. The air, on the other hand, is a mixture of two other gases, whose names are oxygen and nitrogen. When hydrogen is burned in the air it unites chemically with the oxygen of the latter, in the proportion of two quarts of the first to one of the second, and the compound

thus formed is common water. In fact, as I hinted when I told you about charcoal, and about the queer gas it forms when it is burned, burning is nothing but combination with oxygen. That is why a good draft is needed in a stove, — the air must be able to carry its oxygen to the wood or coal, for the fire cannot be kept up without it. If instead of impure gas and common air we burn together pure oxygen and pure hydrogen, we get a vastly hotter flame, and, if the gases are enclosed in some vessel, a violent explosion also. It is quite a pretty experiment to fill soap-bubbles with a mixture of the gases, let them float loose from the pipe, and then to touch them off with a lighted candle. Each bubble explodes with a little flash of fire, and a report as loud as that of a pistol. But it is not a safe experiment for children, unless they have some older friend to guide them. The flame produced by the mixed gases is the hottest known, and is often employed by chemists to melt metals which remain solid in the hottest furnace. The instrument used in producing the flame is called the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe.

But, although two quarts of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen, don't think that they form *three* quarts of liquid water. No, indeed! for if that were the case we should be almost drowned, or at least steamed to death, the first time we lighted the gas. The truth is, that when the two gases unite, they are compressed together with such force that they occupy much less space than they formerly did; or, as a chemist would say, they undergo condensation.

Eighteen hundred quarts of the mixed gases form only about one quart of liquid water. The force thus quietly exerted in making the original gases combine and condense to a single gallon of water is great enough to lift a weight of more than forty millions of pounds to the height of one foot. And so it has been beautifully said by the famous Professor Tyndall, that the little Alpine girl who carries a snowball in her hand holds locked up within its flakes force enough to hurl back the hugest avalanche to twice the height from which it fell. For snow is nothing but water, you know, the particles of which, in freezing, have arranged themselves into new and beautiful forms.

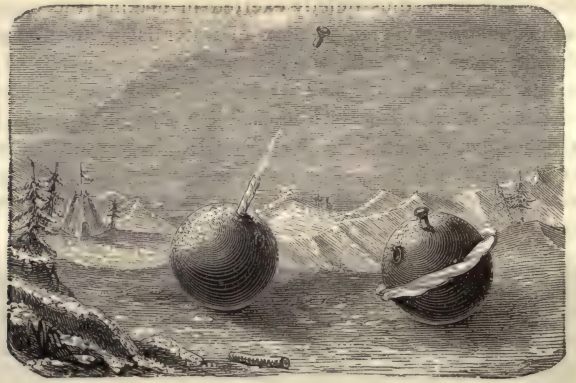


Magnified Snow-Flakes.

Only think of it! these tremendous forces are operating around us everywhere, so quietly that we scarcely notice them. They are working in every flame; they are exerted in every breath you draw, and in the gentle growth of the flowers they are called into action. The strength of a giant sleeps harmlessly in the dew-drop, and the tender rosebud upon which it rests is itself the product of forces more wonderful than those displayed in the earthquake or the tornado. And all this is taught us by the study of common things which seem at first sight trifles.

But tremendous power is not exerted only in the creation of a drop of water, being often manifested in the behavior of the drop itself afterwards. Of course you all know how much strength a running stream puts forth when it falls upon a mill-wheel and we make it work for us; and you also know with what terrible blows the ocean waves batter to pieces the cliffs along the shore. But the little drops do much more work in another direction, and in a vastly more powerful way.

Almost every substance when heated expands, that is, grows larger; and when it is cooled contracts, or lessens in size. But there are exceptions. Let us try water. Just fill a bottle with water, cork it tightly, and leave it out of doors some cold winter night. In the morning we shall find that the water expanded in cooling so as to take up more room than before, and that it has burst the bottle. An iron bomb-shell filled with water, tightly plugged, and exposed to a sufficient degree of cold, will throw out the plug with great force, or the shell itself will burst.



Experiment with Bomb-shells.

Now in the winter-time little drops of water are continually leaking into the cracks and crannies of the rocks, freezing there, and splitting the solid ledges open. Thus huge mountains are slowly ground to powder by the action of drops of water, and converted into productive soil, and barren places are gradually made fertile.

There are regions where you can see this now going on. I once lived in

a place in New York State, where a large lake was hemmed in by high hills, down whose sides ran many streams. These streams had gradually worn down into the solid rocks, making huge ravines, full of beautiful cascades and waterfalls; and right at the mouth of each ravine there was a point of fertile land running out into the lake, formed from the powdering of the cliffs above. Every winter the water freezes in the crevices of the cliffs, and loosens masses of rock; then when the ice and snow thaw in the spring the rushing water tears the fragments away and grinds them into dust, and sweeps them out into the lake. For centuries this has been going on, so that now great chasms are found hundreds of feet deep, wild and savage, and wonderful for their scenery.

There is one such ravine in the far West, on the Colorado River, whose walls rise up precipitously more than a mile, in some places as high as Mount Washington, only right up straight, not slantwise; and that is perhaps the most marvellous gorge in the world. It has been carved out by the persistent action of little drops of water. And so we see how tiny efforts, patiently and earnestly put forth, may in time achieve the grandest results. That which is good and earnest is never of trifling value, however small and weak it may at first appear.

It is fortunate for us that water in freezing is an exception to the general rule of expansion and contraction. To be sure it usually follows the rule, the exception being only at and near its freezing point. Ice will contract upon cooling, and so will water; it is only when the water is changed into ice that it expands so wonderfully. A remarkable result of that expansion is that ice is lighter than water, and floats upon it. If the ice were heavier, that is, did water shrink in freezing, it would sink to the bottom. And then when winter came, the ice instead of resting only on the surface would sink, leaving room for more to be formed which would again sink, and so on until the ponds and rivers were frozen solid, and all the fish destroyed. As it is, the ice floating on the top of the water protects it from the outer cold, and the fish thrive.

To this exceptional property of water we owe not only our good fishing here in the north, but also our pleasant climate. For if the ponds and rivers were frozen solid to the bottom, the summer's sun could never thaw them out entirely, and the weather in consequence would be much colder. Thus to a seeming trifle whole nations owe many of their choicest pleasures and advantages.

But suppose we leave frozen water for a little while, and take a look at steam, which is only water in another form. Of course you have all seen steam-engines, and noticed how the steam leaving the boiler forces the huge piston to move, the great wheels to revolve, and the whole wondrous machinery to work with magical precision. Now all that astonishing power is simply another result of expansion. The heat forces the water to expand into steam, which, in trying to get room for itself, urges the piston to move. And it is worth while to know that it is really the heat under the boiler that does all the work; the water or the steam being

merely its tool. For heat and motion are really the same thing in the end; when the first disappears in causing expansion it is merely changed into motion, and when motion seems lost it is converted into heat.

When you light a match you merely change a certain amount of motion into heat, and if you bore a hole with a gimlet you will find that the tools become quite warm. If you hammer a piece of iron rapidly it is soon hot, and some blacksmiths are able just by pounding to make quite a good-sized bar red-hot. I have seen a blacksmith by simple hammering make a bar of wrought iron a quarter of an inch in diameter bright red-hot in *six seconds*.

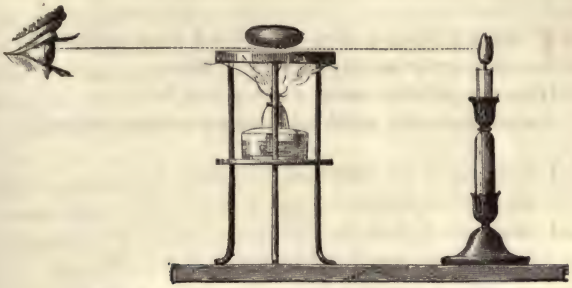
But I started to talk about steam, and I shall not talk very long. Whenever any liquid is changed into vapor, as for instance water into steam, a great deal of heat disappears, is seemingly used up, being really converted into motion; and of course the more rapidly the vapor is formed the more rapidly heat vanishes. When the vapor is again condensed to liquid the heat which had disappeared is again set free, and rendered manifest to us. Now put a pin in there for a few minutes while I talk in another direction.

Suppose you drop a little water on the cover of a red-hot stove. Everybody knows how it forms into a little sort of ball, which rolls round for a while without actually boiling. Now when water is in that condition it is said to be in the "spheroidal state." Almost every other liquid will assume

Spheroidal State of Water.

the same form. It is due to the fact that all vapors are bad conductors of heat, that is, that heat does not pass through them rapidly. When a drop of water falls upon a hot stove, a little of it is immediately changed into vapor, which protects the rest from the heat, and forms a sort of cushion for the drop to roll round upon. If you break the drop and disturb the cushion, the whole evaporates almost instantaneously. And if you place your eye on a level with the drop, you will be able to look be-

tween it and the hot metal, and see that it does not really touch. The picture shows this very well.



Flame seen between the Hot Surface and the Globule.

Well, there are some liquids which boil a great deal more easily than water, and take less heat to change them into vapor. If you dip a thermometer into boiling water you will find it will rise to two hundred and twelve degrees. But there are liquids known to chemists which boil at many degrees below zero. In short, they will boil on ice. And yet if these liquids be dropped into a red-hot metal dish they will take the "spheroidal" form, and keep it for some time. If, however, you pour upon them under those conditions a quantity of water, their "spheroidal state" will be broken up, they will evaporate almost instantly, and in being so suddenly converted into vapor will absorb heat enough to freeze the water solid. In short, I have seen water frozen solid in a red-hot silver dish! It is positively true, — I 'm not joking about it. If I had told you that ice-cream could be made on a red-hot stove you would have a right to be incredulous, but as it is you must believe me.

Well, I declare! Somebody has hinted that I have said enough, and ought to stop. I meant to go on and tell some wonderful things about oxygen and hydrogen, and about steam-engines and many other matters. But I suppose I must leave off, and I may as well do it with a good grace. So those who would like to know more can console themselves with the idea that I have not told them half of the marvels hidden in a drop of water, and that by and by when they grow older they may be able to learn them for themselves.

F. W. Clarke.

BY STAGE TO BOSTON.

I HAVE been young, and now I have grown old,
But never until yesterday I knew
How many living souls a stage can hold,
And make the quickest time its journey through.

I came upon the stage so suddenly, —
And, for a stage, in such a funny place;
I stood stock still, surprised as I could be,
With blank amazement written in my face.

'T was just behind old Deacon Thatcher's shed;
The wheels in butter-cups sunk to the hubs;
The pole stretched over a white clover-bed,
And almost into Mrs. Thatcher's tubs.

From every window looked out laughing eyes;
From every window came a scream and shout;
Before, behind, the children swarmed like flies,
And madly rocked the old blue stage about.

"O ho!" I said, and felt as young as they;
"Whose stage is this? To what town does it go?
And is there room for me to go, to-day?
And how much is the fare, I want to know?"

As quick as lightning all the children cried:
"We go to Boston, and we 've got our load;
But you can go, if you will ride outside;
The fare is just a dollar for each rod!"

"O dear," said I, "your fare is much too high;
The money that I have would not begin" —
"Jump on! jump on!" they all began to cry;
"We 'll take you once for nothing; you are thin!"

I knew much better than to spoil their fun;
So I went on and found a shady place,
And watched, and saw that till the day was done
They travelled tireless, at their quickest pace.

But all the time I watched I could not win
My heart from thinking, while I dreamed and smiled,
Of that fair kingdom none can enter in
Without becoming first a little child.

H. H.

"BY STAGE TO BOSTON."

DRAWN BY LUCY GIBBONS MORSE.]

ISABELLA.

THERE was once, in the good old times when fairies lived and flourished, a nice little girl whose name was Isabella. She was pretty, and had good manners; she never said "I will" or "I won't," and she was always clean and neat; yet nobody liked her.

When Isabella got up in the morning the first sound you heard from her pretty little bedchamber was, "O dear!" in a forlorn, drawling tone, as if nothing could be right anywhere. "O dear, mamma! I can't get the stains off my hands anyway!"

"Don't whine, Belle!"

"Dear me! I can't help it; my hair is n't smooth, and I don't believe it ever will be in this world!"

"My dear, do speak pleasantly."

"O mamma, I can't; did n't I?"

"No, dear, you whine and fret all the time."

At last she would be ready for breakfast and go down, looking so fair and clean and rosy everybody wanted to kiss her.

"Good morning, Isabella!" said her father.

"Good morning, papa!" — in such a drawl!

"What 's the matter now?" papa said, his pleasant face clouding over.

"O dear! I 'm tired out; can't I have some fried cakes, mamma?"

"No, my dear, you know you are never allowed to eat them; here are nice hot oysters, some fresh toast, and baked potatoes."

Isabella's face grew long and doleful, and out came the irrepressible whine, "I don't want any potatoes, 'nd I hate toast."

"Wife!" said her father, "something must be done to stop that child's fretting; I really dread her coming to table. If she does n't improve, she must be sent to school at once."

But still Isabella fretted and whined; if she had a cold or a headache it was hard to take care of her, and required all a mother's loving patience not to speak to her harshly. But Isabella had a mother who loved her so much, she was not only patient but firm with her, and under that steady, gentle care perhaps Isabella might have improved after a while, if her mother had not been taken ill with a fever, and for a long time lain quite unconscious of everything. When at last she got well, Isabella's fretting seemed worse than ever to her; she was weak, and could not bear it at all; so one day she said, "Belle, I have sent for your fairy godmother. I cannot cure you of fretting and whining, and I see everybody else is getting out of patience with you; even your father does n't love you as he used to." Here Isabella begun to cry bitterly, for she loved her father very much, and it grieved her clear into her heart to think he did not love her.

"I 'm sorry, too, dear," said her mamma, "but I can't help it. I don't know what more to do for you, and — Here comes your godmother."

Sure enough the door opened, and in came a little old woman, in a bright yellow silk gown, with a green apron, red stockings, and a purple velvet hood and cloak; she was very odd-looking, but her eyes shone like diamonds, and her face was as bright and rosy as a winter apple.

"Well, well, my dears! what is the matter now?" said she. Isabella's mamma told her, and the old fairy shook her head rather soberly. "That's bad! that's bad! I suppose she is n't bright and strong enough to set to work and cure herself?"

Isabella had run out of the room, so her mother answered, "I really think the trouble is, she don't know how it sounds; it has got to be a habit; and as she never hears any one else do it, she thinks we find needless fault with her."

"Hem! *you* never would do that, my dear!"

"I try not to, but I 'm not strong just now, and her father has got quite discouraged; it troubles him so much!"

"Just like a man!" growled the fairy (who, I regret to state, was an old maid). "I wonder how long *he* ever took to get over a habit! with all his wisdom and experience and — fiddlestick! I never ought to hear about men, I get so cross. Send the child home with me, my dear, I 'll cure her. I know how! yes indeed!"

So Isabella put on her things and went off in the chariot with her godmother. By and by they came to the fairy's castle, — a beautiful house, in the loveliest sort of a garden, all bloom and perfume. Isabella was very tired, so her godmother sent her right to bed in a pretty little room, white and cool, with here and there bits of scarlet ribbon to tie the curtains, and red lilies painted on the panelling to give it a cheerful look. But no sooner did she step inside the door than "cre-e-eak" went the floor; and when she jumped into bed, "cra-aw-awk" went the bedstead, with such a doleful sound one would think it complained at being lain on! Whenever she turned over, the "cra-aw-awk" was repeated; but Isabella was so sleepy she soon lay very still, and knew nothing more till daylight.

"O dear!" was the first sound she uttered as she turned to get up. "Cra-aw-awk" echoed the bedstead; "cre-e-e-eak" went the floor when she stepped out. "Goodness!" said Belle, very angrily. Somebody laughed a little tiny laugh.

She stepped to the window in order to open it, — "scre-e-e-ch" went the cords that hung it; and as her fingers slipped against the glass *that* gave out a long sort of wail. Isabella felt almost as if she were asleep and dreaming. All the time she was dressing herself the floor creaked if she moved, and when she heard the breakfast-bell toll below stairs, slowly and sadly as if for a funeral, and her godmother called her from the hall, the very door squeaked when she opened and when she shut it. But there was a nice breakfast on the table, — chicken and potatoes and fresh salad and cherries, with a vase of white and red carnations in the middle; and Isabella sat down with such a good appetite, she was sure it could not be a dream. No sooner did she break open a baked potato, however, than it went

"O-w," as if it was hurt; and the chicken on her plate uttered such a mournful "crick-a-rick-a-ree-ee," and the salad leaves rustled so drearily, that her breakfast was all spoiled, and she left the table angrily enough.

"You can go out in the garden, my dear!" said the old fairy, "and Fido will go with you."

At these words there crept out from under the table a pretty little white dog, with his tail between his legs, who slowly followed at Belle's heels. The garden was certainly beautiful, but the wind in the pine groves seemed to whine through its nose; the leaves on the oak-trees sighed instead of whispering; the tiny brook dropped from stone to stone with no sweet laughter and tinkle, like other little rills, but in slow and sulky splashes, and fretted on the pebbles like a very naughty baby just getting its teeth. Even the fountain, whose brilliant drops should have leaped and laughed in the sunshine, and, bounding upward in an airy spray, fallen back gracefully into its basin, rose in one slow column and bounced down on the marble brink as if it were doing a hateful task.

If Isabella plucked a rose, hanging its beauteous head sideways all heavy with dew, the bush groaned softly; and the gay vines twisted away from her reach and rubbed fretfully on their trellis. At last Fido sat up on his hind paws and howled as if his great-grandmother and all the rest of his relations were dying before his face. Isabella was vexed; she seized a stick and gave Master Fido a good whack across his shoulders that made him tuck his tail between his legs tighter than ever, and run for his life, yelling "ki yi, ki yi, ki yi, ki yi!" as far as one could hear him. Somebody laughed again, but Belle could not see who; and amid the hanging flowers, and the complaining trees, and the doleful brooks and fountains, she went back to the palace.

Dinner only repeated the breakfast scene; the roast beef uttered a long and plaintive "moo-oo-oo!" when it was carved; the potatoes were covered with hot tear-drops, or what looked like them; the fried eggs went "peep, peep, peep, pee-eep!" in a stifled and disappointed way; and the ham underneath them grunted. For once in her life Isabella found no fault with her dinner, but ate it in a determined sort of way, as if she was going to have it over with. If she had looked up, she would have seen a queer smile on her godmother's face.

After dinner she was sent out walking with a tall and beautiful lady dressed in a nun's coif and veil; but very little pleasure did the ramble or the society give Isabella. Everywhere they went the world seemed so dreary; the birds upon the great cypress and yew trees sung only the saddest of songs, enough to make even a wax doll weep; no gay carols, no happy twittering and gossiping together. The crickets seemed to have forgotten their cosey, heartsome chirp, and lamented away at such a rate one would have thought they had to bear all the sorrows of the world; the frogs in the pond, who should have peeped like young thrushes in their nest, with sweet echoes of the happy spring, croaked like worn-out old bullfrogs who were dying of rheumatism and gout; and all the time the lady

at Isabel's side kept on so long a face, drew such endless sighs, and made such speeches, it was worse than anything.

"For mercy's sake, let's go back!" Isabella exclaimed, angrily. "I'd rather go to ten funerals!"

Somebody laughed.

"This world is all a howling wilderness! the mourners go about the streets, and hearts are breaking everywhere!" moaned the lady.

"Oh!" growled Belle, snatching her hand from her companion and running back to the castle as fast as she could.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?" said her godmother.

"No, ma'am! it was horrid!"

"Why, I sent a very distinguished and lovely lady with you!"

"She was dreadful, Miss Godmother! she snuffled and cried and talked — O, I should think she always lived at funerals!"

"My dear, she was only sentimental; she was once a celebrated poetess, but she had a bad husband, from whom she separated, and several lovely children; but she was so unhappy in her language, that when she left the world I took her for a while to stay with me to try and cure her, but I believe I must give it up. She'll do pretty well for a weeping angel."

Now it was tea-time, and Belle got off better than at her other meals. The teakettle, it is true, instead of singing its usual hymn of cheerful content, sent out long wailing puffs of steam like a wheezy locomotive; and the ice melting on the butter gave out little sobs with every little broken air-bubble, while that which cooled the water in the ice-pitcher fretted against the sides and jostled, as if it wanted to get out; but, on the whole, it was not so doleful a meal as dinner or breakfast.

Going to bed was as bad as ever. Belle's hair was tangled, and the old whining "O dear!" came to her lips as easily as possible. Hardly was it spoken before the floor began to creak, and the bed to crawk, a pretty white kitten that had crept in unobserved set up such piteous "meaow-meaow-meow-ow-ow-s" as never were heard, and the wind outside began crying in the spout with mournful long-drawn howls and shrieks, as if a dozen babes in the wood were perishing directly out of the window. Belle tore the comb through her hair, and pulled out with the tangles quite a lock, but she was too furious to care; she rushed at the miawling kitten, and, opening the window, dropped it out on the grass; pussy ran as if the dogs were after her, while Isabel shut the casement with a bang and jumped into the crawking bed. Somebody laughed again.

"Well, my dear!" said her godmother the next morning, "would you like another ramble?"

"Not there, nor with that woman, ma'am."

"O no! Mrs. Gummidge shall go with you. I believe you like the sea."

In came Mrs. Gummidge, with a poke bonnet and widow's cap, and an old shawl wrapped round her; she did not take Isabella's hand, but walked meekly along behind her.

"Why don't you come faster?" said Belle, whose flying feet did not enjoy crawling at such a slow pace.

"I 'm a coming, miss," sighed Mrs. Gummidge; "leastways if it 's anywise agreeable, but I 'm a lone lorn cretur."

Isabel gave her one exasperated look, but the sea-beach was before her, and she ran on. How disappointed she was! no leaping blue waves, crested with snowy foam, no field of living, undulating sapphire, lay before her; from the shore onward stretched a drear expanse of livid gray, with here and there a wild wailing sea-bird slowly flapping its wings athwart the sullen sky; and on the jagged black rocks the billows broke with desperate fury, and slid away like crushed and helpless creatures, moaning and beating their breasts as they went. Here and there tumbled and snorted a black porpoise; herons, with long bills and bitter shrieks, heavily sailed shoreward; crowds of little beach-birds wheeled above the rocks, fluttering and screaming; the wind pined in the dark and stunted cedars like a spirit in prison.

"It 's just where I 'd oughter be!" whined Mrs. Gummidge. "I 'm a lone lorn widder, and the old un he 's a drowndead in this here muddlin' sea, and I 'm a goin' to the house to-morrer, O deary, deary me!"

"Goodness!" snapped Isabella, "what makes you so doleful? are you cold or hungry, or what?"

"I 've got what 's good enough for me, miss; I knows well I 'm a burden and a noosance; I 'm a poor widder, and I don't feel to enter into no cheeriness; no, miss, and for why? Vittles and clothes sich as I have is p'r'haps good enough for a lone lorn cretur, 'nd Dan'el he 'd oughter send me to the house to-night."

"I wish to patience he would!" said Belle, pushing angrily by Mrs. Gummidge and getting back to the palace just in time for dinner, which passed as usual, except that Belle begged her godmother not to send her out to walk any more.

"My dear," said the fairy, "I have just discovered that your twin sister, who was always supposed to have been drowned in her infancy, was only stolen by fairies, and is now here in the palace. She is exactly like you in appearance and temper. She shall come to play with you right after dinner."

"Why, godmother! I never knew I ever had a twin sister!"

"My dear, little girls don't know everything, though I am aware they often think so."

Isabella said no more; and when dinner was over her godmother took her by the hand and led her out into the yard, where there sat a little girl just like herself. Belle walked up and kissed her.

"O dear!" said Arabella (for that was her name), "you tumble my collar *so-o!*" She frowned and pouted when she said this, and Isabella could not help thinking how unpleasantly her pretty face could look.

"Come," said Belle, "let 's play catch!" So they ran round and round, till Arabella fell down and hit her knee.

"O dear!" cried she, in such a drawl and whine. "I 've hurt me awfully, I know I have; you went and did it, you 're real mean. O dear!"

"Why, I did not!" said Belle, sharply.

"I do believe I can't walk; there!" sighed Arabella.

"Just look at that squirrel!" exclaimed Isabel; and in a moment her sister was on her feet chasing it, the hurt on her knee quite forgotten.

Then they went to play in the brook, but Arabella cried when she wet her shoe, and bemoaned herself because a pebble Belle threw splashed

her dress. There were berries on the bushes, but she fretted and wept at the thorns, though the fruit was large and sweet. There were long trails of sweetbrier studded with shell-pink blossoms hanging across their path, and loading the air with its scent of spice and apples; but Arabella saw only that they dripped with dew, and knocked her hat off. Sunshine was too hot, shade too cold for her, apparently; for she objected to something all the time, in such a voice that Belle thought the creaky floor and the crawky bed and the howling spout would have been pleasanter.

"Don't you think godmother is real nice?" Belle at last suggested.

"I don't know!" dolefully drawled Arabella. "Nobody is very nice; something 's always the matter with everybody, is n't there?"

"No, indeed!" Isabella answered, rather crossly. "I guess you don't know my own mamma! she 's just as good!" Tears really choked her, as she suddenly remembered the old time when she had troubled and grieved that dearest mother.

"Don't cry, anyway!" whined Arabella; "I 'm all tired out! I wish I was in bed."

"Do go there!" snapped Isabella.

Somebody laughed once more.

For two or three days Isabel endured the society of her new sister, who kept up such an incessant and forlorn whine about everything and everybody, that Belle almost hated her. Morning, noon, and night the little creature fretted and wailed and wept; nothing pleased her, she hardly ever smiled; and at last one day Isabella's patience fairly gave out; she flew to her godmother's parlor, where the old lady sat netting a coat of cobwebs for her pet bumblebee, and buried her head in her lap.

"Dear Miss Godmother, please let me go home! please, *please* do!"

"What for, my dear?"

"O, ma'am, do excuse me, but it is n't pleasant here!"

"Why not?"

"Everything is so doleful and so forlorn, I can't bear it."

"But don't you like your new sister?"

"O, I am so sorry! but really, ma'am, I can't; she frets and whines and scolds and worries so, I can't love her even if I try!"

The fairy laid her hand with its magic ring on Belle's head, and suddenly she saw, or rather felt, that Arabella was indeed just her own self over again. Down went her head again into the fairy's lap.

"My dear," said Miss Godmother, laughing, "I think you may go home. I don't believe you will whine any more."

"Am I just like that, dear godmother?" sobbed Belle.

"You were a week or two ago; but you 're using your common sense and getting better fast. And to relieve your mind, my dear, you must know that your companion is not, and never was, your sister; that was a fairy story. She was one of my maids, who has invisibly attended upon you so long that she knew how to represent you to the life, under the name of Arabella. Now get your bonnet, and we will go out of this world, where everything is made to whine, into the real world, where everything was made to laugh!"

Isabella danced off joyfully to get her bonnet, and was soon seated in the chariot with her godmother.

O, how glad she was to hear once more all the gay and happy sounds of the earth; brooks and birds and fluttering winds all rejoicing, in their own voices; even the bees in the clover, and the rushing mill-wheels, added to the chorus; and a fairy swinging from the lithe top of a graceful young birch laughed and kissed her tiny hands to Belle, flinging a scrap of a song after her like a gay flower, —

> "Then laugh and sing,
> With everything,
> And let the rain do all your crying."

"Here she is," said Miss Godmother, as she opened the door into her mother's room for Belle. "Gracious! what hugging and kissing! She 's quite a good child now, mamma!"

Presently Belle ran off to find her father.

"My dear friend, how did you cure her? I am so thankful!" cried mamma.

"*Similia* — O, I forgot; it 's high treason for fairies to know Latin, so we take to slang sometimes; — a hair of the same dog, my dear, — indeed, several of them. I don't approve of talking to and at children, myself; it always exasperates me, and why not them! Help 'em to use their eyes, and see for themselves, if they 're not fools; if they are — why let 'em alone. When will you send your husband to me, my dear, to be cured of smoking and chewing?"

Belle's mother only shook her head and laughed.

Rose Terry.

A JUNE JOURNEY.

WOULD you put your soul into sweetest tune,
Take a railway ride in the heart of June!
Go without company, go without book,
Drink in the country with long, loving look;
Care, business, politics, leave far behind,
And let nature's sweetness flow over your mind!

Scores of wild roses, as pink as sea-shells,
Skirt the rough pastures, and flush the deep dells;
Seas of white daisies, with wide-open eyes,
Smiling so honestly up at the skies;
Brooks o'er their stones babble sweet the old tune,
As we ride through the country in blossomy June.

Groups of mild cattle stand under the trees,
Chewing their cud in the sleepiest ease;
Grazing or lying or standing midstream,
The sober old cows are so used to the scream
And the rush of the train, they scarce wink at the sight,
But the calves madly plunge in their ignorant fright.

Now, acres of clover, the red and the white, —
Like rustical beauties, so healthy and bright, —
Fragrantly bending in every soft breeze,
Hummed o'er and plundered by armies of bees;
Here too are buttercups yellow as gold,
And great starry dandelions, jolly and bold.

Thickets of elder in generous bloom, —
Well I remember the faint, sweet perfume
Of the flat, creamy clusters, suggestive to me
Of grandma's "herb-closet" and "elder-blo'-tea."
Next come bitter yarrow, and chiccory stars blue,
With sturdy St. John's-wort, bright orange in hue.

Great rafts of logs on the Merrimack ride,
Trees that once towered and waved in their pride,
Helplessly bound, now they float near the shore,
And the free, lonely forest shall know them no more;
Yet perchance, as the masts of some queen of the seas,
They shall yet stand erect and exult in the breeze!

Now, a still lonely pool where the blue flag 's in bloom,
Where the wild white azalea wastes sweetest perfume;
Where floats the queen lily, so pure and serene,
A star, o'er whose beauty tall bulrushes lean;
Where turtles are basking, where frogs croak and croon,
As we dash through the country in musical June.

With whistle and scream, through a village we fly,
Stores, churches, and dwellings, like phantoms flit by;
A little red school-house, — the children run out,
For a "ten minutes' recess," they scamper and shout,
Toss up their torn hats in salute to the train,
Then return to their rough, rustic frolics again.

'Neath the ardent June sun how the fertile fields lie,
Here striped with potatoes, there rustling with rye;
How sweeps the brisk breeze through the billowy wheat,
O'er round-headed cabbages, purple-stemmed beet,
O'er feathery carrots, o'er peas and beans tall,
Pumpkins, parsnips, and lettuce, there 's sunshine for all!

For strawberries ripe that hide under their leaves,
For swallows, that twittering build 'neath the eaves;
For the currants' clear globes, that so prettily swing,
Like little red lanterns, all strung on a string;
For every soul that 's with nature in tune,
There is rest and delight in a journey in June!

Laura D. Nichols.

A STRANGE BIRD.

COUSIN TIM, when teased for a story, was apt to put the children off with, "I have n't any to tell; you 've heard all my stories." But the moment they began to talk in his presence on an interesting subject, it was sure to remind him of many curious facts and incidents which he took great pleasure in relating.

His cousins, noticing this peculiarity, soon learned to take advantage of it. Accordingly one evening Ella began, — speaking to her brother Rufus, but at the same time casting a sly glance at Tim, who sat reading a newspaper by the centre-table: —

"I think the ostrich is the funniest creature in the world. It eats iron and old brass. It never drinks. It lays its eggs in the sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun. It uses its wings, not to fly, but to run with. It thinks it hides when it puts its head in a hole, and leaves its body outside, and — ever so many more funny things," she added, having already exhausted her small knowledge of this wonderful bird.

"Have n't you read, too," said Cousin Tim, with a smile, laying down his newspaper, "that the ostrich likes his iron red-hot?"

"O no! and I should n't believe that if I did read it!"

"Well, that is one of the stories told of the ostrich, and it is about as true as some of the others, which even men of science used to believe."

"What!" cried Rufus, "is n't it true that ostriches eat iron?"

"Did you ever see hens pick up pebbles?" asked Cousin Tim.

"O yes, hundreds of times; and I always wondered what they did it for."

"The pebbles are of use in grinding up the food in the fowl's gizzard. Deprive a hen of such substances and she soon grows sickly, and perhaps dies. The ostrich swallows iron and a great many other hard things, just as a hen swallows stones; and as it is not at all discriminating in its diet, I dare say it might, in a rash moment, swallow a piece of hot iron. It has, I frankly confess, an appetite as insatiable as its crop and gizzard are enormous, and it has been known to gobble up extraordinary things in very extraordinary quantities. It eats old rags, newspapers, bones, pieces of wood, metal, and even glass. I have heard of one swallowing a copper candlestick, — fact, Rufus! In one that died from overloading its stomach was found a lump of lead weighing a pound, together with pieces of pewter, cords, and stones. In a menagerie at Paris, the glass roof of a cage being broken, two fine ostriches killed themselves by swallowing the pieces; and another died of eating a pound and a half of nails. The truth is, it cannot digest these things at all, and too many of them disagree with the creature. It is a great thief; it will make way with your handkerchief and gloves, or the contents of your purse, even the purse itself, if it has a chance. A portly gentleman, wearing a splendid gold watch-chain,

once approached too near an ostrich at an exhibition, when, with a snatch and at a single mouthful, it tore away and swallowed chain, watch, and all! I once heard of a little girl losing from her neck a string of gold beads in the same way."

"What is the ostrich's natural food?" Rufus inquired.

"Everything," replied Cousin Tim; "rats, mice, insects, grass, grain, fruits; in short, whatever he can get. It drinks like any other bird, when it can. But in the deserts of Africa, which it inhabits, water is very scarce, you know; and the ostrich, like the camel, has the power of going a long time without drink. Yet even where it cannot get water, it finds a substitute for water. This is a sort of wild melon which grows in the desert, and absorbs the moisture of the atmosphere in the cool nights, — truly a *water*-melon, which astonishes the traveller in places where one would think no drop of water ever came. It is both food and drink to the ostrich."

"Is n't it the largest bird there is?" said Rufus.

"Yes, the ostrich is among birds what the elephant is among animals. A full-sized male stands eight feet high, — two feet taller than I am," said Cousin Tim, "and weighs two or three hundred pounds. It is its long legs and neck which give it its astonishing height. The little head on the long neck is able to look over the bushes and reeds in which it hides, and to see objects at a great distance; and its legs are said to be the swiftest in the world. When running it uses its wings, and takes twelve or fourteen feet at a stride."

"Almost as far as across this room!" exclaimed Rufus. "I have heard of ostriches carrying men on their backs."

"That is nothing very uncommon. The natives of Africa ride them; and an Arab has been seen crossing the desert on the back of one. A Frenchman, named Notré, once mounted a fine large ostrich that had been brought to Marseilles. Instantly it spread its wings, and started off with him at a frightful speed; the rush of air past his face nearly taking his breath away. He was obliged to cling tightly to the bird's neck to hold himself on. At last it ran into a thicket and stopped, to his great relief. He never wished to ride an ostrich after that."

"How fast can it run, any way?" Rufus was eager to know.

"Some say a mile a minute, which is more than twice as fast as the fleetest horse, — the speed, in fact, of a locomotive. But it can go at that rate for only a short distance. Its legs are quite invisible, like the spokes of a wheel, when in rapid motion; and it seems to be actually flying within a few feet of the ground."

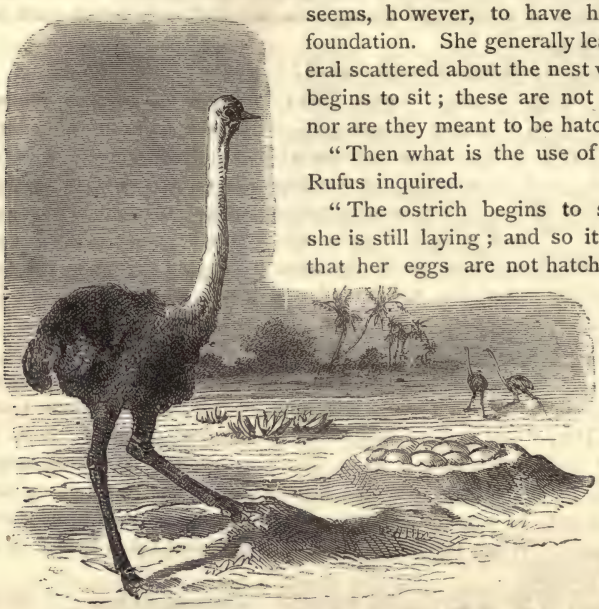
"But tell us about its eggs, — how large are they?" said Ella, who took less interest in the bird's speed.

"A single egg of the ostrich is equal in bulk to two dozen hen's eggs, and weighs about three pounds. The mother bird hollows out a place in the sand, and lays her eggs in it. But she does not abandon them, as you have been told. By day she leaves them to the heat of the sun, while she feeds; but always at night she or the male bird sits upon them. Usually

several birds lay in the same place, and fifty or sixty eggs will be found in a nest several feet in diameter. The story of the ostrich forsaking her eggs seems, however, to have had some foundation. She generally leaves several scattered about the nest when she begins to sit; these are not hatched, nor are they meant to be hatched."

"Then what is the use of them?" Rufus inquired.

"The ostrich begins to sit while she is still laying; and so it happens that her eggs are not hatched all at once, but one after another. It takes about two months for an egg to hatch. As soon as a chicken comes out, — if we may call it a chicken, it being then about the size of a domestic hen, — she takes it to one of the scattered eggs, which she breaks for its food. So the little ostriches have something to live upon until the whole family are hatched. Is n't that wonderful? Moreover, ostriches often begin to lay before they have thought of a nest; and so it happens that the traveller in the desert frequently comes upon their eggs dropped by chance and forsaken."



Ostrich and Eggs.

Ella wanted to know if the eggs were good to eat.

"The Hottentots and Bushmen think so, though I 'm afraid you would not. A lean little Bushman will eat one of those huge eggs at a meal."

"Raw?"

"No, cooked in this way. Having broken a hole in one end, he sets the egg upon a fire, and stirs its contents with a stick while cooking; the shell serving first as a skillet, and afterwards as a dish to eat out of. He often goes out hunting ostrich eggs for the food and the shell. When he finds a nest of them he pulls off his principal garment, — a sort of pantaloons made of skins rudely sewed together, — ties the ankles, making a sort of forked bag, fills it with eggs, sets it astride his shoulders, and trots off with it; or if he is on horseback, places it on his horse like a pair of saddle-bags. The shell is so tough that it will bear a good deal of jolting. It is

put to various uses by the tribes inhabiting the countries where it is found. It is fashioned into bowls and ladles; and, with an aperture at one end, and a grass stopper, it makes a very good bottle. This is the only water-vessel some people have; and it is used in a very curious manner.

"Where water is found only in sandy marshes, the women of a village obtain it in this way. Each takes her ostrich-shells to the pool; she is also furnished with a couple of long hollow reeds; one of these she thrusts down into the wet sand, with a bunch of grass at the end of it; then, applying her lips to the other end, she begins to suck. The water collecting in the bunch of grass, and filtered by passing through it, comes up into her mouth free from sand. Her mouth filled, she empties it, by means of the other reed, into a shell set upright on the ground. Strange as it may seem, whole villages are said to be supplied with water in this primitive way.

"The Bushmen," Cousin Tim went on, seeing how interested the children were, — "those fierce little wild men of Southern Africa, — make a strange use of their ostrich-shell bottles. When going to surprise an enemy's village, they take the precaution to bury at intervals, in secret places all along their route, a great many shells filled with water. Then, when they are driving home the cattle they have captured, they find at every halting-place drink for themselves and their stolen herds; while their pursuers are soon forced by the want of water to turn back."

Ella now ran out of the room, charging Cousin Tim not to tell any more till she came back; and in a minute returned, bringing a long, floating white feather in her little white hand.

"I was just going to tell you about the feathers, which are famous all over the world," said Cousin Tim, showing the large, soft, airy plume. "It is for these that the poor ostrich is hunted, as the elephant is hunted for his tusks. A few years ago ostrich feathers were very much in fashion, and nearly every lady wore them. They are very expensive, the finest — the long white plumes from the wings, like this — bringing one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a pound. It takes about eighty feathers to make a pound. The black and gray feathers are much cheaper, and the smaller they are the less they are esteemed. In the European settlements on the coast of Africa there are ostrich farms, where the birds are raised and kept expressly for their feathers. A low wall prevents them from getting out. But the feathers of the tame birds are considered inferior to those of the wild ones killed by the hunters."

"If the ostrich can see so far and run so fast, how do the hunters manage to kill it?" said Rufus.

"In various ways. Sometimes they dig a pit to hide in, near a nest which they have found when the old ones were away from it in the daytime, and shoot them when they come back to it at night. Another way is for the hunter to dress himself up in the skin and feathers of the bird; his own legs answer very well for the ostrich's, and he manœuvres the neck and head with one arm, while he carries his bow and poisoned arrows concealed. Disguised in this way, he is sometimes able to get near a large

flock and shoot several of the finest birds before they are aware that he is an enemy."

"O, is n't that too mean!" exclaimed little Ella, indignantly.

"I have heard of another stratagem meaner still," replied Cousin Tim. "Ælian, an ancient writer, and not very good authority in natural history, says that the hunter, having found an ostrich's nest, sets up some spears about it in such a way that when she comes rushing home to the protection of her eggs or young ones, the sharp points pierce her breast, and she is killed. But that, I suppose, is a fable.

"The ostrich nowadays is commonly hunted with horses, like other large game. The hunter goes out for it in the season when its feathers are in the best condition, and, having got sight of a fine bird, chases it at a moderate rate of speed for a few miles. Then he dismounts and lets his horse rest, and feed if he happens to be where there is grass. Then he gives chase again for a few miles. The ostrich finds it so easy to keep out of the way that it is not at first much alarmed. It stops at a distance from the hunter every time he stops. But soon it begins to find its legs stiff at starting; and in the course of the day a good horse will in this way run down the fleetest bird. Besides, the ostrich does n't run in a straight course, but comes round in a sort of circle, and so gives the horse another advantage. When completely exhausted, and it sees no chance of escaping, it will sometimes run and put its head into a bush; and that is perhaps the origin of the story of its trying to hide in that manner. I have read of a band of hunters surrounding a plain where ostriches were feeding, driving them towards a central point, and there, attacking them from all sides, killing as many as they could. They kill them with clubs when they can, in order not to stain the feathers.

"A large ostrich, with its plumage in good condition, is worth seventy-five or eighty dollars.

"The ostrich, when not tired out, will frequently turn and give battle to the hunter. Then its great size and strength make it a formidable adversary. Its kick is almost as dangerous as that of a horse. When taking care of its young it is very fierce, and if it cannot divert the hunter from the pursuit of them by pretending lameness, and running off in an opposite direction, it rushes boldly to attack him. It does n't kick backwards like a horse, but forwards, inflicting terrible wounds with a strong sharp claw with which it is armed. The ostrich's foot, by the way, bears a striking resemblance to that of a camel.

"I read lately of a fight between two hunters and some ostriches, in which the ostriches came very near getting the best of it. The hunters were mounted and armed. Coming upon a family of birds, — a male and two females and several young ones, — they gave chase, and wounded one of the females. Thereupon the male turned upon the foremost hunter, and gave the horse a kick that caused him to throw his rider. Then the bird rushed upon the man, struck him senseless with a blow of his powerful foot, and would have killed him if the other hunter had not hastened to

his rescue. It is said that the ostrich is able to defend itself against the most ferocious beasts of the desert, and that the only foe it has to dread is man."

Fight with Ostriches.

"Do ostriches *never* fly?" asked little Ella.

"There are several birds of this family," replied Cousin Tim, "and, curiously enough, not one of them has the power of flight. Naturalists call them *cursores*, or runners. Their wings seem to serve them only in running, and perhaps in swimming, for the emeu and the rhea take readily to the water and cross streams with only their heads and long necks appearing above the surface."

"The emeu and rhea, — what are they, Cousin Tim?"

"The emeu, Rufus, is a kind of ostrich found in Australia. It is a large, fine-looking bird, six or seven feet high, with the same fondness for scraps of iron and brickbats which distinguishes the ostrich. The rhea is the ostrich of South America; though only about half the size of his African cousin, he is still a large as well as a very handsome bird. His wings are small, but they are furnished with long, soft, flexible feathers, which spread into a showy sail when he runs. I once saw in the London Zoölogical Gardens some young rheas which had been hatched from eggs brought from South America; and very pretty as well as very funny birds they were, I assure you. Often they seemed to be taken by mad fits of joy, when they

The Frolic.

would draw in their necks, shake out their long wing-feathers, and salute each other, and then dash about their pen in a headlong frolic, which was apt to end in their running blindly against the fence or into a bush.

"The cassowary, found in the Malaccas, belongs to the same family. All these birds are easily tamed, and they soon become attached to the people they live with. But they are exceedingly mischievous. They walk about the house, enter any room the door of which is left open, and help themselves to anything they can find.

"An English naturalist, Dr. Bennett, once had a pair of mooruks, — a species of cassowary, — which used sometimes to make themselves rather

too familiar upon his premises. One day a servant who was starching some cuffs hung one up to dry, when a mooruk quietly took it down and swallowed it. At another time a carpenter, who was doing some work about the yard, came rushing into the doctor's study, exclaiming, 'One of your queer birds has been and swallowed my oil-stone!' — thinking it would surely kill him.

"'Just like him,' coolly replied the doctor. 'Take care, or he 'll swallow your hammer and chisel next.'"

"O, I wish I had a tame ostrich! I 'd ride him!" exclaimed Rufus. "Would n't folks be astonished to see me going to meeting or to school on an ostrich's back?"

"I rather think they would," said Cousin Tim, returning to his newspaper.

Harvey Wilder.

TWO FRIENDS.

THEY were only two dogs. Their friendship for each other began where too many human friendships have found a disastrous and untimely ending, — during the intimacy made unavoidable by a long journey. They were among the pioneers who settled California, and went over the Plains, before the railroads were thought of, with a large company of men, women, children, cattle, horses, and doubtless, too, other dogs. But no third dog, of high or low degree, hunter or lady's pet, could win favor with either of these two, or win either from his allegiance to his chosen mate.

Day after day the weary caravan toiled across the dry and arid country. Game was plenty enough to afford abundance of meat for man and dog, and all went prosperously for the two canine friends till the company had nearly passed the whole of that long and tedious route. But just before they reached Sacramento City one of the dogs, the larger, was accidentally injured, either by a wagon-wheel passing over his foot, or by the rolling down upon it of some heavy stone, in one of the mountain passes.

With every mark of sympathy the smaller dog brought to his comrade each day supplies of food, even denying his own hunger till *he* was first served. This provident care gained for him the nickname of "Bummer"; and as he daily licked the sores of his wounded friend, the sufferer was drolly dubbed "Lazarus." By these names they were ever after known.

From Sacramento the party, after a short stay, journeyed on to San Francisco; but Lazarus was too lame to accompany them, and Bummer would not leave his friend. So the two remained in Sacramento till the sick foot got well, then they followed the trail to San Francisco. But their owners and friends had by this time scattered, and they had only each other.

And now commenced the career which made them really a remarkable pair. After a few days people began to notice them, — two strange dogs

going up and down in the streets, always orderly, and always together. They were not very large dogs. Bummer was considerably the stouter of the two. His hair was long and of a coally black, except one white spot upon the breast. Lazarus was slender, his short hair of a bright dark chestnut color, glossy, and very thick. Their love for each other, their habits of sobriety and quiet manners, soon won for them the good-will of everybody, and nearly every man of business in the city claimed proprietorship in them, till they became almost universal favorites. They had the freedom of the town in good earnest, being allowed to go wherever they pleased, and stay as long as they pleased.

Left to themselves they were entirely unobtrusive, never consorting with other dogs, and never joining any street crowd of their fellows. But if any crusty cur ever attempted to impose upon one of them he was sure to find that he had two to deal with, for they always flew to each other's aid in times of danger. They rarely gambolled or played with each other, but walked slowly and deliberately through the streets, like two sedate elderly people whose heyday of youth was over. But they never outgrew the excitement of a rat-chase. Both were expert rat-catchers, and they made themselves very useful to their merchant friends by their skilful exploits in that line.

Whatever was given to either one was shared equally by the other. One would go at a time into a house or restaurant for a morsel of food, and, receiving the bone or dainty bit always kept for them, would hasten out to his mate with it; nor was ever heard between them a jealous growl or snap.

Their usual haunt was in the neighborhood of the markets, but they were privileged in all the stores, not only those where provisions were kept, but in the dry goods establishments as well. They would walk in quietly, and, passing around behind the counter, wait for a friendly recognition from some one of the clerks. If all were too busy to give them the usual pat and kind word, they would go on to the window, and sit upon the sill watching the passers-by till tired of that harmless pastime. If it happened that their visit was near the time for closing the store, a bed was fixed for them, and they stayed there through the night, with an eye ever watchful for such adventurous rats as might appear.

As they grew old they slept a good deal in the daytime, and were often seen sprawled out together upon the sidewalk, in every position possible to a dog, or even in the middle of the street. Here they slept, wholly devoid of fear, and if a man came along and stepped over them it did not in the least disturb their repose, for they would not so much as move a paw. Vehicles would pass the street while they lay thus, the drivers invariably turning out and passing around them, the dogs in the mean time lying perfectly unconcerned, not moving head or tail, so sure had they become of the good-will of all.

There is a tradition current in San Francisco, that one of these dogs was kicked by a man who found him lying on the sidewalk in his way. A citizen

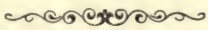
standing near saw the kick and instantly knocked the man down for it. He was arrested for this assault and tried, but was acquitted, the judge and jury agreeing that knocking down a man for kicking Bummer was a justifiable act, and so rendering a verdict in his favor. A somewhat doubtful addition to this legend is to the effect that the man who administered the kick was fined for his assault on the dog.

At one time a law was passed by the City Council that all dogs running at large without being muzzled should be killed. A petition was immediately presented, signed by a large number of citizens, that Bummer and Lazarus might be exempt from the force of this ordinance. The petition was granted, and the two friends went about in their usual free-and-easy style, unmuzzled.

It is now about three years since Lazarus died, and was buried with honors. A caricature was got up, representing Lazarus lying in state and certain of his well-known patrons, market-men and others, standing near by, and "wiping their weeping eyes"!

Bummer lived his dreary life alone only about six months. His stuffed skin is among the city treasures, and he will long be pointed out to the traveller and visitor as one of the most popular of the early settlers, though he had neither landed property nor gold-dust to bequeath, nor heirs to quarrel over his possessions. A question relative to either or both of the dogs, addressed to any person who ever saw them, is sure to bring a kindly smile and pleasant word of remembrance.

Emily Blake.



MY GRANDFATHER'S PANTHER STORY.

GRANDFATHER used to tell us the following story of an adventure he had with a panther when a boy.

He never speaks of a panther, though. Catamount is his name for the creature; though sometimes, when he is talking with any of the old hunters and trappers, they speak of it as the "Indian devil." That was the name the first settlers here gave it, because the Indians used to have such a dread of it. But it's all the same thing. Catamount, "Indian devil," cougar, and puma, all mean panther; and a still more general name for it in this country is the North American tiger.

I suppose one reason why it has so many names is because it differs in color and size through different latitudes of the continent. Along the northern portions of the United States and in Canada it is of a light maltese gray, fading into white upon the under parts of the body. But farther south the fur takes a sunnier tint, growing tawny in the Southern States. While still farther down, in Mexico and South America, it becomes

spotted and mottled, like the tiger and leopard; and the people here call it the jaguar.* In California they have named it "the Californian lion." And up in Oregon and Washington they have "a purple panther," — at least they say so.

The naturalists must have their Latin name for it, of course. With those limber-tongued fellows it is the "Felis concolor," which in English might mean *the cat of all colors*, or, a little shorter, *the gray cat;* quite an inoffensive name, after all.

"It was in the year 1812," as grandfather tells it; "I was nothing but a boy at that time, and the country was all new round here. My father had moved up two years before, and had got a clearing of some fifty acres made, and a frame house up. There was but one family nearer than the settlement, in the lower part of the township, where the village is now. Jeremy Edwards had come up the year before father, and felled the trees over across the stream there, where the Edwardses live now. In 1812 was Jim Madison's war — with England. They did n't volunteer then; troops had to be raised by draft. Father and Edwards were both drafted. I well remember the night they were summoned. Terrible time among the womenfolks! Mother and Mrs. Edwards and the girls cried all night. But there was no help for it. There were no such things as substitutes then. They had to go the next morning, and leave us to take care of ourselves the best we could up here in the wilderness.

"Little Johnny Edwards — old Uncle Jack, as they call him now — was just about my age, — let 's see, we were fourteen then, — and, the men away, everything depended on us. Those were tough times; we had something to do, I tell you. But we used to change works, as we called it, so as to be together as much as we could; for it was rather lonesome planting and hoeing off in the stumpy, sprouted clearings. Ah! that was a long, anxious summer! We heard from father only once. He was somewhere on Lake Champlain. But the weeks dragged by, and cold weather came on.

"We were getting things fixed up to pass the winter as well as we could, when one night about the first of November, Johnny came running over to ask if we had seen anything of Brindle, the cow. It had been a bright Indian summer day, and they had turned her out to browse; but she had n't come up as usual, and was nowhere in sight. It was already dusk, but taking the old gun we started out together, and hunted both clearings well over. Brindle was certainly not in the cleared land.

"'Have to give her up to-night, Johnny,' said I. 'But I 'll go with you in the morning. She 's got lost in the woods, or hedged up somewhere, among windfalls.' We heard the lucivees crying, and as we went back along saw a bear digging ground-nuts under a rock. Although these were common enough sounds and sights in those days, still we did n't care to go off into the forest after dark.

"It snowed during the night, several inches; and the next morning was

* The jaguar (*Felis onca*) is considerably larger than the cougar, and is generally regarded as a different species. — EDITORS.

cloudy and lowering. But Johnny was over early; Brindle had n't come in. He had brought his gun and taken Gub along (Gub was Johnny's dog); and we now started off for a thorough hunt in the woods. How queer everything looked that morning, — so thick and white and ghostly! The snow had lodged upon all the trees, especially the evergreens, bending down the branches; and every stump and bush was wreathed in blinding white. As the cows used frequently to follow up the valley to the northward, we entered it and kept on to where it opens out upon the Sachem's Pond, at the foot of the Great Crag, which rises right up from the water's edge some two hundred feet, a sheer precipice, naked and rocky, with just a foot-way between it and the pond, which is very deep off there. About the pond and the crag the trees are mostly low black spruces. This morning they looked like white tents lined with black, in infinite multitudes. And this appearance, with the ground all white, and the not yet frozen water looking black as ink, made everything appear so strange that, although we had several times been there before, we now scarcely knew the place.

"As yet we had seen no traces of Brindle. But just as we came out on the pond at the foot of the crag we heard a fox bark, quite near at first, then at a distance; we had startled him suddenly. Gub sprang ahead among the snowy spruces, but came back in a few moments, and, looking up into our faces, whined and ran on again. 'He 's found something!' exclaimed Johnny.

"We hurried in on his track, and a few rods farther up saw him standing still, sniffing at something; and there, under a thin covering of snow, near the water, lay old Brindle all torn and mangled, and partially eaten. A feeling of awe crept over us at the sight.

"'Dead!' whispered Johnny.

"'Something 's killed her!' I whispered back.

"There were fresh fox-tracks all around; and the carcass had been recently gnawed in several places. Some transient little Reynard had been improving the chance to steal a breakfast. But what savage beast had throttled resolute old Brindle and torn her in pieces? No bear nor lucivee had done it. It was not their work, we well knew. Some stronger and fiercer unknown animal. And with a strange fear at our hearts we gazed around. Not a sound; not a breath of air to stir the loaded boughs; and the wild, gray face of the precipice towering above us seemed to grow more terrible in the stillness.

"But looking more closely, we now discerned, partially obscured by the more recent snow-flakes, some broad, heavy footprints, larger even than old Brindle's hoof, going off along the narrow path between the crag and the pond. With a sort of fascinated curiosity, we began stealing on tiptoe, from one to another of these, Gub keeping close to us, and glancing up beseechingly in our faces. At the distance of a few rods the track stopped all at once. Beyond a certain point there were no foot-marks. Gub whined, almost getting under our feet in his efforts to keep near us. Instinctively our eyes wandered up the rocks beside us. But ere we had seen the spec-

tacle there, a cry — a shrill, piercing screech — broke the stillness; and lo! on a jutting rock, full twenty feet above us and in the very attitude of springing, crouched a large gray creature, its claws working on the bare rock, its ears laid back and its long tail switching to and fro with a restless, dangerous motion. One momentary glance! Then came another scream; and we felt, rather than saw, that the fierce creature had sprung — and was *in the air*. In that second we also sprang backward, frenziedly, falling over each other and sprawling on the snowy rocks. There was a heavy pounce down into the path before us, a yell of agony from Gub and a loud growl, with a noise of grappling.

"Poor Gub had been the victim. Scrambling to our feet, we saw the animal leap upward, back to the top of the rock, at one spring; where again grappling and gathering up the dog in its mouth, it bounded up to another rock. Then, going up the crag, it leaped upon a projecting ledge, along which it ran to a great cleft or cavern, a hundred feet above the path, in the mouth of which it disappeared with its prey. It had all been so sudden and so appalling that for some moments we stood bewildered and staring at the spot. Then, remembering our danger, we caught up our unused guns, and turned to run from the fearful place; when another wild scream rooted us to the path, and looking up we beheld the catamount glaring down at us from the mouth of its den, and running along the ledge to the point where it had sprung up.

"Frightened as we were, we still had sense enough to know that it was of no use to run. From his lofty perch, the panther crouched switching his tail and eying us much as a cat might watch a couple of mice. For some moments we stood perfectly motionless. As long as we kept still the monster remained watching; but the moment we stirred, he would rise and poise himself to spring down, growling fretfully at the least movement. If we ran, he would bound down and overtake us in no time. If we fired our old guns at him, he would spring instantly, and unless fatally wounded make short work of us.

"'O, what *can* we do!' whispered Johnny, as we shrank and shivered there beneath those savage eyes, which never for a moment left us.

We had but one hope; if we did n't move, he might go back to eat Gub, in his den.

"But no, he liked the looks of us too well for that. One or both of us he was bound to have; and, like all cat-creatures, he loved to watch his prey. I don't know how long we stood there, but it seemed hours; and we grew desperate and fairly reckless in our terror.

"'I am going to fire, — may as well,' muttered Johnny, at last. I was coming to think so too. Slowly we raised our rusty old flintlocks. They were well charged with buckshot — if they would only go off. The panther growled, seeing the movement, and started up; but we pulled at the triggers. They both went off. There was a loud screech of pain or rage. We sprang away down the path, but glancing over our shoulders beheld him struggling and clinging to a lower rock, upon which he had jumped or fallen from the ledge above.

"'He's hit! O, we *did* hit him!' exclaimed Johnny; and pausing in our headlong flight we turned to watch him. For a long time he clung there, writhing up and falling back, and tearing at his wounds. Shriek after shriek echoed on the black mountain across the pond; and we could see the blood trickling down over the edge of the rock. O, it was a fearful sight! But he grew weaker at length, and by and by fell down to another rock, where, after fainter struggles and cries, he finally stretched out, — dead, no doubt. But we loaded again and gave him another round. The fur flew up from the carcass, but there was no further movement. Gub and Brindle were avenged, — as much as they could be; though it was a long time before the Edwardses ceased to lament the slaughter made by the catamount.

"We were up at the crag several times during the winter. A mass of gray fur was still lying on the rock, fifty or sixty feet above the path. And for years after we used to see the white skeleton up there, — a reminder of our narrow escape."

C. A. Stephens.

PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

ONE day as a happy old couple were sitting, —
He talking of old times, and she with her knitting,
And just as he 'd come to a "Don't you remember,
Dear wife, it was during that stormy November?" —
Rat-tat at the door
Brought them both to the floor,
With a "Bless me!" that came from their very hearts' core.
In those days were callers exceedingly rare,
So up flew the old lady's hands to her hair,
And "Husband," said she, "do you take off the bar,
And open the door a bit, — not very far,
Till I see if my cap and my gown are all right.
Who *do* you suppose can have come here to-night?"
I 'll whisper to *you*, friends, what *they* did not know;
'T was Jupiter, who in this journey below
Had doffed his stern majesty, and, as *confrère*,
Had with him fleet Mercury, gay, debonair.
And as they stepped in,
Buttoned up to the chin,
They stooped their high noddles, just grazing the skin.
For it can't be denied that the posts were quite low,
And this lovely thatched cottage no higher could grow.
'T was there that Philemon and Baucis were married;
And thence to their graves they expect to be carried.
They are poor, and they know it, —
And, not fearing to show it,
They form a fit theme for the rhyme of the poet.
No servants, no masters, they two are the house;
They rule, they obey, and not even a mouse
Dares rebel 'gainst the sway of this loving old pair.
"Sit down," said Philemon, and gave each a chair.
Now dear Mother Baucis flies round in a hurry,
With care-wrinkled brow, and face all in a worry.
She rakes up the ashes, and starts up the fire,
And blows up the blaze, just about to expire.
She throws on some kindlings, and puts on the pot,
And pours in some water; 't is soon boiling hot;
Then a cabbage goes in, and a small slice of bacon,
Which down from its hook on the beam she has taken.
Meanwhile her strange guests the delay are beguiling
With stories; and Baucis, when all things are boiling,

Takes down the beech bowl, and with warm water fills it;
The gods put their feet in, because she so wills it.
The pillows she beats,
And spreads out the sheets,
And turns to the strangers whom thus she entreats:
"Sirs, since to our humble abode you have come,
I trust you 'll consider yourselves quite at home.
Your bed is now made, — rest as well as you 're able,
And while you are sleeping, I 'll just lay the table."
Then out of the corner the table she drew,
But not being new,
And needing some glue,
This antique arrangement was slightly askew.
Old Baucis, however, was versed in the trick
Of propping the lame member up with a brick.
The top, being furbished with fragrant green leaves,
Its poor little burden of dainties receives,
First, olives and berries, the palate to tease,
Then chiccory, radishes, baked eggs, and cheese.
And rousing her guests, who by this time were dreaming,
She puts on the bacon and cabbage, all steaming.
They draw up their chairs, and begin with a zest
The feast, which they relish the more for their rest.
Though they soon have completely despatched the two courses,
Not yet have they drained this poor couple's resources,
For on comes the fruit of most sweet smelling savor,
And wine for dessert, which, though coarse in its flavor,
And not of a kind
To recall to one's mind
The nectar the gods at their own tables find,
Is nevertheless
The best they possess; —
To disdain it would cause them the deepest distress.
But while they are drinking,
Philemon, unthinking,
Looks down in his cup, and, with timorous shrinking,
Exclaims at the sight which appears to his eyes.
"What 's there?" says his wife. "Look yourself," he replies,
"Have we not, every one of us, drunk to our fill?
Yet the wine has not lessened the depth of a gill!"
Then with lost appetite,
And quaking with fright,
By the side of the gods on their knees they alight, —
With heads lowly bended,
Their hands they extended,
As if by apologies things could be mended.

One gander alone
These poor people own,
And propose for their fancied neglect to atone
With his life; so they chase the poor thing round the yard,
Though he feels some distrust of their tender regard,
And, eluding their grasp,
He alights with a gasp
Within the immortal gods' merciful clasp.
"Spare his life," they exclaim,
"And, my kind-hearted dame,
For your efforts your name
Shall be handed to fame.
Come you, come, Philemon, ascend yonder hill,
Then ask what you will,
And the gods shall fulfil."
When they turn back their eyes to the fields left behind,
Not a trace of their lowly thatched cottage they find;
But a temple instead
Uplifts its high head,
And what has been land is with water o'erspread.
Philemon and Baucis now fervently pray
That in this fair temple, by night and by day,
They, priestess and priest, at its shrine may attend,
And when of life's journey they come to the end,
They together may die,
And in one tomb may lie,
So that husband nor wife for the other should sigh.
Such a pious request
Pleased each heavenly guest,
Nor could they on this plan improvements suggest,
So they took quick possession of this heritage,
And lived to the ripest, and *greenest* old age;
For as out of doors they are standing one day,
Their garments assume the most verdant array,
With a last fond farewell,
They both yield to the spell,
And each, as a tree, stands a stern sentinel.

MORAL.

Treat all visitors well,
For whoever can tell
What angels beneath rough exteriors dwell?
He who helps others' need
Gains reward for his deed,
And the Golden Rule keeping, is blesséd indeed.

E. H. S. M.

THE BELATED BUTTERFLY.

(MORNING.)

AM I awake? Am I alive? Then it was true, after all. Aunt Caterpillar told me that if I would cover myself over and lie stock still and go to sleep, I should wake up a beauty. She said I should no longer creep, but should fly like the birds, and I do. She said I would never need to chew leaves any more, but might feed upon sugar of roses and sip honey from all the flowers. She said I should have beautiful wings of purple and gold. And it is every word true.

Now I 'm flying. O glorious! This floating in the air, O, what a joy it is! Good by, you little worms. Here I go up, up, up, — a trifle dizzy, that is to be expected at first, — higher, higher. Good morning, Mr. Bluebird! we have wings, have n't we? Down, — no, I will not touch the earth, I will rock in this lily, brush the dew from the mignonette, breathe the perfume of the heliotrope, and rest in the heart of this damask rose.

What sweet rest! How soft these rose-leaves are! Let me nestle close, close; but I grow faint with the perfume and must be off. Off to the hills where sweetbrier and wild roses grow. Cousin Moth says she goes there every day. O, the joy of flying! Up, down, up, down, up, down, now rest, now float, now sip, now rock, now away, away!

Here are the tall blue meadow flowers. I 'll stop awhile with them. How long it did use to take me, with my eighteen legs, to creep thus far! Whom have we here? What mean, dull fly is this, and why should he have wings? What? Keep company with me? You? Impossible. Have you noticed who I am, pray, or are you asleep? Look at *my* brilliant wings! I am a Butterfly, born in the purple! Of some use? Dear me, of what use could such as you be to such as I? Upon my word I pity you, but all can't be Butterflies, or go in company with Butterflies. Please don't follow, I should feel so mortified. Good by. Now for a long, long flight over the meadows!

The hills, at last, the breezy hills! Ah, good bees, have you come too? And you, poor little wee grasshoppers? Dear humming-bird, is n't it jolly? Why don't you sing? Don't know how? What a pity! But you can hum. O, this charming sweetbrier! And here are wild roses; now we 'll have a merry time among the wild roses, and play in the fragrant sweet-fern '

(EVENING.)

Lost, lost, lost! I wandered too far among the hills. Who will show me the way home? My home is in the flower-garden; will no one show me the way? O, this frightful darkness! Where is the beautiful daylight gone? The evening dews are cold and damp. My wings droop from weariness. The night winds chill me through. Ugly creatures are abroad, and strange

sounds fill the air. I see no flowers, hear no singing of birds, no chirping of insects, no humming of bees. Where are you, little bees?

O, this dreary, dreary night! Shivering with cold, I fly hither and thither, but never find my home. I am a poor lost butterfly! Who will pity a poor lost butterfly?

What dreadful sounds! "Juggulp!" "Juggulp!" "Juggulp!" Away! Quick! "Juggulp!" "Juggulp!" O dear! O dear! Now something just hit me! Again! Some horrid monster, — a bat, perhaps. Cousin Moth said, "Beware of bats, for they will eat you up." I shall die with fright. I know, I know I shall die with fright. My wings can scarcely move. My fine purple wings! Will the dear, warm sun never shine again? Cousin Moth told me of so many dangers, and never even mentioned getting lost. Alas! Must I die here all alone? Breathe my last breath in this terrible place? O that some boy had caught me in his hat! That I had been choked with a match, stuck on a pin, or put under a glass! But to drop down here in the cold, gasping, quivering, and die all alone!

Who comes? Can I believe my own eyes? Is at a light? Ho! A fly with a lantern! How quick he darts! Stop, there, you with a lantern!

It is the very same mean fly I met this morning. Good fly! Best creature! Charming insect, I pray you light me home. Do you know where the flower-garden is? You do? That is my home. My lodgings are among the damask rose-leaves. I am a poor, belated butterfly. I lost my way. Stayed very long with the sweetbrier and never thought the daylight would go!

You will light me home? That 's a dear fly. Your name is Firefly? What a sweet name! But how fast you go! Please don't dart so quick, because I cannot follow, for my wings are very, O very tired. Slower, slower, that 's a kind Firefly. Now we go nicely on.

What will you take for your lamp? Won't sell? But you will forget, I hope, our morning conversation. Perhaps, though, so little a fly can't remember so long. You can remember? Then what a kind, forgiving creature you are! I shall certainly speak well of you to my friends. Call on me almost any time, that is, almost any evening, and we 'll take a fly together. We have come a very long way and should now be quite near home. Yes, the air is so fragrant here that I am sure we have nearly reached the flower-garden. I smell the perfume quite plainly. We are passing over mignonette. That is the breath of sweet-pea. Now the bed of pinks is beneath us. Here must be the honeysuckle bower. There is balm, there is lavender, and there 's the smell of the damask rose!

Now thanks and good by, my friend. I shall need you no longer, as the fragrance will guide me to bed. Good night, little fly!

I do think it is very strange, and will say so now he is out of hearing, that such mean-looking little flies should have lamps to carry, while we Butterflies who would light up so beautifully and are so much superior to them should be obliged to do without!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT CAP.

THE first time I ever saw little Pap Chippewa he was riding on his mother's back. "One daddy Injun and one mammy squaw" were in town sight-seeing, and Pap was perched aloft as snug as, — I wonder if the bug in the rug would be jealous if I should say as snug as a papoose in a bag?

Daddy Injun strutted down the street with the airs of an Oriental prince, hugging his scarlet blanket, nodding his befeathered head, and lifting his yellow moccasins with a high-and-mighty tread that meant, "Big Injun come! Make tracks, little people!" Mammy squaw followed the trail of her liege lord respectfully, and Pap looked over her shoulder the very image of a Liliputian chieftain. Pap wore a scarlet blanket too, and his face was painted to match. His head was closely shaven, except the *funniest* little tuft that was tied straight up on top (*à la* daddy), ornamented with a yellow-hammer's wing.

That was the first time I ever saw little Pap Chippewa. We did n't get acquainted until long after. In the mean time Pap had emigrated from mammy's back and settled on a calico pony.

Perhaps you 'll think it curious, the way we got acquainted. We traded prairie-dogs. Mine was a splendid-looking fellow that Toy trapped for me, but positively untamable. I spent several weeks trying to break the fractious cur, besides the time lost in mending dresses and doctoring bites. Finally I boxed his ears one morning and turned him loose bearing the following inscription carved on a wooden tag: —

> *To whomsoever traps this beast:*
>
> *Know hereby that he is prone to evil, and desperately wicked.*
>
> *All attempts to civilize him will be fruitless.*
>
> *T. R.*

But doggie's triumph was short-lived. Pap Chippewa came riding down the road just in time to witness our affectionate parting. Prairie-dog was making for a hole near by. Pap's great wild eyes discerned affairs in a twinkling; he turned a somerset from his flying pony and with a savage war-whoop recaptured the liberated cur by the tail, and bore him struggling and snarling back.

"Gaoo-nih-sque-ya-*ya*-yo!" jabbered Pap, gesticulating fiercely.

"He 's wild and cross," said I, quite indisposed to retackle the saucy fellow.

"Qua-ta-ho-wa-wa-*qua-to!*" still chattered he, trying to thrust the animal into my arms.

I beat a hasty retreat, shook my head, pointed to my torn dress, and displayed my bitten hands. Pap seemed to understand me then. He meditated a moment, then gave a shrill whistle that brought his pony whimpering from over the prairie.

"Sko-gweh-sque-ga-*ga*-go!" he cried, squeezing the prairie-dog tightly under one arm and springing on to his pony with the aid of the other. Pap rode on a few steps, then wheeled about, pointed to the sun, swept his hand along the sky until it reached the zenith, and dashed away toward Chippewa Hill, the home of the Indian tribe to which he belonged.

Exactly at noon he reappeared, bringing with him another prairie-dog, which,

> For ways that were smart
> And tricks that were cute,

surpassed any animal I had ever seen. So we traded, and I gave Pap a new dog-chain "to boot."

After that Prairie Grove became an established trading-post for Pap. He used to come at regular intervals, with his queer little stub of a pony staggering under the weight of trophies collected in his crusades on Nature's kingdom.

Toy manifested supreme abhorrence to Pap by means of grunts and shrugs and gesticulations. "Ugh! Red-skinned imp thief! prowl, skulk, steal hen-roost, suck egg nest, eat cherry-tree, humph! Ugh!"

Pap *was* the veriest pest that ever haunted a civilized community. He did not understand the meaning of debarred privileges; he stripped the scarecrows in the cornfield (the "ole close" man in Ottawa knew Pap); he held war-dances in the onion-beds, and let the molasses-barrel "run away" in the smoke-house; — in short, committed depredations everywhere, which were immensely provoking. But there was such a wonderful interest to me about the little untutored savage! All the secrets of prairie and forest seemed to whisper themselves into his ears, which he in turn strove to communicate to me by signs, and gibberish and grotesque attitudes. So I coaxed pa, and hired Toy to keep silence, and swallowed my own vexation, even after my splendid "turkey-cock who ruled the walk" stepped forth one morning — *picked!* Pap sported tail-feathers after that. Every small Indian I met sported a tail-feather too. Pap traded tail-feathers to his heart's delight, no doubt; but I could n't accuse him because he could n't understand English.

Pap had a passion for high colors. And that leads me to say — how long I have been getting to it! — that he took a desperate fancy to *that cap*. He used to stare longingly at the gorgeous paroquet's wing that waved aloft flecked with orange-red and gold and glossy-green. Various modes of traffic Pap attempted by which to gain possession of that cap. A bow with painted quiver and feather-tipped arrows, a pair of jumping mice, a stuffed rattlesnake of huge dimensions, a pair of curiously wrought moccasins, and a string of wampum beads, — the latter articles doubtless plundered from mammy squaw's treasures, — were among the most tempting offers. But all to no avail. The cap still ornamented my head on extra occasions and between times lay securely locked away in ma's wardrobe.

Summer glided away, and the autumn days grew short and cool. Keen winds swept down from the northwest, rousing the "spirit of the Prairie Fire," and making the nights brilliant with a thousand sweeping flames. I covered up my flowers. The sheep came home from the prairie for good. Hi went into winter quarters, and so did I.

Suddenly a series of charming days came upon us. Summer had returned to kiss us good by again. Did n't Hi and I revel in that sweet sunshiny weather? We went to Ottawa in the morning of the last fine day. While we were coming home toward evening a blusterer came up. Maybe you don't know what a *Kansas* blusterer is. Tradition says that, once upon a time, a deer was frozen into the mud while trying to escape a hound during a Kansas blusterer. How it *did* blow, that impudent wind! It tore down my hair, and unbuttoned my cloak; snatched off my collar, and, I 'm sorry to say, roused my temper; but it did n't get my cap, just then. If the wind had carried me as high as the old woman with the broom, I believe I should have held on to that cap. Three miles more to ride, and the wind full in my face! Suddenly a mode of relief suggested itself to me. Pap Chippewa always "backed" the wind. If it was in front he faced the pony's tail, if upon either side he faced the other. "Why not adopt Pap's method?" I questioned in my dire extremity. I turned about in the saddle, leaving Hi to guide himself. Of course you know what 's coming. Sure-footed Hi blundered into a hole, and while I was on my way to the ground (how I thanked my stars that Cousin Dick was snug in Boston!) the wind de-cap-itated me. What *could* I do? nothing but clutch my hands and watch my pretty feather cap sail gracefully off toward where the crows built nests on the banks of the Little Osage. I went home sorrowing and — blowing my nose.

The next day Toy went hunting; but he did n't find the cap. A snow-storm buried the remaining hope I had of recovering my lost treasure.

Did the snow-storm keep Pap Chippewa from Prairie Grove? Most likely not, for Pap flourished best in snow-storms. Something did. He 'd promised to bring me a gray squirrel skin for some mittens; but he did n't come.

One day Toy came home from town looking Indian-ish. All that week he continued to look Indian-ish. Savage grins chased each other over his face. Half-suppressed chuckles betokened that he was gratified about something; what it was remained a mystery, until one evening he called me aside, saying, "Miss Do find cap much glad?"

"O, where? how? yes!" cried I, delightedly.

"Miss Do laugh? clap hands?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said I, impatiently.

"Miss Do swear?"

"Why, *no!*" I exclaimed in shocked amazement.

"Swear good — no cuss — tell big Council true story," explained Toy, waxing earnest.

"What *do* you mean?" asked I, perplexed.

Toy drew nearer and said in a low, vengeful tone, "Red-skinned imp find cap, — steal it! Toy catch imp's head in it, lock him up in big jug, — Miss Do swear keep him there!"

And so the mystery was unriddled. *Pap was in jail!* and I was to testify against him. The thing was funny enough, but Toy was fearfully in earnest; so I bit my lips and promised to act as witness.

We started for Ottawa early next morning. Toy wore the countenance of a black hawk, and I wore a veil, and shook the saddle with suppressed laughter. We paid our first visit to Judge Sears, whom Toy had chosen for counsel. The judge was round and jolly, fond of jokes and peaches and cream. He 'd "cracked" the former and eaten the latter at our house many a time. The judge was acquainted with my cap, and when Pap was dragged before him with his "head in it," Toy not

forgetting to charge the "hen-roost," "cherry-tree," "tail-feathers," etc., in one enormous bunch, the weight of evidence completely crushed poor Pap. The jolly judge imposed heavy bonds ($0.50). Pap could n't get bail, and the "big jug" swallowed him up until further proceedings.

I recovered my cap and went Pap's bonds "on the sly"; the judge bound him over, and we went to jail and found Pap lying on his face under the bed. Toy explained to him in Indian the temporary respite that was granted him, no doubt assuring him he 'd catch it at the next session of the "big Council," and the jail-bird was released for the time.

The next morning two squirrel skins were hanging on the door-knob; the next, the identical rattlesnake before mentioned. Other offerings followed, so quaint and Pap-py like that I understood whence they came. The painted bow came into my possession, and one afternoon a minute black pig walked into the parlor where ma was entertaining the Indian missionary. I told the story of the cap after I had turned the pig out of doors.

"Pap is trying to cancel his debt," said the missionary. "Did you never hear of the Indian cancellation custom? When one Indian commits an offence against another they stand in the relation of debtor and creditor. So long as the debt remains unpaid, the property and even life of the offender are in jeopardy; hence his anxiety to cancel the debt, which he does by means of silent offerings, — Pap's method on a larger scale. When the injured is satisfied as to the amount received he seeks the offender, and offers the hand of forgiveness."

"Then the number of offerings must be in proportion to the malice of the injured," said ma.

"Yes," replied the missionary, "ponies, cattle, lands, and even titles are sometimes given over before the unforgiving spirit, so strong in the red man's breast, can be appeased."

"So Pap is trying to *buy* my forgiveness!" I said, stirred with pitiful emotions on beholding the little black pig rooting among my carnation pinks just outside the parlor window. I went out and found Pap Chippewa, the picture of Forlorn Hope, leaning against the fence with one hand grasping the mane of his little unkempt pony. That pony was Pap's Isaac. Was he about to offer him, as the last sacrifice, to appease the wrath of my unforgiving spirit? The sight was touching. I wound the rattlesnake about Pap's neck ('t was stuffed, you know), gave back the bow and arrows, redeeded him the pig, we shook hands over the fence, and the debt was cancelled.

Theodora.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

It was a beautiful summer evening, about the commencement of July, 1869, when we ascended the slope of the Italian side of this high passage. As we climbed up the stony path, we felt the ardent heat of Italy gradually diminishing, and the cold, cutting air of the Alpine regions chill us to the bones.

The principal town that we passed through on our way up was St. Remy, where we left our carriages and began the real ascent on foot. After walking in about the same direction for a time, we came to a point from which we could see the road, almost just above us, away up the mountain; there we found a path which, leading almost in a straight line up the slope, rejoined the high-road near the top. Almost everybody continued to mount by the road; but a friend of mine and I, feeling much refreshed by the cold, determined to pursue this path, which would bring us up a long time before those who, in following the high-road, had a good many curves and turns to make, to diminish the steepness of the ascent. We crossed first a small cascade, and then began a most fatiguing walk. The whole side of the mountain is one field of stones and rocks, of all sizes and forms, and we had to pick our way among them, climbing, slipping, and pulling ourselves over barriers of all sorts; but at last we arrived at the top, after about a quarter of an hour of the most tiresome work, finding ourselves on the banks of the lake, by the side of which stands the hospice. There we waited a little while till the others came up, and proceeded all together to the door of the monastery. It was speedily opened by a monk, who introduced us into an apartment where we found a very good and substantial dinner already on the table. To this we all did good justice, particularly to a dish of chamois, which was the first I ever tasted.

The following morning after breakfast a monk offered to show us through the monastery, and his offer was gladly accepted by us all. The hospice is composed of two buildings; one, divided into a great number of rooms, is arranged for the reception of travellers; the smaller is a refuge built in case of fire, and it also serves as a store-house and the lodging-place for the poorer travellers.

On the lower floor of the larger building are the stables and store-rooms; and on the next, the kitchen, the dining-room, and the dormitories for the poor; above them are the monks' cells and seventy or eighty more beds for other lodgers. The

dining-room is adorned with engravings and drawings, given by grateful travellers; and a neighboring room contains medallions and portraits of high personages. The chapel interested me very much. It is a very pretty one, the sides being principally of carved oak, and the walls being decorated with various presents from visitors, and with several pictures; amongst which I noticed the portrait of St. Bernard, the founder of this hospice, and the monument erected to Desaix by Bonaparte.

A few steps from the hospice is another building, smaller and lower; this is the morgue, where the bodies of the travellers frozen to death, or lost in the snow, are kept until recognized and taken away by their friends. The air is so clear and cold in this region that bodies can be preserved almost to eternity without showing the slightest signs of decomposition. It is a terrible thing, and one never to be forgotten, to see these dead bodies, sitting or standing, almost as white as the sheet in which they are wrapped. They are all in the same position now as when first found.

Only a very few now remain of that beautiful race of dogs, which have been so useful in preserving human lives among the glaciers and avalanches of Switzerland.

Bayard Tuckerman, age 14.

A FARM-YARD TALE.

I AM about to give an account of some of the sayings and doings of my wonderful chickens. I suppose I might as well begin at the foundation of their race as nearly as possible. Once upon a time, then, I went across the fields to a neighbor's house, with a basket on my arm, to bring home a beautiful white hen that had been promised me by a little girl of my acquaintance who lived there. When I arrived at the house Mary (that is the little girl's name) went out with me to the barn-yard, and after much toil and trouble we succeeded in catching the hen. She was soon on the way to her new home, and as I carried her along I noticed with rejoicing eyes the beautiful white plumage and brilliant red comb of the destined queen of the barn-yard.

I called her Priscilla, after the Puritan maiden whose charms are celebrated in "The Courtship of Captain Miles Standish." Unlike the real Priscilla, however, who is said to have wedded John Alden, my heroine, arrived at the end of her journey, became the bride of that illustrious cock of the walk, Captain Miles Standish; and from that time forth they remained the unrivalled king and queen of all the other fowls. And truly it was a grand sight to see them on a fine day walking forth in their pride; he in his royal mantle of scarlet and gold, his black doublet, his ruby crown and the dazzling splendor of his green and purple feathers; she in her lovely white robe and corresponding crown, both so loving that we called them "The Constant Couple," and both conscious (especially the worthy captain) of their superiority to all other living fowls. This pride was greatly increased when the hen, having hatched a nestful of eggs, was enabled to strut about surrounded by a family of downy chicks. Then did the handsome Miles sound her praises more loudly than ever, as he industriously scratched and labored to procure for her the food which chickens love.

The young brood did not all live to grow up; three were carried off by marauding hawks, four were seized by cruel "humans," decapitated, and carried into the house, and were never heard of more; the remaining three, I am happy to state, still live and flourish. Their names are Beder, Parizade, and Lalla Rookh. Parizade and Lalla have brought up several broods, and one of Parizade's chickens has followed

their good example. So I have now a goodly flock, notwithstanding all that perished untimely.

I now come to a melancholy event in the chronicle; namely, the death of Captain Miles Standish, who, from roosting in an exposed position one night last winter, took his death "o' cold." Priscilla has adopted the Chinese style of mourning, which is always white, you know. She is still inconsolable for the loss of her gallant warrior. Captain Miles Standish, the illustrious, has fallen, and Beder, the princely, reigns in his stead.

A thrilling event took place in the chicken world not long since, — a duel between Yih Chu, Mrs. Grundy's son, and Zurich, Priscilla's grandson. The combat was desperate and sanguinary; when it ended Yih Chu was victorious, and my poor Zurich was carried from the field so badly wounded that he was obliged to have his head amputated to save his life. This extreme measure was as usual unsuccessful; Zurich died soon after; his last words were, "I die game." His only affair of honor terminated his life. Ah! 't is a sad thing thus to drag forth from the heart harrowing memories like these; but the time may come when I shall be able calmly and even with a smile to relate the tragic events contained in this "ower true tale."

Emily Shoemaker Barber, age 15.

OXFORD, Marquette Co., Wisconsin.

MY NEIGHBORS, THE RED SQUIRRELS.

THE first time I was introduced to my little neighbors was one evening the last of April. It had been a warm spring day, with alternate smiles and tears, but at sundown the smiles had won, so I went over to the "Rocks" to see "the shows," as a little boy once called our sunsets.

How grandly the long range of Adirondacks stood, clearly cut against the glowing western sky! Northward gleamed the bright surface of Lake Champlain, fresh and fair after a winter's sleep. I was sitting on a rock at the foot of a tall linden, looking out at the lovely scene and admiring the wonderful variety of shapes and directions the tree branches take, — for there is a wild growth of maples, elms, butternuts, walnuts, and even willows, on the Rocks, — when a tap on my shoulder, a scratch on my unhatted head, and away up in the budding branches a red squirrel chattered and clucked as though the human form divine were no uncommon ladder; more likely he thought I was a lifeless moss-covered old rock.

Looking up the trunk of the tree, I saw him whisk into his home through an opening so small as to have been unnoticed before, though I had often looked at the tall, stately tree-trunk and admired its fine proportions. Then such a squirrel call as there was! Was it a summons to vesper service by the wild woodsy little creatures? Nothing of the sort; it was the squirrel curfew, for up from the rocks, over from the butternut, down from the linden-top, came scampering four tiny squirrels, the nimblest little creatures that ever leaped from swinging boughs. They were about half grown and were dressed in a dove-colored suit of soft fur, a tinge of red beginning to show near the head. The tails were almost hairless, or the hair was so light-colored that at a little distance they sadly resembled a rat's caudal appendage.

Now, in the middle of June, the red squirrels are nearly grown, and they put on all the airs of old ones, talking and nodding and chattering like the very busiest of gossips.

Many a sundown since my first introduction I have watched the little creatures

frisking about the tree-tops. They take incredible leaps, almost always without losing hand or foot hold, though sometimes they come tumbling down, but rarely to the ground if there are any limbs below to catch hold of. I have often seen one venture out on a dry twig; first he puts out a forefoot, and seems to press hard upon the twig, trying its strength as an elephant tries a bridge. If it gives a little, back he runs and in a twinkling he has found a safer route home.

They are very fond of butternuts, and it is a queer sight to see a squirrel seated demurely, with a nut as large as his head securely held to his mouth by his tiny paws. They have an instinctive knowledge of weights and measures that is very accurate. Late last fall there was a large pile of black walnuts left under a tree in the orchard, and when the snow went there was not a sound one left. We cracked several and could not find a good kernel; the squirrels had tried them all before.

One winter my brother, in cutting down a maple in the sugar woods, found about three pints of beechnuts, carefully peeled, stowed away in a nest in the hollow trunk, and they were as clean as though the daintiest white fingers had done it. Squirrels are very fond, too, of the tender twigs in spring and summer, and often the first indications of their presence are the young leaves fluttering down while the soft stems are in the mouth of the sly rogue above.

Even while I write I can hear a belated squirrel chatter in the tall locust by my window. The sun is sinking behind the mountains and I must away, in hopes to catch a good-night glimpse of the Young Folks who live in the linden tree.

Anna Stevens.

ONLY A SOLDIER.

ONLY a soldier, gallant and true:
Fearlessly sparkles his eye of blue
Under the lashes, golden brown,
Over his red cheek sweeping down, —
Cheek and chin and lip in mould
Like the Iron Duke's of old.

Only a sabre-stroke, cruel and keen,
Two little uniform buttons between.
Just as the battle was lost and won,
Just as the day's fell work was done,
What seemed our soldier, turned pale and cold, —
But *he* was walking in streets of gold.

Only a quiet grass-grown grave;
Around it willows weeping wave;
Over his breast wild roses twine
With sprays of graceful eglantine,
And on the air no sound doth float
But the song of the bee and the wild bird's note.

Nellie G. Cone, age 11.

HARLEM, New York.

JARLEY WAX-WORKS.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. JARLEY. — *Black or figured dress, red shawl, huge bonnet.*

LITTLE NELL. — *White or calico dress, hat over arm, long stick.*

CHINESE GIANT. — *Curtain of turkey-red or patch tied around the waist, long enough to reach to the ground when he stands upon a high stool; patch quilt or curtain folded over shoulders, shawl fashion; bright lamp-shade on his head, long queue of braided list.*

DWARF. — *Kneeling child with large shoes to show in front of dress, white hair of tow or wicking; dark dress, cap, bowl, and spoon.*

MARTHA BANGS. — *Black dress, sheet thrown carelessly over, black hair flowing, left hand up to forehead, pickle-jar in right hand.*

MRS. WINSLOW. — *Dark dress, ruffled cap, white apron, bottle of Soothing Syrup in right hand, rag-baby or large doll in left hand.*

MERMAID. — *White dress, green skirt, mostly concealed behind giant, long light flowing locks, hand-glass and comb in hands.*

THE BOY THAT STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK. — *Firemen's shirt and trumpet; clothes on hind side before.*

CAPTAIN KIDD. — *Red shirt, straw or military hat, pistol, and sword.*

HIS VICTIM. — *White dress, red cape, flowing hair.*

LORD BYRON. — *Black cloak, broad white collar.*

BLUEBEARD. — *Red dressing-gown, loose white pantaloons, turban, large key.*

SIAMESE TWINS. — *Two men or boys, different sizes, joined by a white roll of paper.*

MRS. JARLEY *sits at right of stage by a great drum, or table, and* NELL *is dusting and arranging the figures as the curtain rises.*

MRS. JARLEY *describes the figures as they are pointed out by* NELL.

The Chinese Giant. This figure is universally allowed to be the tallest figure in my collection; he originated in the two provinces of Oolong and Shang-high, one province not being long enough to produce him. On account of his extreme length it is impossible to give any adequate idea of him in one entertainment; consequently he will be continued in our next.

The celebrated Welsh Dwarf. This wonderful child has created some interest in the medical and scientific world, from the fact that he was thirteen years old when he was born, and kept on growing older and older until he died at the somewhat advanced age of two hundred and ninety-seven in consequence of eating too freely of pies and cakes, his favorite food.

Martha Bangs, the miserable maniac who poisoned fourteen families by giving them pickled walnuts, and then wandered about from house to house observing the effect of the pestiferous pickles. She holds in her right hand the fatal jar, which has plunged so many happy families into the deepest despair; you will observe also the wild confusion of ideas expressed by her raving locks. It is of this classic figure that the poet Burns speaks in his comic poem of Casabianca. To use the words of the lamented John Phœnix, "Face white as the driven snow, hair black as the driven charcoal."

The children's friend, the parent's assistant, the mother's hope, Mrs. S. A. Winslow, a nurse of thirty years' standing. She holds in her hand a bottle of that wonderful syrup which has soothed the sorrows of so many suffering sisters. I cannot do better justice to this remarkable fluid, than by quoting a few stanzas from the celebrated comic poet Ossian in his great melodramatic poem of Marmion, — "Soothing Syrup adds new lustre to the cheek of beauty, smooths the wrinkles from the furrowed brow of age, and is also excellent for chilblains."

The celebrated Fejee Mermaid, combining, as you well know, the principal properties of a beautiful woman joined to those of a lovely fish.

This Boy, ladies and gentlemen, had the extreme foolishness to stand upon the burning deck. Turning to look in the direction "whence" Albut "he had fled," his head became completely turned, so that he was picked up insensible from among the burning embers, and his face has been firmly fixed the wrong way ever since.

Captain Kidd, the robber of the main, supposed to have originated somewhere Down East. His whole life being spent upon the stormy deep, he amassed an immense fortune and buried it in the sand along the flower-clad banks of Cape Cod, by which course he invented the Savings-Banks, now so common along shore. Having hidden away so much property, which, like many modern investments, never can be unearthed, he was known as a great sea-cretur.

Before him kneels his lovely and innocent Victim, the Lady Blousabella Infantina, who was several times taken and murdered by the bloodthirsty tyrant, which accounts for the calm look of resignation depicted upon her lovely countenance.

Bluebeard, the well-known philanthropist, the loving father and tender husband. But little is known of the early history of this celebrated personage except that his name was Nathan Beard, and he kept a seminary for young ladies at Walpole, Mass., where he endeavored to instil into the female mind those qualities in which they are so painfully deficient, — curiosity and love of approbation. Failing of course in this, he became so blue and low-spirited that he was known by the nickname of Bluebeard, which title he bore until his death, which occurred during the latter portion of his life. In his hand he holds the instrument which he used throughout his long and successful career; it will be at once recognized by every true scholar as the key to Colburn's Arithmetic, Part Third.

The Siamese Twins. These remarkable brothers lived together in the greatest harmony, — indeed, were never seen apart in their lives, although there was always a bone of contention between them. One of them was born in the island of Borneo, the other on the southern extremity of Cape Ann.

To an audience of such cultivation and taste as the one before me it is superfluous to describe this figure. It is easily recognized by you all as Lard Beeron, as he appeared when composing his celebrated novel of The Coarse Hair, which holds an equal rank with the following popular works: What 's on the Mind, Locke on the Understanding, and The Pleasures of Imagination, by *Akin* Side.

This usually concludes my exhibition, but I shall now proceed to do what I seldom do. I shall wind up my figures. These are all fitted with clock-works inside, so that when they are wound up they will go through the exact motions they would have done had they been alive. In fact, many people have supposed them to be alive they look so very natural, but I assure you they are all made of wood and wax. Block heads every one.

[NELL winds each one up with a watchman's rattle. When wound up the Giant bows low, then wags his head three times and bows again as before; the Dwarf eats; Martha Bangs lifts her bottle and tears her hair; Mrs. Winslow trots baby and gives it Soothing Syrup; Mermaid turns her head and combs her hair, looking in hand-glass; the Boy slowly revolves; Captain Kidd lifts his sword over his Victim, who raises her hands and groans; Lord Byron rolls his eyes and writes in a book; Bluebeard raises his key and turns his head; Siamese Twins begin to fight.

All move very slowly and stiffly at first, then go faster and faster, when at a signal the clock-work runs down, and they stop.] [*Curtain falls.*

G. B. Bartlett.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 38.

L. T. C.

ENIGMAS.

No. 39.

My *first* is in wheat, but not in rye.
My *second* is in laugh, but not in cry.
My *third* is in arm, but not in leg.
My *fourth* is in barrel, but not in keg.
My *fifth* is in hope, but not in wish.
My *sixth* is in bird, but not in fish.
My *seventh* is in storm, but not in commotion.
My *whole* may be seen in every ocean.

Hosea Blake, age 9.

No. 40.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 8, 3, 14, 20 was a Roman emperor who succeeded Claudius.
My 22, 9, 8 is to gain.
My 1, 14, 13, 19 was the scene of a battle described in the Iliad.
My 2, 17, 6, 3, 14, 25, 13, 20 a small village in Belgium, famous for a battle fought there.
My 15, 23, 24, 11 means to droop.
My 7, 3, 24, 3, 8 was a daughter of Jupiter.
My 18, 16, 21, 14, 4, 8, 10, 9, 17 was one of the six dukedoms into which Germany was divided in the tenth century.
My 5, 14, 9, 21, 25, 23 is an Italian province at the head of the Adriatic.
My 12, 3, 14, 21, 4, 9 was an ancient Gothic tribe.
My *whole* is one of Shakespeare's plays.

M. C. B.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 41.

My first are green and beautiful, yet "have their time to fall."
My second, valued for its fur, is white and sleek and small.
My third is compensation made for any wrong design.
My fourth, a winy flavor, taste, or quality of wine.
My fifth, to suffer or to bear whatever ills we meet.
My sixth are taxes, though the word is nearly obsolete.

L. B. H.

CHARADES.

No. 42.

My *first*, alas! too oft prevails
In all we think or do or say;
By it the wisest purpose fails,
And fortunes vanish in a day.
My *second*, in its daily round,
Gathers from every rank its store,
Ingulfs them in its vast profound,
And asks, like Oliver, for "more."
My *whole* for deadly work 's intended.
Now for the word, — my task is ended.

E. R. B.

No. 43.

My *first* is the air in play,
My *second*, a maiden gay,
My *whole* will bring to your lip
The cooling water to sip.

G. E. Bright.

ANAGRAMS. — No. 44.

1. Go! thin swan.
2. Night-cap.
3. I can rhyme.
4. Name it *son*.
5. He rakes apes.
6. I am no nut.
7. A top on fire.

Barbara.

BURIED PLACES. — No. 45.

1. When I had my photograph taken, the artist said, "Raise your chin a little."
2. I said, "I can't on short notice."
3. Do you prefer a fricasseed chicken or a barbecued ox?
4. Alas! Kate has gone, and I am all alone.
5. Where am I? O, wake and tell me, sister.
6. "The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home."
7. Slander is a crime, a horrid crime; avoid it.
8. I hope, kind sir, I can return your favor.
9. Let me see your coat that is cut, I can mend it.
10. At the menagerie I saw a baby elephant.
11. There was also a bear's cub and a young gazelle.
12. We found quartz and jasper up on the mountain.
13. O yes, I am ready and have been waiting.

Ada M.

PUZZLE. — No. 46. — Why is this unfortunate animal in his dotage?

A.

ANSWERS.

29. "The *Crater*" (by Cooper) and "Trumps" (by G. W. Curtis).
30. I came, I saw, I conquered.
31. Never look a gift horse in the mouth.
32. 1. Follow the owl, she will lead you to ruin. 2. A stitch in time saves nine. 3. The walls have ears. 4. The scalded cat fears cold water. 5. The hasty word and hasty stone can never be recalled. 6. Enough is as good as a feast. 7. Honesty is the best policy.
33. Courtship.
34. *Foundation Words:* Abraham Lincoln. *Cross Words:* AdmiraL, BandittI, RomaN, AttiC, HerO, AlcohoL, MooN.
35. Defile not your mouth with impure words. [(D file) (knot) (ewer) (mouth) (with) (imp ewer) (words.)]
36.

M	A	T	T	E	R
A	R	R	I	V	E
T	R	I	P	O	D
T	I	P	P	L	E
E	V	O	L	V	E
R	E	D	E	E	M

37.

N	A	B	O	B
A	L	I	C	E
B	I	T	E	R
O	C	E	A	N
B	E	R	N	E

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIZE PUZZLE.

A TOWN on the Big Sandy and a river in Alabama invited the "Young Folks" to a picnic in the lake north of Minnesota. The town in Berks County, with some of the other boys, started for a lake in Utah, bidding a cape of Massachusetts (who accompanied the party as the most populous county of Illinois) remember and have a good island south of Long Island on their return.

Their path led them directly into a creek in Pennsylvania! Having extricated themselves, they went through a town in Vermont, into a town in Massachusetts, and soon reached the town in Indiana. A city in Maryland caught a river in Idaho; a mountain in Massachusetts hauled in a river in California, while a little fellow named a river in Virginia contributed a furnace in Pennsylvania! They soon became a creek in Idaho, and returned to the rest of the party.

As soon as they appeared in sight, a town on the Mississippi inquired what luck they had had.

"River in Missouri," answered a river in Massachusetts, at the top of his voice.

"County of Indiana!" exclaimed a county of Idaho.

"Lake in Wisconsin?" eagerly asked a river in Montana.

"Some of 'em," answered a town in Maine.

"Well, give them to me," said the county of Texas, running to meet them.

"Don't be so river in Virginia," slowly replied a river in Oregon, named a fort in Kansas; "for they are all in the county of Georgia!"

Meanwhile the girls had spread the dinner on a river in Michigan place, covered with a river in New York. They had some very nice river in Florida soup, which a town in twenty-four of the United States had carefully brought, in a river in Washington. Then there was a fine river in Wyoming, a cold river in Iowa, a roast river in Tennessee, a cutlet of another river in Tennessee, a river which flows into Lake Superior pie, a creek in Dakota tart, and some town in Connecticut custard. To be sure the county of Alabama was a river in Dakota, but the river in Montana (which a city in Georgia had bought at a bay of New England) was a creek in Dakota. While they were eating, a river in Dakota startled a State, who screamed and threw a river in Illinois at it; a cape of New Jersey brandished an affluent of the Missouri, which drove it away.

After dinner, they feasted upon the fruit of the fork in Alabama, the river in Illinois, and the river in Michigan; until a fork in Idaho made himself quite ill. The pain became a lake in Utah, and they had to give him a creek in Missouri. One suggested a river in California; another said he ought to have a creek in Pennsylvania, which could be taken in a river in Wyoming without tasting. But he refused, saying he would rather take a river in Ohio. Finally they tried the river in Missouri, and town in Beaver County, Pa., and took him home. His mother said he ought to have had more river in Montana, and that she should give him some fork of the Red river on the river in Dakota.

We have a sincere town in Maine that every one of *Our* Young Folks will enjoy the adventures of this town in New York.

For answers to the above riddle, by subscribers under sixteen years of age, the following prizes are offered: —

For the best interpretation, making sense of the story by the insertion in their proper places of the right geographical names,	$10.00
For the second best	7.00
For the third	5.00
For the fourth	3.00
For the fifth	2.00

Answers to be sent to us before the 15th of July next, each accompanied by the writer's full name, age, and address.

As we have before stated, members of families in which our magazine is taken, and also persons who receive it regularly from the newsdealers, are classed as subscribers.

It is quite possible that no person will be able to give all the geographical names correctly, for there are two or three pretty hard knots in the puzzle. It is also possible that more than one will succeed perfectly in translating it. To avoid complications in such cases as this, we here announce that, in the future, where two or more of the best answers to prize questions shall be found to possess equal merits, the awards will be made in favor of *the youngest competitors*. Is that fair?

We print with pleasure the following communication from the author of "Weeds and Words":—

Mr. Editor:—

The first person singular, although not "a plural nominative," always in the English language takes after it the plural form of the verb, so of course it would require "don't" as the contraction of "do not." The rule might have been more clearly stated; and the age of the writer, M. M. P., gives a greater relative value to the criticism, while it also excuses the tone of self-confidence in the challenge to find any mistake "in this my first attempt."

Is it correct to use *such* as an adverb, as for instance, "such young critics"? Our English cousins grumble at us for substituting *such* for *so*, but to avoid this use of it would often require a sentence to be remodelled.

Yours, A. N.

In the phrase above quoted, *such* is not an adverb, qualifying "young," but an adjective, qualifying "critics,"—as if we had said "such critics of youthful age." And now, in our turn, we would ask "A. N.," Is it correct to say "I are" and "I were," as the word *always* in his first sentence implies that we should do?

But here is more about "M. M. P.":—

Rochester, N. Y., April 4, 1871.

Editors of "Our Young Folks":—

M. Marian Pychowska made a mistake in saying, "You would say 'I does not' and 'I does n't,' which is not correct"; in this sentence, *is* should be *are*, because *which* should be plural, to agree with its antecedent, the compound object of the preceeding clause, and if *which* is plural, the verb should be plural to agree with it. This is the only mistake that I was able to find.

And Jessie W. says, "Would it be impertinent to ask if Miss Pearl Eytinge, whose marriage notice appeared recently in the New York Tribune, and Miss Eytinge who has written for 'Our Young Folks,' is the same person?" Here again *is* should be *are*, because it has two subjects connected by *and*. The fact that both the subjects mean the same person does not make this an exception to the rule, or remove the unpleasant effect on the ear which hearing it produces.

Herman K. Phinney, *age* 14.

Our readers will be interested to observe how this critic of another critic also lays himself open to criticism, by the misspelling of a word in the *preceding* letter.

Editors of "Our Young Folks":—

These snatches at rhyme are sent at the earnest entreaty of the child, who is a subscriber and admirer of "Our Young Folks," and who feels that she would like to be as smart as other little girls and do her share at contributing. She has never yet learned to read; but enclosed are the imaginary contents of the last "Young Folks," as she took it on its arrival and read to me. Happening to have paper and pencil at hand, I caught the ideas as she gave them; and I give them to you *in precisely* her own words. They are by no means her best effusions, as making stories and rhymes has ever been her almost daily habit, but it is not often I find it convenient to note them down.

Mother.

We have room for only a few of Daisy's rhymes. Here they are:—

"Baby must not go to bed,
Till he covers up his head,
Soft and smoothly tuck it in,
Neatly as a little pin.
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful boy,
He is my hope, and he is my joy,
He is the loved one, he is the best,
He is the birdie in his nest."

"Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the shining day,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Mamma 's gone away.
Baby darling must not cry,
Mamma 's coming by and by."

"Holiday is passed,
'T is night, 't is night at last;
To bed, to bed, you curly head,
And early rise in the morning."

Daisy Piper, *age* 7.

Boston, Mass.

Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Editors,—

Seeing in "Our Young Folks" the descriptions of games written by correspondents, I think I can describe one that has not yet been mentioned.

It is generally called "French and English," but lately, "French and Prussian." Sides are chosen, and twelve sticks are procured, six for each side. The sticks are placed in two piles about thirty or forty feet apart, and a "boundary line" is made exactly between the two piles, extending entirely across the playground.

All is now ready. The game is to get the enemy's sticks one at a time, without being caught. A person is liable to be caught, when he has passed the boundary line into the enemy's ground. Captives are placed by the side of the sticks, and may be released by one of their own side touching them without being caught. As soon as any person has touched the sticks or the prisoners of the opposite side he is safe, and may return to his own side, with a stick or one of the prisoners, without further molestation.

When all the sticks of one side have been captured, and all the prisoners of that side are released, then it is beaten, and the game is ended.

A larger or smaller number of sticks may be taken instead of twelve, if necessary.

Hoping that I have made it clear enough, and that it will amuse some or all of the "Young Folks,"

I remain your true friend,

C. A. GORTON.

THIS pleasant letter, written by a very young girl, comes to us from Denver, in Colorado. It has been lying a good while longer in our drawer than we meant it should.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I write to you, not for the purpose of getting a prize, for I cannot write well enough for that, but because I thought that maybe you would like to have some one write to you from this part of the world.

I was a very little girl when we came here to live and do not remember anything of the journey, but our folks say we were eleven weeks on the road. We came on the cars to Quincy, and from there with ox-teams.

Denver is about fifteen miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Their tops are always covered with patches of snow, and now they are very white all along the range, even down to the front hills, for it snowed up there last night.

Last summer I went up there with my pa and ma, and had ever so nice a time. We camped out every night, and slept in a tent. It seemed so strange at first; but we soon got used to it. We had a photographer along with us, and he made a great many nice views. I will send you one that he took of a great round stone, that looks as if you might push it over, and roll it down the mountain, but you couldn't, it is so large and heavy. That is my pa that stands by the side of it. Just look at it through a stereoscope, and see how very far you can see down beyond the stone. That is in the Arkansas Valley, through which we had just passed; it is wild and rough down there, I can assure you, yet beautiful.

We saw the pinon-trees which grow there; they look like an old apple-orchard, so my folks say, but I do not know how it is, as I have never seen an apple-tree since I can remember. I found several stone arrow-heads at our noon camp, such as the Indians used before they ever saw a white man; they use iron now to tip their arrows. I will send you a little one that I think must have been on a papoose's arrow, it is so small. We saw no Indians while we were away from home, and we did not want to. Western folks don't like Indians very well, they have killed so many of us. While we were on our mountain-trip we fished, caught trout, picked berries, hunted and halloed, and climbed the mountain-top. Pa and I were the first to reach the top, which was 'way up beyond where any trees grow; but there were a great many flowers there that were pretty, soft, and velvety, but not so very nice to smell of; I guess they all have balsam or something disagreeable about them; my pa says no other kind can grow where it is so high and cold. In the great piles of rough, craggy stone there was a little animal, not so large as a squirrel, that looked like a ball of fur. He seemed to bark and scold at us for coming there, but we did not disturb him long, for we had to hurry down, so as to reach our camp before dark. It took us all day to go up and come down, and when we reached camp we were so tired that we went to bed without much supper.

Now, dear "Young Folks," if you are pleased with this letter maybe I will write again, and send you another view, where sister Mary and I are picking berries, or a view of our camp.

Very respectfully,

EMMA SMART.

Thank you, dear Emma, for your letter, and also for the view and the curious little arrow-head. We should have engraved a picture from the view, and printed it with the letter, but we found we could not make it look at all as it does in the stereoscope.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I am a little girl eight years old, so you cannot expect me to write very well. I live in the country, and have not many children to play with, but my two sisters and little cousin, named Carrie.

I can milk the cows and chain them in the stable; we have four little calves. We have two horses named Kate and Charlie; Kate carries double. I can ride both of them. Last fall Kate threw my two sisters, but I stuck on Charlie splendidly.

My youngest sister and I have a rabbit-trap apiece, and we have caught three rabbits this winter. We have four cats, named Tom, Isadora, Snowball, and Gray. We have two dogs, named Carlo and Gip.

I am always glad when the "Young Folks" comes. Good by.

Your little friend,

BESSIE R. FRASER.

Charles P. — "Can you tell me anything in regard to '*Mardi Gras day*,' a festival held annually in New Orleans, during or after the season of Lent?"

"Mardi Gras" (Fat Tuesday) is the French term for Shrove-Tuesday, or Shrove-Tide, the day before the first day of Lent. The day seems originally to have been devoted by good Catholics to the confession of sins, by way of preparation for the season of Lent; hence the term *Shrove* Tuesday. After confession amusements were indulged in; these in the course of time constituted a gay festival, and the day became "Fat Tuesday," — the people taking a merry farewell of flesh on that

occasion. It is the final day of the famous Catholic *carnival*, — a word derived from two Latin words, *carnis* and *vale*, and signifying "farewell to flesh."

J. H. W., of Philadelphia, sends us this "sentence square": —

"Always return good for evil.
Return good for evil, always.
Good for evil, always return.
For evil, always return good.
Evil, always return good for."

NEW YORK, April 12.

DEAR EDITORS, —

With many other teachers I have to thank you for the very efficient aid you have given me through your magazine in the class-room. It has helped me interest the girls in their composition exercises, and has also done very much toward making them generally intelligent, by putting into their hands almost a cyclopædia for reference.

Two of them, who by the way are real "old-fashioned girls," wish me to send you some of their attempts at composition. If you think them worthy, will you give them a place among "Our Young Contributors"?

Respectfully,
A PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER.

Thanks for the above cheering letter, and the package of compositions. These are all creditable, and one of them particularly, "The Bunch of Keys" is very pretty, for a girl of thirteen.

BOSTON ADVERTISER OFFICE, March 2, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR, —

I have been interested in the word-square business, and in leisure moments have taken pains to form two or three, which I submit. I have tried to make one of seven letters, but have failed thus far. Has any one noticed the fact that it often happens that in a square the letters diagonally adjacent moving upwards from left to right will be the same? In No. 1. of the following you will find a line of six E's and another of three E's. It is of course inevitable that *two* letters should be alike. But in No. 2. there is a line of four E's and another of four R's, also one of three M's. In No. 3 there are four L's in a line.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD STANWOOD.

Our readers will be interested to see the squares of our ingenious correspondent, and to note the peculiarity mentioned. The squares, by the way, are excellent.

SEDATE	WASHES	SPARSE
ELEVEN	ARTERY	PANELS
DEFEAT	STORMS	ANKLET
AVERSE	HERMIT	RELADE
TEASER	ERMINE	SLEDGE
ENTERS	SYSTEM	ESTEEM

The question now arises, Who of our readers can construct a seven-word square?

Here is E. H. B.'s word square complete.

TOMATO
ORATOR
MARTIN
ATTILA
TOILET
ORNATE

Filled out correctly by Horace B. H., Grace Evelyn Gilfillan, H. S. T., Al. Harrison, E. A. S., John H. Ingham, E. R. 3d, "Grace Carden" and "Di Vernon," "Tourmaline" and "Pluribusta," A. Dean, Helen Tilden, Frederick McIntosh, Cora Bell, "Caddie," "Fannie," C. H. E., and others.

The answers were all one way this time; and we doubt if any other square than the above can be constructed with the same terminal words.

Here are the first and last words of a square by Jennie E. North, for somebody to fill up: DRAFT, TRYST.

WE gladly give place to the following letter from the teacher of a colored school in Mississippi, hoping that his appeal will receive numerous responses from "Our Young Folks": —

TO THE READERS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have under my charge some two score dusky-skinned urchins, as full of fun and mischief as their fairer-complexioned contemporaries of the far "Bay State." Our "temple of learning" is a nondescript structure, called by courtesy a church, where the colored people worship. There are bare walls and "puncheon' benches, but no desks, no blackboard, no charts, no maps, none of what you of the North consider as indispensable adjuncts to successful teaching.

We have just organized a Sunday school, but have no books. In the language of "the old man eloquent,"

"Our wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score."

My pupils are ragged, docile, obedient, tractable, and in the main sprightly. On their behalf I address this communication to you. Many of you have juvenile story-books, which you have read and laid aside. You might write on the fly-leaf, "Presented to Larnar Colored School Library, by ——," and mail the volume to me; it would then circulate from hand to hand, and do a good work in these lowly cabins, among a people who have but recently burst the shackles of bondage, and who are now making an earnest effort to escape from the bonds of ignorance. Any aid you may afford us we shall gratefully receive and acknowledge.

CLARENCE HALE,
Principal of Larnar Colored School,
Larnar, Marshall Co., Miss.

March 4, 1871.

DEAR EDITORS: —

Will you please tell us how to pronounce the name of the authoress of "Heartease" and the "Heir of Redclyffe," — Miss Yonge? And will you please tell us something about that most delightful writer?

FANNY and NELLIE.

The writer referred to is Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge. The name *Yonge* is only another form of *Young*, and is pronounced precisely like it. Miss Yonge was born in Hampshire, England, in 1823. She has written a number of popular novels, several educational works, and a very valuable and interesting "History of Christian Names" (2 vols. London, 1863). At present she is the editor of a periodical called "The Monthly Packet."

Frank. — "What kind of a watch is most suitable for boys?"

The Waltham Company have lately put into the market a genuine "Boy's Watch," said to be perfect in all its parts; for particulars of which we refer you to the advertisement of MESSRS. BIGELOW, KENNARD, & Co., in the present number.

RICHMOND, VA., April 10, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I subscribed for your magazine four months ago, that is, in January, and have been very much interested in "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," the "Letter Box," and the "Young Contributors," and, in fact, the whole magazine. I now want to ask you a question: What was the origin of Easter Eggs?

From your delighted friend and subscriber,

W. H. ALLDERDICE, JR.

Easter eggs — called also Pasch (*ch* like *k*) eggs — are eggs variously colored with herbs or dyewoods, and used for presents at Easter time. This practice is no doubt derived from the use of eggs by the Jews in the feast of the Passover, and is thought to have been introduced by the monks as being symbolical of the resurrection and a future life; for a chick is entombed, as it were, before it breaks the shell, and springs forth into life when it has done so.

Anonymous. — "What is the origin of the expression 'apple-pie order'?

"Who invented soap, and when?"

1. Various explanations — all conjectural — have been given of the phrase *apple-pie order*. Some think it a corruption of *cap-à-pie order;* others of *alpha beta order;* that is, alphabetical or regular order. But these are "lame and impotent conclusions." With more plausibility it has been thought to refer to a custom, formerly prevalent among English cooks, of taking off the upper crust of an apple-pie, mashing the fruit with sugar and cream, and then cutting the crust into triangular pieces and arranging them with the end downwards in various patterns, such as stars, crowns, circles, and the like. But there is much greater probability of its being an allusion to the familiar nursery rhyme beginning

"A was an apple-pie;
B bit it,
C cut it,"

and so on. *Apple-pie order* then would naturally be taken to mean A B C order; that is, established, customary, or prescribed order, regular arrangement, systematic distribution.

2. According to Pliny the Elder (*born* A. D. 23, *died* 79), soap was invented by the Gauls, who made it out of tallow and ashes. The word occurs in the common English version of the Bible, but is a mistranslation of Hebrew terms, which mean potash and soda. It is believed that the Jews had no knowledge of soap, and Wilkinson says that the Egyptians had not. From time immemorial, however, use has been made in washing of plants of the genus *Saponaria*, or soap-wort, the roots and leaves of which contain a soap-like principle called saponine. This is a white detergent substance, soluble in water, and the solution when agitated froths like a solution of soap.

Di Vernon and Grace Carden. — "As you answer all questions referred to you in so satisfactory a manner, we should like to know who was the first geometrician and in what period he flourished."

Geometry is one of the oldest sciences, and its origin is lost in the mists of prehistoric ages. It was introduced into Greece, from Egypt or India, five or six hundred years before Christ; it was taught by Thales and Pythagoras, and afterwards by the greatest of Greek philosophers, Plato. Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, who flourished B. C 280, was the first to give systematic form to the science.

ACCIDENTS will happen in the best-regulated printing-offices; and last month the types played a strange freak with one of our "Young Contributors." The signature affixed to "A Bird's Contribution" was "*Henry A. Todd, age* 16," in the author's manuscript, and also in the proof as it passed from our hands; but somewhere between the compositors and the electrotypers some of the letters must have dropped out and been imperfectly replaced, for, lo! in the printed page the signature was made to read "A. Todd, age 10." We can fancy the author's feelings! We imagine, too, some wonderment on the part of our readers at the extreme youth of a writer who could tell the bird's story in so graceful a style.

We are here reminded of a similarly curious error which found its way into Mrs. Diaz's play

of "The Little Visitors," in our February number. The author wrote "Now who do you think came over in the ship?" etc., and so the sentence read in the proof we saw; but in the magazine it appeared thus: "Now *whom* do you think came over?" etc. How the mischievous little *m* crept in there, making false grammar of the clause, we have never learned; probably it did it in revenge for having been so often left off from the word when it really belonged to it. People say, incorrectly, "*Who* did you see?" but that is no good reason for saying, "*Whom* (do you think) came over?"

DANBURY, April 24, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

In looking over my January (1871) number yesterday I noticed in the article, "Christmas among the Freedmen," that *Sojourner Truth* was spoken of in a manner that led me to suppose her to be a well-known person. Will you have the kindness to inform me who she is? Also, what are "Jarley's Wax-works?" I have often seen them mentioned without knowing anything about them. If you will inform me in regard to these points, you will confer a favor on

IGNORANCE.

1. Sojourner Truth is a colored woman of great age and a very remarkable character, who was born and brought up as a slave in the State of New York as long ago as when slavery existed there. Although quite illiterate, not even knowing how to read, she is a natural orator, and a very effective public lecturer on reformatory subjects. She is a religious enthusiast, and "Sojourner Truth" is the name which she says the Lord gave her. Mrs. Stowe published an account of her in the "Atlantic Monthly" a few years ago, which is in the main correct, although we have heard "Sojourner" complain that she is therein made to speak in the dialect of the negroes of the Southern States. She has lately retired to a comfortable home she has purchased in Michigan.

2. The original "Mrs. Jarley" is a character in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," who employs Little Nell, the heroine, to assist in the exhibition of her "unrivalled collection" of wax figures. Hence the name given to performances of a very different character, of which Mr. G. B. Bartlett's very popular and amusing representation — now for the first time printed in this number of our magazine — will give you a better idea than any description we could write.

"*Our Young Contributors.*" Accepted:— "*Prairie Fires*," by Lottie Butts; "*A Bunch of Keys*," by May Dealing; "*A Milking Song*," by the author of "*The Racket on the Roof*"; "*Our Picnic Party*," by Mabel Colby; and "*My Last Pillow Fight*," by Will.

LANCASTER, April 22, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

Will you please tell "E. N. W.," that the line, "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," is to be found in Pope's "Imitations of Horace," Book II. Satire I.?

Your friend,

MARY R. ATLEE.

"Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Answered also by "Demosthenes," J. S. H., Grace E. Gilfillan, and other correspondents.

"*Prue.*" — Your letter came too late to be acknowledged with the other answers to the "Seven Wonders" question.

AGAIN this month a large number of names designed for "Our Mutual Improvement Corner" are necessarily left over. We shall for the present continue to print such names as nearly as possible in the order in which they are received, giving preference, however, to those wishing correspondence on special subjects.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Anna H. G., Box 4, Mamaroneck, N. H. (wishes correspondent about 14; subject, Roman history).

Lulie M. Clark, Billerica, Mass. (English history and miscellaneous subjects).

H. W. Afton, Box 311, East Cambridge, Mass. (birds and birds' eggs).

Augustus G. Barber, Box 111, Upper Alton, Ill. (stuffing birds and animals).

A. W. Chase, Box 50, South Amesbury Mass. (natural philosophy and chemistry).

Adrain Bennit, Box 111, Upper Alton, Ill. (phonography, riding, dancing, and music).

C. O. D., Box 5785, New York (would like a correspondent from 16 to 18 years old).

Harry H. Burrell and *Charles P. Appleton*, North Somerville, Mass. (would like correspondents, about 16).

Annie, Box 141, Athens, Pa. (interested in everything, music and "Women's Rights," in particular).

Ruth Adams, 52 South Russell St., Boston, Mass. (would like a correspondent between 14 and 18, who is an admirer of Dickens, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Phelps).

Stella (age 13), Box 83, Jacksonville, Ill. (fond of flowers, drawing, and fancy work).

"*Alice*" (age 16), Box 1, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Jennie E. Webb, Greenleaf, Minnesota (wishes a correspondent who loves books and nature).

Grace Carden, 212 Carolina St., Buffalo, N. Y. (wishes correspondents over 17, fond of reading).

Di Vernon, 238 Ninth St., Buffalo, N. Y. (wishes correspondents who like Sir Walter Scott's works).

Robinson and *Lee* (ages 13 and 14), Box 207, Canton, N. Y. (wish correspondents interested in wood engraving).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

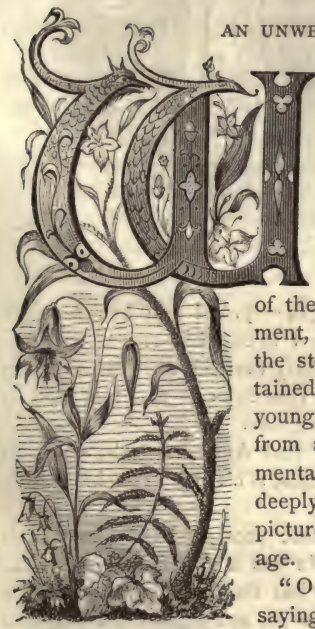
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. JULY, 1871. No. VII.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNWELCOME INTERRUPTION.



WHEN Mr. Syd Chatford reached Aunt Patsy's house he found the door ajar, and, as he was about to knock, saw a scene within which made him pause.

There, in the middle of the room, sat Aunt Patsy in a low-backed chair, while behind it, leaning over and combing the old gray head, stood Annie Felton. The rays of the setting sun shone into the wretched apartment, and brought out in strong relief of color the strange contrast between all the misery it contained, and the youth and freshness of the bright young girl who seemed to have strayed into it from another world. Syd was not a very sentimental young gentleman, yet something struck deeply into his heart as he stood gazing at this picture of beautiful girlhood and poverty-stricken age.

"O you blessed child!" the old woman was saying. "You do my body and soul good! O, you warm my poor old heart, that's been like a frozen clod so long! I hain't had a kind hand touch my forehead and hair for ten years, — for ten years!" she repeated, with plaintive emphasis. "It's a cross, wrinkled forehead now, and my old gray hair makes me look like a fright; but, child,

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it was n't always so. I was a han'some gal, — proud and han'some. I ain't old, neither, — not half so old as I look; I 'm only fifty-seven. It seems sometimes not much longer ago than yesterday that life was just as bright to me as it is to you, dear, — the futur' all rose-color, — and now look at me! — look at me!" And she ended with a groan.

"The future may be bright to you still," said Annie, — "why not? It is partly your own fault that you have no friends, is n't it? You have been too proud, maybe."

"Yes, yes. I 've been proud and obstinate enough, Lord knows! It begun when my fust husband was living. He was a good man, — good to me, but there come trouble, — I can't deny but there was some cause for suspicions agin him, — and neighbors tried to git red of him. Then, after he died, they tried to git red of me. Squire Peternot wanted my land; and folks declared bad characters used to come and visit me. 'Bad company 's better 'n none,' says I; and I defied 'em. I was all spunk in them days, — but, O dear, O dear! It 's too late now to alter the past, and as for the futur', — I see no rest for me but the grave."

"And is there nothing beyond the grave?" said Annie, very softly.

"I don't know!" replied Aunt Patsy. "My fust husband used to argue,

— 'A dog dies, and where is he? a man dies, and where is he?' He unsettled my belief. I 've been adrift, — I 've been in the dark ever sence."

"Light will come to you again," said Annie, cheeringly. "But you must get out of your old, unnatural way of living. It is dreadful to be so lonely, and to have your heart so set against the world! Come, I 'll be your friend; I 'll visit you often, and send you other friends, if you will open your heart to them."

"My heart is hard, — it 's rock to them that come to spite and fight me!" said the old woman, grimly. "But" — her voice and expression softened — "it opens easy enough to one that has the key to 't. What a light hand you have! what a soft touch! Oh!" — with a deep breath, — "it goes to my very soul! And I do believe it limbers my jints. But there! don't spend your strength working over me any more. I ain't wuth it."

"O yes, you are, mother!" cried Annie. "And now that I 've combed your head I am going to set your room to rights."

"No, no, child! It needs it enough, but it ain't fitting that *you* should touch it."

Syd, who was of the old woman's opinion, thought it time to knock.

"For massy sakes! who can that be?" said Aunt Patsy. "It never rains but it pours. I hain't had so much company for six months as I 've had to-day."

"How d'e do! how 's yer health?" said pompous little Syd, bowing and shaking hands with Annie, who went to the door. "They 're waiting for ye over to the house, — going to have a sing, I believe; — and Aunt Marshy" (meaning Mrs. Chatford, whose given name was Marcia) "sent me over" (here he stretched the truth a little) "to tell ye."

"Please say that I will come very soon," replied Annie. But that did not suit Syd's views.

"Can't do nothing 'thout you, ye know," he said. "They 'll be disap-p'inted, if I go back alone."

"I suppose I must go, then," said Annie; and she returned to take leave of Aunt Patsy. The old woman kissed her hand with tears, and entreated her to come again. With glistening eyes Annie promised; and, throwing once more the red scarf over her neck, she set out to accompany her cousins' cousin.

"Frightful place!" said Syd, as they turned their backs upon it; "horrid old creature! — how could you bear to stay in her house?"

"I can't say that either she or her house was very attractive to me," said Annie, with eyes still moist and lip still a-tremble. "Yet I would n't have missed going there for anything!"

"I understand," replied Syd, — "felt it your duty; I admire the motive. And no doubt you done her good."

"I hope I — did — her good," said Annie, dwelling ever so slightly on the little word between dashes, — just enough to show him the weak point in his grammar. "But I know I 've done myself good by going to see her. It is n't well to take life always so lightly as we do. We don't think enough

of others; we don't do enough for others." And she brushed away a tear, as she thought of poor old Aunt Patsy left alone in her misery.

Now it must be told that proud Syd Chatford had, like humble Jack Hazard, an especial reason for wishing to walk home with Annie Felton, — though a very different reason. He too had something private and particular to say to her.

"It 's a duty to do — hem — what we can — for the poor and needy. But it 's a pleasure — a delight — to — to sacrifice ourselves even — for those — at least for the one — we love. Annie! if I could show my devotion to you — give my life, if necessary — "

But just here Squire Peternot's black bull came running furiously behind the sauntering pair, his eye attracted and his rage inflamed by Annie's red scarf.

"By jolly!" exclaimed Syd, looking round, on hearing the sudden jar of hoofs. Annie gave a shriek, and both fled for their lives. Self-sacrifice for the sake of the loved one is beautiful in the abstract, but reduced to a reality, — with terrible horns and short, depressed neck visible just behind you, — it is something from which even a more ardent lover than Syd might beg respectfully to be excused.

Not that our modern knight, in dapper broadcloth and sleek beaver hat, deserted his lady. When he found that he was swifter of foot than she — or rather longer-breathed, for she was a match for him at the start — he grasped her arm and strove manfully to help her over the ground. But there was no fence within ten rods, and it is doubtful whether the animal in his rage would not have overleaped the highest bounds of the pasture. Ah, if Annie had only bethought herself of the cause of his excitement, and flung off the scarf! But it was securely pinned on, with only the loose ends fluttering in the wind, as if the more to enrage the wild beast plunging nearer and nearer, and now close at hand.

And this is the startling incident which, as I said, quite drove all thoughts of his own ill-luck out of Jack's mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE.

SEEING escape for both impossible, Syd Chatford formed an heroic resolution. Adjuring Annie with his spent breath to *run — run!* he suddenly stopped, turned, and faced the bull.

For an instant there was something sublime, as well as ludicrous, in the situation. He had left his hat some rods behind, and the bull had trampled it. His hair was in disorder, flying electrically all over his head. His face pale, his eyes wild, his straight form erect, he looked like a terrified exclamation-point set to stop the career of that tremendous beast.

Syd's trembling hands reached instinctively to grasp the horns even then lowered to toss him. The next moment he was on his hands and knees,

and the terrible brute was rushing past him. How he came in that position he never well knew, the thing that happened to him was so frightfully sudden. But he always averred (and I remember hearing him many times tell the story) that he certainly succeeded in grasping one horn, and thus saved himself from being gored. His formidable foe, having flung him aside, did not stop to toss him, but resumed his pursuit of the scarf; when the overturned knight, recovering from the shock of the combat just in time to see a long black tail brandished before his eyes, seized it, and sprang to his feet.

Annie had gained a little time through the delay occasioned by this brief encounter; but now, with an amazing bellow, the beast bounded towards her again, with the undaunted Syd in tow, holding by that short cable, pulling backwards with all his might, but in vain, — his hair and heels and coat-tails flying behind him, while he gasped out frantically, as if it had been a horse running away with him, "Whoa! whoa! whoa!"

Suddenly he stumbled, and, falling, lost his hold of the tail. Then the bull, freed from all encumbrance, flew with head down and horns advanced to transfix the unfortunate girl. Annie could almost have felt his hot breath upon her, when, with a faint scream, breath and strength failing, she sank to the ground.

The fall was timely; the beast's momentum being such that his head and fore-feet passed completely over her before he was able to stop. Then he recoiled, and brought his head down so close to her face that about all she could see of it for a single moment of helpless, hopeless horror, was one eye, which looked as big as a saucer. He was feeling for her with his horns, and bellowing with rage; and there she lay at his mercy; Syd was still at a distance, and would have been powerless to save her had he been on the spot; — when a fresh actor rushed upon the scene.

He approached so swiftly and noiselessly that Annie had not perceived him; and the first she knew of his presence was when another black object dashed over her head at the head of the bull, with a fierce snarl seized his ear, and began to shake and tear it. The bull thereupon left the lady and rushed upon the dog.

Lion — for it was he — retreated, still facing the foe, snapping at lip or dewlap or nose, as those points were exposed to him, and often seizing and holding on while the bull lunged and stamped and flung him from side to side.

"Sick! bite 'em! good fellow!" shouted Jack, arriving upon the field of battle; and he began to belabor the bull's back and sides with a club. "Shake him! tear him! good dog!"

By this time Syd had lifted Annie to her feet, and was helping her from the field. Singularly enough, she had scarcely been hurt at all. She was at first almost too weak to stand; but, encouraged by her companion, she exerted herself, and soon reached the wall.

And now still another actor appeared. This was no other than the proprietor of the bull, — Squire Peternot himself.

"Ho, there! stop that! hallo!" he called out, urging his stiff joints into a run, and flourishing his cane. "You young vagabond!" for as he came up he recognized boy and dog, "what are ye 'bout here?"

Perceiving the cane about to descend upon his head, Jack dodged, and prepared to defend himself.

"Scamp!" said the Squire, trembling with excitement, — "you young villain, you! — could n't you find any other mischief, Sunday arternoon, but you must — Take your dog off, or I 'll kill him!"

And the angry old man aimed a blow at Lion. As the fight was still going on, and the combatants were both in lively motion, the cane, missing its mark, alighted on the bull's nose.

"Come here, Lion! here!" said Jack, pulling his dog off; while the bull, glad to be rid of him, ran to meet a wondering herd of cattle coming to witness the combat. "That your bull, mister?"

"Yes, it 's my bull! and I 'll have ye up for beatin' and settin' your dog on to him, sure 's you 're born! Come along with me!" And the long-armed squire reached to grasp the boy's shoulder.

"What 'll I come along with you fer?" cried Jack. "Jest you wait and hear why —"

"I don't care to listen to any of your lies," said the Squire. "I made

up my mind about you last night, when you come to my door with that dog, and told me such a tissue of falsehoods. Where did ye steal them clo'es? — If I can't take ye, I 'll send somebody that can!"

"For what, sir?" inquired a sharp, decided voice; and Jack, turning, saw Syd Chatford approaching.

"For abusin' my creetur', him and his dog," said the Squire.

"Perhaps you 're not aware what you creetur' was about," replied Syd, his straight form and somewhat pompous manners making up in a degree for his small stature, as he confronted the grim, gaunt squire. "He was on the point of tossing that young lady yonder, — Miss Annie Felton, sir! — a hair of whose head is worth more than all the cattle that could stand on your farm!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Squire, contemptuously.

"Yes, sir!" Syd went on. "He had chased her from beyond where you see my hat on the ground back there. Nothing under Heaven stopped him but this dog. If it had n't been for him and the boy, her blood, sir, would have been on your hands!"

"On my hands? you impudent puppy!" said the Squire.

"Yes, sir, — for letting such a beast run loose. The truth is the truth, sir, whether I 'm an impudent puppy or not."

"It 's my own field, and what business has any person to cross it? Though if 't was a habit of any animal o' mine to run at people, of course," said the Squire, becoming a trifle more reasonable, "I should take care on 'em. But I never in my life knowed one to do sich a thing. What 's that red concern on the ground?"

It was Annie's scarf, which had been torn off when she was under the animal's feet.

"That 's the trouble! Did n't she know no better 'n that? To wear a flamin' red jigger in a field where cattle are! My creetur's are peaceable as any man's. I should regret to know she got hurt, — I believe she 's an estimable young woman, — but don't talk about her blood bein' on my hands, and one of her hairs bein' more val'able than all the live stock that could be got on to two hundred and sixty acres of land! That 's rank nonsense. And as for you," — Squire Peternot shook his cane at Jack, — "don't let me ketch you on my premises agin, if you don't want to git into diffikilty."

And the old man strode angrily away.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME.

Syd went back for his hat, while the Squire was talking; and he now returned with it, shaping and brushing it by the way.

"No harm; — little I care for the hat! Whose boy are ye? where do ye live?" Syd inquired.

"I ain't nobody's boy, and I don't live nowheres," replied the ungrammatical Jack.

Syd picked up the scarf. "I never saw a finer dog! Will you sell him? I 'll give ye five dollars for him."

"I guess I don't want to part with him," said Jack, proud and happy.

"I 'll give ye ten, — by jolly, I 'll give ye fifteen dollars!" said the enthusiastic Syd.

Although so much money seemed a fortune to poor Jack, and he opened his eyes wide at the magnificent offer, still he pulled the loose hide on Lion's neck affectionately, and said again "he guessed he did n't want to sell."

"I don't blame ye," said Syd. "Though, if you should change your mind, or be obliged to part with him — I don't know but I 'll say twenty. Miss Felton, allow me to introduce you to the hero of the day."

Lion was none of your surly, dignified dogs, that receive a caress with a growl. Syd's pats gave him pleasure (he seemed to know he deserved them); and now every part of his body, from tongue to tail, seemed alive with delight, as Annie, sitting on the grass by the wall, threw her arms about him.

"O you noble creature!" she said, with tears and smiles, embracing and patting him, "you don't know what you saved me from!"

"Yes, he does!" said Jack, exultantly.

"And you, and you," she turned from Jack to Syd, — "I would thank both of you, if I had any words. That miserable scarf! I know now what it was that excited the brute. Your hat has suffered, Sydney, — I am sorry to see."

"Yes. I have poor luck with hats lately. Had one stole last evening, by jolly! Between thieves and mad bulls I shall have to go bareheaded soon."

A shadow swept over Jack's heart, all sunshine before. He shrank back, so that his guilty face might not be seen, while Syd helped Annie over the wall. They then returned slowly towards the house, she leaning on Syd's arm, while Jack walked behind in gloomy silence with his dog.

"Why did n't I speak up, and say ''T was me that took your hat, mister'?" thought the culprit. "Then was my time. He 'd forgive me, if I told him all about it, I know. But I can't tell him now. A good fellow, I guess. Twenty dollars! Lion! old Lion! you don't know what a fortin I 've flung away, ruther 'n part with you!" Lion looked as if he did know, though.

The neighbors who had dropped in "to have a sing" were assembled with the family in the great square parlor, and all were beginning seriously to wonder what had become of Miss Felton, when Phin, hovering about the door, cried out, "Here she comes now! here they all come!" and in walked majestic little Syd, accompanied by the young lady, Jack, and his dog.

Jack was inclined to slink away, but Annie insisted on his showing her

four-footed protector to the family; and the boy was by no means averse to seeing Lion made the hero of the occasion. Syd told the story of her perilous adventure and wonderful rescue; and you may be sure it created an immense sensation in that usually quiet parlor. Everybody congratulated her; everybody praised Lion, and had something to say to Lion's owner; all which made Jack glow again with happiness, while it filled the heart of Phineas with envy.

"Give me yer hand, Bub!" said a young fellow, who had come in with his sister to join in the evening's singing. "You 've seen me before?"

"I guess I have!" answered Jack, — "by the light of a tin lantern; and ye had a gun in yer hand."

"I took a notion to your dog then," said Ab, — for it was the elder of the Welby boys.

"Yes, more 'n ye did to me," Jack replied.

"Mabby so. I did n't know you. I 'd like to buy that dog.

"*I* 'll take that dog off your hands, boy, — if you 'll name a fair price," said Don Curtis.

"If he sells to anybody, he sells to me," remarked Syd Chatford, stiffly.

"That dog ain't going out of this family, now I tell ye!" cried Phineas. "I spoke for him first!"

If Jack had seen fit to put up his friend at auction, there is no telling what bids might not have been made for him. But Mr. Pipkin, coming in just then from his milking, with a ludicrously puckered and solemn countenance, reminded the young men that it was Sunday, and not a fitting time for dog-trades; and Deacon Chatford said, "I guess the boy and his dog will stay with us till to-morrow, — won't he, mother? — then you fellows can talk with him."

Mrs. Chatford said with emotion, as she turned away from her niece, "Certainly, he will stay with us!"

"I don't see where you 're goin' to find a place for him to sleep," grumbled Mr. Pipkin. "There 's reason in all things, but — "

"Mr. Pipkin's is a good wide bed," remarked Miss Wansey.

"Miss Wansey," began Mr. Pipkin, indignantly, "I 've nothin' to — "

But Mrs. Chatford hastened to settle the matter and save unpleasant words. "Come with me, my boy. I 'll find a place for you without troubling anybody. Let your dog come too, if he wants to."

She led the way to an unfinished garret room, under the opposite slope of the low roof from the boys' chamber. "It looks rough," said she, "but it is clean; and here is a nice bed for you. This will be your room as long as you stay with us. And, O my son!" she added, with tearful earnestness, taking his hand, "if you *should* happen to stay a good while, I hope — I am sure — you will try to do well! You won't mind the rough rafters, will you? They are low; don't hit your head against 'em. Come down and hear the singing when you feel like it."

Before Jack could say a word to thank her she was gone. He stood, and looked around him. Bare and low and unfinished as was the chamber,

it was lovely to him; it was his own, it was home; and he shed tears of joy as he shut the door, and sat down on the bed.

"Old boy!" he said, taking Lion betwixt his knees, "I 've refused a fortin fer ye, but you 're a fortin in yourself!" For he felt that it was the dog's conduct in the field which had secured for them these comfortable quarters.

Hearing a noise outside of the unplastered partition which separated his room from the rest of the garret, he looked and saw a pair of eyes between the laths. He stepped and opened the door, and there stood Phin.

"Ain't ye going down to hear the singing?" said that young gentleman, with one of his insincere smiles. "Come! we can stay in the entry, if ye don't want to go into the room."

Jack assented. Half-way down the stairs Phin turned and looked back at him, — and now the smile had developed to a grin, as he said, — "I s'pose ye felt pretty big, did n't ye? when everybody was praising your dog; though I don't see why ye should, for it was n't for anything *you* had done, as I see."

Jack made no reply, but went and sat on the doorstep. There he could hear the singing, and see the pale face of Miss Felton, whose voice, when at length it joined with the others, sounded so sweet, with just a faint tremor of her recent agitation in it, that it thrilled him to those depths of the heart where some pure, some holy affection lies hidden, even in the hardened sinner's breast. Jack, though a sinner of no little experience for his years, was not hardened; his heart, under the influence of that face and that voice, and of all the kindness that had been shown him that afternoon, was soft as wax.

"Say! what ye crying for!" said Phin, poking him in the ribs. "I don't see anything to blubber at."

The long twilight fading, candles were carried into the parlor. Soon after Jack went softly around to the other entry, took from its peg the stolen hat, put it on, and walked out under the pale and misty stars. Nobody following or seeming to notice him, he wandered about awhile in the yard, and at last returned to the house. He was bareheaded, and his face was radiant. As he had chuckled the night before at the thought of the owner's perplexity when he should go to look for his hat, so he now once more laughed secretly, but with a far deeper and purer satisfaction.

"Hullo!" said Phin, meeting him at the kitchen door. "I 've been looking for you. Le 's go and make a bed for the dog. Where 's your hat?"

"I 'll get it," said Jack, taking down the one Mrs. Chatford had given him.

Phin lighted a lantern; and Lion was soon provided with a bed of clean straw in a kennel made out of a hencoop, and stationed beside the barn door.

Then in a little while Jack, his heart filled with a strange, sweet quiet, which, if not happiness, was something better, crept into his own bed, and fell asleep to the sound of the singing in the room below.

J. T. Trowbridge.

LAST LABORS AND DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

GREAT men seldom rest until they lie down in the grave to rest forever. Common men often say to themselves, "When I get a million dollars, I will go to a nice country place, and build a pretty house on the banks of a pleasant river, and there I will take my ease." Sometimes they are able to do this, although not often. But for the truly great there is little rest in this world. Whether they wish it or not, things so come about, that they cannot get out of harness, but fall, like knights on the field of battle, with their armor on, sword in hand. It often happens, too, that they leave their best things, as they think, undone, and die just when there seems most need that they should live.

So was it with that great and glorious Prince Henry the Navigator, who was, in my opinion, the best and most useful man of princely rank that ever lived in the world.

It was not enough that he had, in his youth, fought the Moors in Africa, added Ceuta to the dominions of the King of Portugal, and made it an outpost to defend Christian Europe against the Infidels. It was not enough that he had so long maintained in his palace at Sagres a noble school, the best in Europe, for the young nobility of the kingdom. It was not enough that he had caused to be discovered or rediscovered the Madeiras, the Azores, and the Canaries, and colonized several of them, so that they furnished Portugal with sugar, fruit, wax, and beautiful woods. It was not enough that he had made Portugal rich with the African commerce, and drawn to Lisbon a great number of the best mariners, navigators, and geographers of Europe. It was not enough that he had made known, by the ships which he sent out every year, three thousand miles of the coast of Africa, and excited a curiosity to learn more about the surface of the earth, which led before long to the discovery of a new world and the circumnavigation of the globe. Nor was it enough that, while doing all these great things, he had lived a life of the most perfect virtue and temperance, — an example to all the princes of his time. More remained for him to do.

It was the year 1458. The Prince was then sixty-four years of age. He had been a handsome and graceful man, of a clear red-and-white complexion, and an abundance of rich brown hair; but age, toil, study, and much fasting (for he was a devout Catholic) had taken the color out of his cheeks, touched his hair with frost, and given to his face a serious and even haggard aspect. Indeed, he had good cause to be serious during the last few years of his life.

In 1453 the Turks from Asia, under their great Sultan Mohammed, laid siege to Constantinople. A vast army of the ferocious Mohammedans covered the plains about the city, and a fleet of three hundred vessels blockaded

it by the Black Sea; while it was only defended by nine thousand Christian soldiers. The siege was long and terrible. Cannon were just then coming into use; and the old historians relate, as a great wonder, that the fierce Turks had in their camp a cannon of such enormous size, that it could carry a round stone weighing a hundred pounds! — frightful to think of in those days. But the place was bravely defended. The Christians built new walls as fast as the Turks could batter down the old ones. The Sultan at last increased his army to four hundred thousand men, and caused eighty large galleys to be carried eighty miles over land, and launched into the harbor, which soon destroyed every vessel belonging to the Christians. When this was done nothing could resist the assault of an enemy so numerous and so brave. The Emperor fought to the last.

"What!" cried he, when he saw himself surrounded by Turks, and all his officers dead at his feet; "is there no Christian left alive to strike off my head?"

Just as he said these words, a savage Turk, not knowing him, cut him across the face with his sabre, and another from behind struck him on the head, and laid him dead upon the ground. All was over. For three days the city was given up to pillage, and on the fourth day the Turkish Sultan marched into the city, and made it the capital of his empire; which it has remained ever since.

The Turks were in Europe! The Turks — the cruel, bigoted Turks! — of all the foes of the Christian faith, the most numerous, warlike, and powerful.

We cannot imagine the alarm which this event created, as the news slowly made its way from seaport to seaport and from court to court. It was no foolish fright, like that which sailors once felt, as they approached Cape Bajadore, and shuddered to think of the boiling ocean beyond it. The Mohammedan Moors still held the best provinces of Spain; and now the Mohammedan Turks were masters of the passage by which the soldiers of Asia could so easily reach all the southern nations of Europe. *Could*, do I say? Within thirty years after the taking of Constantinople the Turks had conquered Greece, and great provinces to the north of it, and had an army in Italy. If Mohammed had had successors as able as himself, they might have overrun, and even held for a time, the best half of Europe.

It was a time for all Christian princes to be alarmed. The Pope, who was then looked up to as their head and chief, called upon them to unite their armies in a grand crusade against the Turks; and he sent a bishop to the King of Portugal to invite him to join it. It speaks well for the good sense and the high spirit of the royal family of Portugal — little Portugal, so far from the danger — that they entered into the Pope's scheme more warmly than any other power in Europe. It had been well if the other kings had had the foresight and the courage to throw themselves heartily into the movement. Shakespeare tells us that it is better, and safer too, to go out to meet a wild beast in the depths of the forest, and

fight him there, rather than wait until he is ready to spring in at your door.

So thought Alfonso, King of Portugal, and so thought Prince Henry, his uncle. The king offered to send twelve thousand men every year to join the crusade, and he began at once to make preparations. He caused a new gold coin to be struck, which, from its having a cross on one side, was called a cruzado. This he did that his knights and soldiers, in their march across Europe, might have money to spend that would pass in any Christian country. All his efforts, however, were fruitless, because the other kings and princes held back, and Portugal alone was no match for the mighty Turk.

So King Alfonso made up his mind to lead his army against the Moors in Africa, and invited princes and knights to join him. As the Moors were not nearly so powerful as the Turks, many were willing to go with him. The place appointed for the meeting of all the forces was no other than Lagos, near Prince Henry's home, from which his ships had sailed for so many years on voyages of discovery. On his way to Lagos, with a fleet of ninety sail, King Alfonso came to anchor off Sagres, where the Prince lived, and went on shore to visit him. The Prince gave him a princely welcome and royal entertainment, and went with him to Lagos.

Two hundred and twenty vessels had assembled there, and an army of twenty-five thousand men. In October, 1458, this great armament arrived near the seaport on the African coast, called Alkazar, which it was designed to attack. Prince Henry, as an old general who had twice before seen service in Africa, conducted the siege; and he used the only cannon he had with such effect, that he soon had a breach in the wall. The Moors, struck with terror at this new weapon, sent to offer a ransom for their city. Prince Henry replied, "The King's object is the service of God, and not to take your goods or force a ransom from you. All that I require is, that you should withdraw, with your wives, children, and effects, from the town, but leave behind you all your Christian prisoners."

These conditions, hard as they seem to us, were in that age considered generous and humane. The Moors begged for time to reflect. But the Prince said, No; and told them that if the town had to be taken by assault, all the people would be put to the sword. Upon this they gave up. The next day the Moors marched out, and the Christians marched in; the mosque was consecrated a church; mass was said in it and the Te Deum sung. Alkazar was a Portuguese city.

And now Prince Henry's work was nearly done. To the last he continued his labors in sending expeditions in search of new countries. A brilliant discovery was made during the very last year of his life, 1460, when Diego Gomez, one of his captains, came upon the group of ten islands, which were afterwards named, from the cape near by, the Cape Verde Islands. The news arrived just in time to cheer the last days of the Prince, and he received the narrative of the discovery from Diego Gomez himself, who attended him during his last illness, and received his last breath.

We have from this honest mariner a too brief, but interesting account of his death and burial.

"In the year of our Lord 1460," he wrote, "Prince Henry fell ill in his town on Cape St. Vincent, and of that sickness he died on Thursday, the 13th of November, of the same year. And the same night on which he died they carried him to the church of St. Mary in Lagos, where he was buried with all honor."

For forty days, according to the custom of the age, priests remained in the church by night and day, praying for the repose of the Prince's soul. Diego Gomez superintended the conveying of provisions to these priests. When the forty days were over the king commanded him to examine the body, to see if it was fit to be removed.

"When," says Gomez, "I approached the body of the deceased, I found it dry and sound, except the tip of the nose, and I found him clothed in a rough shirt of horse-hair."

The Prince's body, accompanied by a great concourse of bishops and nobles, was conveyed to a chapel, built by his father, and in which were already buried his father, King John, his noble English mother, Philippa, and his five brothers. This chapel still exists, and it is said to be the most beautiful one in Europe, — so beautiful that one traveller assures us it is worth while to go to Portugal for no other purpose than to see it. Upon the tomb lies a statue of the Prince, in full armor, with a finely worked canopy of stone over his head; and upon the front of the tomb his arms are carved, and the insignia of the English Order of the Garter, to which he belonged.

When his will was opened and his affairs had to be regulated, it was found that, in his zeal for the service of his country, he had spent a great deal more than his income; so that he died deeply in debt. The amount of his debts, reckoned in gold, was six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, — a sum which in that age would buy as much and go as far as five millions of dollars will now. His heir, however, paid these debts in full soon after the Prince's death, out of the income of his estate.

The Portuguese historians of that time delight to describe this great prince, and relate his exploits, discoveries, and virtuous acts. They tell us that he had a large, strong frame, stout limbs, and a commanding presence. Strangers, they say, were sometimes afraid at the first sight of him. But the gentleness of his manner and the kindness of his words soon made them feel that he was their friend. From early youth to the end of his life he drank no wine, and his most intimate friends never heard an improper word fall from his lips. So many young noblemen from Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, and England came to his house to pass some time under the instruction of the geographers, astronomers, and navigators who lived with him, all wearing the garments of their nation, that his palace presented a curious sight, and many of the languages of Europe could be heard there at once. Every young gentleman who came properly recommended was welcome, and none left without carrying away with him a valuable gift from the Prince.

DUMPY DUCKEY.

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.] [See the Poem.

"All his days," says one Portuguese writer, who lived in the Prince's own lifetime, "were spent in hard work, and it would not readily be believed how often he passed the night without sleep; so that, by dint of unflagging industry, he accomplished what to other men seemed impossible. His wisdom and thoughtfulness, excellent memory, calm bearing, and polite language gave great dignity to his address. He was patient in adversity, and humble in prosperity; and he never hated any one, however much he may have been wronged."

The same author relates, that he was very obedient to all "the commands of Holy Church," and that all the services of religion were celebrated with as much ceremony in his own chapel at Sagres as in a cathedral. But he was not content with outward observance; for the hands of the poor never went empty from his presence.

Such was Prince Henry the Navigator, and thus was he esteemed by the men of his own day. He did not live to see the full results of his labors. His navigators had not yet reached the end of Africa, nor had any progress been made in converting the Africans to the Christian religion, — the two objects nearest his heart. But the King was not backward in going on with the work. In 1462 he sent two vessels down the African coast, which went a little farther than any had gone before; and voyages continued to be made, either for trade or discovery every year.

When the Prince had been dead nine years the king of Portugal hit upon a plan for carrying on Prince Henry's scheme without taking any trouble himself. He sold to a citizen of Lisbon, Fernandez Gomez by name, the sole right to trade with the coast of Africa, on the following conditions: first and chiefly, Gomez was every year to send a ship one hundred leagues farther south than any ship had gone before; secondly, he was to pay the king a small sum of money every year; and, lastly, the king was to have all the ivory brought from Africa. This contract, which was for five years, made Gomez exceedingly rich, and led to the discovery of the coast to a point about a hundred and twenty miles south of the equator.

The Prince was dead, but his work went on. It never stopped until the whole round globe had been gone over, except the parts locked in eternal ice.

James Parton.

DUMPY DUCKY.

QUACK, quack, quack!
Three white and four black.
Your coat, you saucy fellow,
Shades off to green and yellow:
Do you think I like you best
Because you are prettiest?

Quack, quack, quack!
White spots on his back, —
Chasing his long-necked brothers, —
I see him, old duck-mothers;
You need not quack so loud,
Nor look so stiff and proud.

Quack, quack, quack!
Ducks, you have a knack
Of talking and saying nothing,
And showing off fine clothing
Like many folks I see
Who wiser ought to be.

Quack, quack, quack!
Please to stop your clack!
They call me Dumpy Ducky;
Do you not think you are lucky,
You ducklings all, to be
Named for a girl like me?

Quack, quack, quack!
What is it that we lack, —
You with a pond for swimming,
I with my bucket brimming, —
You with your web-toes neat,
I with my stout bare feet?

Quack, quack, quack!
You make a funny track
When you waddle through the garden.
And, ducks, — I beg your pardon,
But I do not choose to try
A swim in your pond; not I!

Quack, quack, quack!
Now you may all turn back,
Your home is in the water;
I am the Dutchman's daughter,
And my plump little sisters cry
"We want a drink!" Good by!

Lucy Larcom.

OUR TRAPS.

"LOR' me!" exclaimed grandmother, as she came from the dairy-room with a skimmer in one hand and the cream-pot in the other. "If them pesky mice don't worry me ter death! They 've jest sp'ilt four pans o' yisterday's milkin', and our best ball butter is jest kivered with their tracks! What in the world shell I dew? Why, if they continner, we sha' n't hev cream for a churnin' this three weeks! Sir, dew go 'n' set the traps!"

"Humph! lots o' good 't'll dew ter set the traps!" growled grandfather, rising from a comfortable seat before the fireplace. "I 've jest been over to the south field on the hill, an' I never see sich a sight afore in my life! Why, the'r nests are as thick as hasty-pudden!"

"Nests o' what?" said grandmother.

"Why, the field-mice, of course! The varmints hev been inter the corn-patch and are hevin' a reg-i-ler feast! guess we sha' n't hev any corn nuther if we don't stop 'em soon. We had jest sich a time of it seven year ago this summer; don't ye remember, wife, when the mice were so thick on the farms a'jinin' this? and what a time Farmer Brown hed a pisenin' on 'em? W'y, yes, ye dew! How he steeped a lot o' corn in arsenic, and scattered it about in the fields and orchard, and how his hens set tew eatin' on 't, and then a lot o' his best pullets up and died from a pickin' on 't up? W'y, yes, ye dew! And how he tried all sorts o' things, but it did n't dew a fig o' good, till the cold winter a follerin' he allers thought killed 'em all, for there was n't a one ter be seen the whole o' the summer arter. But jest keep yer patience, wife, a leetle longer; I 'll set the traps and rid the pantry o' mice anyhow. And look here, gran'son," said he, turning to me, for I was all the time listening to the mouse story behind his chair, "I 'll give ye a sixpence for every mice ye 'll ketch in the fields; so go ter settin' yer traps as quick as ye 're a mind tew; who knows but ye 'll make yer fortin in a day or tew!"

"Yes!" replied grandmother, "ye can set springers like that 'ere one John shewed ye about t' other day. I 'll give ye all the twine ye want for yer slip-knots."

"And I 'll give ye the leetle axe ter take ter cut yer sticks with," said grandfather, "and ye can go over 'n' git Will Brown ter help ye if ye like —

Tut! tut! but jest hold on a bit till I tell ye. Ye must set yer traps, ye know, in time to hev 'em all done afore dark, and hev 'em all baited tew, for they're slyer 'n coons, them 'ere field-mice be, and never show their noses till arter the sun is down. So make up yer mind ter work hard all day, for ye won't ketch a mice till arter dark."

To have found a boy more pleased than I would have been a difficult matter. With eager haste I rushed pell-mell through the kitchen, into the shed, out of doors into the shop, and there, after a series of adventures, such as tumbling over the saw-horse, tearing my pants with the teeth of the angry saw, and stepping into a pot of blue paint, I at last succeeded in reaching the spot where lay the object of my desire, — the "little axe." With this I set out across-lots for Will Brown's, to unfold to him the mysteries of the proposed trapping expedition. Over the fence I sprang, running right through the cabbage-bed, over the wall and across the orchard into the pasture; and there, taking the cow-path, I "hypered" through the bushes all drenched with dew, and soon, well out of breath and wet to the waist, came to the back garden fence in the rear of Will's home. Over this I "shinned," and quickly spied the selfsame fellow, engaged in his morning chores.

"Ho, Will!" cried I. "I've got something to tell you! O, splendid!"

"What is it?" eagerly asked he.

"Sit down here and I'll tell you."

So we both took seats upon the chopping-block, and there I told him the whole story, as fast as the words would come from my mouth. Then we planned and replanned for the day, how to do this, then that, and finally had all settled to the satisfaction of both.

The remaining part of the morning's work was speedily done, Will showing his strength and agility with the axe, while I carried the wood as fast as split to the kitchen wood-box. As I came in from time to time, sweating under heavy loads, I could see Will's mother eying me with a curious smile, and I knew that she suspected something; she never said a word to me, though. At last Will, pulling on his coat and throwing the axe over his shoulders, shouted "Come on!" and off we started.

"I know the best place to cut springers," said he. "Let's go over to Mill Brook, — there are some first-rate alders over there."

"Pooh! alders are no good!" answered I. "They have n't got any spring, besides they'll stay bent; birch is better than that; but our John makes his out of white oak or hickory boughs. I think we'd better get birch, for they are straighter, and we can get plenty of crotchets off the same trees. I know a first-rate place for birch; you just follow me."

We had just reached the woods, and were about to begin work, when a new idea entered Will's brain. All at once he threw off his hat, and giving it a sling high into the air shouted, "O, ain't there some splendid birches! I'll tell you what let's do, let's go 'n' swing!"

"How? where?" said I, perplexed.

"Why, on the birches, of course! Did n't you ever swing birches? O, it's splendid fun! I'll take that tall one and show you how."

And, pulling off his jacket, he climbed the slender trunk. When within a few feet of the top the stem began to bend, and he took off his hat again and sailed it down to me with a loud shout: "Ho! now for the fun! Look at me!" Then crossing his legs firmly about the tree and hanging under, over he came with a graceful swing. Next, letting go with his feet, he hung perpendicularly downward, still grasping the trunk, his toes just touching the ground. "Now for a jump!" and with a loud laugh and a vigorous kick he sprang into the air; up he went and down he came with loud peals of laughter and shouts of "Splendid! splendid!" till I could stand the temptation no longer. I selected a tree for myself, and up I "shinned," for a jolly swing. As luck would have it, however, I had chosen a bad tree, one that was a little too stiff, but I did n't know it at the time.

I let myself go with all confidence, falling over with a delightful swing, shouting as I came, "Will, just look at me! It 's splendid, ain't it?" When over as far as the tree would allow, I let go my feet and was left — dangling in mid-air! In vain I tried to feel the ground with my toes; but there was no ground in reach. Now I began to realize my situation and to feel somewhat frightened, so I began to scream at the top of my voice, "Will! Will! O, help me down! Quick! Hurry! I shall fall! Quick! I can't hold on much longer!" Down he dropped about as frightened as myself, I guess, for the first thing he did was to climb up a tree next mine, and seize hold of my feet, intending (as he afterwards said) "to bend my tree over more, so I could get off"; he pulled till I thought I should drop, and I screamed all the louder. "O Will! let go! let go my feet, I say! you 'll haul me off! let go!" at the same time kicking with all my might. It was not until I had given him a rap or two on his topknot that he got the idea into it how to help me down. He finally did the right thing in climbing up my own tree, when the combined weight of us both brought it over; the next moment, feeling my feet touch the ground, I shouted, "Look out, Will, I 'm going to let go!" and released my aching muscles, and the tree flew back again.

"Guess you 'll get me to swing birches again!" said I, as Will dropped to the ground. "Not if I know myself. Just look at my hands! But let 's hurry, or we sha' n't get our traps set to-day."

It was long after noon when we came up through the orchard into our back door-yard, and threw down our loads of springers, crotchets, spreaders and other trap "fixings," and I was just remarking, "I wonder if the folks have been to dinner?" when grandmother's ruffled and capped head popped out at the rear kitchen window, and in a moment I heard her exclaim, "W'y, boys! where hev ye been tew? I 've been a waitin' for ye this tew hours! Yer meat is jest done brown in the oven, and I guess yer tater and pudden ain't any better! I say! where hev you been?"

"After spreaders!" we meekly answered.

"After spreaders! Why did n't ye watch the sun, and then ye would hev know'd when 't was noon? But come, I say! Will, you 'd better come in tew and git a leetle suthin'. I 'll warrant ye yer mother has cleared

off her table long afore this!" We did n't need much persuading, for we were both as hungry as bears.

Our appetites at length satisfied, we took our trap material and set out for the south field.

"Mind and be home in time for yer supper, for ye know yer father 'll be here!" were the last words we heard from grandmother, and with a hearty "yes!" we soon passed out of sight.

The afternoon was spent in hard work, for never did two boys whittle harder and meet with more mishaps than we. But our patience and perseverance were at last rewarded, by seeing a dozen traps, set in readiness to catch the first mouse that should be so unfortunate as to nibble the bait and set loose the springer; and late in the day, the sun just setting, with one final look to see that all was right, we plodded off homeward, separating at the orchard bars, with the understanding that we should meet each other on the same spot at seven in the evening, for a peep at the traps.

"O, how slow the time goes!" muttered I to myself, as I sat in the kitchen corner with nothing to do but to watch the great gold hands of the old-fashioned clock, as they followed each other in their endless chase around the great steel dial. The first stroke of the bell for seven brought me to my feet, just in the instant to hear the loud shrill whistle sounded by Will. I seized my hat.

"Stop a minute!" cried father. "Why, where are you going, my son?"

"To look at our traps!" was the answer.

"What, to-night? and in the dark?"

"Look here a bit!" said grandfather. "Don't ye want ter take the lantern with ye? ye can see better! Wait a leetle till I see if there 's a candle in 't." So he went to the cellar stairway and took down from a nail an old-fashioned tin lantern, perforated with holes, through which the rays of light streamed in all directions as he lighted the tallow candle within. This he handed me with a card of matches, to be used in case the light should go out, and in a moment I was with Will at the bars.

"What did you keep me a waiting so long for? I 've been here this ten minutes! Did n't you hear me whistling?"

"Yes, but you see I had to wait for this lantern. Ain't it jolly, though? But come, let 's see who 'll be there first"; and off we went on a run. "Hush! easy! don't make any noise! You follow behind me, Will."

"Can you see them?" asked he.

"No! yes! there 's one sprung! Come on!" and we rushed up to find it indeed sprung, but no mouse.

"Let 's look at the next!" said Will. But here we were again disappointed, for the second was just as we had left it. And the third?

"Yes, 't is sprung!" shouted I, "and a mouse in it, if I know myself! No it is n't, it 's a mole!"

It was a singular sight to see suspended from the springer the lifeless body of the poor little mole with a noose about his neck. He was a pretty creature, with fine soft fur, a long snout, and scarcely visible eyes; and as

I stroked his velvety back I could not but feel sad at his tragic end. With feelings of pity we took him from the frightful gallows, and laid him down upon his own mole-hill.

We found still another trap sprung, but nothing in it.

"Let 's set these before we go home," I said.

"Yes," said Will, "maybe we 'll catch something more by morning."

We had just finished the work when a loud buzz startled us both.

"Did you hear that?" said Will. "What was it?"

"I don't know, hark!" Buzz, buzz, again; and two enormous beetles, after circling about our heads and the lantern, alighted from their flight upon the body of the mole.

"Dor-bugs, I guess!" said Will.

"No, they ain't! they don't look like dor-bugs, for they 're a good deal bigger, and see! these are black with yellow bars across the back; dor-bugs are brown all over, you know. I 'll tell you how to decide it; we 'll take them home to father; he 'll tell us what they are, and all about them. Come on! you take the bugs and I 'll carry the mole." And we set out for home once more, happy that we had triumphed, and proud of our work.

"Well, boys, what luck?" inquired father as we entered the kitchen with heads erect and hands behind us. "Did you catch anything?"

"Of course we did! you don't suppose we worked all day for nothing, do you? Just look here!" and I held out the dead mole.

"Well, you have done well!"

"Here 's yer sixpence!" said grandfather, laughing. "A mole 's as good as a mouse. Did n't I tell ye ye 'd make yer fortin?"

"And, Will, what have you got hid away in your hands?" asked father.

"That 's what we don't know; they 're some kind of bugs."

"Let me see one, perhaps I can tell you. O yes! why, this is fine! You have captured a most interesting beetle; where did you find it?" We told the story. "Ah yes! I see. Now don't you want me to tell you something about this creature? It has a very curious history."

"O yes, yes!" quickly answered all.

"Well, then, move up to the fire; come, grandfather and grandmother, Will, John, and all of you, move up and make a circle!" We arranged ourselves as directed, and after grandfather had piled two or three sticks on the fire, and fanned the glowing embers into a bright blaze, and grandma had lit her pipe and taken a whiff or two, father began.

"Not many years ago there lived a man in Germany, I think, who was extremely fond of studying the habits of animals; so much so that he devoted almost all his time to the observation of insects, becoming what is termed by scientific men an entomologist. He had from time to time placed in his garden the dead bodies of moles and mice, and as often had missed them, for they all soon disappeared in a most mysterious manner. He determined one day to discover if possible the cause of this; so he placed himself on guard over one or two fresh bodies, and commenced his watch. It was not long before he beheld some beetles alight upon them,

—just such beetles as you have brought in from the field. His interest was of course excited, and he watched them through the whole of their

Beetles burying a Mouse.

work, which ended in the burial of the dead bodies. Not feeling satisfied with this, and wishing to watch their proceedings more carefully, he captured four of these insect grave-diggers and encaged them within a glass case half filled with earth, placing upon the surface of the same two dead frogs, one of which was buried in twelve hours, and the other on the third day. Then he placed in the case a dead bird, and the beetles immediately began their operations by removing the earth from beneath, tugging now and then at the feathers from below in order to drag it into the grave. The male now drove off the female, and continued the work all alone for five long hours, now lifting up the body, then turning and arranging it in its grave, and coming out from time to time to mount the carcass and tread it under foot. At length, apparently fatigued with hard work, he came forth, and resting his head upon the earth, sank into a slumber, not exhibiting the slightest motion for full an hour, when he again set to work. Next morning the bird was an inch and a half below the surface, and at evening it had sunk an inch lower. In another day the work was completed and the body covered. He added other dead bodies from time to time, so that the four beetles deposited in graves within that narrow cemetery, no less than twelve bodies in fifteen days. Now what do you think of your beetles? I once read of an ingenious comparison between the strength of this beetle and that of a man; which, calculating a mole to be forty times as large as

the beetle, showed that a man to do an equal amount of labor in proportion to his size would have to inter, in two days, an animal forty times as large as himself."

"Wal, if that ain't cur'ous!" said grandmother.

"And what in the world does this 'ere feller bury these things for, I 'd like ter know?" asked grandfather.

"Well, I suppose it is, like the mainspring of other insect sagacity, parental affection. They always lay their eggs upon the carcass they bury, so that the young grubs will have something to feed upon, when they are hatched. The burial is effected, no doubt, to protect the eggs from the attacks of birds and other insects."

"And what is the name of this curious beetle, father?" said I.

"I suppose it may be called the Sexton Beetle. Some call it the Burying Beetle; but if you were to ask an entomologist he would say '*Necrophorus*.'"

"We call 'em carr'on beetles here," said grandfather.

"There, Will!" said I, "I told you that they were n't dor-bugs!"

"Well, boys, I think if you have n't anything planned up for to-morrow, that you had better try this experiment yourselves. You can see the whole thing with your own eyes, if you will only put your beetles into a box, with the mole and plenty of earth."

"So we will!" cried both of us; and after placing our pets in their new homes, we left them to their work, and thus ended a day of adventures.

Charles A. Walker.

ONE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

AND HOW HE BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN.

I.

"LOOK at Bert, Uncle John! I do believe he 's crying, and he 's been all the afternoon reading that old book about *Mock-heathens*. I wish you 'd get him off the sofa." And Gracie, looking just a little cross, waited to see what would be done.

"'Mock-heathens,' eh, Gracie? What about them, Bert? I thought we had plenty of real ones to deal with."

"Gracie 's a goose," said Bert. "It 's the 'Last of the Mohicans,' Uncle John. Nothing heathen about him. I declare I believe I 'd rather be an Indian than most of the white men. So just and so generous and so grateful; never forgetting a benefit, you know, and so brave! I wish I was an Indian!"

"So, justice and generosity and bravery are the sole property of Indians, Bert. Well, I dare say it 's so — in Cooper; but it did n't seem much like that when I was among them, or at least only now and then."

"You! Why, Uncle John! I thought you 'd always been in China and all round. I did n't know you 'd ever lived with Indians. When was it? Do tell about it. Where was it?"

Uncle John laughed. "Why, yes, Bert. I lived with them or near them nearly six years, starting towns in Minnesota."

"And to think I never knew you knew a word about them!" said Bert; "Now, Uncle John, there 's a good hour and more before tea. Do please begin just anywhere, and tell everything you can think of."

"Well," said Uncle John after a moment, "I 'll do the best I can, but it can't be done in an hour. Come to my room after tea, and we 'll talk then all you like."

Two hours later, with Gracie on his knee, and Bert on a stool at his feet, Uncle John talked very nearly as follows: —

Papoose and Squaw.

"We 'll begin with the baby, the papoose on his mother's back. He is the son of a Sioux chief, and he is wrapped in the warm, softly dressed buffalo-skin which is worn only by the better class of Indians. Was worn, I should have said; for as year by year the buffaloes lessen, blankets have

taken the place of skins, for which so high a price is paid by the traders that few can afford to wear them.

"We must go back a few years to the time when Minnesota, then a vast, almost unknown wilderness, was the home of the great nation, since scattered from Rainy Lake to the Plains; for in Minnesota it was that Wasutah first saw the light. In Wi-te-ri, or January, the 'hard moon,' the *teepee* was pitched under some tall pines. The grandmother cut down eight or ten poles ten feet long, and setting them in a circle all meeting at the top, formed her framework for the tent. Unstrapping the heavy pack she had carried all day, she unfolded the tent cover, made from seven or eight buffalo-skins stitched together with deer sinews, and laid the bottom part around the base of the frame. With a long pole she raised the heavy skins, drawing them around the frame till they met, and fastening the edges together with wooden skewers, then pulled it down, and skewered the bottom to the ground. From the same pack came the camp-kettle and a small axe, and with these she went to the nearest grove, cut down wood for the night, and filling the kettle at a stream close by, returned to the lodge and kindled the fire, which would burn till spring came and sugar-making took them to the maple woods.

"When at night the hunter came home with a string of rabbits and muskrats, there hung from one of the lodge-poles a board covered with gay beadwork, swinging slowly back and forth; and from the weasel-skin covering strapped tightly down rose the black head and shining eyes of little Wasutah. Not Wasutah then, for no Sioux child takes a name till old enough to hunt, but only 'the baby,' as tenderly cared for and as perseveringly half murdered as any of his white brothers at the same age. Wasutah began life by sucking a stewed muskrat's leg for supper, and between that and fishes' tails and sleeping he found employment through the long winter.

"Is-ta-wi-ca-ya-zan-wi came, — March, the 'sore-eye moon,' — when the wind blew all ways at once, and every Indian baby hanging right over the lodge-fire, winked and blinked, as the smoke poured about him, and grew blacker-skinned and redder-eyed with every day of it.

"Wo-ka-da-wi, 'the month when geese lay eggs,' ended all this, and, safely folded in on his mother's back, with the axe and camp-kettle, three small dogs too young to travel, and too precious to be left behind, and a large yellow cat, Wasutah journeyed to the sugar-bush, and for a month swung peacefully from a pole of the new lodge ceaselessly sucking maple candy.

"Through Wo-ju-pi-wi, the 'planting moon,' he was set up against a tree, while his mother and grandmother hoed the ground and planted corn and potatoes; or, high up on a rough scaffold, he was passed about among the older children whose business was to frighten away the crows and blackbirds.

"With September, the 'wild-rice moon,' he was taken from the board now and then, and sometimes pulled himself up by the side of the canoe as it paddled slowly through the rice-fields, while the women beat out the

ripe grains. When the 'hard moon' came again the board was put away till another should claim it, and in a little skin suit, the exact copy of his father's, Wasutah toddled gravely about the lodge door, watching his grandfather making snowshoes, or the boys sliding down hill on smooth narrow strips of wood. Spilling his mother's birch pan of small beads; falling headforemost into the camp-kettle, and running down the trail till he fell off, and stuck fast in the deep snow, were as common incidents in Wasutah's life as tumbling down stairs, swallowing buttons, and eating dust and ashes are with civilized babies. How fat and cunning he was, and how you would have wanted to pick him up, — only that was out of the question when you came a little nearer, for fish-oil and dirt had it all their own way, and the little skin suit was as *populous* as all Wasutah's suits would be to the end of the chapter.

"At six years old a bow-and-arrow was made for him, and he practised on snowbirds. At seven or eight he could bring down a squirrel from the tallest tree, and by ten his evenings were spent in the tent where the most old men could be found, for from them he heard wonderful legends. First, the creation of the world, for Wasutah, like all the rest of us, asked very early 'How did I come here?' and this is what the old men told him.

"Oanktayhee, the chief god or spirit of the Dakotas, with eyes large as the moon, and horns and tail which he can lengthen as he pleases, grew tired of living alone in space, and, calling together the aquatic tribes, ordered them to dive for earth or forfeit their lives. Many tried and failed, till at last the muskrat appeared at the surface, nearly dead with exhaustion, but carrying a little dirt. From this Oanktayhee made the earth, shaping it into a great circular plain. This work done, he ground up one of his own children into small bits and sprinkled him over the earth, each bit becoming a worm. The worms were collected, ground and also scattered, and changed shortly to babies, when a final picking up and scattering developed them into full-grown Dakota warriors. Having finished this work, Oanktayhee went into private life under the Falls of St. Anthony, where he still lives, coming out at the breaking up of the river in the spring, and eating whatever bodies may be swept down in the ice.

"Oanktayhee's greatest enemy, Wahkeenyan, lives on a mountain far to the west, and his *teepee* has four openings, each guarded by a warrior in red down. At times he shoots through the earth and lets the water flow out that Oanktayhee may have nothing to drink. Thunder-storms are made by his attempts to kill Oanktayhee, who never dares put his head out, lest a thunderbolt should hit it.

"Hayokah is one god with four persons. He calls bitter sweet, and sweet bitter. He moans when full of joy, and laughs when most miserable. One old man told in wheezy whispers of a band of strange Indians far to the north who worshipped this god. At dawn of day he had seen them assemble in a *teepee* over the fire upon which were hung kettles. Dressed in hats and coats of bark with zigzag streaks of paint upon them to imitate lightning, they sat smoking about the fire till the water bubbled. This was

the signal for the dance, and they whirled and yelled till the meat had boiled, when, plunging in their hands, they seized and ate it, throwing handfuls of the boiling water on each other's backs and declaring it did not burn.

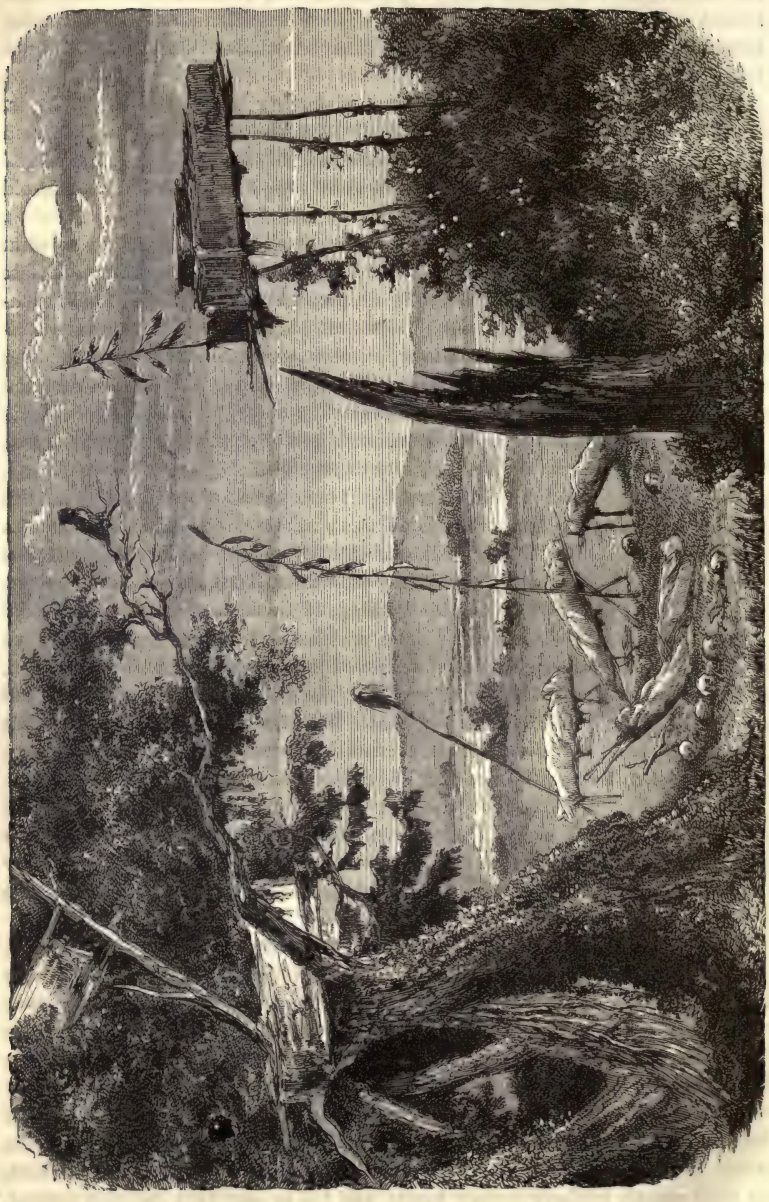
"Takushkanshkan is the last god, full of revenge, anger, and deceitfulness, and knowing all the thoughts of men. Nothing delights him but fresh scalps. As Wasutah listened he shivered in thinking the fierce god was always near him, and resolved to take scalps so soon as he was old enough.

"But as he grew older and watched the medicine dances, and saw what power belonged to the medicine-men, he determined that he would fast for the medicine dance, after taking first one scalp to propitiate Takushkanshkan. Why should he not? His first plaything had been a bow-and-arrow; the first songs he had heard, songs of war. At fourteen he had made a war-club, and vowed to abstain from eating certain consecrated parts of animals. After killing an enemy he would be released from his vow so far as one portion was concerned, and each scalp taken would free a part, till finally he would be at liberty to take all.

"At sixteen Wasutah, tall and straight as a young pine-tree, was on the war-path. He came home with three fresh scalps, but I shall not tell you how they were got. Painted black and dancing madly, he and his companions approached the village, and as they drew near, those who ran out to meet them stripped off their old clothes and gave them new. The scalps were painted red, stretched on a small hoop, and fastened to a pole; and at once a dance began. Corn and fish were boiled in huge kettles, and the women, standing on one side the circle opposite the men, advanced and retreated squeaking an unearthly chant. Wasutah took no part in the dance, but sat in state at the head of the *teepee*, receiving presents and congratulations, and looked upon by all as a famous warrior, even by the braves who wore twenty eagle's feathers, each one the sign of a scalp taken. This dance is the only one in which the women engage to any extent, only a few special ones taking part in the medicine dance; and Wasutah's mother looked proudly upon him as she served the food in birch bark or wooden bowls.

"Such honor was worth more even than that given to the medicine-men, and from that day Wasutah gave himself to hunting, taking scalps whenever an enemy could be found. Through the summer he played ball, a sport to which the young Indians are much given. Sides were chosen, stakes set on the prairie at a distance of half or a quarter of a mile as bounds, and often two or three hundred joined in the game. The ball was a round knot of wood covered with hide, and supposed to be '*wawkawn*,' or sacred. The ball being thrown up in the centre, each party tried to take it from the other beyond the bounds, and as they rushed to and fro almost naked, bells at their wrists, feathers in their heads, and fox or wolf tails dangling behind, it was a sight to confound a 'Red' or 'White Stocking.'

"For winter evenings when not off on the hunts, there was a game like



Taopee's "Burial-Place."

our hunt-the-slipper, where a bullet or plum-stone being placed in one of four moccasins or mittens, the circle sought for it as it passed around, and bet on the chances of finding it in a given place. Or, best of all, was the game of plum-stones, eight of which were marked with certain devices, and thrown into a bowl. As the bowl was shaken by one of the players, bets were made by the two sides as to what devices would turn up, and in this way Wasutah lost often the proceeds of a whole hunt. Smoking and preparing the pinnikinnick, or dried willow bark, for mixture with the tobacco, filled up all the spare moments, and thus Wasutah's life was in its way a busy one.

"The time came when his *teepee* grew lonely, and many hours were spent near that of Taopee, a noted medicine-man, whose fat daughter did bead-work within while Wasutah played on a reed flute without. Winona, for so the oldest daughter among the Sioux is always called, was 'willin'' as Barkis, and Taopee quite as much so; and a pony, two guns, and some blankets secured the bride, who, veiled with a blanket, was taken to her lover's lodge, and there left by a friend.

"Now practical life began, for the father-in-law's family must be provided with game for a year, or until another little Wasutah should swing from the lodge-pole. Before this happened, Taopee, famous medicine-man as he was, had given up his spirit to Pauguk, the awful god of darkness and death, and Wasutah's final hunt must be for the funeral feast, where the friends yelled and groaned and cut themselves with sharp stones, stopping now and then to eat the food provided, and then begin again.

A common Sioux would have been rolled in a blanket or two, laid on a sort of litter and placed either in a tree or on a rude scaffold eight or ten feet from the ground, — for that is the way the Sioux Indians dispose of their dead. But Taopee as a medicine-man deserved better treatment, and a birch-bark coffin was made, marked with the *totem*, and placed high above the others in the burial-place, there to stay till only the bones remained, when they would be taken down and buried. No one willingly approached this spot at night, for evil spirits watched it, and only in broad daylight did the friends come near and make their offerings of meat and corn to the hungry shades who might be delayed in their journey to the spirit-land. Here by the scaffold Wasutah kept a fast which should determine whether or not he would become a medicine-man; but for the result you must wait till another evening, Bert. Here 's Gracie sound asleep."

"I 'm not," said an indignant voice. "I was only thinking with my eyes shut. It 's awful to be an Indian."

"It 's glorious," said Bert, though rather faintly. "Just think of the freedom, and the splendid hunts!"

"And the dirt, and the not knowing anything, and the scalps! You wait till uncle gets through and see if you 'll like 'em as well."

Helen C. Weeks.

THE CARRYING TRADE.

WHO wants to engage in the carrying trade? Come, Lottie and Lula and Nina and Mary, all bring your maps and we will play merchants, and see what is meant by the carrying trade.

Lottie shall have the bark Rosette, and sail from Boston to Calcutta; Lula, the steamer North Star, from New York for Liverpool; Mary shall take the Sea-Gull from Philadelphia to San Francisco; and Nina is owner of the Racer, that makes voyages up the Mediterranean. Are we all ready for our game?

Lottie begins, and she must find out what Boston has to send to Calcutta. Don't send indigo or saltpetre or gunny-bags or ginger; for even should you have these articles to spare, Calcutta has an abundance at home, and you must discover something that she needs but does not possess.

"Ice," says Lottie. "Yes, that is just the thing, because Calcutta has a hot climate and cannot make her own ice; so load the Rosette with great blocks well packed, and start at once, for your voyage is long."

And now we will go with Lula to the North River pier, where her great steamer lies, and see what she intends to carry to Liverpool. Bales of cotton, barrels of flour, of beef, and of petroleum. All very good, so good-by to her. In a few weeks we will see what she brings back.

Come, Mary, what has Philadelphia for San Francisco? O, what a load the Sea-Gull must take of machinery, steam-engines, tobacco, and oil; and such a quantity of other things that the Sea-Gull will need to make many voyages before she can take them all. We load her at this busy wharf, where the coal-vessels are passing in and out for New York and Boston, and the steamers are loading for Europe, and the little coasters crowding in one after another; and away we go for the voyage round the "Horn," where the Sea-Gull will meet her namesakes, and perhaps some stormy winds besides.

Meantime Nina's Racer has been stored full of cotton cloths and hardware, and has raced out of Boston Harbor so swiftly that fair winds will take her to Gibraltar in three weeks.

And so you have all engaged in the carrying trade; but as yet you have carried only one way. To complete the game, we must wait for Lottie to bring the Rosette safely home with saltpetre and indigo and hides and ginger and seersuckers and gunny-cloth. And the North Star must steam her quick way across the Atlantic, and return with salt and hardware, anchors, steel, woollens, and linens. Mary must beat her way round Cape Horn, and home again with wool and gold and silver. And the swift Racer must quickly bring the figs and prunes and raisins, and the oranges and lemons that will spoil if they are too long on the way.

So children may play at the carrying trade, and so their fathers and uncles may work at it in earnest; and so also hundreds of little workers are busy

all the world over in another carrying trade which keeps you and me alive from day to day; and yet we scarcely think at all how it is going on, or stop to thank the hands that feed us.

England and Italy are kingdoms, France is an empire, and the United States a republic, and they all engage in this business and are constantly sending goods one to another; but there are other kingdoms, not put down on any map, that are just as busy as they, and in the same sort of work too.

The earth is one kingdom, the water another, and there is the great republic of the gases surrounding us on every side, only we can't see it because its inhabitants have the fairy gift of walking invisible. Each of these kingdoms has products to export, and is all ready to trade with the others, if only some one will supply the means; just as the Frenchmen might stand on their shores and hold out to us wines and prunes and silks and muslins, and we might stand on our shores and hold out gold and silver to them, and yet could make no exchange, because there were no ships to carry the goods across. "Ah," you may say, "that is not at all the case here; for the earth, the air, and the water are all close to each other and close to us, and there is no need of ships; we can exchange hand to hand."

But here comes a difficulty. Read carefully, and I think you will understand it. Here is Ruth, a little growing girl, who wants phosphate of lime to build bones with; for as she grows of course her bones must grow too. Very well, I answer, there is plenty of phosphate of lime in the earth; she can have all she wants. Yes, but does Ruth want to eat earth? — do you? — does anybody? Certainly not; so, although the food she needs is close beside her, even under her feet, she cannot get it any more than we can get the French goods, excepting by means of the carrying trade. Where now are the little ships that shall bring to Ruth the phosphate of lime she needs and cannot reach, although it lies in her own father's field? Let me show you how her father can build the ships that will bring it to her. He must go out into that field and plant wheat-seeds, and as they grow every little ear and kernel gathers up phosphate of lime and becomes a tiny ship freighted with what his little daughter needs. When that wheat is ground into flour and made into bread, Ruth will eat what she could n't have been willing to taste unless the useful little ships of the wheat-field had brought it to her.

Now let us send to the republic of the gases for some supplies, for we cannot live without carbon and oxygen; and although we do breathe in oxygen with every breath we draw, we also need to receive it in other ways; so the sugar-cane and the maple-trees engage in the carrying trade for us, taking in carbon and oxygen by their leaves and sending it through their bodies, and when it reaches us it is sugar, — and a very pleasant food to most of you, I dare say.

But we cannot take all we need of these gases in the form of sugar, and there are many other ships that will bring it to us. The corn will gather

it up and offer it in the form of meal or of corn-starch puddings; or the grass will bring it to the cow, since you and I refuse to take it from the grass ships, but the cow offers it to us again in the form of milk, and we do not think of refusing; or the butcher offers it to us in the form of beef, and we do not say, "No."

Alice wants some india-rubber shoes. Do you think the kingdoms of air and water can send her a pair? The india-rubber-tree in South America will take up water and separate from it hydrogen, of which it is partly composed, and adding to this carbon from the air, will make a gum which we can work into shoes and balls, buttons, tubes, cups, cloth, and a hundred other useful articles.

Then, again, you and I and all of us must go to the world of gases for nitrogen to help build our bodies, to make muscle and blood and skin and hair; and so the peas and beans load their boat-shaped seeds full, and bring it to us so fresh and excellent that we enjoy eating it.

This useful carrying trade has also another branch well worth looking at.

You remember hearing how many soldiers were sick in war time at the South, but perhaps you do not know that their best medicine was brought to them by a South American tree that gathered up from the earth and air bitter juices to make what we call quinine. Then there is camphor, which I am sure you have all seen, sent by the East Indian camphor-tree to cure you when you are sick; and gum-arabic and all the other gums, and castor-oil and most of the other medicines that you don't at all like, all brought to us by the plants.

I might tell you a great deal more of this, but I will only stop to show a little what we give back in payment for all that is brought.

When England sends us hardware and woollen goods she expects us to repay her with cotton and sugar, that are just as valuable to us as hardware and woollens to her; but see how differently we treat the kingdoms from which the plant-ships are all the time bringing us food and clothes and medicines, etc., etc. All we return is just so much as we don't want to use. We take in good fresh air, and breathe out impure and bad. We throw back to the earth whatever will not nourish and strengthen us; and yet no complaint comes from the faithful plants. Do you wonder? I will let you into the secret of this. The truth is that what is worthless to us is really just the food they need; and they don't at all know how little we value it ourselves. It is like the Chinese, of whom we might buy rice or silk or tea, and pay them in rats which we are glad to be rid of, while they consider them good food.

Now I have given you only a peep into this carrying trade, but it is enough to show you how to use your own eyes to learn more about it. Look about you and see if you can't tell as good a story as I have done, or a better one, if you please.

Author of "Seven Little Sisters."

A DAY IN EARLY HAY-TIME.

SMALL watery clouds begin to rise, before the midday hour,
And beaded drops on water-jars foretell an early shower.

The house-dog seeks his favorite grass while coming down the lane,
And tree-toads in the poplar boughs are prophesying rain.

The quail since early morning hours has piped his song, "More wet!"
And cuckoos in the maple grove are singing "cuckoo" yet.

The mower drops his scythe, and wipes the sweat from off his brow;
Two loads of choicest clover hay are ready for the mow.

"Be quick and get the ox-team, John! — Frank, harness up Old Gray!
And James may leave off spreading swaths, and tumble up the hay."

A dark cloud with its watery folds now meets the farmer's eye,
And mutterings indistinct are heard along the western sky.

Soon John comes hurrying to the field, with "Get up, Star! gee, Bright!"
The stalwart form of Farmer Day is almost lost to sight.

The hay goes on the rick so fast that John cries, "Father, stop,
And let me lay the corners out and bind them at the top!"

"Be quick, then, for the shower is nigh! — 't will never do to let
This clover hay, so sweet and dry, be spoilt by getting wet."

And standing in the grateful shade beneath the apple-bough,
The farmer wipes the sweat again from off his heated brow.

One load is safely in the barn, and one upon the wain,
While just across the meadow-lot comes on the drifting rain.

A large drop falls upon the hat, another on the hand,
And now the tempest wildly breaks upon the thirsty land.

The other load is in, hurrah! and, ranged along the bay,
The men and boys lie stretched at ease, upon the new-mown hay.

The sun in splendor breaks again upon the waiting eye,
And lo! a painted bow appears and spans the eastern sky.

And Farmer Day in evening prayer thanks God with hearty praise
For vernal sun, and summer rain, and plenteous harvest days.

C. F. Gerry.

"BOTH AND NEITHER."

GREAT-GRAN'MA'S STORY.

"GREAT-GRAN'MA," said little Daisy one evening, "please tell us a story."

"Hoot-toot! Have you come a thousand miles, away out West, to hear stories from an old woman who was n't born in this century?"

"That 's cause why," said Robin, leaving his building-blocks in a zigzag fence, like the worm-fences on great-uncle's farm.

"O yes! an old story like you, that was n't born in this cent'ry," coaxed Daisy.

"Well, what shall it be about?"

"O, 'once upon a time,'" said Daisy.

"Hoot-toot! off with you to your fairy-books."

"O, well, then, great-gran'ma, tell about bears."

"No," said Robin, "tell about Injins, — dreadful Injins with stone hatchets in their belts."

"Well," said great-gran'ma, "I will tell you about both, and yet about neither."

"How can you?" asked Daisy. "Is it a riddle?"

"Wait and see; and you must n't interrupt me while I am telling the story. When I was a little girl —"

"O, that is just as nice as 'once upon a time,'" said Daisy.

"But you interrupt me," said great-gran'ma.

Daisy looked a little ashamed, and great-gran'ma began again, — "When I was a little girl, about as big as Daisy —"

"Were you ever as little as Daisy, great-gran'ma?" asked Robin.

"Yes, I was, more than seventy years ago. My cheeks were as round and smooth as Daisy's, and my eyes were as bright and my hair was as brown as hers. But I must go on with the story. When I was a little girl about as big as Daisy, my father lived in Western New York, which was then a very wild country. The thick, dark woods were all around us, and they were full of bears and wolves, and savage Indians. In the winter my father and brothers trapped beaver and otter and mink for their fine, soft fur, and early in the spring they carried the skins to the settlement, forty miles off, and exchanged them for salt, gunpowder, seeds, and other necessary things.

"One frosty spring night, while our father and oldest brother were gone on this journey to the settlement, we sat round a bright fire in a wide open fireplace parching corn, and guessing riddles, and talking about father's coming home, and what we would name the new cow he was going to bring with him. Mother was very much afraid of bears and Indians, and always anxious while father and Brother John were away. That evening she seemed more anxious than usual. We had all learned, even the baby, to be quiet in an instant when mother said 'Sh-sh-sh!' as she did many times that evening. Then she would stand on a bench and listen at a chink high up in the wall, or lie down with her ear at the crack under the door. And once she took up the gun which father had left with her, and examined it to make sure it was all right and ready to be fired off. At last she said, 'Be quiet now, children, while I put the baby to sleep. Girls, you may take your knitting and see how many rounds you can knit. Put in a mark where you begin, so you will make no mistake in counting. Boys, you may shell that basket of corn to make the hominy to-morrow, and see who will get the biggest pile of cobs.'

"Well, there we sat on our low benches round the nice fire, very quiet and very busy, talking only in whispers, and mother singing little song to the baby, when there came a strange noise right over our heads, — *creak, creak, creak.* Mother stopped singing and we all listened. *Creak, creak, crack,* came the noise again. Mother gave the baby to our oldest sister and ran for the gun. 'Keep very still!' she whispered. 'It is something on the roof.'

"'Is it a Injun, muvver?' asked our little brother, his fat face all knotted up with trying to keep from crying.

"'No, Bobby, it 's only a bear, I think. Mother will shoot it if it comes to the ladder.' *Crack, cra-ack cra-a-ack!* went the noise again.

"'I-i-injins!' said our big sister, and she shook so she half waked little Sarah.

"'Stop that, Patty, and keep the baby still!' said mother. 'Billy, lay some fat pine on the fire; and, Nanny, bring the bear's grease to throw on too, if anything tries to come down chimney.'

"*Cra-a-ack, crack, thump, rattle-ty-bang!* Something heavy had pounced upon the loose floor of the loft.

"'I-i-i-injins!' said our big sister, and her teeth went *chatter, chatter*, so you might have heard them out of doors.

"We all looked right at mother. Her face was as white as a sheet,—only a spot about as big and as red as a cherry in the middle of each cheek; and her eyes were like a cat's in the dark. All at once there came a little *tap, tap, tap, tap, tap*, right in the midst of us.

"'Blood!' said Billy, in a very hoarse whisper, pointing to a little pool on the floor.

"'It 's killed by the fall!' said mother. She went up close and looked at the pool. Then she looked up at the ceiling. Quite a stream was running now. All on a sudden mother's face changed, and she put her finger into the stream and tasted it. Then she ran and put the gun in its place. 'Nanny,' said she, 'bring a gourd quick! and catch the molasses! Patty, lay the baby on the bed, and you and Billy come up the ladder with me. The maple sugar has fallen down and the bag must be burst, the molasses runs out so fast.'

"Then we all began to laugh and to talk all at once, and to tell what we would have done if it had been a bear or an Indian.

"Patty was so long putting little Sarah down that mother had to call her again, and Billy showed his head at the top of the ladder and called out, 'I-i-i-injins!' Then Patty said Billy had put so much fat pine on the fire to keep out one bear that we would have to unbar the door to get cool and so let in all the bears in the woods.

"But Billy said that bears never came near a fire, and nothing would come in but 'I-i-i-injins!' So we came out of our fright with a great deal of merriment, and the moist new sugar was tied up in a stout cloth and hung on a large pole near the floor, with the sugar-trough under it again to catch what syrup would drip through. It had been hung before on two small poles near the roof, and these had become dry and would n't bear the weight of the sugar any longer. So they creaked and cracked, and *thump* came the sugar on the floor, and the broken poles rattled down after it. And now, Robin and Daisy, what is this story about?"

"I-i-i-injins!" said Daisy.

"No," said Robin, "about a bear."

"Why not about Indians?" asked great-gran'ma.

"'Cause there was n't an Indian," said Robin.

"There was n't any bear either," said Daisy.

"O, I know," cried Robin, standing up very straight, "it is about '*both and neither!*'"

Daisy nodded her head a great many times, and was just going to ask it they got home safe with the cow, when the clock struck eight and mamma came in to take the children to bed.

Mrs. W. A. Lawrence.

MY ANT'S COW.

MY Ant lives in the country and keeps a cow. I am ashamed to say that, although I have always known she was a most interesting person, I never went to see her until last week. I am afraid I should not have gone then, if I had not found an account of her, and her house, and her cow, in a book which I was reading.

"Dear me," said I, "and there she has been living so near me all this time, and I never have been to call on her." To tell the truth, it was much worse than that; I had often met her in the street, and had taken such a dislike to her looks that I always brushed by as quickly as possible without speaking to her. But I knew that she had never taken any notice of me, so I hoped she would not recognize me, if I went to call on her, and behaved very politely, now that I had found out how famous she had become. I had great difficulty in finding her house, though it is quite large. She belongs to a very peculiar family; they prefer to live in the dark; so they have no windows in their houses, only doors; and the doors are nothing but holes in the roof. The houses are built in shape of a mound, and not more than ten inches high; they are built out of old bits of wood, dead leaves, straw, old bones; in short, every sort of old thing that they find they stick in the walls of their houses. Their best rooms are all down cellar; and dark enough they must be on a rainy day, when the doors are always kept shut tight.

But I ought to have told you about my Ant herself before I told you about her house; when you hear what an odd person she is, you will not be surprised to know in what an outlandish kind of house she lives. To begin with, I must tell you that she belongs to a most aristocratic family, and never does any work. You'd never suppose so to see her. I really think she is the queerest-looking creature I ever met. In the first place, her skin is of a dark brown color, darker than an Indian's, and she has six legs. Of course she can walk three times as fast as if she had only two, — but I would rather go slower and be more like other people. She has frightful jaws, with which she does all sorts of things besides eating. She uses them for tweezers, pickaxes, scissors, knife and fork, and in case

of a battle, for swords. Then she has growing out of the front part of her head two long slender horns, which she keeps moving about continually in all directions, and with which she touches everything she wishes to understand. The first thing she does, when she meets you, is to bend both these horns straight towards you, and feel of you all over. It is quite disagreeable, almost as bad as shaking hands with strangers.

My Ant's name is Formica Rufa. If I knew her better I should call her Ant Ru, for short. But I do not expect ever to know her very well; she evidently does not like to be intimate with anybody but her own family; and I don't so much wonder, for I never was in any house so overrun with people as hers is. I wondered how they knew themselves apart. When I went to see her last week I found her just going out, and I thought perhaps that was one reason she did n't take any more notice of me.

"How do you do, Ant?" said I. "I am spending the summer near by, and thought I would like to become acquainted with you. I hear you have a very curious cow, and I have a great desire to see it."

"Humph," said she, and snapped her horns up and down, as she always does when she is displeased, I find.

Then I realized that it was a mistake to mention in the first place that I had come to see the cow. But it was too late to take it back. That is the worst of these awkward truths that sometimes slip out in spite of us; there is no putting them out of sight again.

However I went on, trying to conciliate her as well as I could, in my entire ignorance of the rules of behavior in the society to which she belonged.

"I hope it will not give you any trouble to show her to me. You must be very proud of having such a fine cow. Perhaps you are on the way to milking now, and if so I should be most happy to go with you."

"Humph," said my Ant again. At least I think that was what she said. It looked like it. I can't say that I heard any distinct articulate sound; and I was too embarrassed to listen very attentively, for I did begin to feel that she might resent my coming out of mere curiosity to see her cow, when I had lived to be an old woman without ever going near her.

But she turned short on her heels (I suppose she has heels), and plunged into the woods at the right, stopping and looking back at me as if she expected me to follow. So I stepped along after her as fast as I could, and said, "Thank you; I suppose this is the way to the pasture."

My Ant said nothing, but went ahead, snapping her horns furiously.

"O, well," thought I to myself, "you 're an uncivil Ant anyhow, if I *have* come simply out of curiosity. You might be a little more polite in your own house, or at least on your own grounds, which is the same thing. I sha' n't speak to you again," and that 's about all the conversation I have ever had with my Ant. But she took me to the pasture, and I saw her cow.

I am almost afraid to tell you where the pasture was, and what the cow was; but if you don't believe me, you can look in books written about such things, and they will convince you that every word I say is true. The

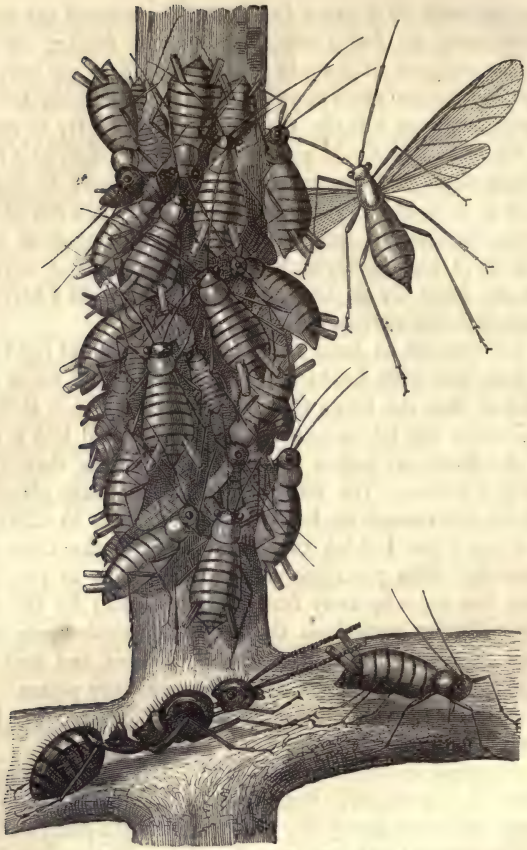
pasture was the stalk of a green brier; and there stood not only my Ant's cow, but as many as five hundred others, all feeding away upon it. You have seen millions of them in your lives; I dare say have killed them by teaspoonfuls; for you must know that they were nothing but little green lice, such as sometimes kill our rose-bushes and we try in every possible way to get rid of. Who would ever suppose there could be a race of creatures for whom these little green plant-lice could serve as cows? But I assure you it is true, and if you live in the country you can see it for yourself; but you will have to look through a magnifying-glass to see them milked. Think of looking through a magnifying-glass at anybody's cow! I looked at my Ant's for an hour, and it seemed to me I hardly winked, I was so absorbed in the curious sight.

Its skin was smooth as satin and of a most beautiful light green color. It had six legs, and little hooks at the end, instead of hoofs; the oddest thing of all was that the horns were not on its head, but at the other end of its body, where the tail would have been, if it had had a tail like any other cow; the horns are hollow tubes, and it is out of them that the milk comes, a drop at a time. The milk is meant for the little plant-lice to suck before they are old enough to hook their six legs on to stalks and leaves, and feed on sap. But I think that in any place where there are many of my Ant's race, the little plant-lice must fare as badly as poor little calves do when men shut them up away from their mothers; for the Ants are so fond of this milk that sometimes they carry off whole herds of the plant-lice and shut them up in chambers in their houses, and feed them as we do cows in barns, and go and milk them whenever they please.

"O dear Ant," said I to my Ant, "do pray milk your cow. I have such a desire to see how you do it."

She did not appear to understand me, and I dare say if she had she would not have done it any sooner. But presently I saw her go up behind her cow, and begin to tap her gently on her back, just at the place where the horns grew out. The cow did not look round nor stop eating, but in a moment out came a tiny drop of liquid from the tip of each tube; my Ant picked it up with her wonderful horns and whisked it into her mouth as quick as you would a sugar-plum. Then she went on to the next cow and milked that in the same manner, and then a third one; she took only two drops from each one. Perhaps that is all that this kind of cow can give at a time. However, I think that for my Ant to take that one drop at a mouthful was about the same in proportion to her size that it would be for us to take a gallon at a swallow. So after all by milking her own cow and two of her neighbors' she made quite a respectable meal. There were several of her friends there at the same time doing their milking; and I could not help thinking how easy it would be for the great herd of cows to kill my Ant and all her race, if they chose. But it is thought by wise people who have studied these wonderful things that the cows are fond of being milked in this way, and would be sorry to be left alone by themselves.

After my Ant had finished her supper, she stood still watching the cows



Milking the Cow.

for some time. I thought perhaps she would be in a better humor after having had so much to eat, and might possibly feel like talking with me. But I was determined not to speak first. So I sat still and tried to look as if I did not care whether she spoke or not, for I have observed that that is the surest way to make sullen and contrary people talk. But she never once opened her mouth, though I think I sat there a good hour and a half. At last it began to grow dark, and as I had quite a long walk to take, I knew I must go, or I should not get home in time for my own supper of milk.

"Good night, Ant," said I. "I have had a charming visit. I am very much obliged to you indeed for showing me your cow. I think she is the most wonderful creature I ever saw. I should be very happy to see you at my house."

"Humph," said my Ant.

H. H.

LITTLE AGNES'S ADVENTURE.

AGNES lived in a small wooden house, alone with her grandmother. One day the old lady grew sick; she did not get up to do her usual work, but had the long curtains drawn around her high bedstead and hardly spoke.

In the evening the child sat for a long time reading, by the light of a candle, in Grimm's Fairy-book, about ghosts and witches and frightful rogues and wicked men. The warm air came through the window, and little flying creatures with it, — millers with powdery wings, and many other insects, attracted by the light. It grieved Agnes to see them lie, singed and struggling, upon the table, after passing through the flame; so she blew it out, and, leaning on the window-sill, looked out into the still night.

Suddenly she heard her grandmother's voice, and stepping to the bedside she said, lovingly, "Do you want anything, grandmother?"

"I want the doctor, child."

"To-night, grandmother?"

"This morning; now."

"It is night, grandmother. It is the moon that makes the room so bright."

"Alas!" said the grandmother with a moan, "I thought the morning had come."

Soon afterwards, seeing Agnes still standing by her bedside, she took the little face between her hands, and kissing it said, "Good night, little Agnes. Go to bed and to sleep. It is late for you to be watching."

Agnes closed the curtain and began to undress. She unpinned the handkerchief about her neck and untied her little checked apron. Then she stopped; she did not quite like to go to bed and leave her grandmother so lonely all the night.

"Time seems so long when one is sick; I wish the doctor were here!" she thought: "perhaps he could do something to make her sleep."

She thought of the long way to the doctor's house: "To-morrow, early, I will go; but even then I may not find him at home; he goes so early sometimes to the sick people," she said to herself.

Suddenly she thrilled with excitement. "I might go to-night!" she thought. Her heart beat quickly; she stepped to the window and looked once more into the night. It was bright and lovely; the moon had risen, round and clear, and the pathway from the door was quite light, — not light as in the daytime, when the green grass and bright-colored flowers made it look gay in the sunshine, but with a quiet distinctness like that of a photograph.

Agnes went back to the bedside. "Grandmother," she said, softly, "I am going now for the doctor."

"Are you not afraid, my little Agnes?"

"The night is clear and the moon is up. Good by, dear grandmother."

"Take your shawl with you, and do not stay long, my child."

"Indeed, I will come back as soon as I can."

Agnes stepped out into the path. She knew the way she must take, and what a long and lonely way it was. She was glad that the moon was rising instead of setting, that she might have its light to go and come.

On she went, — past the apple-orchard, past the evergreen grove, past the damp fields where the fireflies were dancing and shining, past the old school-house with its closed green shutters; and here the footpath ended in the broad, open road.

Agnes did not feel so easy in the road. She walked over the footpath every day on her way to school and home again, but she had seldom been on the public road, and never alone.

She went a little faster, and yet faster, until her walk was changed to a run; and she ran on until she lost her breath and was forced to sit down on a stone by the wayside to rest.

Just then something brushed across her hand, — she sprang up and screamed. It was only a low, hanging branch of the tree under which she was sitting. She turned and walked on quickly; her heart beat fast; she thought of the horrible witches about whom she had been reading. At home, with her grandmother near, she had laughed to herself as she read; but here it was different.

The wind in the tree-tops made her shiver and flush with heat; the trees took strange and dreadful forms. Should she turn back and run home again? She stood still. Then the thought of her grandmother, so sick and waiting for the comfort she could bring, gave her fresh resolution. She looked neither forward nor back, but, keeping her eyes on the ground in front of her feet, sped along.

Presently she came to a spot where two roads crossed each other; she looked up then, to be sure which one she must take; and in the silence and clearness of the night she began to be ashamed of her fears. She walked on steadily, not in breathless haste, not in fearful delay, but calmly and steadily.

Into her mind, unbidden, came the words, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

The words first sounded in her mind; then she sang them, softly at first, but soon with a louder voice and music in it; she was happy, and no longer fearful.

"Ah! here is the poplar-tree; now I am near the bridge," she said. And she smiled, for the great part of her walk was over; the doctor's house was not far from the bridge, on the other side of the river.

She felt cold; the wind was rising. She unfolded the shawl on her arm and wrapped it round her. It was darker, too; clouds had gathered, and some thin ones were already passing over the moon. She quickened her pace to escape the coming storm.

A great drop fell on her face; then another, and another. She could but just trace the line of the wall by the side of the road. She would have run, but the darkness hindered her.

Soon she heard the river as it swept under the bridge; heard it, but could not see it, for the light of the moon was gone. Slowly she went now, step by step, with the utmost care, stretching out her hands blindly before her. She felt so helpless in the darkness that tears rolled down her cheeks, and she was about to sit down because it was so hard to find the way, when suddenly she touched the railing. Gladly she took it for her guide, and, slipping her hand along upon it, stepped confidently on the bridge. She shut her eyes, for they ached, straining and staring in vain into the darkness.

A flash of lightning, followed instantly by a loud peal of thunder, made her tremble and cling to the railing. She had hardly time to think before a second flash showed her that she stood upon the brink of death. She was on the outside of the railing, — on a few planks which had been left projecting beyond it. Past the middle of the bridge there was no such projection; another step, and she would have plunged into the water.

Light as her hold had been a moment before upon the wooden support, it was close and clinging now. With a sick and fainting heart she turned and crept, O so cautiously! back to the road, where she dropped on her knees, weak and helpless.

After a few dreadful moments the dutiful little girl roused herself again to her task; rather, to choose between her tasks, for she knew not whether to turn and go home or to dare again the fearful river.

The rain came down heavily; and she was almost grateful for it, since in its rush and patter she could no longer hear the terrible rush of the water. She thought with longing of her home. She said to herself that her grandmother, if she could see her now, would surely call her back.

"Ah, if I should be drowned!" she thought; "that would be worse for grandmother than if the doctor never came."

But this she knew was a mere excuse.

"I shall not be drowned, — there is no danger this time; it is only that I am so afraid of the bridge."

And the brave little girl turned again in the darkness to the terrible river, and prepared once more to cross. This time she crept upon hands and knees; she dared not trust her feet. She went slowly and carefully, feeling with her fingers the wet boards to be sure of her safety, and shuddering when now and then a little crack between them reminded her of the river far beneath. At last she felt the muddy road at the other side.

The violence of the storm was over; the moon again showed its light; the little girl sprang upon her feet and turned in at the doctor's gate.

The doctor had been reading until a late hour that night, and he opened the door himself.

"Who is this?" he said. "What! little Agnes? Come in, child. How came you here alone?"

Then Agnes told him of her grandmother's sickness, and begged him to go to her. He whistled when he looked at her muddy dress; then called at the foot of the stairs, "Mrs. Ainsworth! will you come here a moment?"

And when his housekeeper came, in dressing-gown and slippers, he asked her to make little Agnes warm and comfortable while he prepared to go home with her.

Agnes wanted to say that she would rather go back now, wet as she was, than keep her grandmother waiting; but, though the doctor was a kind man, and gentle towards children, she felt strange and shy, and put her hand in the housekeeper's, without speaking a word. The doctor guessed her thought and answered it as if she had spoken.

"The horse must be harnessed, my dear; so go with Mrs. Ainsworth. We will lose no time; we shall drive home very quickly."

The housekeeper led Agnes into the kitchen, and, telling her to sit down, went up stairs. Agnes looked up at the tall clock in the corner; it said half past one. She looked at the fire, carefully covered for the night, and began to shiver. Soon the housekeeper came back, and, sitting on the floor in front of the little girl, pulled off her wet shoes and stockings, comforting her while she dried the cold feet and drew on some great woollen stockings of her own and a pair of red and yellow carpet-slippers, much too large for the little feet, but warm and thick. Uncovering the fire, she set a soup-kettle upon it, and, taking off Agnes's wet clothes, wrapped her in garments of her own. In a short time the soup was warm, and Agnes, after eating some of it, felt stronger and happier.

"Such a fearful thunder-storm!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Deary me! Were n't you afraid, you poor little chicken? Why, I was rolled up in a feather-bed, and frightened even there. And you out through it all!"

Agnes heard the doctor's step in the hall, and slid down from her chair. She was ready and glad to go.

"Why, Mother Bunch!" said the doctor. "What a little figure of fun! Come, are you ready?"

Agnes hung her head and blushed, mortified at the mirthful smiles which the doctor and his housekeeper exchanged. She looked down at the great flowered delaine dress pinned across in front, — button-holes gaping for the buttons which were hidden away far beneath on the other side, — the waist almost long enough for her waist and skirt; and she hated the green silk bright-wafered handkerchief which was knotted around her neck. Then she looked over at the clothes-horse on which hung her own little clothes, so neat when she left her home, but dirty and draggled now.

"Come, my dear!" said the doctor, gravely; "you are the same little Agnes, I think, whether you wear your own clothes or Mrs. Ainsworth's."

Then Agnes smiled again; his words reassured her, and she knew that he had been laughing at the funny little picture she made, and not at her. She shook the long sleeves down over her hands, and walked across the kitchen, courtesying, tripping in the long skirts, and laughing at her own reflection in the looking-glass between the windows.

The doctor, lifting her in his arms, carried her out and put her in the gig. He told Mrs. Ainsworth not to sit up, as he might be gone all night; and, gathering up the reins, drove quickly from the door.

"So you came here all alone; were n't you frightened, Agnes?" he said.

"Yes, sir, part of the time," said Agnes.

"Tell me about it, my dear."

But Agnes was silent; though she could feel fear, she could not describe it. Perhaps if she had been sitting in her grandmother's lap, with no one near, she might have talked more freely; but a child lives its own life apart, and even dearest friends can only guess what that busy life of thought may be.

"A four-mile walk such a night as this," said the doctor, "shows good courage in a nine-year-old. She is like her mother in that. Agnes, you don't remember your mother, do you?"

"Hardly, sir."

"Then I will tell you about her," said the doctor. And all the way home he told Agnes what her mother used to do and say when she lived in the same little house that Agnes lived in now.

When at last they drove up to the door and the doctor carried Agnes in to her grandmother, he told what a brave little girl she had been. And when Agnes saw that the doctor's care and medicine made her grandmother fall quietly asleep, and the doctor told her that he would stay until she woke and sent the little girl to bed, she was very glad and happy that she had not given up her walk when she found it so lonely and hard.

Margaret Brenda.

THE STREAMLET.

IT is only the tiniest stream,
  With nothing whatever to do,
But to creep from its mosses, and gleam
  In just a thin ribbon or two,
Where it spills from the rock, and besprinkles
  The flowers all round it with dew.

Half-way up the hillside it slips
  From darkness out into the light,
Slides over the ledges, and drips
  In a basin all bubbling and bright,
Then once more, in the long meadow-grasses,
  In silence it sinks out of sight.

So slender, so brief in its course!
  It will never be useful or grand,
Like the waterfall foaming and hoarse,
  Or the river benignant and bland,
That sweeps far away through the valley,
  And turns all the mills in the land.

Just a brooklet, so perfect, so sweet, —
  Like a child that is always a child!
A picture as fair and complete,
  As softly and peacefully wild,
As if Nature had only just made it,
  And laid down her pencil and smiled.

The strong eagle perched on these rocks
  And dipped his proud beak, long ago;
In the gray of the morning the fox
  Came and lapped in the basin below;
By a hoof-printed trail through the thicket
  The deer used to pass to and fro.

Now the jolly haymakers in June
  Bring their luncheon, and couch on the cool
Grassy margin, and drink to the tune
  The brook makes in the pebble-lined pool, —
From grandfather down to the youngsters
  In haying-time kept out of school.

They joke and tell tales as they eat,
  While, wistful his share to receive,
The dog wags his tail at their feet;
  Then each stout mower tucks up his sleeve
And the farmer cries, "Come, boys!" The squirrel
  Dines well on the crumbs which they leave.

The children all know of the place,
  And here with their basket, in search
Of wild roses, come Bertha and Grace,
  And Paul with his fish-pole and perch,
While the meadow-lark sings, and above them
  The woodpecker drums on the birch.

Is the drop the bee finds in the clover
  More sweet than the liquor they quaff?
It drips in the cup, and runs over;
  And, sipping it, spilling it half, —
Hear their mirth! Did Grace learn of the brooklet
  That low, lisping, crystalline laugh?

For music I 'm sure it taught
  To its neighbor, the pied bobolink, —
Where else could the fellow have caught
  That sweet, liquid note, do you think,
Half tinkle, half gurgle? The wren, too,
  I 'm certain has been here to drink!

O, teach me your song, happy brook!
  If I visit you yet many times,
If I put away business and book,
  And list to your fairy-bell chimes,
Will your freshness breathe into my verses,
  Your music glide into my rhymes?

J. T. Trowbridge.

A WONDERFUL PARTY.

THERE was a rattling at the door of the greenhouse. Richard, the gardener, laid down the bouquet he was making to open it, and let in a blast of cold air, and a queer little body that looked like a great bundle of shawl, with a pair of small feet at the bottom of it. At the top a very rosy little face peeped out, and at one side, where you might suppose a hand to be, hung a basket.

"More green, Richard, please; and mamma says you may bring the lilies as soon as you can," said a cheery little voice.

"And what kind of green will she have? And how do you find yourself this morning, Mr. Toodles?" said the kind-hearted Irishman, as he lifted the child on a table where he could see all around.

"I 'm right well, and please to hurry, Richard"; then as that did not seem very gracious, he added, "I 'm helping mamma so much; don't you wish to-night was here?"

"Well, if the work was all done, I might, but I 've enough to do to fill in the time, sir. And won't you wait and ride up on the wheelbarrow?"

Toodles looked at the barrow wistfully and then at the basket doubtfully, but in an instant his face cleared up. "I 'll take the basket up first, Richard," he said, "and then come back for the ride"; and he scampered away as fast as the shawl would allow the two little feet to take him.

"I 'm here, Richard," said the same little voice a few minutes after, "and mamma 's all ready for the lilies, and says she can spare me a little while, I 've been so much help to her."

"It 's useful you 'll be to me too, my boy," said the gardener, as he put the little boy on the barrow. "Now you hold on to the pots, so they don't slip off, and you 'll be useful and ornamental too. Hold on now, and we 'll be to Boston in less time than you 'll think."

As the house represented Boston, and the distance was not quite half a square, it was reached in a very short time. Toodles (his name was Walter, but everybody called him Toodles) followed Richard into the hall, where his mother was waiting for them. There were two large vases, one each side of the door, and in these Richard put the heavy pots with the lilies, and laid the cut flowers ready to be arranged around them. Toodles stood quietly watching his mother, until, as she was putting the finishing touches to her work, he suddenly asked, "Mamma, who *is* coming to the party to-night?"

"O, everybody, I suppose," she answered, carelessly. "You would n't know if I were to tell you."

"I 'll tell you, little boy," said a manly voice behind him as a strong pair of arms

lifted him up and carried him into the dining-room. "Who was it we read about last night? Cinderella and the prince, and her two wicked sisters, and Goody-two-Shoes, and Jack the Giant-Killer, and Red Riding-Hood, and the Prince with the tuft on his back, and the Princess that slept so long, and all the good people!"

"O papa! If I could only see them!" and the little fellow's eyes were opened to their fullest extent.

But just then black Martha came for the little boy to get him ready for dinner, so no one answered him, and both father and mother laughed, and then forgot all about it.

And all the early evening a very thoughtful little boy sat staring at the fire; puss came and rubbed against his knee, and even caught hold of a string that hung from his pocket, but he took no notice of her. The big rocking-horse, that usually took him to Boston and back each evening before bedtime, stood with his head down, and the spring unwound neglected in the corner. But everybody was too busy to notice him, and he stayed there until Martha came to take him to bed.

"Martha," he whispered, as she was carrying him up stairs, "Martha, do you think any one would see me if I were behind the curtain?"

"Law, chile! what curtain you talkin' about?"

"Why, in the parlor, Martha. I want to see them *so* bad."

"Now, you chile, you just hush, you 'd be asleep in less 'n no time. Up-sy-daisy! Come along! off wid his clo'es! Tuck him up warm! Now shet up his eyes tight, and I 'll tell him *sech* a story!"

But the little boy was too excited to care for a story that night, and Martha herself was anxious to get down stairs again, and help to entertain the very fascinating waiters who had come out from the city to arrange the supper-table. So after a little while that seemed very long to both of them, when he had become quiet, she slipped down stairs leaving the room door a little ajar, so that if she heard any noise she could quickly run up to him. However, the attraction down stairs proved so strong, that after a while she forgot all about the restless little boy and enjoyed herself as much as possible.

In the mean time he lay dreaming of his fairy friends with all sorts of fantastic things jumbled up in his head. And all the time he heard the most beautiful music, but it gradually died away. Then came a loud crash that wakened him, and he sat up trembling all over, with a faint little cry for "mamma"; but the noise had changed into some beautiful music, and one of the Strauss waltzes came floating up to him, mingled with the hum of voices and little laughs, and the noise of people dancing.

For a moment he could not remember, then it came to him in a flash. Here he was, up stairs — in bed! and just down that one flight of steps were all those people, of whom he had heard so often that he knew their stories all by heart, and had thought of them so much, that they seemed like old friends. He felt that he must see them, no matter what was the consequence.

So he climbed out of his crib, and went quietly down the back stairs, holding his long night-gown away from his bare little feet, through the dimly lighted large dining-room, where he did stop for a minute to stare at the table with its pyramids of fruit and flowers, — out of a side door, along a passage into which a door opened from the parlor. Fortunately the door was ajar, and no one was in the entry to interfere with him; so he knelt down on the soft carpet and peeped through the crack in the door. How his heart did beat! There they were sure enough. Right in front of him was a pretty little girl with yellow curls, in a short blue silk dress. He could

see the toe of one of her white shoes, and very naturally mistook it for her stocking.

"That must be Goody-two-Shoes," he said to himself; "but I think she might have found another shoe to wear here."

Near the centre of the room stood three ladies talking. One, with a very sweet, pleasant face and soft brown hair, in a long gauzy white dress was Cinderella; one of the others, who was dressed in a beautiful crimson silk trimmed very much with white lace, but who, unfortunately, had a very red complexion, of course, must be one of the wicked sisters; the third one was the princess who made a ladder of her hair for the prince to climb in at the tower window. Her hair was still plaited, but was twisted into a mass at the back of her head, so large it was a wonder how she could carry it all, and a great deal of it still hung down over her shoulders.

In a corner stood Jack the Giant-Killer, in a blue coat with brass buttons and a star on the shoulder. He was talking to the good girl who worked so hard for the cross old fairy and went out at the right door, where the gold poured down on her. Some of the gold-dust was still in her hair.

Prince Riquit with the tuft was there, but he was dressed very plainly in black, not a bit like the gay suit he wore in the picture. All around the room were lots of people Toodles did not know. "They must come from the back of the book," he said, again to himself, after an anxious but vain search for the "fair one with the golden locks," and "Red Riding-Hood." He wondered if they could be in the library, and thought he 'd go and look, but just at that moment Bluebeard came up to Cinderella's sister, and she seemed so pleased that Toodles thought perhaps he might marry her. It would serve her right!

Jack the Giant-Killer danced with Cinderella, and they stopped right under the large chandelier. O, how pretty she looked as she stood there! Toodles fell in love with her, head over heels, and thought next to his mother she was the prettiest lady in the world. But, while he was admiring her with all his heart, he caught a glimpse of something that made his blood run cold. It was an Ogre, of course, for the face had a great scar on it, and a pair of dark spectacles over the eyes made the white face seem whiter still. The black hair was cut so short that no one could possibly have caught hold of it, and the round head was as shining as a man's head could be.

It was dreadful, for he came right up to Cinderella and she looked at him *so* sweetly; even Jack was deceived, for they shook hands. Toodles's interest in this group was so great that he soon forgot all the rest.

Presently Jack went off to talk to some one else, and in a few moments Cinderella unsuspectingly put her hand in the Ogre's arm, and they walked into the conservatory together. Of course he was going to kill her and eat her up in there. Behind the large orange-tree was a space where Toodles had hidden away many a time, and there the Ogre would take her and eat her up, and no one would see him.

All the chivalry of Jack the Giant-Killer, and the St. George who fought the Dragon, and all his other heroes together, could not surpass that in Toodles's trembling little body. He could stand it no longer. Gathering up his night-gown, away from his bare little feet with one hand, he rushed among the surprised guests up to his mother, seized her dress with the other hand, and tried to draw her toward the conservatory.

"O mamma, come! please come!" he screamed. "Quick! He 's going to eat her up! O, please come! O —"

"Why, Walter! What is the matter?" said his astonished mother, as she fol-

lowed him into the conservatory and picked him up in her arms. "You 'll catch a dreadful cold! what are you doing out of bed? And where 's Martha?"

But he was deaf to all her questions. Just then he caught a glimpse of Miss Thoresby and Major Craik admiring some ferns. "O, I am so glad! There she is!" he screamed, struggling out of his mother's arms and running up to the astonished young lady. "Come right out!" he said, trying to put his arm around her. "Come! quick! he 's going to eat you up!"

"O Walter! what are you doing? I never saw the child so excited before. Come and tell mamma what 's the matter." But for the first time in his life the mother's voice had no control over him. At this crisis, fortunately, the father came in and took the little boy in his arms, and carried him up stairs. The feeling of perfect safety was so great, and the nervous reaction was so strong, that it took a long while to get him calm enough to tell what was the real state of affairs.

Some time after, when the whole story had been told with a great many tears and sobs, and the little boy lay exhausted in his father's arms, apparently almost asleep, he suddenly opened his eyes and asked, "O papa! how did he come here? He is an Ogre, is n't he?"

"Well, yes! I suppose so! All men are a little ogre-ish at first, I think. Shall I tell you about him? Well, once there was a handsome young Ogre, who fell in love with Cinderella, and he thought she was so good and so beautiful, that he made

up his mind to try and be as good as possible, and perhaps she might learn to love him. So while he was wondering what he could do that would make him worthy of her, Jack the Giant-Killer came along, on the way to fight against a dreadful giant that was destroying all the country. The Ogre asked Jack if he might go and fight too. Jack said 'Yes indeed!' he would need all the help he could get, for the dreadful giant had a great many men to fight for him. So this Ogre went and fought so bravely and behaved so nobly that all the papers told about him, and his friends praised him, and felt that the ugly scar on his face and the green spectacles are marks of honor, and they are all more proud of him than ever. And Cinderella likes him so much that I should n't be surprised if she would marry him some day."

But just at this most interesting part of the story a deep sigh interrupted the speaker and showed that the little boy's troubles were ended for a while, and the party for him was over.

A. E. B.

A MILKING SONG.

Now the sun 's at rest in the glowing west,
  Let 's be to the barn-yard going,
Where the cows all wait at the pasture gate
  For their milkers, deeply lowing.

How nice it seems to hear the streams
  With a "choo-choo" down descending!
What visions rise of pumpkin-pies
  And custards without ending!

And, when we please, sweet bread and cheese, –
  That good, substantial living! —
And curds and whey (Stand still, I say!)
  From the milk the cows are giving.

And butter sweet, — that 's made to eat,
  Not made to sell for money, —
Which the cows have got from the clover lot,
  Where the bees are gath'ring honey.

And then to know (Now so-o, Bess, so-o!
  Your restless tail 'most blinds me!)
That everything owns me its king,
  Within this yard, and minds me.

Who would not be a boy like me,
  And draw the foaming liquor?
The purest drink e'er made, I think.
  (This cow 's an awful kicker!)

Dear country life! away from strife,
  With cows and bees and clover, —
O, who would choose such joys to lose?
  (There goes the bucket over!)

S.

Public Library, Lawrence, Mass.

BUTTERFLIES.

THERE are none of you, of course, who have not noticed these pretty little creatures fluttering from flower to flower, but I wonder how many of you have ever made a collection of them. To my mind there is nothing so pleasant as to go out on a fine day in summer, with the formidable-looking butterfly-net, box, pins, etc., and to commence an exciting chase after a new kind of butterfly.

I have sometimes been several days in catching the same butterflies; that is, I suppose that they must have been the same ones, for they would come to the same place every day; and one in particular used to come at the same time day after day from a little thicket, stay out just long enough to tantalize me, then vanish and not come out again until the next day. At last, however, by waiting patiently in the broiling sun for one hour, I captured it. It was a beautiful orange one. I have also found great pleasure in getting the worms and caterpillars and watching them make their cocoons and chrysalids, and then keeping them and seeing them hatch.

I have been more successful with the worms that make the large moths than with those that make the butterflies, the reason being that they are not so delicate and are not so hard to find, as very few of the larvæ of the butterflies are known.

If any of you should undertake to make a collection of butterflies, I feel sure that you would feel amply repaid by the pleasure it would give you.

The first thing to be procured is the butterfly-net, which is a bag made out of two pieces of mosquito-netting, — blue is the best, — about two feet deep, tapering towards the bottom, and fastened to a piece of stout wire bent into a circle of about a foot in diameter, the two ends of which are fastened into a light but strong stick three or four feet in length.

The next requisite is something to kill them with. Chloroform is best, but in default of that ether will do. It should be applied to the head of the butterfly with a camel's-hair brush.

Then come the pins. They should be long and slender; real butterfly pins are best, but very fine common ones will do. Then you must have a pasteboard box to put the butterflies in when you catch them to bring them home.

The cases are the last thing to be thought of. The frame of the case should be very much like a picture-frame, deep enough for the pins to go in, with the back, on which the butterflies are fastened, so arranged as to come out, being held in place by little cleats, and a plate of glass fixed securely on the front. It should be made

of soft wood, so that the pins can stick in easily. The size of the cases depends upon the taste of the collector.

"Stretching" a butterfly is the process of keeping its wings in the natural position when at rest. You should have a board with grooves in it wide enough to admit the body of the butterfly or moth, with little pieces of cork fastened on it to stick the pins into. Then take some narrow strips of soft paper, press the wings of the butterfly down with them as nearly in the natural position as possible, and fasten them with pins. In a few days the butterfly will be dry enough so that you can take the papers off and put it in the case.

R. L. C., age 14.

HOW THE TOAST WAS BURNT.

GRANDMA wanted a piece of toast. Winnie said she 'd make it.

Now think of the cunningest, roundest, rosiest little dot of a girl you ever saw, with big blue eyes and a dear little mouth with a dimple on each side, and there you 'll have Winnie.

First she flew down stairs to get the toasting-fork, and then she flew into the store-room to get the bread, and after Ann had cut it nice and thin, up she ran and sat down on the rug before the parlor grate. It was a pretty picture, the little figure half lying, with one hand resting on the floor, the other holding tightly the toasting-fork. The fire was burning brightly, and the sweet wee face bent over with an expression of intense interest as she watched the bread slowly browning.

The blue flames darted upwards into the chimney, casting weird shadows upon the walls of the fast-darkening room.

It was very, very quiet, the only sound was the purring of the old cat by the fender; the bread was doing nicely, when suddenly Winnie's attention was attracted by the tallest flame, which was burning fiercely. As she looked it seemed to change, and took the shape of a small blue feather; finally she could distinguish a bright little red cap beneath the feather, and soon to her great astonishment a tiny face peeped out, and then looking closer she saw, sitting cross-legged on the largest coal, a little black goblin.

He seemed to be gesticulating and talking in an excited manner, and listening intently she heard him say in a sputtering, crackling voice, "Hurry up, hurry up, poke it down, burn it up, make it into ashes, make it into ashes." She looked in the direction he pointed, and saw, O my! so many little men, in red caps and blue feathers, with gold pickaxes in their hands, hammering and splitting, pounding and pushing the coals, working away for dear life.

They were all talking and mumbling in a confused manner, some laughing, some jeering, some chatting, some scolding, many were complaining of the heat, and one little fellow, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his brow, said, "It 's awfully hot, master."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the master, who was the goblin she had first seen, "nothing of the kind, it 's only comfortable"; but you see he was sitting still doing nothing.

Presently Winnie noticed another little goblin climbing up the bars of the grate, he was exactly like the others except that he wore a gray feather in his cap. As soon as he got up to the top he called out in a stifled sort of voice, "Quick, we want some more ashes down there; hurry and burn it up, burn it up."

What *did* they want with the ashes? Winnie could n't imagine; she listened and

looked, but they only poked and pounded, and no one offered any explanation; it seemed as if their lives depended on a certain amount of ashes being made. She wondered and wondered and got quite excited over it.

After a while a whole troop of gray-feathered goblins came clambering up the bars of the grate with sacks across their shoulders.

"Come on," cried they, opening their bags; "more ashes, more ashes, more ashes!" then the blue feathers filled them. "Pour it in," shouted the master, "pour it in, carry it away, carry it off." Then the gray feathers, who were sober fellows, threw the packs over their backs and marched away, and the blue feathers were so glad their work was done that they rolled over and over and knocked each other's hats off, and the master bobbed up and down so hard on the black coal that it tumbled off the grate right on the fender with *such* a bang! and Winnie started and cried out, "Is it all ashes? is it all ashes?"

"Not quite," said grandma, who had just come in, "but it 's a cinder."

"Why," said Winnie, rubbing her eyes, — "why, what 's the matter?" and she looked all around, first at the walls, then at the ceiling, and at last straight before her, and there was the toast burnt black, and not a goblin to be seen.

"O dear!" she sighed, "are they all gone? Now I NEVER shall know what they wanted with the ashes!" and she never did.

Pearl Eytinge.

AN ICEBERG AT SEA.

GOING on deck one morning towards the last of May, when I was sailing to Europe in the good ship China, of the Cunard Line of steamers, I saw a long, white streak extending along the horizon. I asked a sailor what it was, and he replied that it was an iceberg.

"Do you think that it will come any nearer to us?" I asked, excitedly.

"You will see in the course of two or three hours," replied he. And in two or three hours I did see, for it soon loomed up a few miles to the windward, while the temperature of the air about us cooled rapidly. The immense berg seemed two or three hundred feet in height; the summit was crowned with a garland of snow, while small streams of water trickled down the sides, or leaped from some high precipice into the sea, shining in the sunlight, and looking like living diamonds, dancing along the sides of this mountain of ice. Slowly and majestically it advanced, till it was so near that it seemed about to topple over on our heads and crush us in its ruins. Several of the ladies on deck fainted, while even some of the sterner sex looked about apprehensively.

One of the sailors, seeing the fright of the passengers, hastened to say, "No danger at all, ladies, for we shall keep quite clear of it!" And so it proved, for we soon passed it, and it slowly receded, and was at last lost to view. All recovered from terror, and again all was serene on board the vessel. The temperature again became warm as before. No doubt the berg extended many hundred feet into the sea, for the portion above water is but a small part of the whole mass.

Since then I have seen several icebergs, but I never beheld one so majestic and grand, and never felt so much awe at the sight of one, as when on the steamer China, in the spring of '66.

"*Filbert*," *age* 14.

VILLIKENS AND HIS DENIAH.

AN ILLUSTRATED BALLAD TO BE PERFORMED BY CHILDREN FROM EIGHT TO TWELVE YEARS OLD.

CHARACTERS.

PARENT, *top-boots, knee-breeches, swallow-tail coat, ruffled shirt, white cravat, powdered hair.*
VILLIKENS, *white pantaloons, swallow-tail coat, ruffled shirt, fancy tie, curled hair.*
DENIAH, *train dress, bright overskirt, hat, large waterfall, Grecian bend.*
Properties. Two sheets, letter, bottle, carpet-bag, money.

(*A concealed Singer begins song as curtain rises.*)

I.

There was a rich merchant, in London did dwell — PARENT *bows low to audience.*
Who had for a daughter a very fine girl; — PARENT *points with left hand.*
Her name it was Deniah, just sixteen years old, — PARENT *spreads both hands in ecstasy.*
With a very large fortune, in silver and gold. — PARENT *rattles money in his pockets.*

CHORUS.

Sing tural li lural li lural li la, — PARENT *dances in time to music, forward.*
Sing tural li lural li lural li la, — PARENT *dances in time to music, backward.*
Sing tural li lural li lural li la, — PARENT *dances in time to music, forward.*
Sing tural li lural li lural li la. — PARENT *dances in time to music, backward, and bows at last note.*

II.

As Deniah was walking the garden one day, — DENIAH *enters and courtesies to* PARENT, *who bows in time.*
Her father came to her, and thus did he say: — PARENT *approaches her, and moves head and hand as if speaking.*
"Go dress yourself, Deniah, in gorgeous array, — PARENT *points to* DENIAH'S *dress, who takes it in her hands and looks upon it.*
And I 'll bring you a husband, both gallant and gay." — DENIAH *puts finger in her mouth, and turns her head away.*

CHORUS — *Both dance forward and backward together at each line and bow at end.*

III.

"O papa, dear papa, I 've not made up my mind; — DENIAH *puts right hand on* PARENT'S *left shoulder.*
To marry just yet I do not feel inclined; — DENIAH *places left hand coaxingly under his chin.*
And all my large fortune I 'll gladly give o'er — DENIAH *turns to left, moves both hands as if throwing away her money.*
If you 'll let me be single a year or two more." — DENIAH *looks at him imploringly, and coaxes him as before.*

CHORUS. — *Both dance forward and backward, and bow in time as before.*

IV.

"Go, go, boldest daughter!" the parent replied. — PARENT *shakes his head and fist very savagely.*
"If you do not consent to be this young man's bride, — DENIAH *kneels down and cries.*

I 'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin, — PARENT *makes motions as if throwing away money; takes large pin from his coat.*

And you sha' n't reap the benefit of one single — DENIAH *wrings her hands and weeps.*

CHORUS. — *Sung and danced as before.*

[Curtain falls.

V.

As Villikens was walking the garden around — VILLIKENS *enters, discovers* DENIAH *lying in centre of stage with bottle and letter; he jumps, throws up his hands in horror.*

He spied his dear Deniah, lying dead on the ground, — VILLIKENS *picks up bottle and smells of it.*

With a cup of cold poison lying down by her side, — *Reads letter in amazement.*

And a *billet-doux* saying by poison she died.

CHORUS. — VILLIKENS *dances forward and backward, looking first at letter in his left hand, then at bottle in his right, extending each hand in turn, bows at last note.*

VI.

He kissed her cold corpus a hundred times o'er, — VILLIKENS *kneels down behind* DENIAH, *bends over and pretends to kiss her.*

And called her his Deniah, though she was no more; — *Wrings his hands.*

Then he swallowed the poison like a lover so brave, — *Drinks from bottle.*

And Villikens and his Deniah both lay in one grave. — *Falls behind* DENIAH *at last note.*

CHORUS. — *No dance.* *[Curtain falls.*

VII.

At twelve the next night, by a tall poplar tree — PARENT *enters, discovers the lovers standing at back of stage dressed in sheets like ghosts. He jumps, looks first over his left shoulder at them then over his right shoulder, and continues this motion through rest of verse and chorus.*

The ghosts of his children the Parent did see,
Standing close to each other, and both looking blue,
Saying, "We should both be living if it was not for you."

CHORUS. — *Ghosts dance forward and back as before, following* PARENT; *all bow.*

VIII.

Now the Parent was struck with a horror of home, — PARENT *goes off left for his carpet-bag*

So he packed his portmanteau, the world over to roam; — *He packs his clothes.*

But he had not gone far, when he was seized with a shiver — *Suddenly turns his head, sees ghosts, and shivers faster and faster until he drops in centre of stage.*

Which ended his days, and so finished him forever.

CHORUS. — *Ghosts dance around* PARENT; DENIAH *first, both bow.*

[Curtain falls.

NOTE. Swallow-tail coats are easily made by sewing tails on to the boys' jackets, the ruffles are made of paper. The girl can wear a long dress tucked up over her own. The sheets are placed over the heads, leaving only the face exposed. They hold the sheet under their chins with left hands and point with the right. Where a trap-door is available they fall into and rise up from it.

Arranged by G. B. Bartlett.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 47.

F. A. B.

ENIGMAS.

No. 48.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My *first* is in gun, but not in pistol.
My *second* 's in diamond, but not in crystal.
My *third* is in rats, but not in mice.
My *fourth* is in barley, but not in rice.
My *fifth* is in cousin, but not in relation.
My *whole* 's an important part of creation.

Miss Ouri.

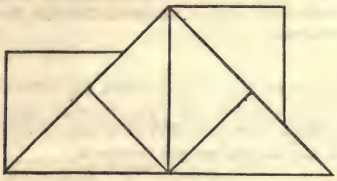
No. 49.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a definite article.
My 4, 9, 10 is the name of one of the Siamese twins.
My 5, 6, 7, 8 is one third of Cæsar's celebrated letter.
My 14, 12, 11, 13 is a tree.
My *whole* is a casket of jewels most rare,
And is prized both by young and by old,
But were I to tell you 't would hardly be fair,
Just glance o'er this page and my secret is told.

J. A. L.

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.—No. 50.

To divide this figure, composed of six equal right-angled triangles, by two straight cuts, into three pieces, which can be put together so as to form a square.



Carl.

CHARADES.

No. 51.

In my *first* the birds sing
And sweet flowers spring.
My *second* is loved by all
Both great and small.
My *whole* brought the band
That founded our land.

"*Rosebud.*"

No. 52.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

(The initials and finals name two cities in Massachusetts.)

What all boys have played.
A boy's name.
Most women do.
A kind of story.
Obtained from whales.
Used for building purposes.

Ed Ward.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 53.

My first a heroine of romance.
My second you 'll find in Rome's finance.
My third 's a synonyme for annoy.
My fourth the chemists alone employ.
My fifth in gems and stars is found.
My sixth a starry flower renowned.

No. 54.

A river of South Carolina.
An implement of industry.
A natural division of land.
A liquid exuding from a tree.
A machine for stretching cloth.
Commands.

Josephine and Julia R.

ANSWERS.

38. Be careful to show consideration to the poor and aged.
[(Beak) (car E full) (two) (show) (C *on side* rat-eye *on*) (too)(th E) (poor and aged.)]
39. Whalers.
40. Twelfth Night, or What you will.
41.

L	E	A	V	E	S
E	R	M	I	N	E
A	M	E	N	D	S
V	I	N	O	U	S
E	N	D	U	R	E
S	E	S	S	E	S

42. Blunderbus.
43. Windlass.
44. 1. Washington. 2. Patching. 3. Machinery. 4. Minnesota. 5. Shakespeare. 6. Mountain. 7. Pianoforte.
45. 1. China. 2. Canton. 3. Africa. 4. Alaska. 5. Iowa. 6. Brighton. 7. Crimea. 8. Pekin. 9. Utica. 10. Erie. 11. Cuba. 12. Peru. 13. Siam.
46. Because he is in firm (*infirm*).

CHICAGO, ILL., April 12, 1871.

TO THE EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

WILL you please answer these questions in regard to sending in articles for the "Young Contributors' Department"?

First, what kind of paper to use,—foolscap or common note-paper? Next, what do we send it in, an envelope or a newspaper wrapping? And lastly, will you please write the direction that is to be put on the outside *in full?*

By answering these questions you will greatly oblige many, but especially

G. E. WESTON.

1. Any good writing-paper will do, but a small size is preferable. Divide folded sheets, whether of foolscap or note-paper, and write only on one side of the slip. Then each slip makes a page, and can be handled conveniently by both editors and printers. The pages should be numbered, of course.

2. A small package should be enclosed in an envelope, like a letter. An envelope large enough to contain the slips (if of note-paper) without obliging you to fold them, is desirable. If a large package (which a "Young Contributor's" should not be, however, as a general thing), you can enclose it either in an envelope or a wrapper, leaving one end open, and send it through the mails, by paying only newspaper postage on it. The author's address should accompany it, and *Author's MS.* should be distinctly marked on the outside.

3. Letters to the editors, or communications paying letter postage, may be addressed simply, *Editors of "Our Young Folks," Boston.* But manuscripts paying newspaper postage should be directed as follows,—the law permitting such packages to pass only between authors and *publishers:*—

James R. Osgood & Co.,
Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

And this is the address which all business letters relating to the magazine should have.

ROCHESTER, April 22, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

In the "Letter Box" of the May number I notice that you give "*Ke-ho'ta*" as the correct pronunciation of "Quixote," which it would be, of course, for a Spaniard, but is it not rather an affectation in an American? This is a subject which has been often discussed in our household; i. e. the propriety of giving, as a rule, the native pronunciation to foreign names. Worcester says in reference to "words which have been partially Anglicized,"—"Paris, for example, an Englishman, or an Anglo-American, *in speaking his own language*, would pronounce, *in conformity* to it, Par'is; though, if he were speaking French, he would pronounce it Pä-rē, in conformity with the French language."

In accordance with this, I find that the pronunciation given for "Don Quixote," in "Pujol's *French* Class Book" (p. 20), is *not* "*in conformity*" with the *Spanish* sounds of the letters, but with the *French* pronunciation thereof. Why, then, should not we, Anglo-Americans, give to the name a pronunciation according with that which we give its derivatives "Quixotic," "Quixotism," "Quixotry"?

Thank you for answers to former questions. I am glad to know in what "little corner" to locate Mrs. Whitney, and since "one good turn deserves another," could you not some time favor us with *pictures* of her and other contributors of "Our Young Folks"? We have been trying the "co-operative" system of housekeeping; and, upon the whole, I think, find nearly as much enjoyment in it as "We Girls" did.

When are we to hear again from Mr. Hale? You see I "spell it with a *we*, Sammy," because, despite the *infirmities* of *age*, I wish to be counted among your appreciative "young in heart" folks.

"BETSEY LAVENDER."

The pronunciation of foreign names, like that of other words, is regulated by common usage. The French pronounce all names according to the rules of their own language, and we are amused to hear them speak of Lor' Beerong and Vashingtong, when the noble British poet and the Father of his Country are meant. The English language affords no such uniform rules for its pronunciation as the French does; and a foreign name—take *Kossuth*, for example—may be spoken by us in half a dozen different ways, before anything like the correct utterance is established. A million Frenchmen, seeing that word in print

for the first time, would unhesitatingly give it exactly the same pronunciation; but when the great Magyar first came to this country he was *Kos'süth*, *Kos'sooth*, *Kossüth'*, *Kossooth'*, and *Kossoot'*, as *old folks* well remember. How much better it would have been to adopt the Hungarian pronunciation of the name at once — Koshoot' — if we had only known it!

It is to avoid such confusion that we who speak the English tongue find it most convenient, in importing foreign names, to import the foreign pronunciation along with them. And since the Spanish pronunciation of the word now almost universally prevails among cultivated American people, it cannot be considered an affectation to speak of *Don Ke-ho'ta* (last *a* long, but unaccented), except in circles where only the English pronunciation — *Don Quix-ot* — would be understood.

We will consider the hint about the portraits of our contributors, and — but we dare not make any promise with regard to that very busy man, Mr. Hale.

Dear "Young Folks," —

I was astonished in reading about Mr. Chatford's laughable mistake to find it almost identical with one that I made not long since.

One evening last fall I rode down to the village — two miles — to get the mail, and attend the Lodge. I tied my horse at the store, and after making some purchases walked down to the Lodge. On coming out, with thoughts intent on other things, I went to my accustomed hitching-post near by, and lo! no horse. "Stolen, or got loose," thought I in dismay. Home I went, at a pace more fast than dignified. No horse there! Then on to my dun's mate, little accustomed to nocturnal exercise, I threw an old army saddle, and was off. Up the pike; no trace. Down the pike to the village, now all a-slumber. A colored woman being aroused by much pounding at the "do'," after first insisting that "nobody lives yere," in fear of Ku-Klux, informed me she "yeared a horse kitin' up de Court House road 'bout an hour ago."

I used my spurs, and was off at a gallop. I stopped at a house and borrowed a pistol, which, as my summer clothes were not prepared for it, I had to carry in my hand. On to Fairfax Court House — eight miles — over the very same road that our boys took in their disastrous retreat from Bull Run. No tidings there. Thence to Fairfax Station, and through the pines on an unknown road to Arundle's Tavern, about ten miles farther. It was two A. M. I rubbed down my horse and went to bed. Up again before the sun, wrote notices of reward, breakfasted, and off for home by another route. I was fagged out, and getting the worse for dust and heat. My pistol drew the eyes of the sober-looking folk going to Camp Meeting, where I fetched up to rest and make inquiries. I learned with unspeakable disgust that my horse was found hitched to the post *at the store, just where I left him!* I sincerely wished he had been stolen. I did not tarry at the Camp Meeting. I burned five hundred handbills that afternoon and told white lies for a month. But "an honest confession is good for the soul," and there you have it.

Hollywood.

Fairfax Co., Va., 4th month, 1871.

Yonkers, April 24, 1871.
Monday, A. M.

Dear "Young Folks," —

I have only been a subscriber to your interesting magazine since the first of this year; but I borrowed from a friend all of last year's "Young Folks."

On reading them I came across a piece in "Our Young Contributors'" corner called "Hally's Flower." I am sure those who read it cannot have forgotten it, and if they have they can freshen their memories by turning to last October's number. Now *I* have a darling little brother, and he says "pitty" and "fower" and many other baby words, and sometimes I get impatient and angry with him. This sweet little piece made me think how many precious baby brothers and sisters "fade away," and how we should love and prize them while we have them, toddling through our homes. So even at this late hour I thought it would not be entirely useless to say what an impression "Hally's Flower" made upon me. I hope it will help me not to forget to be always patient with little Eddie.

Now, dear "Young Folks," I must say good by, thanking you for the many pleasant hours your magazine has helped to fill.

I am your young friend,

Carlie Brickett.

Aggie and *Molly* ask these two questions, — who can answer them?

1. Why are frogs and fishes cold-blooded animals?

2. Where is the phrase, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," to be found, and who wrote it?

Lulu C. asks: "Will you be so kind as to tell me what books would give me the most thorough instruction in English history, and be the most interesting during my perusal of them?"

Knight's "Popular History of England" (8 vols., with many illustrations) is a most excellent and entertaining work. Read Macaulay's History (extending from James II. to the death of William III.). Dickens's "Child's History of England" may be read with profit: and for a simple summary of events Edwards's "Outlines of English History" is valuable.

"*Rose-Bud.*" — The *red* prussiate was meant. With chemists, *ferrocyanide* of potassium stands generally for either the red or the yellow prussiate, — though the yellow would be understood if the red were not specified. It is only quite recently that the red has come to be distinguished by the spelling, *ferricyanide.*

We allow *anybody* to contribute puzzles; and short, bright, pithy ones are always acceptable. Of ordinary ones we have more than enough on hand.

Bessie A. T. asks the "Letter Box": —

"Can any one tell me why molasses-candy becomes white by being pulled?"

"*Kerl E. Q.,*" "*Mattie,*" *and many others.* — Back numbers of "Our Young Folks" can be had of the publishers for 20 cents each.

DINWIDDIE COUNTY, VA., March 29, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I see your bright face every month, and I certainly do think it is bright, *sure enough.* A dear kind uncle in New York sends it to me, and I do wish all boys and girls had an uncle or some relation to do the same for them, for I do not see how Young Folks can afford to be without it. I read it through carefully when it first comes, and then all the back numbers, till the next one comes.

I am only ten years old, but I think I am a pretty good judge of stories; any way, I know what I like, and I think Jack Hazard is splendid; the only fault I have to find, you leave him in such a bad fix every time, and a month is so long to be kept waiting for him to get out.

C. A. Stephens is my favorite; I should like to know him, and if he will come down here to "Old Virginia" we will tell him how we hunt foxes, with fifteen or twenty dogs; sometimes it takes a whole day to catch one. The huntsmen will not allow it to be shot, for they want the pleasure of chasing it. The dogs and horses seem to enjoy it too, for 't is hunted on horseback. The skin of a fox is of very little value here, so the hunter has the fox boiled and the broth thickened with meal, and when done and sufficiently cool fed to his dogs; and this is their reward besides the sport they have.

If you did not have so many to ask favors *of* you, and make suggestions *to* you, I would be tempted to ask one or two chapters more of Jack Hazard each month.

Your admirer,

THOS. C. DIGGS, *age* 10 *yrs.* 6 *mos.*

PETERSBURG, Va. (my post-office address, my home, 6 miles in the country).

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I am ten years old, and have taken your paper two years, and like it better than any other I ever saw. . . . . I was very much pleased with the game of "Cross Purposes," and I thought of a variation of the same, which perhaps may interest some of your little readers. Instead of writing a question and answer, I write the name of some beast, bird, or insect on one slip of paper and some leading trait on another. For example: —

The elephant — is the largest of beasts.
The ox — is a very patient animal.
The mosquito — though not so large as some insects, is very annoying.
The bluebird — sings sweetly.
The lark — flies high in the air.
The horse — is an intelligent animal.

Then mix the names together and the traits together and draw one of each and read them; the result is sometimes quite ludicrous: —

The elephant — though not so large as some insects, is very annoying.
The ox — flies high in the air.
The mosquito — is a very patient animal.
The bluebird — is the largest of beasts.
The lark — is an intelligent animal.
The horse — sings sweetly.

EUDORA MAY STONE.

EMERSON, OTOE COUNTY, Nebraska.

THIS letter comes from a "Young Contributor," now in Europe: —

HANOVER, January 30, 1871.

KIND MR. EDITOR, —

When I sent you my composition I was residing in America; but very soon after I left my home, and came to Germany, where I have been ever since.

In America I was always glad when I received the nice yellow-covered "Young Folks," but the happiness it then gave me was nothing to what it is now. Here it is not easy to find anything to read in our tongue, and I am not proficient enough in German to read books in that language. . . . . .

Ten days ago I went to Berlin, on a visit to some friends. Berlin is a large city, and in many things is quite like New York, only New York has no palaces. I went through that of the Emperor, where I saw much wealth and beauty; but, what I liked most of all, was an exquisitely carved balcony, which is occupied by musicians at the court balls. The original of this balcony was made of solid silver; but Frederick the Great caused it to be melted and made into money, then he had the one I saw made exactly like it, except the new one is of wood silver-plated.

In "Our Young Folks" for November was an excellent article on Pompeii, which I read with great interest. When I visited the Berlin Museum and saw the broken statues, dishes, and jewelry found in Pompeii and Herculaneum, you may be sure I examined them with more care than

I should have done had I not read the story of "A Boy's Visit."

One of the rooms in the Museum is furnished with the same ivory furniture Frederick the Great had standing in his own private room. Arranged around this room in glass cases are many relics of his father, among which are his tobacco-pipes and canes. I noticed also a white dress which Murat wore, the wedding-ring of Frederick the Great, and the hat of the Emperor Napoleon, which he left lying in his travelling-carriage at Waterloo. In these cases were many other things that, to me, were very interesting, but I will not describe them for fear of trying your patience, and I know you busy editors would never get through reading, if every one wrote long letters.

Will you believe me, when I say that, if I live to be one hundred years old, I shall still continue reading "Our Young Folks"? You see I take it for granted that the magazine will be published each month a hundred years from now, and in case it should not, why, then I will read my old ones. Now good by.

From your friend,

JENNIE SNIDER.

THE answer to *Madge's* question in our April number about certain text-books used in the Boston public schools was not sufficiently explicit, as our correspondent *B. L. B.* has pointed out to us. There is a want of uniformity in text-books, resulting from the fact that the schools are not only of different grades, but that many of them are in Roxbury and Dorchester, places recently annexed to Boston, and therefore allowed to retain the books previously in use in their respective schools.

Charlie Chase, Piqua, Ohio. — The present king of Belgium is Leopold II. His full name is Leopold Philip Maria Victor. He was born April 9, 1835, and succeeded his father, Leopold I., December 10, 1865. He is a cousin of Queen Victoria.

Qriosity. — "Why the 1st day of April is called April Fools' Day," or in other words, when and how the custom of sportively imposing on people on that day originated, is a question that has long puzzled the antiquaries.

Previously to the year 1710, and in some cases even at a much later date, the day was generally designated in almanacs as All Fools' Day, perhaps in jocular imitation of the church festival of All Souls' Day, which was celebrated on the 2d of November. It is worth remarking, that, in old times, when the orthography of our language was still unsettled, when *ou* and *oo* were often used interchangeably, when an "idle *e*" was added at pleasure to any word ending in a consonant, and when the character called "long f" was used for s, except at the end of a word, "All foules' day" (All-souls' day) would look wonderfully like "All foules' day" (All-fools' day). But, though this may have been the way in which this phrase originated, the reason for selecting the 1st of April as a time for playing off little tricks and practical jokes upon unsuspecting persons is not apparent.

Various conjectures have been offered. It has been supposed that the custom is a relic of some old heathen festival; more particularly of the *Festum fatuorum*, or Feast of Fools (originally held on or about the first of January, but afterwards removed, *it is surmised*, to the 1st of April), which was introduced into Great Britain by the early Christian missionaries, with the design of ridiculing and supplanting the old Roman Saturnalia and the Druidical rites, both of which institutions were flourishing there when they undertook the task of converting the natives to the true faith.

In France an April fool is called an April fish (*poisson d'avril*), in allusion, it is said, to the fact that, in some places, fishes spawn at this time of year, and, being then worthless for food, disappoint the fisherman who catches them. According to other authorities, King Charles IX. of France, while sojourning at the château of Rousillon, in Dauphiny, in the year 1564, issued a decree by which the first day of the year — which had previously begun on the 1st of April — was carried back to the 1st of January. In consequence of this change New Year's gifts came to be made only on the first of January; and on the first of April those who did not willingly conform to the new order of things were saluted with mock felicitations, made the recipients of pretended or delusive presents, and befooled in all sorts of ways. As the sun left the zodiacal sign of *Pisces*, or the Fishes, in April, they were called *poissons d'avril*. Another explanation refers the custom to a travesty of the mediæval Easter miracle plays representing the sufferings, or *passion* (whence by corruption *poisson*), of Our Lord, and especially the sending him from one tribunal to another, from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod, with accompaniments of derision and insult.

MY DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I am very sorry that my desire to improve has been mistaken for defiance. I was in earnest when I asked you to point out any error found in my first letter, and did not suppose my words could be misconstrued. The sentence criticised may be open to objection, but when I used "which," I did not intend to use it as a nominative to the verb "is," but as an adjective or adjective pronoun qualifying "mode of expression" understood. The sentence thus filled up would read: According to the author of "Weeds and Words," you would say "I does not" and "I does n't," which *mode of expression* is not correct." Goold Brown says in his grammar:

"Words that are omitted by ellipsis and that are necessarily understood in order to complete the construction, must be supplied in parsing."

M. MARIAN PYCHOWSKA.

May 23, 1871.

IN examining the essays on "The Characteristics of a Gentleman," we at first threw aside that of "Minnie D. Bellen," which, for two or three reasons, we suspected of being copied. The quaint style in which it was written did not seem natural to a girl of sixteen; and we had a vague impression of having seen the same thing before. Moreover, the composition of the piece, otherwise remarkably good, was marred by the repetition of "Charity," first personified very inappropriately as the true gentleman's "chamberlain," and afterwards aptly as his "treasurer." It seemed to us that a writer of so much literary ability as the essay evinced would have used some other word in the first instance, and that here was just such a mistake as a copyist would be liable to make. Yet we reflected that authors sometimes make such errors in copying their own writings; and, everything else about the essay indicating genuineness, the fear of doing injustice to a worthy competitor caused us to reconsider our judgment. That a girl of sixteen should have had some acquaintance with old English literature, and have adopted its quaint modes of expression, seemed nothing improbable; and it might have been the style alone which gave to her composition its air of familiarity. We could not be positively certain of the fraud; but, on the other hand, if fraud there were, we felt sure that the publication of the essay would lead to its exposure. So we concluded to give No. V. the lowest girls' prize, — the blemish we have pointed out in it preventing it from taking a higher rank.

The result verified our first impressions, and demonstrated the extreme improbability of such a plagiarism passing undetected. Our May number, in which the prize essays were printed, flew on the wings of steam to its hundred thousand and more waiting readers, all over the country, and very soon, from half a dozen different sources, came the proofs of Minnie D. Bellen's duplicity.

One correspondent writes: "In a little old scrap-book of mine is an article which I cut from the *Buffalo Courier* some years since, and which embodies Miss Minnie's (?) sketch, with the following preface: 'In an old manor-house, in Gloucestershire, England, may be found the following sketch of a true gentleman, framed and hung over the mantel-piece of a tapestried sitting-room.'" The writer says: "I trust you will not think me harsh or cruel in writing this, — it makes my heart beat, and my face burn, almost as though the disgrace were my own." Others write in the same spirit, — more in pity than in anger at the baseness of the deception attempted to be practised. Two have sent us printed copies of the old essay, which are word for word like Miss Minnie's, with the exception, curiously enough, of that one word *charity*. "Charity" is the "treasurer," but the "chamberlain" is "*Chastity*," according to these evidently more correct copies.

"Minnie D. Bellen," whoever she may be, has injured only herself by this act of imposture, and she has gained nothing but the condemnation of all right-thinking people. The prize was sent to her, not in money, but in a check which could not be cashed without her indorsement; and by this she could have been traced, and compelled to refund the amount. That check has never been presented for payment; and the prize ($10) is now re-awarded to the author of the following essay: —

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GENTLEMAN.

True politeness at all times and on all occasions springing from kindness of heart.

MINNIE C. SCOFIELD, *age* 12.

JACKSONVILLE, Florida.

Our Young Contributors. — We have received from the "Prairie Nymph" another capital sketch, — "*Toy's Wedding*," — which will appear soon. The following are also accepted: "*My Steamship*," by T. B. Stork; "*The Barber's Carnival*," by W. S. Walsh; "*The Heathen Chinee*," by Charles W. Ames; "*How Annie and Tommie played Christmas*," by "Willie Wilde"; "*A Dark Night's Work*," by Will; "*An Adirondack Deer Hunt*," by F. Emerson, and "*Sammy's Experience*," by Ruth Adams.

"*A Sheepish Tale*," is funny, but too long.

The author of "*Base-Ball among the Bootblacks*" has our thanks for his excellent letters. We regret that we cannot find room for his articles.

M. E. R. — The allegory is hardly suitable for our use. It is well composed, however, and, since you ask our opinion, we are happy to say that, with "great care, study, and pains," you can, we think, become a "good writer."

M. D. B. — You have our earnest sympathy, confined as you are to an invalid's bed. Your poem has some excellent qualities, but a few commonplace expressions in it compel us, very reluctantly, to decline it.

C. T. K. — We must have the name and address of "Young Contributors," whether their articles are sent to us by the writers or by their friends.

"*My first Turkey Hunt*" is a capital joke; but is the idea original? The author will please inform us.

"*My Railroad Adventure*" will not do; and "*Fido*" is not *quite* so good as it ought to be for "Our Young Contributors."

Fannie W. — "You send an extra copy gratis for every five subscribers, — am I right? And I shall direct the envelope containing the subscriptions to the *publishers*, stating to whom I wish the extra copies sent?"

Yes, to both questions. The "April Fool" story has no particular faults to be pointed out, neither is it particularly interesting.

"*Barbara*" asks, "Who were the seven wise men of Greece?" Who will tell her?

Here is Jennie E. North's word-square in full, with the best of several squares made up from the same terminal words, and sent us by various correspondents, — Mary R. Atlee, Al. Harrison, Eva, Eirrac, John H. Ingham, Annie L. Foster, John L. Lyeth, Isa, J. C. Howard, Alice D., Fred H. Johnson, Fannie, W. H. Allderdice, Jr., and others. Only two have hit upon precisely the same square as Jennie's, — A. F. Dresel, Baltimore, and an anonymous writer from Buffalo. Some have *feats* instead of *fears* in No. 2, and others *riser* and *assay*, instead of *rarer* and *array*.

DRAFT	DRAFT	DRAFT
RIGOR	RARER	RULER
AGONY	ARRAY	ALLEY
FONTS	FEARS	FEELS
TRYST	TRYST	TRYST

DRAFT	DRAFT	DRAFT
RUMOR	RIPER	RULER
AMPLY	APPLY	ALLAY
FOLKS	FELLS	FEARS
TRYST	TRYST	TRYST

Daisy Dorrance sends an answer in which *alway* and *fears* take the place of *alley* and *feels* in No. 3; a true square, which we suspect was got by accident, since in two "seven-word squares," and others, which she has sent, only the first and last words read from left to right and from top to bottom. Don't you see, Daisy, that, in perfect squares, *all* the words read in this way?

The earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Ida, Carrie Macadam and Hattie Corkins, Emma Grace Shreve, Mary E. O. Grady, John H. Ingham, and Geologist.

J. R. O. — Wheeler's Dictionary of Fiction is bound in cloth. Price $2.50. In half calf, $4.50. To rebind in full sheep would cost about 75 cents or a dollar. Bancroft's History is in 9 vols. 8vo, cloth, $22.50; sheep, $31.50; half calf, $40.50; full calf, $49.50. There is no library edition, specifically so called.

Here is one of several letters to us, called out by Mr. Hale's appeal to "Our Young Folks" in our June "Letter Box": —

MAMARONECK, N. Y., May 24, 1871.

Dear Editors, —

Please oblige me, an old friend, by sending the "Young Folks" from January, 1871, to January, 1872, to the following address: Mr. Clarence Hale, Principal of Larnar Colored School, Larnar, Marshall Co., Miss.

Enclosed please find the money for a year's subscription, which will very likely be renewed. I suppose you have already received letters from the readers of your delightful magazine, telling you how much interest they take in Mr. Hale's Colored School; and I hope all those who can afford it will follow me by sending a copy of "Our Young Folks" to the Larnar Library, as I think it is the very best magazine for young people. It is not only interesting, but also very instructive, and there is such a healthy *moral* character about it, that it cannot fail to do good to those who read it.

Yours, with best wishes,

Barbara Douglass.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

W. B. Kay, Box 62, and *Fred Pollay*, Box 1125, Ithaca, N. Y. (desire correspondence on birds' eggs).

E. L. R., Draw 47, Oswego, N. Y. (wishes a correspondence in French, with Young Folks between 14 and 17).

T. H. F., 259 West 12th Street, N. Y. (would like a correspondent between 16 and 18; subject, composition).

Ella, 383 Fourth Street, South Boston (interested in music, dancing, and women's rights).

B. M. F., No. 50 Jane Street, N. Y. (wishes correspondent from 16 to 19; rhetoric and composition).

Theodore B. Foster, No. 59 West 35th Street, N. Y. (age 13; descriptive geography).

Edgar W. Howe, Dubuque, Iowa.

Grace R. White (age 14), Box 1424, Bangor, Maine.

Zaidee Gilbert (age 15), Wheatland, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Libbie Rogers (age 13), Box 112, Wheatland, Iowa.

"*Johnny Crapeau*," Box 305, Cazenovia, N. Y. (wishes correspondents over 17).

Minnie Y., Cazenovia, N. Y. (miscellaneous correspondence desired).

Anna Dike (age 16) (care Rev. L. F. Dike), Bath, Maine.

We girls of Whitewater, Wis., in order to form new acquaintances, establish friendships, improve our mental and social qualities, and secure to ourselves and our correspondents agreeable recreation, do desire and request a place in the "Mutual Improvement Corner" of "Our Young Folks." *Nellie A. Bassett* (age 17). *Matie E. Brown* (age 16). *Lilla C. Redington* (age 16). *Flora G. Bassett* (age 15). *Matie E. Hunter* (age 15).

Fanny Armdale (age 15), Syracuse, N. Y.

Note. The address of *Alice*, Gallipolis, O., published last month, [gave "Box 1," instead of "Lock Box 1," as it should have been.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1871. No. VIII.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON THE FARM.

THE next morning Jack began to make himself useful about the house and on the farm. Everything appeared fresh and beautiful to him, in the lovely summer weather. The early sunshine, the trees in their tender foliage, the broods of young chickens about the barn-yard, the singing birds, the cows lowing to be milked, even the pigs squealing for their breakfast, — all was picture to his eye and music to his ear; for he saw with the vision of happy youth, and hope was singing in his soul.

In learning and in helping, how eager he was! But one thing marred his enjoyment. He had too many masters. Moses told him to do one thing, Mr. Pipkin another, and Miss Wansey a third, all in a minute; and Phin was in his glory with somebody to order about.

After breakfast there were clothes to pound, for it was washing-day. This was ordinarily Phin's task, and a task he hated; he was accordingly glad enough to shirk it off on Jack.

"I 've got to ride horse to plough out corn; you must help the women-folks to-day," he said, with the air of a landed proprietor.

"Jack, come and turn the grin'stun for me to grind down my hoe a leetle," said Mr. Pipkin.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"You don't do any such thing, Jack!" said Miss Wansey. "I want you to fetch in some water."

"Heavens an' airth!" exclaimed Mr. Pipkin. "Who 's master o' this house, I 'd like to know? Come with me, Jack, and don't ye mind her tongue a mite; I don't," said Mr. Pipkin. "I 've nothin' to say to her whatever! Bring some water for the stun."

"Come here, Jack!" just then Moses called from the barn.

"Jack, Jack, Jack!" said Mr. Chatford, laughing, as he came out of the kitchen; "run to the top of the house! go to the cellar! jump over the barn! Why don't you mind, Jack?"

"I don't know which to mind first," replied Jack. "If there was five or six of me, I might obey orders all round; but bein' only myself, I 'm bothered! Who shall I mind, anyhow?"

"Mind me," said the deacon. "Pay no attention to anybody else to-day, unless I tell you to. For the next hour or so I give you over to Miss Wansey; when she is through with you, come out into the lot, and I 'll tell you what to do next."

"Jack," said Miss Wansey, triumphantly, — while Mr. Pipkin walked off in humble silence, — "take that pail, go to the rain-trough, and fetch in water enough to fill this tub."

The "rain-trough" — an immense trough hewed out of a log cut from one of the largest forest-trees — stood behind the house, where it received the water from the eaves. This was a very common substitute for a cistern in those days, and was a capital thing for boys to sail their tiny ships in, and for breeding mosquitoes. Jack found a shingle schooner with paper sails adrift in the tub, and two canal-boats, whittled out of pine, with thread for towlines, made fast to pins stuck into the edge of the trough for "snubbing-posts." As he was about to dip in his pail, regardless of the interests of commerce on those waters, Phin came running towards him from the wood-shed, where he had been dressing his woodchuck-skin.

"Don't swamp my schooner! look out for my packets!" cried that enterprising navigator. "See here a minute, Jack! Le's play these are our boats, and run opposition. Mine 's the Redbird. Sometimes we 'll be friends, and I 'll drop my towline for your boat to pass over one way, and you 'll drop yours for my boat, going t' other way; then we 'll race, and cut each other's towlines, — for that 's the way they do on the canal. I 'm Cap'n Bromley, and my boat can beat any boat you can bring on! Come, you know how."

Jack rather thought he did, and at another time he would have been pleased to enact on that small stage some of the scenes with which he had long been only too familiar. He had never aspired to the dignity of a packet-horse driver; but everybody in that region, on or off the canal, knew Captain Bromley and his famous Redbird in those days; and perhaps Jack could have shown a few tricks common to boatmen, with which Phin, being only an amateur, was unacquainted. For a moment a vision of his old, rude way of life swept before his eyes, and his new life seemed a dream;

then, remembering that he was to obey only Miss Wansey's orders that morning, he drew out his pail of water, — making great waves that caused Phin's little fleet to rock and pitch, — and hastened with it into the house.

The tub filled, Jack brought in from the woodshed the great, strong "pounding-barrel," — an indispensable auxiliary of the wash-tub and rubbing-board, in the Chatford household. Jack hardly knew what he was undertaking when he set out, under Miss Wansey's directions, to go through with the preliminary process of cleansing the family linen. The "pounder" consisted of a round, straight stick, like a broom-handle, inserted in a block perforated with holes for letting the suds gush out through the sides from a cavity in the centre. The suds were hot, and every time Jack let the pounder fall upon the soaking mass of clothes in the bottom of the barrel the stifling steam filled his nostrils and the spatters flew into his face, sometimes into his mouth. Then Miss Wansey, as he soon learned, had a washing-day spirit which she put on with her old gown; a fury of work seemed to possess her; she pervaded the kitchen like a storm. Good Mrs. Chatford helped a little, but pleased Miss Wansey best by keeping out of her way.

Jack did not wonder that Phin hated the pounding-barrel, and he was rejoiced when Miss Wansey told him he could go to the field. She had given him his orders in language so much like scolding that he feared he had not pleased her at all, and was quite surprised when she said to him at parting, "There, Jack Hazard! I 'd give more for you one half-hour over a pounding-barrel than for Phin Chatford all day!"

He hurried to the field, where he saw at a distance Phin riding Old Maje, and Mr. Chatford following, holding a plough, between the rows of young corn. Near by were Moses and Mr. Pipkin, shaping the freshly turned earth into hills about the young blades, and cutting out the weeds and grass.

"Jest in time," said Mr. Pipkin, looking up from his stooping shoulders, and showing his ivory over the hill he was hoeing. "Ketch up that hoe in the corner of the fence there, and pitch in on this next row."

"Go to the well first, Jack, and bring a jug of water," said Moses.

What Jack did was to wait for Mr. Chatford, coming back behind the horse and plough between the rows. The horse stopped in a corner of the zigzag rail-fence, and while the deacon was pulling the plough around, and lifting it over the last hills, Jack inquired what he was to do next. "One says, 'Take the hoe'; t' other says, 'Go for a jug of water.'"

"And I tell you not to mind a word they say," replied the deacon, laughing. "Phineas will go for water while the horse is resting, and I shall want to use the hoe myself. Send your dog to the house, and come with me."

Jack followed Mr. Chatford to the edge of a green field on the other side of the lane.

"Do you know what this is growing here?"

"Wheat, ain't it?"

"Yes. And do you know what this is?" said the deacon, pulling up a weed.

"I 've heard that called red-root," Jack replied.

"And a pesky mean root it is," said Mr. Chatford, pulling up another. "It 's coming so thick in all our wheat about here that the only way to get rid of it, as I see, is to pull it out. That 's what I want you to do. Get right down to it, take a strip two or three paces broad, through the piece, and pull out every bit you see. Do this till I tell you to do something else. And, as I said, don't mind what anybody else tells you."

Jack thought it easy work at first, but he was unused to stooping, and it was not long before he began to think it would be nice to stand up a little while at a pounding-barrel. He found himself rather lonely, moreover, and was sorry he could not have kept Lion with him. He persevered, however, with a stout heart, and went through and through the wheat-lot, seeing nobody, and thinking his own solitary thoughts, until once, when he was near the edge of the field farthest from the lane, he heard a stone rattle from the wall. He looked up, but looked down again in an instant, while his heart made a sudden leap in his throat.

He had seen a man stepping over the wall into the wheat-lot, not more than three rods off. It was Old Berrick.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW JACK PULLED THE RED-ROOT.

THE captain of the scow had crossed the Peternot farm from the direction of Aunt Patsy's house; and he had jumped down from the wall without seeing the face turned up at him for an instant under the slouching hat-brim. Then, noticing the boy at work there, — for little Jack was very industriously pulling up something, though whether it was wheat or red-root he could n't have stated under oath, — big Jack stopped and watched him.

The runaway trembled, undecided which of three things he should do, — jump up and run for his life; keep quietly at his work, with his head down, relying upon his strange clothes to disguise him; or boldly face his step-father. He at first regretted that Lion was not with him, but later he was glad, for the presence of the dog would certainly have betrayed him.

Captain Jack watched for a few moments the boy on hand and knee in the wheat, groping for weeds, then called out, coaxingly, — "Hullo, Bub!"

Jack lifted his head a little way, but not far enough to expose his face.

"Ye want a job?" said Berrick.

Slowly the lifted head was shaken, and lowered again; and the industrious Jack went on with his weeding. Captain Berrick took a step towards him.

"Say, Bub! would ye like to go on the canal?"

Jack gave another emphatic shake, with his head down and his hand still busy.

"I 'm looking for a driver. Give ye good wages; treat ye well, besides. What do ye say?"

Jack said nothing, but again the hat-brim revolved with a vigorous shake before his step-father's eyes.

"Ye hain't seen a boy an' dog pass this way, have ye?" then said Berrick. "Boy 'bout your size, only raggeder. Dog kind o' Newfoundland. Yesterday or this mornin'. Hey, Bub?"

Of course Jack had not seen such a boy, and his head made such haste to say so that the joints in his neck snapped, while a cold perspiration broke out all over his body.

"Be ye a fool?" bawled out Captain Jack, losing patience. "Hain't ye got no tongue?"

Another shake; whereupon Berrick dropped altogether his coaxing tone, and, with some characteristic rough words, — vowing that the boy was too stupid for *his* business anyhow, and advising him to stick to his weeds, for he was good for nothing else, — turned and walked off across the wheat-lot.

This fear passed, another possessed the lad, as he peeped from under his hat and saw Captain Jack vanish over a fence in the direction of the charcoal-burners' camp. "If he talks with them, they 'll tell him, and he 'll be back here after me!" he thought. Immediately he left his work, ran to the fence over which Berrick had disappeared, and to his great joy saw

him pass around the edge of the woods in which the coal-pit was smoking. Then, with nerves still in a tremor, but with a glad and thankful heart, he ran back to his task.

There he was, pulling red-root and not wheat, when he heard a horn blow, far away over the orchard, and, looking up at the sun, thought it must be dinner-time. Then he saw Phin riding homeward on Old Maje, along the lane, followed by his father. Then Mr. Pipkin came and looked over the lane fence, and shouted at Jack and beckoned. Then all went out of sight in the direction of the barn; and Jack said to himself, "It *is* dinner! and I 'm hungry as a bear." Still he kept at work.

Not long after he heard a voice in the direction of the orchard; and there was Moses shouting and beckoning. Moses had been sent by his mother to call Jack, who, she feared, had not heard, or understood, Mr. Pipkin's previous signal. Jack merely looked up, and continued at work.

Meanwhile the dinner went on without him; and it was half over, when Mrs. Chatford said, "Why! where can that boy be? Did n't you call him, Moses?"

"I called as loud as I could," said Moses, "and I know he heard me."

"I called him as good and fair as ever a boy was called to dinner," said Mr. Pipkin; "an' I thought he was comin'. I never before knowed a boy that wanted to be called more 'n two times to his meals."

"If he don't know enough to come, let him stay away," remarked Master Phineas.

"Eh? what?" spoke up the deacon, who had been in one of his absent-minded moods up to this moment. "Why, where — where 's Jack?" And, being told, he said, "I declare! is it possible? I do believe it 's my fault, after all!"

"How your fault, father?" Mrs. Chatford inquired.

"Sure as the world!" said the deacon, shoving back his chair. "I told him not to mind a word anybody said to him to-day, except me. And I told him to pull red-root till I ordered him to do something else. He might have known enough, though, to come to dinner. I 'm provoked with the fellow!"

And yet the good deacon was pleased to have found a lad capable of obeying orders so strictly, "on an empty stomach, too," as he said. He himself now left his dinner unfinished, and walked through the orchard to call Jack, who, tired and hungry, needed no other summons.

"Hey, boy?" said Mr. Chatford, as Jack, swift of foot, overtook him in the orchard; "you might have come to dinner, when called, you know."

"I thought I might," said Jack; "but I was n't sure, — you had told me —"

"Yes, yes! it is all right," said the deacon, patting his shoulder. "I like you the better for taking me at my word, and sticking to it. But I 'm a terrible forgetful man sometimes, and you must n't always count on my remembering what I 've said. I like to see a boy mind, without shirking and arguing; but 'there 's reason in all things,' as Pippy says."

So saying he took Jack in to dinner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK VISITS "THE BASIN."

JACK pulled red-root all the afternoon; and it is quite safe to infer that he did not wait to be summoned very many times to supper.

"Well, my boy," Mr. Chatford said to him at the table, "how do you like the job?"

"I 'm glad of something to do," replied Jack, with a queer smile in one corner of his mouth.

"But you ain't over and above delighted with that particular job?"

Jack did not profess to be in raptures over it; it was "kind o' lonesome," he said, and "back-achey."

"And I guess by this time," remarked the hired man, "he 's jest about ready to go back on to the canal; sorry he learnt the trade, as the feller said arter he 'd blowed the blacksmith's bellus three days, an' got humsick." And Mr. Pipkin's display of ivory over his own joke was prodigious.

"If it was pulling red-root all summer, I own I 'd a little d'ruther drive," said Jack. "But I don't want to go back on to the canal." He could n't have told why; but, humble as his lot was here, he seemed to have begun a better life, and to breathe a sweeter air than he had ever known before; and if there be persons born to love what is low and vile, Jack was not one of them.

"But you 'll stick to the red-root this week, if you don't finish the job before?" said the deacon, with a twinkle of fun behind a mask of seriousness.

"Yes, if you say so," Jack replied, seeing only the mask and not the twinkle.

"Well," said Mr. Chatford, laughing, "I don't think I 'll put you to that test. A new boy that 'll lay himself right down to pulling red-root all alone, and all day, and not flunk out before supper-time, has got stuff in him of the right kind. I 've watched ye, and I begin to think you 're in earnest."

"He 's jest been tryin' yer grit, boy!" observed Mr. Pipkin. "And I must say yer back has stood it well."

"A'most as well as a back made a purpose," said Miss Wansey with a sarcastic allusion to Mr. Pipkin's peculiar stoop.

"Miss Wansey," began Mr. Pipkin, turning towards her a stern countenance and formidable teeth; then checking himself, he addressed Mrs. Chatford: "I might fling back, 'at though my back is crooked, my disposition ain't, like some folks's, and I 'm thankful, — only I 've nothin' to say to the person that jest spoke." And he set the said teeth deep in a buttered biscuit.

Miss Wansey looked much amused at this reflection upon herself, and said, addressing the company in a very general manner, "Did I speak to Mr. Pipkin? I was n't aware that I made any remark to Mr. Pipkin! So, if he means that *my* disposition is crooked — "

But here Mr. Chatford interrupted her by asking Jack how he would like to work with him and the boys the next day, — "then," said he, "when we get the corn hoed, we 'll all clap to and help you out with the red-root."

Jack now understood that his day's task had been set him as a trial of his constancy; and his heart leaped joyfully within him, as he replied that he would like that "fust-rate."

"Then, after supper," said the deacon, "you and Phineas may go over to the store and get a couple more hoes. Stop at the blacksmith shop, too, Phineas, and see if that trace-chain is mended which I left there Saturday night."

"Yes, sir," said Phin, dutifully, concealing the delight which this commission gave him; for it was that artful young gentleman's policy to have it appear that he went to please his parent, not himself. "It 'll be fun!" he whispered to Jack as soon as they were out of the house. "We 'll take Lion, and go by Mr. Welby's and maybe get Jase, and then look at the woodchuck-trap going over, and go in a swimming as we come back, and, besides, we sha' n't have to help milk."

Jack whistled for his dog, and the three started. They soon hailed Jase Welby, who at first looked rather shyly at Phin, remembering their recent falling out, but afterwards concluding to forget it, with a little teasing got his father's permission to do some trifling errand at the store.

"That 's the dog, hey?" said Jase. "I wish I could have seen him tackle the Squire's bull! Ab told about it. Lucky we did n't shoot him, — remember?" turning to Jack.

They were passing the scene of our hero's encounter with the two boys, before the door of the stable, that miserable Saturday night, which now seemed to him so long ago. Jack remembered only too well; the gloomy barn-yard, the heavily breathing cattle, the pin drawn from the door, the sudden alarm, the two lads rushing out upon him from the shed, the lantern flashed into his face and the gun levelled at his head, — all this passed vividly through his mind; and was he that homeless boy, seeking refuge in a barn upon a bed of straw, and driven forth like a thief into the dismal night? What a wonderful revolution in his life had taken place since then! Jack scarcely knew himself, thinking of the change; and he had to lay his hand on Lion's neck to make things seem real to him.

He was not much inclined to talk of the adventure; and the three boys, quitting the barn-yard, turned into the lane which Jack had first traversed in darkness and despair. He tried to make out his course beyond it, and thought he found the stone over which he stumbled and on which he sat when he discovered the colliers' camp. He had occasion to pass that stone many times afterwards in his life, and he could never look upon it without emotion; for was it not the turning-point of his destiny, — the point of utmost discouragement, from which he looked up and saw far off through the rainy dark that little flickering flame of hope start up and fall and rise again in the woods?

They kept on across the fields, going out of their way to look at Phin's

woodchuck-trap, which was not sprung, then, leaving the swamp and the charcoal-pit on their right, came out of the high woods upon a hilly pasture commanding a view which made Jack draw another long breath. Below them lay a valley stretching northward towards a sea of forests, above the tops of which could be seen the blue rim of Lake Ontario. The valley was spotted with farms; not far off in the west lay a village; and near by, along the edge of the irregular plateau from which they gazed, wound a great, slow, watery snake, its broad glimmering back ringed here and there by a bridge.

"Ye know that, Jack?" said the grinning Phineas.

Did he know it? the footpath of many a summer's wanderings, the winding track of his floating home, — the canal!

"Le's go down, and ride up to the Basin on a boat," said Phin. "There 's one coming, — a line boat; we can jump on to it from the bridge."

But Jack, fearing to meet somebody who knew him, — perhaps the old man Berrick himself, — declined the pleasure; and as Lion would not go without him, the proposed ride was given up.

"I want to keep with Lion when we go to the blacksmith's shop, any way," said Phin. "Duffer's house is close by, and Duffer's dog always comes out at a feller. He took down Sam Collins the other day, and had him by the throat, when the blacksmith came out with a hot iron and drove him off. He fights every dog that comes along, and he has killed five or six dogs. He 's the tyrant of the town."

Phin had not exaggerated the vicious propensities of this notorious dog. No sooner had the boys, entering the village, stopped at the blacksmith's shop, than out bounced that belligerent animal, bristling up, and advancing with fierce growls upon Lion.

"Please to call your dog off, Mr. Duffer!" Phin cried out to a man standing in the door of a stable opposite.

The man — a great, red-faced, black-whiskered fellow, almost as brutal-looking as his dog — thereupon came saunteringly across the street. He had one hand in his pocket; the other held a "black-whip," trailing the thick, pliant, snake-like end in the dust behind him.

"I cac'late," said he, "'t my dorg can lick any dorg in the country. My dorg's name is Grip. Look sharp, Grip! I never sets my dorg on, but if my dorg wants to fight, I jest stands by and sees fair play. Look alive, Grip!"

There was a circular fire on the ground before the shop, heating a tire which was soon to go upon a wagon-wheel in waiting. Near by stood the wagon, into which Phin leaped with wonderful alacrity. It was plain to be seen that Duffer was almost as much the terror of the village as his dog. Even Jase, who was not a cowardly boy, looked not a little disturbed in his mind as he walked about, carefully keeping the fire between him and Duffer's dog and whip.

"Say, Jack!" said Phin, eager to mask his fear under any pretence, "this is our old wagon that pa and Mose broke down yesterday; have a ride?"

Jack — whose long experience on the canal had given him an audacity in dealing with rough characters which the two farm boys could only admire — did not care to ride.

"Say! look here!" he cried, trying to keep the animals apart; "I don't want my dog chawed up, and I don't want him to chaw up your dog."

"What ye go'n' to do about it?" said Duffer, with a sort of ferocious gayety, turning his quid, while he reversed the position of his whip, bringing the long, snaky, menacing tip in front of him.

Jack quietly picked up a smith's hammer in the door of the shop. "I 'll keep my dog out of the way if I can," said he; "if I can't — your dog must look out!"

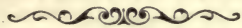
"Touch my dorg, an' I 'll cut yer cloe's on yer back all inter strings an' ribbons with this whip!" said Duffer, with a cool, cruel smile.

"I 've seen whips afore to-day, and big bullies at the t' other end of 'em, and I never was afraid of one yet!" And Jack — who, I suppose, had never stood greatly in fear of any man except Old Berrick when he was angry — grasped the hammer handle till his knuckles were white. His face was white too, — not with fear, however, as Duffer, who was really a coward, saw with some uneasiness.

A crowd of fellows from the tavern and groceries had by this time rushed to the spot. Duffer gave a wink to one of them standing behind Jack; and he, reaching under the boy's shoulder, with a sudden wrench wrested the hammer from his hand. As Jack turned to recover it, the dogs clinched.

"Let 'em alone!" cried Duffer, swinging his whip. "Fair play! stand back there! make a ring!"

J. T. Trowbridge.



A JOURNEY TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY the time the locomotive, who is a traveller of strictly temperance principles, had taken a huge drink at the water-tank of a thriving town in Western New York, Louise Chauncey and her uncle were comfortably seated in the car, and, as Louise said, "fairly started for San Francisco."

The trains left the town in a very noisy and disreputable manner, considering that the engine had taken nothing but cold water for "refreshments," and they were soon moving swiftly past green fields and quiet villages, and orchards laden with apples or blushing beneath a full fruitage of peaches. Gradually the fields grew broader, there was more country and fewer towns, and "out West" did indeed seem to be "a big place," as the large man who lived next door to Louise and her uncle remarked.

Louise thought this idea of one's neighbor living next door in a car was a very funny one, but it seemed natural enough after they had travelled

together for a few days. They became a sociable little community, and attended to their own business or their neighbors' affairs as naturally as if they had remained at home. Her "housekeeping," as her uncle called it, consumed some of her time every night and morning; she settled herself among her bags and parcels quite conscious of the importance of her journey, and from the systematic way in which she disposed of things one might think she was a young housekeeper freshly impressed with the importance of that time-honored adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

The "large man" had lived "out West" always, and had kept moving as "out West" moved, until at last he had reached the Pacific. He said he believed that half of the population of Europe could be scattered over this country and one would hardly know it, "out West" was so large a place; and truly it seemed to Louise as if they might. At home she had known pleasant gardens and smooth lawns, and green meadows and hillsides, but these miles and miles of verdant prairies, stretching far away until they met the blue sky at the dim horizon, were a new revelation of vastness.

The books which she had brought with her to read did not receive much of her attention. There seemed to be a probability that even the stories in the last number of "Our Young Folks" would be fresh when she reached San Francisco, there was so much to be seen outside the car window.

One day, while they were passing through one of the great cornfields of Iowa, Louise had been laughing about her practical lesson in geography; — she was sure she would never forget that corn was a staple production of that State!

"But, uncle, corn *does n't* grow wild," said she at length, bewildered by the vastness of the fields, and the very few little farm-houses where it looked as if people might live to take care of them. But suddenly her attention was attracted by something even more surprising; the train was passing an encampment of Indians. "Real Indians," said Louise, excitedly to Isabel Carandas, a car acquaintance to whom her uncle had introduced her.

"O, that 's nothing," replied Isabel, who was a Californian, and was returning to her home after a few months' visit in the East. "You will see plenty of them before you reach San Francisco."

The encampment was in a sort of hollow, on each side of a running stream. Some of the huts were tent-shaped; some were square, with only the tops covered with mats woven of rushes. An Indian woman, with a partly finished mat in her hand and a bundle of rushes on her head, was entering one of the huts, and was the only one of all the little community who did not stop to gaze at the train as it passed. The rest of them, men, women, and children, hastened to the fence, climbed to the top rail and sat there gravely gazing at the cars and the crowd of curious faces in the windows. The men were wrapped in bright scarlet blankets, and their heads were bristling with feathers, sticking either in their hair or in the

rims of their old hats. Some of the squaws had on scarlet blankets too, but a few of them were dressed in calico, which had evidently come somewhere from civilization.

This incident promoted even more sociability than there had been before in the car. A pleasant-looking man who spoke with a slight German accent had a great deal to tell about Indians in general and these Indians in particular. He said that the vast cornfields through which the train had been passing were part of a "reservation" set apart by the government for the use of the Indians, and that those who lived some fifty miles to the north were encamped there for the purpose of harvesting their grain.

The next morning our travellers reached the Missouri River. During the night there had been a heavy rain-storm; and the bright day dawned upon trackless wastes of mud. There was no dry land and hardly anything which could be called water. The vast Missouri rolling turbulently along was thick with mud. This is the most lawless and wilful of streams. Its bed, between Council Bluffs and Omaha, is nearly four miles wide, and the channel is to be found anywhere over that extent of surface, sometimes nearer Omaha, sometimes nearer Council Bluffs, and sometimes almost exactly between the two. The sand-bars which form in the river, and are constantly washed about from place to place, are the causes of these eccentricities in its course.

"The Missouri always seemed to me like one of those places 'on the map,' as the little girl said of Boston," remarked Louise, meditatively. "It certainly is n't very beautiful."

"No, but it is interesting because we know how large it is. Three thousand miles before it empties into the Mississippi, — it ought properly to be called the Father of Waters," replied her uncle.

The river which was not beautiful, but only interesting, as our travellers decided, was seriously in the way of the Union Pacific Railroad. At the station at Council Bluffs the passengers were all obliged to leave the cars, and be packed away as snugly as possible in omnibuses, until they should reach Omaha on the other side. The crowded vehicles were driven on to a large flat ferry-boat, and in half an hour driven off again in the mud on the other side of the Missouri.

After the people had left the omnibuses it did not seem possible that they had all been inside, the crowd expanded so, and the boxes, bags, and parcels increased to such an unlimited extent, reminding one of the genii the fisherman let out of the bottle, in that wonderful story in the Arabian Nights. Here had been wrought that every-day magic of which we all know something, — that of accommodating ourselves to circumstances.

When they were again comfortably seated in the car and were whizzing out into the vast verdant plain west of Omaha, there were many funny stories told of their experience in the omnibuses, for parties travelling together had become separated in the crowd and confusion; and, like travellers in the old fairy stories, all were expected to relate the adventures they had met with.

Isabel Carandas particularly enjoyed the position of story-teller, and she had the "knack" of making stories interesting. If she had only stopped at a station long enough to get her dinner, something was sure to have happened to her which would be worth the telling. This time it was only that her travelling companion, a pretty green parrot, had insisted upon having "a cracker" from a particular basket, upon which a very large woman was sitting, and had kept all the passengers in a roar of laughter by gravely reiterating her wants.

The next morning they were on the top of the Rocky Mountains, which, to tell the truth, seemed not like mountains at all, but almost as level as the plains through which they had passed yesterday. But those were of midsummer greenness and these were white here and there with snow. In the far distance, more than a hundred miles away, could be seen the snow-clad "Pike's Peak." The train stopped on the summit, and Louise and some of her young companions had a fine game at snowballing. It was yet in the very early autumn, — only September, — but the land here is so high that it is very much like winter almost any month in the year. There were roaring fires built in the great stoves in each end of the cars, and people unstrapped their travelling blankets and shawls and prepared to make themselves comfortable. But these were only needed in the early frosty morning; by midday it became warm enough without them. It was, however, what they called "an inside day"; that is, there was so little outside which was of interest that they were obliged to amuse themselves with their books and conversation. Louise did not find this difficult to do. She was, as her uncle admiringly said of her, "of the stuff of which travellers ought to be made."

The train stopped occasionally at places with familiar names, such as Sherman and Rawlings, which told plainly enough that our great generals had been over the road. When they were stopping at one of these places Louise said she knew it was absurd, but she could n't help thinking it was like the boys at school who used to cut their names with a jack-knife on the trees.

"But, after all," replied her uncle, "it is not like, for it is their deeds which have made these men's names famous; besides, they themselves did not handle the 'jack-knife.'"

The towns all had the appearance of being very young, and looked as if they had not yet made up their minds to remain very long in one place. And, indeed, many of them are of a migrating character. Building materials are very scarce, and when the people get tired of staying in one place they often move the town with them, and usually give it a new name in its new locality. It is not a very difficult thing to do, however, as the buildings are very small and the outside only of wood, the partitions being of canvas. There were curious signs in front of some of the houses. On large white boards usually in glowing red letters one could read "SAM SING WASHING AND IRONING," or "LUNG TEE SEE WASHING AND IRONING." But the owners of these funny Chinese names were probably inside attending to the

"Washing and Ironing," for Louise saw nothing of them, although she was curious to do so.

The next day, which was Sunday, they passed through Echo Cañon. And here the scenery was varied and grand enough to compensate for more than one day's monotonous travel. The rocks towered hundreds of feet up in the blue air, looking like great giants or ruined castles, or perhaps a church with a broken spire or a decayed and grass-overgrown tower. The travellers called them "wonderful," "magnificent," "sublime," but that did not describe them. The bright sunshine seemed to steal down their sides timidly and sent a golden shaft into some mysterious crevice, and broad deep shadows lay where the sun had never penetrated. Again a rock would stand entirely alone with every curious angle and curve sharply defined against the bluest and clearest of skies.

This cañon was many miles in extent, and soon after leaving it they entered another, quite different but nearly as wonderful. The railroad through Weber Cañon followed the course of the Weber River, which small but ambitious stream sometimes dashed itself to pieces over the black rocks, and sometimes purled along peaceably enough over its pebbly bottom. Two curious unbroken ledges of rock lying side by side in an almost perpendicular position formed what the guide-books called the "Devil's Slide." And farther on, where the waters of the river poured in a seething whirlpool through the rocks, the place was called the "Devil's Gate." There was no tradition that the evil one possessed any peculiar power over these spots. But they were so horrible that the names naturally suggested themselves. It was a day of a good deal of excitement, for there was a stretching of necks to see the tops of the rocks. And when they passed the famous "Water Gate," the train only crept along, and people clinging to the railing crowded the platforms to get a nearer look into the seething waters.

Again there were plains beyond, plains of grayish white alkali dust dotted here and there with clumps of dusty sage-brush. At one of the stations Louise and Isabel had quite a conversation with an Indian woman, who came directly under the car window to beg for something to eat. She did her begging in a funny way, too, not by asking for what she wanted in English, nor in the Indian language. She did not even make signs that she was hungry, but held out a funny-looking, mummy-like baby strapped to a board, as if it had been an advertisement which she desired the passengers to read. It answered just as good a purpose as if it had been a petition written in the best of English and signed with a long list of names. The girls opened their lunch-baskets and handed out sandwiches and cake, which the woman dexterously caught in an old tattered shawl that she had about her shoulders.

Isabel had known the Indians all her life, and professed to be quite proficient in their language.

"Your papoose?" she said, interrogatively addressing the woman.

The squaw's little beady black eyes danced expressively by way of reply,

and she turned the board round for a moment and laid the infant against her shoulder.

"How many papooses," continued Isabel, holding up her fingers, — "one, two?"

The woman expressively held up three fingers and looked significantly at the sandwiches.

"Me heap hungry," she said, in a low, plaintive voice. More provisions were handed out, at which she smiled and nodded her head.

"How many moons is this papoose?" was the next question asked, but the engine gave a sudden and shrill shriek, and the little squaw, dexterously slipping across her forehead a leather strap attached to the board to which the baby was fastened, quickly scrambled down the embankment. She dropped her shawl in doing so, and the food rolled out into the sand. The last the girls saw of her she and some half-dozen others were busily engaged in picking the things up.

"They will not mind the sand; they would as soon eat a bushel as a peck of dirt," Isabel remarked, in answer to Louise's expression of regret that the poor woman's dinner was spoiled.

There were plenty of similar incidents at the different stations; indeed, the girls kept their lunch-baskets ready for any such emergency. And not only Indians, but the Chinese, crowded about the cars when they stopped. It was also one of Isabel's accomplishments to know how to talk to the Chinamen. Her knowledge of their language consisted mostly in adding a final "e" to most English words.

The Chinamen were nearly all very small, and Louise at first thought they looked exactly alike. Their complexion was pale yellow, they had usually long, narrow, sleepy-looking eyes, — (the eyes of some of the younger ones, however, were quite round and beady looking), — and their hair, which was very coarse and black, was braided in a long pig-tail. Sometimes coarse black strings were added, and the braids nearly reached the ground; but sometimes these were coiled around the top of their heads and tucked away neatly under their hats. They wore short loose sacks, either blue or black, and pantaloons of the same color; their shoes were broad and short and turned up slightly at the toes. These Chinamen were mostly employed in working on the railroad and had picks and shovels over their shoulders. When they stopped at the stations a conversation was usually carried on in this way.

"How do, John?"

To which any of the "Johns," for all Chinamen are called "John," would return a delighted "O yeh, how do?" expressively bobbing their heads up and down.

"You getee plenty of work, John?"

"Yeh, yeh, all right."

"Good by, John."

"Goo by," "goo by," and John would continue to repeat "goo by" until the train had fairly started.

So far there had been no delay on the road, and everybody was saying that it would be one of the quickest trips yet made across the country. The train sped rapidly over the plains in long straight stretches; it took a sweeping curve around the blue waters of Salt Lake, above which white gulls were fluttering and dipping their wings into the water.

At night the passengers went quietly to sleep behind the green brocade curtains, which partitioned the seats from each other, and which were arranged by a black magician named George. I know George is a Christian name, yet this George was a magician, for after he had lighted the lamps, which were brass and which he first polished with his coat-sleeve, he pulled impossible-looking boards and mattresses from beneath the red velvet sofas, and with a few skilful strokes he built up snug little sleeping apartments, where the clean sheets and pillows invited the weary travellers to rest from their journey until another daylight. But one night after they were all snugly stowed away, and were perhaps dreaming to the accompaniment of the hoarse breathing of the locomotive and the dull clatter of wheels over the iron track, every one was startled by a sudden cessation of noise and motion. Heads in various states of disorder showed themselves between the curtains, and there was an anxious whisper of "What is it?" throughout the car. Some one, who probably knew things by intuition, said that the Indians had placed obstructions on the track, and that the engine had been thrown off.

In a few moments there was a report that the train had run over a buffalo, but in half an hour the case was finally settled that the cars had run over two cows, and that the train *was* off the track. The accident was nothing more serious — except to the poor cows, which were horribly mangled — than a detention. As soon as it was daylight the passengers, instead of stopping for their cup of hot coffee for breakfast, as they usually did, wandered about rather disconsolately, exploring the country.

The Truckee River, a wild and beautiful mountain stream (a mountain stream is beautiful everywhere, the flaky froth at the edge of the green wave which dashes in pearly spray against the rocks is always a joy and a delight), was but a quarter of a mile from the cars; neither was the country entirely destitute of vegetation. Close by the river were pleasant nooks where the grass grew green, and there were various hardy shrubs on the steeper banks; there were also some brilliant autumn flowers growing in scattered clumps here and there. A deserted hut in a ruinous garden-patch showed that some frontiersman had once had a home there, and old tin cans and broken bottles lying about were such evidences as may be found anywhere on the overland route that civilized man has been there.

After eight or nine hours' detention the train with its hungry passengers started on. That day they crossed the Sierra Nevadas.

"That, Miss," said the polite brakeman who stood on the lower step of the rear platform of the car, "is the big pine-tree, and marks the place where Nevada leaves off and California begins." Louise and Isabel, with a number of the other passengers, were on the platform to get a better view of the wonderful country through which they were passing.

After they had passed through the first tunnel and the adjoining mile or two of snow-shed, Louise saw far above her, up the steep, nearly precipitous mountain-side, a long low building of new wood.

"What is that?" she asked, surprised at seeing a building in such an apparently inaccessible place. Somebody replied that it "looked like a saw-mill." But the brakeman laughed and told them that it was only another snow-shed, which they would be going through presently. And, after winding in a circuitous course up the side of the mountain, they at last reached it.

They still kept their positions, catching through the openings of the snow-sheds such views as they could of the mountain scenery. There were towering peaks, crowned with caps of glittering snow, and huge yawning chasms, where the sunlight only floated like a purple mist, revealing nothing of its mystery. On the least inaccessible sides of the mountain were wooden water-troughs, two or three feet from the ground, supported by rough sticks. These presented a very funny appearance, taking their zigzag way over the rocks and avoiding the precipices. These troughs are used for the purpose of floating sticks of wood to any point on the railroad where it may be needed.

"O, what a beautiful lake!" exclaimed Louise, as she saw the blue waters of Dormer Lake gleaming far down in a deep valley among the mountains. The atmosphere was so clear and the lake so calm that the reflections of the mountains could be distinctly seen even as our travellers hurried along in the cars many miles away.

The train winds slowly and laboriously up the mountain through thirteen tunnels and thirty-two miles of snow-sheds. These last during the summer and early autumn are rather an eye-sore to the traveller. They are built, however, for the protection of winter travel, and, strongly as they are constructed, the force of the snow-storm sometimes breaks them down.

When the train once more reached daylight and the open air, the broad valleys of California could be seen in the distance. As they neared Sacramento, they saw farm-houses surrounded by orchards, and with flowering vines trained about the doors and windows.

It was noon the next day before our travellers reached San Francisco. They made the last change from the cars at Alameda to the ferry-boat which was to convey them across the bay. When they reached the city Louise was too weary with her eight days' journey to feel much curiosity or interest in the low buildings, the curious Chinese shops, or, in fact, any of the singular aspects which the city presented. But a cordial greeting from her aunt and cousins soon overcame her fatigue. And her dinner and a fresh dress made her feel like "another girl," as she herself declared.

"There, auntie," she said, as she came down stairs, after making her toilet, "the wisdom of my experience for the last eight days is hidden away among the creases and folds of my travelling-dress; I think it will shake out in a day or two, but now I want to go out among the roses."

Hilda Rosevelt.

SEWING.

CLOSE by the window there sits to-day
A dear little maiden, — her name is Rose;
And her thoughts are out with the birds at play,
And her needle drags through the seam she sews.
The thread provokes her, beyond a doubt;
It knots and snarls; and the needle tries
To murder her patience out and out,
For it pricks her finger. "O dear!" she cries.

I see the trouble she cannot see;
The witches are playing their pranks with Rose;
They dance around her in sportive glee,
And O, how they laugh at her tearful woes!
They twitch the thread as it leaves her hand,
They knot and tangle and twist it wrong;
And poor little Rose cannot understand
Why her sewing-hour should be so long.

"I don't mind sewing on rainy days,"
Said the restless Rose, "but it seems to be
A cruel thing to give up my plays
When all out-doors is enticing me!
This seam can wait, but my heart rebels,
And longs to carry me far away,
To the woods, to the beach where I gather shells;
O, how can I work when I want to play!"

A bird leaned hard on the rose's stem,
And bent the bud till it fanned her cheek,
And Rose, through her tears, looked out at them,
And fancied she heard them softly speak.
"If I were you, little girl," they said,
"I would hurry and finish what I 'd begun,
"And keep my mind on that bit of thread,
Nor think of play till the work was done!"

She smiled through her tears, and she bent her head,
And plied her needle with haste and skill;
"I 'll put my heart in my work," she said;
"And that will help me; I know it will!"
I saw the fairies she could not see;
They polished the needle, and smoothed the thread,
And danced around her in sportive glee,
And the sewing-hour was quickly sped.

Josephine Pollard.

"THIS SEAM CAN WAIT!"

DRAWN BY MISS JESSIE CURTIS.]

[See "Sewing," page 466.

THE GIRL WHO COULD NOT WRITE A COMPOSITION.

PART I.

"TRY again, Jemima," said the principal, patiently.

The principal spoke so *very* patiently, that Jemima did not feel at all encouraged to try again. If she had spoken pleasantly or hopefully or cheerfully or sadly or even angrily, it would have been more inspiriting. But so very, very patiently!

Jemima sighed.

"I 've tried again so many times!" she said. And this was true. So many times that the principal had whispered to the first assistant, and the first assistant had whispered to the second assistant, and the Latin department suspected, and the girls themselves had begun to understand, that Jem Jasper could not write a composition.

Poor little Jem! Only sixteen years old, and a thousand miles away from her father, as homesick as a lost canary, stranded for a year in this awful Massachusetts boarding-school, where the Juniors studied Greek and the Seniors talked of applying at Amherst, — and could n't write a composition!

Jem was not exactly a dunce either. She stood very well in algebra, and really enjoyed her natural philosophy. At book-keeping she did no worse, perhaps a little better, than most girls. In the gymnasium she had taken a prize. She had a sunny little freckled face, too, with red hair that she was n't ashamed of, and red cheeks that she could n't have been ashamed of if she had tried; and people liked her, in a way. Her teachers were slow to scold her, and the girls were not apt to laugh at her. But not to be able to write a composition in a school where the Seniors talked of applying at Amherst!

The lecturer on style bore with her for one term. Then he handed her and her compositions over to the principal. The principal had been patient with her for another term. Now she had grown so *very* patient that she sat perplexed.

"I don't know what to do with you," she slowly said.

"I wish you would n't do anything with me," said Jem, doggedly.

The principal frowned a little, thinking this was impertinent in Jem; then she smiled a little, and concluded that it was only stupid.

"Father 'll think I 'm a fool," said Jem. "And I don't think I am, do you?"

The principal smiled and hesitated.

"I don't *feel* like a fool," continued Jem, candidly.

"Not even when you 're told to write a composition?" smiled the principal.

"No," said Jem, boldly. "I don't feel like a fool when I 'm asked to write a composition. I feel as if I were in prison, and going to be hung."

The principal shook her patient head, and only smiled the more.

One day a learned lady called on the principal. She was the editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor, and a very learned lady indeed.

"What *shall* I do with that girl?" asked the principal.

"Turn her over to me," said the learned lady.

"You can't get a composition out of her that is fit to be read."

"We 'll see."

"But it 's impossible. Look these over and judge for yourself."

The principal threw down on her desk a package of poor little Jem's compositions, and the editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor pitilessly read them, every one.

This happened so long ago that I have only been able to procure a few. They ran like this: —

THE GREEKS.

The Greeks were a very warlike people. Socrates was a Greek, and so was Homer. The Peloponnesian War was long and bloody, and is one to be remembered, when time shall be no more.

(*A large blot.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth died in 1603. Macaulay says, "In 1603 the great Queen died." That is a great deal better way to say it, I know. She wore a ruff, and killed somebody. I think it was Leicester. I cannot think of anything else to say about her.

(*Many tears.*)

MIRTHFULNESS.

Mirthfulness is one of the most remarkable traits of the human heart.

(*An abrupt stop.*)

"Nevertheless," said the learned lady, less confidently, "I 'll try her."

The learned lady tried her, in awful earnest. Jem had never been so tried before. Classical Dictionaries, and English Grammars, Russell's Speakers, and Parker's Outlines, Somebody's Elements (but what they were elements of, poor Jem has never discovered to this day), and Somebody Else's Young Author piled in bulwarks on Jem's study-table. Patiently, aspiringly, bitterly, tearfully, despairingly, Jem attacked them. The lady chose her "subjects." She chose her own subjects. "Outlines" and "plans" and "skeletons," and "suggestions" were given to her. She made outlines and plans and skeletons and suggestions of her own. She wrote poetry. She tried blank verse, and the metres of Horace. She wrote upon the beauties of nature, and the price of coal. She tried her hand at romance and essays. She effected "abstracts" of sermons, and "abridgments" of history, and "topics" of all varieties. The Editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor was very faithful with her, — very.

But one day Jem brought her a composition on Icarus. Poor Jem had cried all night, and studied all day, upset three ink-bottles, and spoiled one dress; the bulwark of dictionaries and elements danced before her dizzy eyes in a hopeless mass of horror, — and this was the composition on Icarus.

ICARUS.

Icarus was the son of Dædalus. They fled from Minos. Icarus made wings of wax, which melted. He fell into the Midsummer Night's Dream, and the lovely and accomplished Una carried him and her father Anchises upon her shoulders, through the siege of Troy.

The Editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor read this, and there was a pause.

"I think," said the Editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor, then, "that we will not meet again next week. I think — that it may be as well, — Miss Jasper, for you to surrender the effort to master the art of composition."

Poor little Miss Jasper "surrendered" heartily. The principal, not at all patiently, informed her that she was grieved to feel, but feel she did, that it would not be best for her to pursue her studies in the seminary beyond the close of the term, — that perhaps a retired Western life would be more calculated to improve her mind, — and that she had written to her father to that effect. At *that*, Jem's heart broke.

"What is your father?" asked some sympathetic girls in a little crowd about her.

"Furniture," sobbed Jem. "And poor, almost — and I've cost him so much — and there's a boy yet to come after me — and it seems as if I could n't bo — bear it to go home a fu — fool!"

Jem did not wait for the end of the term, so they tell me, nor for the departure of the letter. She burned her compositions, tipped over the bulwark of elements, packed her trunks, and went home. Her father was making a coffin, when she walked, dusty and wretched from her long journey, into the shop.

"What did you come home for?" said he.

"Because I 'm a dunce," said she.

"Have you told your mother?" said he.

"Yes," said she.

"What did she say?" asked the furniture-dealer, after a silence.

"It 's no matter, sir, if you please," said the poor little dunce, after another. For her mother was a sickly woman, not a very happy one, and sometimes — to tell the truth — a cross one. She was mortified and surprised, and Jem was mortified and tired, and whatever welcome home she had had in the house, I suspect she found that in the store an improvement.

"Well, well," said her father, taking up his hammer again. "Never mind. Just run and get me those nails on the low shelf, will you? and never mind!"

But he said to himself, "So my poor little girl is stupid, is she? I 'll see if I can't make one place for her where she 'll forget it."

So it happened that Jem, after she left off writing compositions, used to run in and out of the shop so much. In consequence, two things came about. She did indeed very nearly forget the composition on Icarus. And there will be another chapterful of her.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HOW WE HUNTED THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THERE was one point upon which as boys, my old friend and companion in almost everything, Tom Edwards, and I never could or would or might agree. "Was there any difference between a whippoorwill and a night-hawk?"

I said there was n't — a bit; Tom said there was — a good deal. Like many of our elders and betters, our grounds of belief *pro* and *con* were merely traditional, — simply the opinions of our respective fathers and grandfathers.

My grandfather said "they were all one bird"; for years ago one used to come and sit and sing on his door-stone, — which, by the way, grandmother always said was a "forerunner" of my Aunt Alice's death. Grandfather had watched it from the partially opened door, and was ready to swear, if necessary, that it was a night-hawk. And what better grounds of belief could his grandson desire? None. But, unfortunately for posterity, Tom's grandfather, having seen a whippoorwill under very similar circumstances, was equally ready to swear to something quite the reverse. So there their respective grandsons were at a dead lock.

"I tell you," Tom used to argue, "a whippoorwill has whiskers, and an *awful* great mouth! Not a bit like a night-hawk!"

"Whiskers!" I would exclaim, "so does a night-hawk have whiskers! And as for mouth, just you hark and hear one catch a fly up in the sky, when he comes sailing down with that long so-o-o-oup of his! Don't that sound like having a big mouth? Hey? All the same thing, I tell ye. Not a bit of difference."

"But if a whippoorwill *was* a night-hawk (I know 't ain't, though)," Tom would contend, "why don't we hear more whippoorwills? Night-hawks are as plenty as mosquitoes! You can hear them up in the sky any night, going 'peark! peark!' But you only hear a whippoorwill now and then a night."

"Humph! that 's no argument!" I would retort. "Why don't you hear the girls singing 'Old Hundred' as often as 'Kiss me quick and go.' Because they don't like it so well, of course. 'T ain't so popular a song!"

But for the honor of our discussions, I can honestly assert that we were as sincere as confident in the correctness of our views, and were both ready to test them by facts if opportunity offered.

"If we could only catch one of *each* sort," Tom would say, "and compare them."

"*Each* sort!" I would exclaim. "We should n't have to catch but *one* sort! And I really wish we could."

And so began a series of whippoorwill-hunts. As often as we heard one anywhere near we would set off and do our best to catch, or at least see him. And here let me remark, that a person who has never tried to

catch a whippoorwill in the dark can have no idea of the difficulty of the undertaking. *Dusk* is about the worst time I know of to conduct a scientific investigation. After a score of evening hunts and chases through brakes and bushes, the controversy was just about where we took it up; and nothing like a satisfactory result had been reached. But at last hearing one so near one night that we could distinguish the "cluck" between each "whippoorwill," we started out, determined to settle it, if possible, then and there and forever. The bird was sitting on a rock among some hazel-bushes; and while making our way through these it suddenly ceased chanting, and was gone with a single *flap*.

"Plague!" exclaimed Tom. "Just as we did, we did n't! And it 's always just so."

"Perhaps he has n't gone far," said I; "hark a moment!"

It was a warm June evening; the moon was just lifting its bright, full face up over the ridge to the eastward; and a moment later we heard the song going on again, some fifty rods off.

"There it is!" cried Tom. "Way down in the lower lot! But we 've all the evening before us. Let 's get a look at him somehow."

Another tramp through the brakes, another creeping up through briers and alders, and lo! the whippoorwill, vanishing as before. And thus chasing on, we followed this will-o'-the-wisp singer of the night down through the pasture-lands, across the brook, over the high, wooded ridge, and thence down into the wild, bushy common, along the river-bank. Here in the midst of low bushes and among tall, black stubs, the relics of the old pine growth, stood a great, square-shaped boulder, — or rather crag, it was so large, — with high, almost perpendicular sides and a flat top upon which small shrubs were growing. Upon this the whippoorwill had settled and again resumed its cries.

"Now we have him," whispered Tom. "Let 's creep along under it, and so climb up the side and peek over."

We crept up beneath the rock. Some five or six feet from the ground there was a crevice in the side. By getting our toes up into this we could just peer over the edge and see what was on the top. The song continued; and, raising ourselves gently, we saw the bird not ten feet off, squatting on the bare rock. At every cry it swelled up and then collapsed like a pair of bellows, wheezing out the "whippoorwill" part with a queer, retching noise. It did n't sound much like whippoorwill after all, and had a painful effect when heard so near.

"There!" whispered Tom. "Look at those whiskers and that mouth!"

"Of course," said I. "Look at that tail! Just like a night-hawk."

"O, darker colored than a night-hawk!"

"Pooh! 't would look lighter in the daytime."

"But it 's bigger than a night-hawk."

"Same size, exactly."

In short the old controversy broke out afresh, and was becoming animated, when I suddenly felt something nuzzling and snuffing at my bare heels, which protruded from the crevice into which my toes were sticking.

"What on earth!" exclaimed Tom, looking down behind him, as if from the same cause. "Gracious! Look a' there!"

A great dusky animal stood in the shade of the rock behind us, reaching up its black, ugly muzzle to smell our bare feet. We both jumped, and scrambled up to the top of the rock. The moment we stirred the creature reared and grabbed at our retreating "pedals," with a great growl of displeasure at our indecent haste.

"Bear! Tormented great bear!" screamed Tom, springing to his feet at the top.

While we had been engaged on the whippoorwill question, Bruin, on his moonlight rambles, had come quietly up behind, to smell us over with a view to present consumption. Leaping to our feet, we glanced hurriedly down.

"Here he comes!" yelled Tom. "Get stones! Get something, quick!" tearing round and twitching up one of the shrubs by the roots.

The bear had his paws in the crevice, trying to get up. We could hear his claws scratching on the rock. A large, rough stone, about the size of a half-bushel measure, was lying near the edge. I turned it up, and then rolled it over upon him at a venture. It missed his head, but caught one of his great black paws across the sharp edge of the crevice, — mashed it, I guess, for he whined out loudly, and, sliding back to the ground, began to dance and leap about holding it up. In almost any other circumstances we should have been vastly amused at the antics the pain wrung out of him. Now he would sit down and fondle the suffering paw with his mouth, kiss it and cry over it, then bounce up on his hind legs and shake it and tear at it.

"Old Cuffee will lose his nails, I guess," said Tom. "That great stone fell as much as six feet plump on to them."

"Guess he 's got about enough of us," said I.

No such thing, however; for after bewailing his jammed paw awhile, he suddenly ran round to the other side of the rock, which was n't nearly so steep. We caught up more stones, and threw at him with might and main. But, making a sudden rush, he got his head and fore-paws over at the top. I thought we were taken; but just in the nick of time Tom hit him on the head with a big one, which fairly knocked him back to the ground. We then poured down such a shower upon him that he ran off several rods, and, sitting down on his haunches, began to lick his bumps, and nurse his paw again, keeping an eye on us, with an occasional growl.

"Dig up more stones!" cried Tom. "And don't waste one. He 'll come for us again as soon as his old paw stops aching."

The space on the top of the rock was not much larger than a largish room; and a hurried search around disclosed the ghastly fact that the "ammunition" was about exhausted. With the exception of one awkward fragment of stone, of four or five pounds' weight, there was nothing left larger than a boy's fist. And the last assault had shown that the bear cared nothing for small shot; he would n't go down for anything but big ones.

"We must have clubs, then!" cried Tom, bending down one of the low shrubs, and hacking away at it with his jack-knife. "Cut clubs!" Clubs are the natural successors of stones. In a few minutes we had cut some very respectable shillelahs of dwarf poplar, some three feet long and as thick as our wrists. Beats all what a sense of security a good big bludgeon in one's hands will impart! It was, I take it, man's first step in power above the brute. We almost began to want the bear to try it once more, for the sake of demonstrating our superiority by whacking him.

He did n't let us want long; for having got his late damages well licked over, and the ailing paw quiet once more, he began to walk round us, to find the weakest place, I suppose. Holding our clubs ready in one hand, we opened fire on him with the small stones, and happening to hit him just as he was opposite the crevice where he had climbed up, he rushed in, and clutching his claws into the crack tried to scale as before. Tom pitched down our big shot, but missed him, and up came his head and fore-paws over the edge. Tom struck for his head, and I for his paws. Whack! whack!

I made it a point to hit the jammed one. A whack across the edge of the stone on that was agonizing. He drew it back. Another on the well

one, and he went sprawling to the earth; and, looking up with a growl of baffled hunger, ran off to a little distance, "scuffed" on the grass, as you 've seen a dog wipe his feet, and sat down to doctor his foot again. He did n't fly into a blind fury, like a wild-cat, but bore his rebuffs with true bear grit. The moon was now well up in the sky.

"What d' ye suppose they will think has become of us at home?" said Tom.

"O, my folks will think I 've gone over to stay with you," said I.

"Yes, and my folks will think I 'm stopping with you," said Tom. "We sha' n't be missed. And it 's no use to halloo, it 's so far."

We certainly had a fair prospect of staying all night, for the bear had now settled down into a state of watchfulness.

"Can't we build a fire up here?" continued Tom. "They say bears are afraid of fire."

We had been burning off brush-heaps that day, and had matches in our pockets. One of the old pines had some time fallen across the rock, leaving a portion of its trunk and knots upon it. Collecting these, while Tom stood on guard, I soon had a fire. The bear started up at the sight of it, and walked slowly round, throwing up his head and snuffing with a loud "Wooh! wooh!" as the pitchy smell came to his nostrils. We threw several of the blazing knots down at him. It was sport to see him dodge them, and then rush up at them, as they lay smoking on the ground. He grabbed up the first one in his mouth, but dropped it instantly, and sent it spinning with his paw. Fire was a new thing to him. He did n't see fit to make another assault, however, and contented himself with a rigid blockade.

The night wore on. Of course we did n't think of sleeping; but after a while we sat down with our clubs in readiness.

"I wonder where that whippoorwill went to?" said Tom. "A pretty mess he 's got us into! Hark! Let 's see if we can hear him."

The night-hawks were still sailing about, with an occasional "sook"; and on the ridge across the river one, two, three whippoorwills were chanting. Presently two large birds came gliding slowly around the rock, as if attracted by the fire.

"Whippoorwills," said Tom.

"Night-hawks," said I.

After circling about a few moments, one of them settled upon a stump, a few rods off, and lo! "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"

But the other kept hovering about the rock, and at last alighted on the farther corner, down out of sight, on a little jutting shelf. We crept up softly, and looking over saw, as the bird flapped away, its nest, a little hollow on the bare rock, with two speckled eggs, about as large as a dove's eggs.

"There!" cried I, triumphantly. "Here 's your whippoorwill on a night-hawk's nest! How 's that, old fellow?"

Tom was fairly cornered. We had found a night-hawk's nest only a few

days before, and this was just like it apparently. I was almost ready to forgive the bear, at this unexpected triumph.

As for Tom, I suspect he would about as lief have seen the bear himself on the rock as that nest.

We went back to the farther side of the rock, and, keeping quiet, saw the bird soon come back. Its motions in the air, manner of alighting, in short everything about it, was as much like a night-hawk as could well be. Even Tom could see no difference.

"It does look like a night-hawk," said he.

"Own up, then," said I. "You 've always been wrong!"

"Not yet."

"Why, ain't you satisfied?"

"Not yet."

"I would n't be a mule, Tom!"

Here a movement on the part of the bear interrupted the dispute. After that, feeling that I had got Tom into rather a tight place, I did n't exactly like to press him; and of course he did n't care to bring up the subject again.

Well, we stayed there all night. The bear did n't try again to climb up; but he would n't budge; and we could n't very well leave until he did. Day at last broke; the moon faded out; and it began to grow light. The bear now grew uneasy, and cast wistful looks up at us. And finally, just as the sun was rising, he edged off down to the river, turned for a farewell look, then waded in and swam across. We watched him disappear in the woods on the other bank, then climbed down and went home.

Of course we got well laughed at as well as pitied, when it came out how we had passed the night. I did n't say *whippoorwill* to Tom, nor he to me, for a long time, though he would look at me a little queer when we were out together and happened to hear one. But one evening along in July he came running over, with a very happy look on his brown face.

"I 've got a letter," said he.

"A letter!"

"Yes, a letter from Professor A——."

"Why! how came *he* to write to *you?*"

"O, I wrote to him."

"You wrote to him! What about?"

"About that whippoorwill business!"

"Gracious, Tom! What cheek!"

"Well, I don't care! I was bound to know."

"Do let me see the letter!"

Here 's the Professor's letter to Tom.

C——, July 12, 1865.

MASTER TOM EDWARDS:

MY LITTLE FRIEND, — "Is there any difference between a whippoorwill and a night-hawk?" Yes, there is; though I dare say you have found it difficult to tell them apart. They both belong to the same family of birds,

the "Night-jar" family, called also the "Goatsuckers," and are very much alike in appearance and habits. The whippoorwill is the *Caprimulgus vociferus*, and the night-hawk is the *Caprimulgus Americanus*.

I am pleased to have you write to me. Let me hear from you again, when you have a hard nut to crack.

Very truly your friend,

H. L. A——.

"There!" exclaimed Tom. "What do you think about there being *two birds*, now?"

"Well, of course it 's so, if he says so. But I should like to see the letter *you* wrote!"

"You should? Well, I can show you one just like it; for I copied it over a dozen times," said Tom, pulling out a crumpled sheet of paper.

Here 's a copy of Tom's letter to Professor A——.

N——, July 7, A. D. 1865.

To the Eminent Professor A——.

Respected Sir, — Is there any difference between a whippoorwill and a night-hawk?

Please excuse me for writing, but I want to know very much.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

Tom Edwards.

"Tom," said I, handing back the letters, "you 'll be a great man yet."

C. A. Stephens.

A HUMBLE-BEE'S NEST IN A HAY-FIELD.

THREE mowers go steadily over the plain, —
Farmer Dickson and Tom and Patrick O'Kown;
Long glistening swaths lie behind in their train,
Of the clover and grass they are cutting down.

Farmer Dickson goes first and leads off the set;
He gives them the pace, and they all struggle after,
With a glance at the clouds lest the hay-cocks get wet,
With shout and song and chorus of laughter.

Little Ben comes behind them reeking with sweat,
Spreading the swaths and turning them over, —
Those who have tried it will never forget
Spreading swaths like these of long tangled clover.

"The wind," says Tom Dickson, "is not in the west;
  A poor sign for us, — how it hums in the trees, —
Stop! — 't was either the wind or a humble-bees' nest, —
  I 'm uncertain which. — Look out for the bees!"

All is changed in a moment, — our three sturdy mowers
  Shaving the sod with such scrupulous care,
Keeping time with each other like champion rowers,
  Have thrown down their scythes and are beating the air!

Beating the air and the humble-bees in it!
  Tom Dickson is nearest and he bears the brunt;
There 's a swarm round his head in less than a minute, —
  A dozen behind him and twenty in front.

He ducks and he dodges, he doubles and tacks,
  He seizes the jug and throws up the water,
It harmlessly rolls from their velvety backs;
  They want no favor, they give him no quarter.

But with stingers as keen as a Lochaber axe
  They make a determined assault on his nose;
When tired of these tactics he runs to some stacks,
  That stand in the field, and under them goes.

Then, seeing brave Patrick still holding the field, —
  Whence Tom had just fled, — with a whirl and a swoop
In a twinkling, determined to force him to yield,
  Like a tribe of Comanches comes the whole troop.

"Arrah, ye rascals! keep off from my face!
  If a gentleman cannot be mowing 't is funny!
Ye ill-mannered musicians, who know nothing but bass,
  Ye had better stick close to your trade, making honey!"

But sooner than Patrick could finish this speech,
  Not heeding bravado, these hussars come at him,
While as often as one of them comes within reach
  Patrick's arms fly round like a windmill to bat him.

One clings to his beard with venomous claws,
  Another is crawling up under his cap,
And Patrick O'Kown, obeying the laws
  Of self-preservation, gives both a smart slap.

At last he begins, in utter despair,
  Or perhaps with something of sober intention,
To scatter our little Ben's swaths in the air,
  For necessity always quickens invention.

So that when Tom Dickson peeps cautiously out
  From the stack to learn just how matters are going,
And see what the two other men are about,
  The hay flies as if a tornado were blowing;

While little Ben sits far away in the shade,
  Taking good care of his own curly head,
Expecting that soon with the humble-bees' aid
  The whole of his hard tangled swaths will be spread.

Just how long Patrick struggles I cannot now say, —
  All the while Farmer Dickson is gone for a torch
He throws up the clover and keeps them at bay
  Till the Farmer arrives and gives them a scorch.

But do not suppose, though the men are the winners,
  That they come off unscathed from this closely fought strife;
Dame Dickson declares, as they come to their dinners,
  She ne'er saw such faces as theirs in her life.

George F. Works.

TWO OR THREE ODD FISH.

"DID you ever see a saw-fish, Cousin Tim?"

"Did you ask if I ever saw a sea fish?" replied Cousin Tim, absent-mindedly.

"Not saw a sea fish, but did you ever see a saw-fish?" said Ella. "Of course you understood me well enough!"

"You ask me so many questions, no wonder I sometimes get a little confused," laughed Cousin Tim. "No, I don't think I ever saw a saw-fish. But I once saw the saw of a saw-fish, and right sawry I was I saw it!"

"Come, I 'm not joking, Cousin Tim!"

"Neither am I, Ella."

"Then tell us about it," cried Rufus.

"It was in the hands of a Feejee Islander," said Cousin Tim.

"What was?"

"The saw of the saw-fish I saw. We had landed for water, when the cannibals rushed upon us. They were armed with bows and arrows and spears, and one — a sort of chief, frightfully tattooed — brandished that interesting weapon. It was four or five feet long, and seven or eight inches broad; it looked like dried gristle, all but the teeth, — they were polished, bright and sharp. The savage wielded it with both hands, like a battle-axe, and swung it over my head in a very disagreeable manner. But it was only a friendly salutation, after all. The cannibals had had the instructions of some of our missionaries, and had come, not to kill and eat us, but to welcome us, and to trade with us for trinkets."

"Oh! that all?" said Rufus, disappointed. "I hoped you were going to tell about a battle."

"I don't want to hear about fighting, or cannibals," said Ella. "Tell us about the saw-fish, — the saw first. Does it really grow out of the fish's head?"

"Yes; it is a long, flattened, bony snout. The teeth of a large-sized one are almost as broad and long as my thumb, — flat, of course, and pointed. I have seen one that had fifty teeth, — twenty-five on a side. They are not close together like common saw teeth, but are set in their sockets at a little distance from each other, perhaps an inch or two. The saw-fish grows to be fifteen or twenty feet long, and the saw is a third part of his length."

"Does he use it to saw things?" asked Ella.

"Not exactly; but it is a terrible weapon when he strikes with it. It is flattened horizontally, the teeth are on the outer edges, and he goes through the water striking to the right and left with them, killing any smaller fish at a blow. There is no truth whatever in the old stories that he sometimes saws ships in two in order to devour the crews."

"I should think not!" said Rufus. "But I 've heard of his striking ships and driving his saw clear through their timbers."

"That often happens, and it shows the tremendous power of the fish, considering that his saw is not pointed at the end, but rounded. I was in a ship once that was struck, — not by a saw-fish, exactly, but by a sword-fish. We thought we had struck a rock. Only one old sailor said it was a fish; and, sure enough, when the ship was hauled up for repairs, there was the sword broken off in the frame. It had gone through the ship's skin or outside planks, and half-way through a heavy oak timber, where it stuck."

"What do the foolish fellows pitch into ships for?" Rufus inquired.

"Both the sword-fish and the saw-fish are fighting characters; they have an ancient grudge against whales, — especially the whalebone whale, — and probably take the great hull of a ship for some animal of the sort.

"I once saw a fight between a sword-fish and a whale," Cousin Tim went on, "and a strange sight it was. We first saw the whale making a great commotion in the water; I did n't know what to think of it, for I was a greenhorn then, but the knowing ones declared that a sword-fish was at him. Twice the whale dove to a great depth, as if to get rid of his furious assailant, and, coming up, spouted water in two flashing fountains, — "blowing," as the sailors say. The second time he came up so near our ship that we saw the fish dart his sword into his side. Once the fish, missing

Fight between a Sword-fish and a Whale.

his stroke, sprang clear out of the water alongside the whale. It seemed to be the whale's object to strike him with his tail, a good fair blow from which would have ended the battle; and in trying to do that he tumbled about tremendously, lashing the sea into foam."

"Which whipped?" cried Rufus, eagerly.

"I never knew. As we passed on our course, suddenly the whale dove, and we saw neither of them any more."

"What is the difference between the sword-fish and the saw-fish?"

"They belong to two different fish families. The sword-fish is like the mackerel, only very much larger; the saw-fish is something between the sharks and the rays. They resemble each other only in the long projection of the bones of the upper jaw. The sword-fish's weapon is more pointed than that of the saw-fish; as its name implies, it is a sword and not a saw. I've seen one five feet long, taken from a fish measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip.

"The sword-fish is considered good eating, and on some coasts the people make a business of catching him. He is seen pursuing schools of mackerel, generally swimming with his broad dorsal or back fin out of water. He is hunted with harpoons, — a sort of whale-fishing on a small scale. The man at the masthead calls out to give notice when one appears; a boat is sent in chase of him; the crew pull up as near to him as possible, when the bowsman strikes him with a light harpoon. Sometimes there is a struggle, and he is killed on the spot. But when there are others in the vicinity, the fishermen leave the harpoon sticking into him; there is a rope fastened to it, of course, and to that they attach an empty cask, which they set afloat. The cask holds the fish, and tires him out, for as often as he draws it under water up it bobs again; and he cannot tow it so far but the fishermen can find it again, and him in company with it, after having been off and secured perhaps half a dozen other fish in the same way. He is dangerous game, however, and he sometimes pierces or upsets a boat before he is killed. Sword-fish are taken with harpoons both in the Mediterranean and on the coast of New England; the fishermen of Martha's Vineyard in some seasons take large numbers of them."

"O, that must be great sport!" exclaimed Rufus. "What a silly fish to swim with his back fin out of water!"

"The dorsal fin of all sword-fishes is very high and conspicuous, and there is one species in which it is extraordinarily developed. It is a tropical fish, found chiefly in the Indian Ocean. It grows to be twenty feet long, and its dorsal fin is five or six feet broad, extending all along the back. It opens like a huge fan; and old salts say the fish uses it as a sail, in fair winds. Hence its popular names, — 'fan-fish,' or 'sail-fish,' or 'sailor-fish.' The fin is of a deep blue color.

"The common sword-fish," added Cousin Tim, "is very dark blue above, and silvery white below; and he is a rough, vicious-looking fish."

Harvey Wilder.

ONE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

AND HOW HE BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN.

II.

"FOR days before the building of the lodge," Uncle John went on, when Bert and Gracie had come again to his room the next evening, "Wasutah spent his time alone with the head medicine-men, who instructed him in many mysteries, the nature of which no one outside the sacred order is ever allowed to discover. So you see I can never tell you what they were, but can talk only of what all may see, leaving you to interpret the strange ceremonies as you will.

"Four days in succession Wasutah steamed and fasted, that soul and body might be clean and pure, to receive all influences from the Great Spirit. Winonah heated stones in the wigwam fire, and placed them within a small low lodge, covered thickly with skins and blankets. Into this Wasutah crept, almost naked; the stones were put around him and water poured over them. Clouds of steam filled the space, and as the stones cooled, Wasutah ran down to the little lake, and plunging in, swam about a few moments before putting on his blanket and going away to his fasting-place near the burial plain.

"Through the fourth day a lodge of poles and pine-branches was built, and at evening the chief men of the band assembled here, and spent the night in a private dance and feast. With daylight the lodge was open to all, and Wasutah took his place on a pile of blankets he had given. Near him was the sacred wooden dish and spoon, given him the night before, from which he must always hereafter eat, and a bag of weasel-skin, containing charms which would make him strong in battle.

"Behind him stood the oldest medicine-man, and the next in rank, with knees and hip joints bent at an angle of forty-five degrees, slowly advanced with a strange, unnatural step, holding his sacred bag, aimed at a painted spot in Wasutah's breast. Faster and faster he came, shouting, 'Heen, heen, heen!' with the greatest energy. As he touched the painted spot, the elder in the rear gave a push which sent the candidate forward on his face, when he was instantly covered with the blankets and lay motionless. Then the whole circle rose, and keeping time to a wild chant, danced about the prostrate figure. The elder after a few moments threw off the blankets, and, chewing a piece of sacred bone, spirted it over him, when Wasutah at once sat up and waited the master's approach, who, coming forward, patted upon his breast, making extraordinary noises, till, with dreadful throes and contortions, the sacred shell *wojute* was thrown out upon a medicine-bag placed before him. With the shell in his hand, Wasutah passed around the circle, showing it to each one, and thus his part of the ceremony ended, though the feast lasted till all had danced to the music of four sets of

singers, whose voices were almost drowned by the noise of drums and rattles.

"This shell was Dr. Wasutah's diploma, and entitled him hereafter to practise in any part of the Sioux Territory. Unlike his white brethren, there would be no trouble in collecting bills, for all Indians pay in advance. Nor would old age lessen his income, for the nearer the grave the more clearly would he know the secrets of the gods. Common Indians might in their old age die of neglect and starvation, but such dealings with a medicine-man would make the guilty one's journey to the spirit-land almost endless, and thus Wasutah was sure of prosperity as long as he lived. So, well content with the result of his fast, he made up for lost time by keeping Winonah steadily at work, pounding corn and boiling fish, till an interruption came in the shape of a first patient. Unlike white medicine-men, Wasutah knew just as well how to treat a patient on the first day of his practice as after fifty years, and so, sitting quietly by the fire, he waited to see in what manner the messenger would come.

"For there is no fixed way of calling the doctor in Dakota, or rather there are so many fixed ways, and two or three so unpleasant that a medicine-man waits with some anxiety to know what form the summons will take. Sometimes a blanket or skin is brought as a gift, and he goes at once; or a lighted pipe is placed on his head while the messenger groans a moment. At times a rattle is shaken about the lodge till the medicine-man appears, when he receives a violent kick, or is knocked over.

"Wasutah's caller was a boy stripped for running, who, rushing into the lodge, kicked him, and rushed out again. Wasutah plunged after, and succeeded in returning the kick with interest, before the sick man's lodge was reached, when he quietly returned home. No common messenger should bring him, the swiftest-footed in the band, and so, following Sioux etiquette, he waited.

"I should be afraid to tell you how many messengers were kicked before he finally entered the lodge, bearing the sacred rattle, and sitting down near the entrance began a frightful chant. Soon on his hands and knees he crawled toward the sick man, howled at him, and then, putting his face into a bowl of water, gurgled and sputtered a moment, till the evil spirit drawn from the patient had been thrown out. Bending over the bowl he professed to see therein an image of the animal which had brought about the sickness, for the Sioux believe that all disease is occasioned by the spirit of some animal, insect, or enemy.

"In this case the bear proved to be responsible, and Dr. Wasutah made a bark image of a bear, which he put outside the lodge in a bowl of water. Now came swift judgment on the wicked spirit, three or four Indians standing with loaded guns, waiting only the signal from the medicine-man to fire. To insure success a woman must stand astride the bowl. Winonah took this place, and, as Wasutah gave the signal, and the joint fire blew the bark bear to bits, stepped aside, while Wasutah jumped at the bowl and again gurgled in the water. As he did this Winonah sprang upon his

back, stood a moment, and then pulled him into the lodge by his hair, Wasutah scrambling in so fast that the pull was not severe.

"Extraordinary as it may seem, the patient grew no better, though drums were beaten, and rattles shaken at his head all night. By noon all the medicine-men within call had assembled, and, deciding the bear could not have been to blame, fixed upon the lynx and wasp as jointly guilty. Before the dance ended the sick man had given up trying to live, and a death wail sounded through the pines as Wasutah went home from his first patient. The evil spirit had been too powerful, and, as with railroad corporations after an accident, 'nobody was to blame.'

"Within a year another 'degree' was taken, and Wasutah ranked next to the head medicine-men. No fasting ushered in this feast, and only one day's steaming was required. Willow branches for the summer lodge were stuck in the ground in the form of an ellipse. In the centre on some green fern was a large buffalo-fish, and on a bunch of dried grass a cat-fish; over both a small arbor. At one end of the enclosure was a lodge filled with men, who continually sang, 'Hahyay, hahyay; hoh, hoh, hoh, hoah!'

"Soon came out six men and three boys, who moved around the enclosure, keeping their faces as much as possible toward the fishes. Then the head medicine-man, painted black, and with a small hoop in his hand, crawled in among the willows growling like a bear, and moving about as if he scented something. As he crawled two more followed, — Wasutah, smeared with white clay, and with a bear's tail, to imitate a grizzly bear; the other imitating a wolf. While for two or three hours the Indians sung and danced, these men pawed and snuffed at the fishes, Wasutah at last biting off a bit, and running around the ellipse chewing. This was the signal for the other Indians, who, as the second animal bit a fish, rushed in and devoured them both without using the hands. By this ceremony, Wasutah became able to influence the weather, and to give successful hunts to all who made him large enough presents.

"Before the autumn ended a party of friendly Cheyennes came on a visit to the small band of Sioux, and for a week a continual dance and feast lasted. Then the supply of dried buffalo-meat gave out, and an invitation was given to the Cheyenne party to join them in a buffalo-hunt, really to be a trial of skill, as the Sioux pride themselves on being far better hunters than any other tribe. The ponies were brought up from the meadow-lands along the Mississippi, where they had fed all summer, save when mounted for an occasional dash after a stray deer or bison, and while the women pounded corn and made ready for the next day's departure, Sioux and Cheyennes compared horses, and 'swapped' after the manner of their white brethren. The Cheyenne chief rejoiced in the ownership of an English rifle, and stalked about among the lodges, holding it as if it were a baby, his sulky lips barely relaxing in a smile, as one and another begged to try it, or praised its beauty. A few of his men were armed in the same way, but most carried the bow and quiverful of arrows, on which they at that time depended far more than on firearms.

The Cheyenne Chief.

"The Sioux hunting-grounds stretched far away from either side the old St. Peter's, now the Minnesota River, and more than a day's journey from the summer camp. The regular hunting season, when most skins

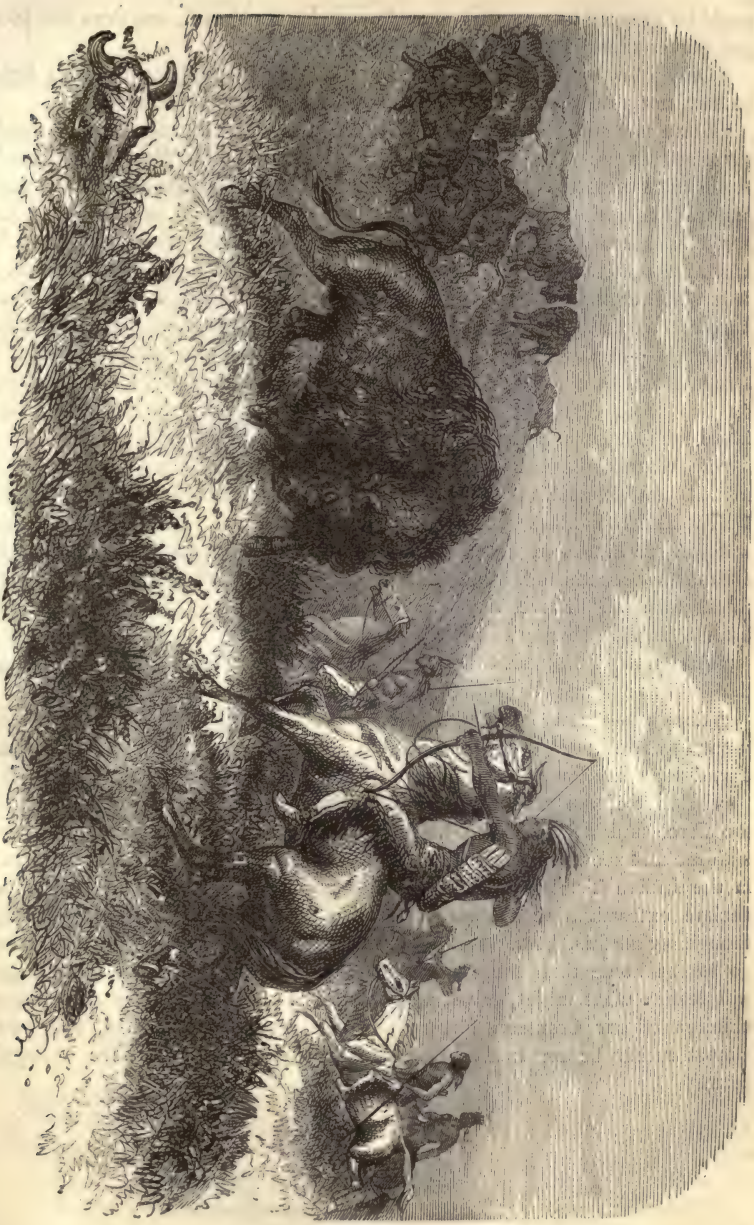
are taken, is in the months of November, December, and January, and through the remainder of the year the buffaloes are left to roam at will, save as an occasional few are killed for food. The Sioux were fast learning to depend upon firearms in their hunts, but Wasutah, strong-armed and powerful, despised a gun, and used only his bow and arrow, and with such skill that he was said to have once sent his shaft completely through the body of a cow, instantly killing the calf by her side.

"Painted and decked with beads and feathers as if for a feast, the two parties rode next morning out of camp, not expecting to find buffalo before the next day. But in the early afternoon a small herd of them was seen in the distance. Dismounting, the Indians buckled their saddle-girths, and made everything about the horse furniture secure and snug. Then remounting they drew near them, keeping on a walk, and to the lee side of the herd, as their sense of smell is keen as that of the deer. They were on rolling prairie, with thickets of scrub-oak here and there, and, taking advantage of every cover, they went on, each selecting the animal he meant to attack. The herd, with heads down, quietly feeding, suspected no danger, and not till the Indians, now close upon them, urged their horses to a gallop and dashed into the midst of them, did they take alarm. Then the old bulls closed about the cows and calves, and with a heavy, lumbering gallop sought to escape. One or two charged, but the light, supple Indians, bow in hand, waited till but a few feet separated them, and then, aiming below the centre of the body and a few inches back of the shoulder, were almost sure to bring them down at once.

"Wasutah pursued the flying herd, determined on taking home the greatest number of tongues and humps, but a few more miles of the broken country proved too much for his horse, already jaded by the day's journey, and he was forced to drop behind. Three buffalo lay in his trail, however, and as each one was reached Wasutah took out the tongue, by ripping open the skin between the prongs of the lower jaw-bone, and pulling it out through the hole.

"Half-way back to camp his horse stumbled in a prairie-dog hole, and fell heavily. An Indian is at home everywhere, and Wasutah, though anxious to compare notes as to who had killed the most buffalo, knew that those he had brought down would be left untouched, and determined to stop here, where a spring bubbled up from the ground, and he could wash the knees of his tired pony. With flint and steel he soon started a fire, set up before it to roast some choice pieces of buffalo-meat, and then lay down to rest. Three or four miles distant he saw the fires of his companions burning brightly, and as he turned his meat about determined to join them before the night closed. But the fire was warm, the meat tempting, and the day's work had been heavy, and Wasutah, full as man could be, rolled in his blanket and slept heavily.

"Not so heavily, though, but that his ears, as night went on, heard a rustling in the tall grass and the heavy tread of some animal. Indian fashion, his long knife had been stuck in the ground by his side, where it



The Buffalo-Hunt.

could be grasped in a second; he slipped it in its sheath, and drew the bow and quiver silently toward him.

"Only a few embers of the fire remained, but by the faint flickering light he saw, not a deer as he had expected, but an enormous black bear.

"For a moment the dark forms faced each other. Then the bear, as much surprised as his enemy, turned and trotted slowly off. Wasutah followed. A necklace of bear's claws had been the only ornament wanting to complete his outfit as a medicine-man, and this opportunity should not be lost. An arrow in one of his haunches suddenly stopped Bruin, who turned fiercely and rose upon them, advancing toward Wasutah, and growling furiously. A less skilful hunter might have failed to hit the vulnerable spot, and thus have received a fatal hug, but Wasutah, cool and determined, had no trouble in bringing him down. A stroke from the sharp knife ended the death-struggle, and by morning the huge carcass, skinned carefully, rode into camp on two poles tied together with withs, and drawn by the limping pony, while the Cheyenne party grunted approval of the 'big hunter.'

"So Wasutah became a great medicine-man; and this is about all I have to tell you about him. Long since Minnesota ceased to be his home. Buffalo and Indian are both moving westward, and only on the great plains will you see him now, where through the summer he roams, and in winter alternates between hunting and lounging about the buildings of the Santee Sioux mission. There Wasutah Junior is learning how to read, and in broken English he may some day tell you *his* story.

"And now, Bert," said Uncle John, "what do you think of life among the Indians? Are you as anxious to join them as you were yesterday?"

"They 're — interesting," said Bert, reflectively. "But it does seem as if they were a little bit too dirty, Uncle John. I 'll go and see them some day, though, and maybe they 'll be civilized."

"I doubt if the Sioux ever will," said Uncle John; "they are almost too fierce and warlike. But when you are older I do mean you shall go with me and see the real civilization among the Choctaws and Chickasaws in the Indian Territory. There is the surest answer to those people who declare extermination the only course to be pursued. You 're too young though for all this, Bert. But your pennies in the mission-box might better go to the home than the foreign heathen, and perhaps some day people will realize what might, could, and should be done with these unfortunate children of our Common Father. On the whole, Bert, I had, with you, almost rather be an Indian than one of the whites who have wronged them."

Helen C. Weeks.

A SHORT CATECHISM.

AT sunset of a summer's day,
All curled up in a funny heap,
Beneath the currant-bushes lay
A boy named Willy, half asleep.

But peeping through his sleepy eyes
He watched all things as if he dreamed,
And did not feel the least surprise
However strange and queer they seemed.

And every creature going by
He hailed with questions from the grass,
And laughed and called out sleepily,
"Unless you answer, you can't pass."

"O caterpillar, now tell me
  Why you roll up so tight and round;
You are the drollest thing to see,
  A hairy marble on the ground."

"I roll me up to save my bones
  When I fall down; young man, if you
Could do the same, the stumps and stones
  Would never bruise you black and blue."

"O spider, tell me why you hide
  The ropes and ladders which you spin,
And keep them all locked up inside
  Your little body slim and thin."

"I hide my ropes and ladders fine
  Away from neighbors' thievish greed;
If you kept yours as I keep mine,
  You 'd always have one when you need."

"Why do you buzz so, busy bee?
  Why don't you make your honey still?
You move about so boisterously,
  I 'm sure you must much honey spill."

"I buzz and buzz, you silly boy,
  Because I can work better so;
Just as you whistle for pure joy
  When on the road to school you go."

"O robin, wicked robin, why
  Did you my mamma's cherries eat?
You thought no mortal soul was nigh;
  But I saw you, from bill to feet."

"And I saw you, my fine young lad,
  And waited till you 'd left the tree;
I thought when you your fill had had,
  There would be little left for me!"

"O big bullfrogs, why do you make
  Such ugly noises every night?
Nobody can a half-nap take;
  You make our baby cry with fright."

"O Willy, we suppose the noise
  Is not a pleasant noise to hear;
But we 've one hundred little boys, —
  Frog-boys, so cunning and so dear;

"And it is not an easy task,
  You may believe, to put to beds
A hundred little frogs who ask
  All questions which pop in their heads."

H. H.

A LITTLE GUESS STORY.

"O MOTHER, look up! Look up in the sky! Away 'wa—y up there! O, is n't a kite a pretty sight? By and by 't will only look like a great speck of something. I wonder where it comes from!"

"Yes, Nannie, I think it is a pretty sight, and no doubt the owner of it thinks so too. I wish we could see him! Let 's guess about him; what do you say to that? Let 's play we could follow the string down, down,

down, 'wa—y down behind yonder hill, till we come to the boy at the other end!"

"Yes, mother."

"Ah! There he is! I 've found the little fellow! He lies in the grass there, flat on his back, paste on his hands, I think, and on his trousers, too, for 't is a brand-new kite just finished. The buttercups are thick about him, bright yellow buttercups, but the dandelions have turned white."

"Why do you shut up your eyes, mother?"

"Because I can guess prettier things with my eyes shut. The little boy holds fast to his kite-string. There 's a row of lilac-bushes near and an apple-tree, a beautiful apple-tree, all in bloom! Cherry-trees and pear-trees, too, white as snow. I wish we were there, Nannie! A little brook goes dancing by all so gayly. Happy little brook, to be dancing so merrily on among the flowers! And happy little boy, to be lying there, listening to its song and smelling the apple-blossoms, with the south-wind blowing so gently over him! The clover-tops and the cool green clover-leaves come close to his cheeks, his round rosy cheeks, and there 's a little buttercup, right under his chin, seeing for itself whether he loves butter or not!"

"And does he?"

"Yes, he loves butter. And now he has picked a dandelion-ball and is blowing it to see — hold fast to your string, my boy! — to see if his mother wants him. Three blows."

"Do they all blow off?"

"No, not all. A few stay on."

"Then she does n't want him."

"No, his mother does n't want him quite yet. He can lie there a little while longer, and watch his kite, and smell the flowers, and hear the birds sing. I wish I were a little boy lying in the grass."

"How lovely is your little *guess-boy*, mother?"

"O, quite lovely, quite lovely. He has brown, wavy hair, and bright eyes, and a right pleasant, laughing face. Two cunning pussy-flowers come close down and tickle his ear. Be careful, little *guess-boy*, don't let the string slip! That kite is too good to lose. Great pains you took to make its frame light and smooth and even; worked hard with newspapers and paste. The tail was a trouble. The bobs got tangled. But that 's all over now."

"What is your little *guess-boy's* name, mother?"

"His name? Let me think. Ah, his name is Ernest. Now Ernest turns his head. Now he smiles. Now he whistles."

"And what is he whistling for?"

"I think his dog. Yes! yes! There he comes! A noble shaggy fellow, leaping, frisking, bounding! Ernest calls, 'Rover, Rover, Rover! Here, Rover!'"

"How noble is Rover, mother?"

"Very noble. O, he 's a splendid fellow! Such a knowing, good-natured fellow! How he comes bounding on! The boy laughs and lets Rover lick his face all over.

"'Now *down!*' he says. '*Down*, Rover! *Down! Down*, sir!' Good dog, he lies down by Ernest and winks his eyes and snaps at the flies.

"There comes a bumble-bee with its bumble, bumble, bumble. Take care, Ernest. Look out for your kite-string! Rover snaps at old bumble and makes it fly away. Ernest jumps up."

"O mother! What is your little *guess-boy* doing to his kite? It shakes! It pitches! O, it is falling down! Blowing away!"

"My poor little boy! That bumble-bee did startle him then. Flew right in his eye, I 've no doubt, and made him let go. How he runs! Too late, my boy. Your kite is gone and will never return. Never, never!"

"Where will it blow to, mother?"

"Far, far over the woods. Now it falls into the river, and the river will float it away to the sea."

"Can you see it go floating along?"

"Yes. Floating along by green banks where willow-trees are growing."

"And can't you see some little *guess*-children coming to pick it out?"

"Perhaps. Now it gets tangled in the roots of a tree. Now on it goes again. Now it stops behind a rock. Yes, there are some little girls, little frolicking girls, coming to the bank of the stream."

"Do they see it?"

"Yes, but they can't reach. Take care, you little thing with a blue dress ruffled round the bottom! You are bending too far over. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughing at, mother?"

"Why, there 's a little bareheaded one tugging a long bean-pole. She 'll never do anything with that. Now they throw stones. One hits. Another hits. There goes the kite! And there goes the bean-pole. And there — bless me! — no, but she did almost tumble in! On, on floats the kite, on to the sea.

"There 's a little boat coming, rowed by two children. They steer for that odd thing which floats upon the water. 'What is it?' they ask. An oar is reached out and a kite-frame picked up. Nothing but a frame, the paper is soaked away!"

"And what has become of Ernest, mother? Is he lying down there now, smelling the blossoms, and hearing the brook go?"

"Ah, yes, poor little boy! He has lain down again among the buttercups, but I think he is not listening to the brook or smelling the apple-blossoms. I think he is almost crying. Maybe quite. His head is turned away and his face hidden in the grass.

"Now Rover comes again, but not as before, leaping and bounding, not frisking and wagging his tail. O no. He looks quite solemn this time. Dogs know a great deal. He puts his head close down and tries to lick the boy's face. Ah, Rover understands that something bad has happened. Now he gets his nose close up to Ernest's ear, as if he were whispering something. What is he whispering, I wonder? Poor Ernest! he seems very sad. And no wonder. Any boy would, to lose a brand-new kite!

"But he jumps up! He smiles and looks almost happy. Ah, I know now what Rover whispered to him!"

"What was it, mother, — something very good?"

"He whispered, '*Don't cry for lost kites. Don't cry for lost kites. Run home and make another. Run home and make another!*'"

"And will he?"

"I think so. I think he will. Yes, there he goes! He runs through the grass, leaps the brook, springs over the fence, whistling to Rover all the while. Rover is so glad! He barks and bounds like a crazy dog!

"There 's the house. And there 's his mother, looking out of the window, very glad to see her boy, if some of the dandelion feathers did stay on. I hope she 'll find some more newspapers for him, and let him make more paste on her stove!"

"O mother, please let 's go take a walk and find the little *guess-boy*, and see him make his kite!"

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

ABOUT KITES AND THINGS.

DID you ever hear of the man who harnessed a pair of kites to a light carriage, arranged a set of strings so that he could manage them, and took a ride one hundred and fifty miles long? His kites were like the common paper kites all boys make, only they were twelve feet high, and made of linen. And it really happened in England fifty years ago.

Putting kites to useful work seems something like trying to lead butterflies into industrious ways; and yet, when you think about it, they have been useful a good many times.

More important to the world than the Englishman's carriage-drawing kites was our own Ben Franklin's kite. It was not famous for its beauty, for it was only a silk handkerchief stretched across two sticks, but it is immortal, as the means of a great discovery.

You must know that Ben's kite flourished more than a hundred years ago, before the days of lightning-rods or telegraphs, when the wisest man did not know as much about electricity as the merest school-boy knows now, thanks to Ben and his kite. Ben was much interested in electricity and had a shrewd suspicion that lightning was the same thing. He determined to find out about it. So one day, when a thunder-cloud was coming up, instead of running into the house and getting on a feather-bed, as I've seen people do, he went out into the fields and put up his kite. When it was near the cloud, he tied a key to the end of the hempen string, — and waited. Pretty soon he saw the loose fibres of the kite-string stand up; instantly he touched his knuckles to the key, and received an electric shock. That settled the matter. As soon as he found out the nature of lightning, to protect houses from its pranks he invented the lightning-rod.

When the lightning leaves the clouds it rushes at once the nearest way

to the earth. If a house is in its track, so much the worse for the house; the lightning has n't time to turn out. But when men put up a nicely pointed rod over the house, expressly for a path for the lightning, it very amiably accepts the kindness, and travels down the rod, instead of through the house; which is more satisfactory all around.

Perhaps you never heard of another useful kite, owned by a man called Steeple Jack. He lived in Edinburgh nearly twenty years ago, and his business, as you may guess from his name, was repairing high steeples, upon which no one else could go. No steeple so tottering that Jack would not mount it; and this is how he did it. He just put up his kite, and managed to catch the cord on the top of the steeple, then Jack — who was little and thin — would climb this tiny rope, seat himself on the top, and do his work. History does not state how he got down from his airy perch.

It is not necessary to tell our city boys anything about Chinese kites, since the Pacific Railroad brings us so many of them that every other boy has one; but the country boys may like to know that they are as unlike the American kite as possible. In the first place they have no tails. In the second place they are of the most fantastic shapes and gorgeous colors. They are made and painted to represent fishes, owls, dogs, dragons, cats, roosters, and funny little men, and though they are not artistic, they can be recognized. They are made of thick paper laid over split bamboo sticks, and it looks funny enough to see these grotesque Oriental toys sailing over our sober American towns.

The flying of kites is as much a national game in China as base-ball is in America. It is not mere fun either, for the kite-string is prepared with pounded glass and other things, so that it will cut. Then there are match games between the kite-flyers, in which the object is to cut each other's string and let the kite down. Travellers tell us that the little boys run after the fallen kite in China exactly as they do in America, so I conclude that "boys will be boys" the world over.

In America kites come down and go home at dark, like good children, but in China they have lighted lanterns hung on them, and fly them as late as they please.

"Kite time" comes, I believe, in the spring, — and I would like to have some one tell me who regulates the time for the various games. They succeed each other as regularly as day follows night. First there are kites, and by the time every boy has one, down to the baby, they suddenly "go out," and every boy has his pockets full of tops, box-wood and other wood, ivory, iron, and tin. Balls drive out the tops, and themselves disappear before marbles. And while I write every boy in the city, I 'm sure, is stalking over the ground on stilts.

What will come next, and who will start it?

Olive Thorne.

TAG.

SUMMER snow the elder boughs
On the green grass sprinkle;
'T is the pasture; Brindle's bell —
Can't you hear it tinkle?
Now we may be free as air, —
This is just the place!
We 're the very company! —
Let us have a race!
Tag! tag!
Follow me! follow!
After me! chase me! come, Billy and Mag!
Swift seem my feet as the wings of a swallow!
What is so merry as playing at tag?

Blackberry vine and elder flower,
Buttercup and sorrel,
Ox-eye daisies, rosy crown
Of the mountain laurel,
With their colors blurred and blent,
How they hurry by!
Hark! a step is close behind!
Faster I must fly!
Tag! tag!
On through the clover!
Here runs the brook through the fern and the flag!
After me! after me! Over it! over!
What is so merry as playing at tag?

Yonder maple is our goal —
Would that it were nearer!
Mag is just upon me now, —
Panting I can hear her!
Startled hare or hunted deer
Never swifter ran!
Pleasure is as fleet as Fear —
Catch me if you can!
Tag! tag!
Give me a minute!
Since I am caught, 'neath this alder bush, Mag!
Let us take breath e'er again we begin it; —
What is so merry as playing at tag?

Marian Douglas.

GRANDPA'S STORY.

"O, I 'VE no time to tell stories now, and besides I don't know any to tell."

"Now that 's what you always say," said Tom.

"Well, if you 'll tell me what to tell about I 'll tell you one."

"About cats. About yourself. A funny one."

"Well, I 'll tell one about myself, that 's funny and in which a cat figures.

"A few weeks after I had graduated from the University, I received a call to a church in Pennsylvania, a friend of mine being deacon in it. In those days there were no such things as railroads, and so I had to travel by stage. It was pretty dull travelling, too, I can tell you. We told stories and joked for the first fifteen or twenty miles; but somehow we could n't keep it up all the time, and by the end of the first day we were pretty well tired of travelling, — that is, by stage. Of course dinner-time gave us a chance to stretch our legs, and occasionally we were allowed to get out and pry a wheel out of some hole with a rail taken from the fence, the driver meanwhile acting as a sort of overseer. Then, too, we could get out and walk whenever we chose.

"There was one thing that had attracted my attention from the first. There was a boy in the stage who seemed to be very careful of a wooden box which had several holes in the lid. He kept constantly looking at it, and when dinner-time came he took it into the tavern and put it under his chair."

"What was it?" asked Bill.

"I know," said Tom. "'T was the cat."

"Now come, if you want to hear the story you must n't interrupt me.

"Well, when it came night we stopped at an old-fashioned inn, where we were to sleep. It was in the fall of the year and pretty cold, so we sat around a great log-fire in the dining-room and amused ourselves telling ghost-stories until bedtime. When ten o'clock came the landlady began to give her opinion about keeping late hours, and to inquire what candles were selling for where we came from. So we began to make preparations for bed.

"The room assigned to me was rather apart from those of the other lodgers, for the reason that I had asked for one into which the sun would shine early next morning, as I had a desire to see the place before the stage went off. Well, I went up, considerably impressed by the last story which had been told, and undressed myself. I then blew out the light and stood shivering for a long time in the dark, while I tried to get the end of the sheet so as to turn down the bedclothes. I was just about to cover myself up comfortably when I felt my feet touch something soft and warm, and — well, I was out of that bed considerably quicker than I went in. I searched around for matches, but either from carelessness, or from the idea that

mice had a special fondness for the tips of matches, and might by nibbling them set the house on fire, the landlady had neglected to have any in the room.

"I put my hand under the bedclothes, and again I felt the thing. I then ran out of my room and yelled for the landlord with all the strength of my lungs. There immediately rushed into the hall two of my travelling companions in their night-shirts, one armed with a closed penknife and the other with an umbrella. As soon as I told them my trouble lights were brought, and we immediately instituted a search. By this time nearly all the lodgers had congregated in my room, and judge of my confusion when the object of my fear turned out to be a cat and three kittens. After a loud laugh at my expense the guests left me to hide my confusion as best I could under the bedclothes.

"The next day one of the passengers asked the boy what that was in his box.

"'You really want to know?' said he, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Well, it's a rattlesnake.'

"At this there was a general exclamation, and during the remainder of that trip you may rest assured we were quite as much interested as the owner himself in the welfare of that box.

"That night we stopped at a small tavern about twenty miles from the place where I was going, and to my horror, when I came to shut the door of my room, I found that it swung rather stiffly, and do what I might I could n't close it tighter than to within three inches of the lintel-post. I called the landlord and demanded another room. He told me that every one was occupied, and as the nearest tavern was three miles off, and the boy would not put the snake out of doors, I blocked the crack with clothes and went to bed feeling very much disturbed and wishing the boy and his snake in their native places.

"About three o'clock next day I arrived at my destination, and went to my friend's house. As I entered the hall I noticed a wooden box, but did n't pay much attention to it. When, however, I came to sit down to supper what was my astonishment to see the boy whose snake had caused me so much anxiety. After I had given an account of my trip, which caused some laughter, I gently protested against having the snake put anywhere but in the woodshed. And now what does my young gentleman do but tell me that the snake was only a stuffed one, and that he had brought it for convenience in the box in which it had been kept when it was alive!

"MORAL. — Don't cry before you are hurt."

D. B. S., Jr.

MY SUMMER AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

AT the head of Lake Champlain on the Missisquoi Bay stands the little town of Alburgh Springs. It is surrounded on three sides by ranges of the grandest mountains I ever saw, and on the fourth by the bay, which, lying there in its calm tranquillity, seems to shut the villagers out from the rest of the world. It is a quaint little town, and being only a mile from Canada, partakes somewhat of the characteristics of that country. Aside from the two handsome hotels, the clergyman's and doctor's residences, and one or two others, there are not many fine houses, most of them being of logs. It is doubtful whether this remote place would have been discovered by tourists, if it were not for the two medicinal springs which are here. It is said that the water is as beneficial as that of Saratoga or other well-known springs.

We started from Boston for this place about seven o'clock one hot morning in August, our route lying through some of the most picturesque parts of New England. During the first part of our journey we kept along the banks of the Merrimack River. Here the country is hilly and has pretty scenery, but later in the day the road led between high mountains that seemed to start from our very feet, while nestled cosily at their bases were little farm-houses enclosed with neat white fences. Now shooting over dancing brooks, now under a long, dismal covered bridge, our journey was constantly varied. As we neared our destination the country grew more level; the neat farm-houses were replaced by log-cabins, and in a moment more Lake Champlain, glistening like gold in the rays of the setting sun, burst upon our view. We kept in sight of this beautiful lake five or ten minutes, but at that time we were nearing St. Albans, where we were to change cars. From here to the Springs is only sixteen miles. Looking out we saw a very large sheet of water, and upon inquiring found it to be Missisquoi Bay, and that just on the farther side of the bridge we were to cross were the Springs. This bridge is more than a mile long, and at the other end the train stopped at the little station. Clustered around it was the group of men that always "come down to see the train in." We alighted, climbed into an odd-looking stage, and after a jolting ride of about a mile and a half arrived at the hotel.

Taking a ride in this place, one is surprised to see the different appearance of everything from what one sees farther south. The Canada-thistle flourishes here, stunted pines are the principal growth, and there is but little cultivated land.

One day handbills were distributed, announcing the festival of the "Harvest Home." This is an old English custom, and very pretty. Every year when all the harvesting is over the people have a festival. Specimens of the various crops are brought to the church, and put up in fanciful forms. In the morning they have religious services, at noon a dinner spread under the trees, and in the afternoon a great variety of outdoor games peculiar to that occasion. This merry-making was held in Clarenceville, which is in Canada, and eight or ten miles from Alburgh.

Several parties were made up at the two hotels, to drive over and see the Harvest Home, and when the day came we started off in high spirits. We had driven two or three miles when some one said, "What is that?" at the same time pointing ahead. We looked and saw a pillar of dense smoke rising above the trees, but we, not thinking it in the direction we were going, kept on, but in a few moments found the woods on fire on both sides of the road! We were almost afraid to go on, but did not wish to turn back. We were still discussing the question when a man came towards us from the direction in which we wished to go. Hailing him, and making known our trouble, he said, "Wal, I think you can git through, for there ain't much fire, it 's mostly smoke"; so we went on. The ladies, however, were obliged to draw back as far as possible into the carriages, and pull their veils over their faces. The heat was intense, and the smoke almost blinded us. We were just emerging, when suddenly, a few yards behind us, rose a column of fire thirty or forty feet high, and we congratulated ourselves that we had got out in time to escape the danger. We went some distance farther when it began to rain, and we scarcely had time enough to take shelter in a dilapidated store (which fortunately we saw at that moment) when the storm burst. Here we waited more than half an hour, and enjoyed ourselves at the expense of the store and its occupants. It sounded very queerly to hear them talk about "people from the States." Some time after the sun came out, and we started, but before we reached Clarenceville it poured again, so, instead of

going to the church, we immediately drove to the little "tavern." Here we were greatly amused by many bedraggled women who had taken shelter there, not so much to protect themselves as their Sunday finery. We waited some time, but finding that it did not cease raining, got into wagons and drove home, where we arrived in safety, only to be laughed at by those who did not go, but who forgot probably that they would have been glad enough to go if they had had a chance.

Every night, from nine o'clock until twelve, the spring house is gay with ladies and gentlemen, who go there for their evening draught. At first I disliked the water very much, but I soon grew quite fond of it. We had many rides and walks in the exhilarating mountain air, and sails on the lake. The latter I particularly enjoyed as the sun was setting. To go out and float quietly about on a sheet of water as smooth as glass, with the clouds reflected on its clear surface, the surrounding mountains dark and gloomy, was indeed charming. Then what a change to come up from all this quiet of Nature to the gay hotel, where music and dancing were going on! Last summer was a happy time to me, and I hope next summer may pass as pleasantly.

Mabel Loomis, age 14.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

ONE DAY'S SIGHT-SEEING IN MINNESOTA.

ON Tuesday morning at about eight o'clock a carriage which my father had engaged came for us, at the Merchant's Hotel in St. Paul. We rode through the city to Eighth Street, where we took in our friend Mrs. Randell and her big lunch-basket. The country through which we passed was very fine. After riding about eight or nine miles we came to a little fall called the Fawn's Leap. It was very pretty, but steep and small. Quite near St. Anthony is another little one, the Silver Cascade. That was like a pair of stairs, — lots of little falls before you get to the real one. There were a good many harebells growing among the rocks; they looked very pretty as we saw them here and there. We then passed through the city of St. Anthony and crossed the Mississippi River, on a fine bridge that went over an island, — I don't remember its name. The river was full of logs and rafts.

The city of Minneapolis is very pleasant, with its fine broad streets. It was a beautiful ride from there to the Falls of Minnehaha, which we reached at about noon. The Minnehaha is a very pretty little river. I told my little sister about it when I got home, — that it seemed as if the little river ran along not knowing what was before it, until it jumped right down in a big hole; but it did n't cry a bit, — only jumped up and laughed and ran on as fast as it could.

We opened our basket and had dinner down in the dell near the falls. It seemed while we were at dinner as if it was sprinkling. Papa and I went across the river and got some stones on the bank; and I gathered some flowers to remember the place by. Then we started for St. Paul.

After riding a few miles we reached Fort Snelling, at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers. We went into the enclosure and saw the barracks and went up in the tower, where on summer evenings the band is said to play. Then we rode round the fort, and I saw that the bank that it was built on was a kind of sandstone so soft any one could take a penknife and cut it all away. We then crossed the Mississippi in a ferry-boat and reached St. Paul about four o'clock.

Mary B. Putnam, age 10.

YPSILANTI, Michigan.

TENT LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": After leaving the valley of the Arkansas* our road led for miles round and among a perfect wilderness of hills, then gradually up a long one, — it was not very steep, but it was up, up, up. The poor tired horses felt it more than we did, for their burden was heavy. We walked and rode alternately, and made merry as we trudged along, often looking back to view the beauties left behind. The valley with its orchard-like appearance, the huge pyramid rocks towering above the tree-tops, the far distant grassy slope, with its dark lines of willows showing where the water trickles down, and still farther up, the grand old peaks with their patches of snow mingling with the light fleecy clouds, all make a picture that I would like to send you, but they are too far away for the instrument of the photographer.

It was almost night; and it was time to begin to look for a good place to camp. Three things are necessary for a good camp, — wood, grass, and water. There was plenty of the two former, but the last, the very thing we most needed just now, was not here, and it would never do to stop until we found it. What to do we did not know. The sun was now down; while the team was resting we had watched it sink slowly behind the farther range. On and up we went. We were all walking now, even the driver's invalid sister, who generally rode and drove up most of the hills.

Mr. H——, who rode a pony, had gone a long way ahead, and finally disappeared. We had only gone a little beyond where we last saw him, when he called out from down the mountain-side, "Halt! here is water!" He had found a little spring, so small that the men had to dip the water with our drinking-cups, and that very carefully to get it clean. It took a long time to get enough for our thirsty animals. Their thirst once satisfied, everything was all right again, except that pa and the photographer, who rode in a wagon by themselves, were still behind, having stopped to take the view of that big round stone which nature has so evenly balanced on the mountain-side, that I sent you a view of in my other letter. It so happened that the place so suddenly found was one of the nicest for a camp that we had had on the whole route; no one had ever camped there before; there was plenty of the best kind of grass, and it was all fresh and sweet; nothing had trampled it down. It grew up among the quaking aspens, which were quite thick all around, so much so that the animals soon got themselves all tangled up with their lariats among the trees.

We all went to work with a will to make the camp-fire, fetch the water, and get our suppers. Mr. H—— whittled some shavings with his big pocket-knife; I picked up a handful of little dry sticks, and we soon had a blaze. We then piled on larger sticks, and it was not long before we had a big, sparkling fire, and by the time pa and Mr. D—— came up we had a rouser to welcome them. We all worked; Fred tumbled the bundles of bedding out of the wagon and untied the flour and potato sack. Ma put on her big apron and washed the bread-pan. Fred dipped out a cupful of flour for each person, and she mixed the bread. Mrs. H—— dressed the potatoes, but when she came to put them on to boil the fire was so large she could not get up to it, so there had to be a smaller one made for that. The bread was baked in a small sheet-iron stove. After pa had unharnessed Billy and lariated him to a tree, he pitched the tent. Mary and Clara set the table under it, or spread the cloth on the ground, and tossed the plates round to their places; the

* See Our Letter Box, in the June number.

knives and forks received better care. We ate our late supper that night in the tent by the light of our big camp-fire, and the one who can manage his tea on such a table is lucky.

Supper over, dishes washed and disposed of, and blankets spread, we were ready for bed, to which we retired after enjoying our huge camp-fire awhile, and slept soundly; for pa had mellowed down the larger hummocks with an axe, and the smaller ones were nothing to us tired mortals.

The next morning opened bright and sunny, and truly delicious, as almost all mornings are in the country, all the year round. The sun as it came up over the eastern hills made the bright lively green leaves of the aspen really glisten. Breakfast over, we packed up our things and went on, leaving the large mark made by our camp-fire as a notice to other passers-by that there was water in that vicinity. The way of our road was still up, for we had not yet reached the top, but with our refreshed animals we soon gained it. This place is put down on the maps as a "*low pass*," but we had a long climb to reach it. A short ride on the other side (short because we go so much easier on the down-hill track) soon brought us to one of the small mountain parks. Then over another divide, and we entered the great South Park of Colorado. A few more hours' ride brought us to the Salt Works, a point long looked for. There we saw an artesian well; the water flowed out at the top, and was so bright, cool, and clear, it looked as if it would quench thirst. We tasted it, but spit it out immediately, it was so salt.

Now, "Dear Young Folks," I have given you about one day's account of our journey, which I think will do for this letter; it is a true picture of travel and tent life in the Rocky Mountains. It is hard work, but unrestrained glorious freedom, they say, and I guess it is, for I felt like hooting and hallooing and climbing a tree, or some such thing. How do you think you would like it?

When my pa read Miss Kate Field's account of her journey to the Adirondacks, he wanted to write and invite her to come out here, and go to the mountains with us this summer; but when he came to think of his inability to entertain her properly, he gave it up; he thought our log-house, bare, home-made furniture, hard bed, and lumber-wagon conveyance would be offering too much roughness to a lady who was probably used to having everything nice. Maybe she will come any way, for I hear that a great many Boston people are coming this summer; then we shall see what she has to say about us, our vast expansive country, and wilderness of hills.

To you, "Dear Young Folks," I would say come too, and see our sunny land; I know it will do you good and make you happy. Come, and I will show you a nice flower-garden, if nothing more. I think you would be interested to see how we have to irrigate everything we grow here. I think it is very nice, the way pa turns the water round among the plants; the numerous zigzags are a real labyrinth.

Since I wrote you before I have seen the cars, for they come clear through here. Jennie, another little girl, and myself, went to see them when they first came in; the locomotive screeched, and before we knew it we were a running, we were so frightened.

Yours very respectfully, *Emma Smart, age* 11.

DENVER, Colorado.

P. S. One day last week some Ute Indians paraded the streets with a scalp on the end of a pole. As their enemies are our enemies they were allowed to do so; no one seemed to notice them much, except some boys who cheered them as they went past. Olive Logan lectured last Saturday night to a full house.

Emma S.

AN AUGUST MORNING.

COULD anything be fairer than the outspread country I can see from my window this August morning?

Last night there was a storm. The stars were all shut away. The great dense clouds blew up and hid them. The lightning quivered incessantly in brilliant sheets of flame, illuminating the earth with terrible lustre one instant to leave it in the blackness of darkness the next. The thunder crashed and the rain rushed down into the night.

And now it is morning, and "we ope our eyes on newly 'swept and garnished' skies!" The cornfield waves its tremulous shining spears; the smooth pastures are freshly green and fair; the leaves in the beech-wood dance and shine, and the great hills beyond are fresh and beautiful. Everything is lovely. Nothing but rain and thunder could leave us so fair a view. It is "the rest succeeding the pain," — the cleansed, pure, happy earth, bathed and refreshed by the storm.

O, how beautiful! The broad, sunny country, with air and health and beauty everywhere! Dance and sing, little leaves! Blow, cool, fresh wind! Shine, fair earth! It is God smiling on thee and saying over the words of *long ago*, — "It is very good!"

Etta Hardy, age 16.

"MUSKEETER."

THE gentle breeze sweeps softly by,
The clouds float slowly o'er the sky,
The streamlet dances in the moon,
The frogs have just begun their tune,
The whippoorwill sounds his mournful note,
The katydid seems to split her throat,
And the solemn owl from out the glen
Sends dismal hootings now and then;
Ah, life is sweet, but 't would be sweeter,
If 't was n't for that big "muskeeter."

Around my ear I hear her play,
I slap, but she is far away;
My poor cheek tingles with the pain;
She 's gone — but here she comes again!
Ah, if I could, would not I beat her?
That cannibal of a muskeeter!
Thus it is through all the earth;
From the moment of our birth,
Cares will hang around us still,
Fight against them as we will;
There is not a living creatur,
That has not its own "muskeeter."

S.

AN ENTERTAINMENT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IN my former articles I have shown you how easy it is to arrange effective scenes, when you know just how to begin. In proof of which I shall now give you an account of an entertainment which was hastily prepared on an island, where there were but two houses, and no stores. This island lies three miles west of Plymouth Rock, and is owned by a kind and genial gentleman who is admired by so many ladies, that he has always remained single for their sakes.

At the time I speak of there was a very brilliant company assembled at his house, many of whom are well known to the readers of "Our Young Folks." The blue-eyed Miselle who has written stories almost as fascinating as herself, the author of the "Seven Little Sisters," and first and best of all The *Mother* of "William Henry," all united with many lesser lights to make the summer days pass pleasantly.

One day as they all sat in the rustic summer-house on the point, watching the sail-boat on her return trip from Plymouth laden with passengers and provisions, they beheld a new arrival in the shape of the manager, and as soon as he had scrambled up the rocky path from the shore they set him to work at once, under the island law, which provides that each one shall contribute his share for the entertainment of the others. So that afternoon he assembled his forces upon a great rock, and considered the subject. He found plenty of the first two requisites for success, — beauty and brains! One stately brunette for the tragic parts, two lovely blondes for angels and saints, and half a dozen young ladies of the medium style of beauty which abounds in New England. For gentlemen there were two Harvard students, a gallant young soldier, a grave judge from the West, for the heavy father, beside three noble young fishermen for the tableaux. The cast was soon made and the actors retired to study their parts, when a new difficulty arose. Where can a theatre be found? The kitchen and dining-room are in constant use, and all the other rooms are full to overflowing.

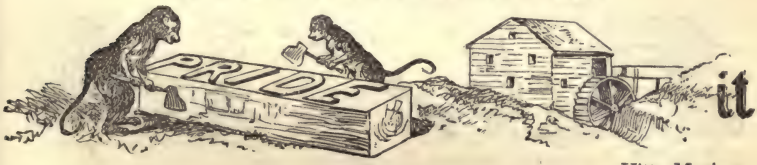
An exploring party then made the circuit of the island and discovered a large boat-house close to the eastern shore. Here a stage was erected upon four lobster-cages, and a curtain 'borrowed from one of the beds' was contrived to run upon grummets, or small hoops which are used to confine the sails to the mast of a boat.

For the illustrated ballad the "*Three Fishers*" was decided upon, as there were three men ready costumed for the parts and plenty of nets and lobster-pots for properties. The angels took to themselves wings by making frames from one of those melancholy ruins of modern civilization, — an old hoop-skirt. These frames were covered with cotton cloth, and coated with varnish from the stores of the boat-house. While the varnish was fresh they were plentifully sprinkled with live geese feathers and the

effect was truly angelic. *Judith and Holofernes* was one of the tableaux. In the first scene a black-bearded youth reposed upon two dressing-tables, while his sister flourished the captain's sword above his head. In the second scene, where Judith holds the head, Holofernes knelt between the two tables, and put up his head through a hole in the sheet. To give reality to this scene it was necessary to have the sheet sprinkled with blood, so the manager demanded some pieces of red flannel to sew upon it. None could be found, however, without robbing the only shirt which was to go on in several of the scenes; so a party set off around the island on a wild search for blood! They soon returned, bringing in triumph some scarlet poppies, the leaves of which served the purpose so well that the dead head was pronounced very lifelike indeed. Next a wig must be found for the judge to wear as King Lear, and a very wild one was made of the pelt of an old sheep, which produced a very strong effect upon both audience and wearer. The vista for the tableaux was made of dark gray shawls; but the play was a vaudeville and demanded a garden scene. So the rough beams were dressed with graceful vines, and arches made of clematis, lighted up with gleaming sumac, and coral cornel-berries. And when the shawls were taken down after the tableaux were over the effect was very fine. Just as the play began the manager threw open the great doors at the end of the boat-house. The tide was high, and the sea came up close to the building, and the great round August moon began to rise slowly out of the water, and all agreed that no finer background could have been seen in any theatre. So you see that in the mimic stage, as well as on the stage of life, it is well to make the best of your surroundings.

G. B. Bartlett.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 55.



Hitty Maginn.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 56.

First, a point of the compass.
Second, an entertainment.
Third, juice of a tree.
Fourth, three united.
Fifth, convenient.

H. M. T.

No. 57.

My first are almost everywhere.
My next a name oppressors bear.
My third a fruit both sweet and fair.
My fourth a name a girl may wear.
My fifth surrounds, I do declare.
My sixth are noble, strong, and rare.
My whole will make a six word square.

Alice Greene, age 13.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

No. 58.

1. An article of diet. A mechanical instrument.
2. To augment. A species of serpent.
3. Part of a ship. The captain.
4. To place. A species of dog.

"*Filbert.*"

CHARADE.

No. 59.

My *first* is a fruit.
On my *second* grows my *first.*
My *third* always comes before my *first.*
My *whole* is often seen on my *first* and *second.*

H. M. T.

ENIGMAS.

No. 60.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 25, 31, 21 no farmer can do without.

My 31, 22, 25, 6, 2 is the name of a popular English novelist.

My 19, 12, 9, 11 it is a great misfortune to be.

My 10, 15, 31, 18 is an element, — both a friend and an enemy to man.

My 3, 4, 5 is "less than kind."

My 21, 20, 16, 26 we will all see if we live till to-morrow night.

My 27, 28, 23, 30, 31 is an amphibious quadruped.

My 29, 24, 17, 18 is useful to a man who shaves.

My 13, 24, 14, 12 is a fold for sheep.

My 7, 2, 10, 14 you hate to be when you walk to the cars.

My 14, 16, 8 belongs to a child.

My *whole*, if obeyed, would be a universal peacemaker.

I. Givey Tupp.

No. 61.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 7, 10, 6, 9 is a savage animal.

My 3, 8, 7, 7, 10, 5 is not 14, 2, 9, 10 he shall be caught.

My 12, 13, 1, 3 does not hesitate to tell a 12, 13, 10.

My 4, 11, 9 is useful in propelling a boat.

My *whole* presented a splendid appearance last year. *H. M. T.*

RIDDLE. — No. 62.

There is a fish much used in the Eastern States, whose head is one hundred times the size of its body, and its tail five times the size of its head.

The head and tail are much used by musicians, but for table the body is greatly preferred. Although the body represents nothing, it is of much importance in figuring accounts. The first is also a great favorite with the men employed in Adams's Express Company.

Hattie R. B.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 63.

A.

ANSWERS.

47. Great head, little wit; small head, not a bit. [(Grate) (head) (*little* wit) (S mall) (head) (knot) (a bit)].

48. Girls.

49. The Evening Lamp.

50. Cut from A to B, and B to C, as shown in Fig. 1, and arrange the pieces as in Fig. 2.

FIG. 1.

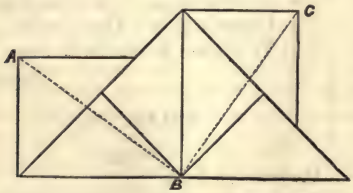


FIG. 2.

51. Mayflower.

52. BalL. OrlandO. SeW. TalE. OiL. NaiL.

53.

R	O	M	O	L	A
O	B	O	L	U	S
M	O	L	E	S	T
O	L	E	A	T	E
L	U	S	T	E	R
A	S	T	E	R	S

54.

E	D	I	S	T	O
D	U	S	T	E	R
I	S	L	A	N	D
S	T	A	C	T	E
T	E	N	T	E	R
O	R	D	E	R	S

BOTH teachers and pupils, and especially all "Our Young Contributors," will be interested in the manner in which composition-writing is practised in a well-known Boston School. It is described in the following communication from L. S. H., who has our thanks for intercepting, in the interest of "Our Young Folks," Lou's letter on

COMPOSITION-WRITING.

DEAR GENIE, —

You wanted me to send you some of our last compositions, and tell you how we write them in our school. This I am most pleased to do.

We write every Wednesday morning, in our class. It generally takes us two hours of the morning session. Our teacher does all the work with us: so we never have anything to take home, and cry over, or tease our mothers about.

We all think Wednesday morning the best time in the week, and I can tell you we never let the teacher forget compositions. In the first place we are required to have paper of uniform size, which we always keep in our portfolios. Two boys come early composition morning to sharpen pencils. Our slates are all laid, one on each desk, and pencils passed. We generally know what we are going to write about beforehand.

When we are reciting our lessons, reading, or talking, if we come to anything very interesting, that we want to hear more about than the teacher has time then to tell us, she says, "We will have a composition about that some day."

Last week we wrote about "Smoke," and it happened in this way. One afternoon there was a great fire in a part of the city near our schoolhouse. The smoke rose up in great clouds over the building. We all looked out of the windows at it. Some one asked what made the smoke rise up and break in pieces. Another wanted to know what smoke was, and what made it so black, and why some smoke was blue. Teacher answered all these questions and a great many more. We also talked some time about fires, and the best manner of putting them out.

The next Wednesday "Smoke" was the subject for compositions. It was written on the blackboard, and a great many topics with it, like the following. 1. "What is smoke?" 2. "Why does it rise in the air?" 3. "Its color," etc. We told the teacher all we knew about each one of these subjects as she asked us questions, and what we did not know she told us. We had a good time talking for half an hour: then we took our slates and wrote all we could think of about "Smoke."

We wrote just as we had talked; teacher tells us to write rapidly on our slates, and not stop to think whether the style is good or bad, till we have put down everything we know about the subject.

This takes twenty minutes or half an hour, according to the amount one can think to say. This done, we take our dictionaries and grammars, begin at the beginning of our compositions, and see if we have spelled correctly, put in capitals and periods enough, or too many. We look very carefully, that we have no singular verbs agreeing with plural subjects, or singular subjects with plural verbs. We have to hunt sharply for those hateful possessives, to see that a little flag is stuck in the top of each. I think they are the greatest torment in composition-writing. If we find a long awkward sentence we try to cut it in two, which if we fail to accomplish the teacher assists us. We have liberty to ask all the questions we want to. When we have corrected our work the best we can, or till we think it perfect, we then put it aside, and have some other exercise and recess.

The last half-hour in the morning is spent in copying. Pens are passed and we take our paper. We write as rapidly as we can and do it neatly. We can have only one sheet of paper, so if we make a mistake, it has to stay for that time. As fast as the compositions are completed they are taken to the teacher's desk and put away, as she tells us, "to cool." But in a day or two they come out again, and some of them are read by the pupils. We observe what sentences are incorrect, or do not sound well. One of the best and one of the poorest are copied on the board. The best one will not have perhaps a single error, whilst the carelessly written one may have ten or fifteen.

We begin with this last one, and point out the mistakes. Sometimes there will be a word misspelled, or a little i for the pronoun I, or a possessive with a missing flag, or a sentence beginning with a small letter. You should see how marked and cut up this unfortunate composition is by the time we are through with it. Mistakes

make a big show, I can assure you, when put up on a blackboard, before fifty pairs of eyes. They stand right out then.

Now you may think this would be the last of this set of compositions, but it is not, and if you desire it, they shall appear to you again in another letter.

From your Cousin,

LOU.

BOSTON, June, 1871.

LEWISBURG, O., June 4, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Do editors ever make mistakes? I thought they never did; but the June number of "Our Young Folks" contains a sentence which, according to my judgment, is not only inelegant, but really incorrect. In speaking of E. H. B.'s word square you say: "We doubt if any other square than the above can be constructed," etc. I cannot find any authority for such a use of *if*. The word implies condition, an idea which is not intended to be expressed in the sentence. *We doubt* is a declarative sentence. *Doubt* being a transitive verb has an object, which object would be expressed if the word *that* were substituted for *if*. Besides, as the expression now stands, it implies unusual incredulity on the part of its author. For writing it, "If any other square can be constructed, we doubt it," it means, "Even though it be a fact that any other square can be constructed, we do not believe it!" Are my inferences wrong?

Again, *above*, an adverb of place, is used as an adjective. The authorities may be divided in regard to the use of this word, but all that I have consulted declare such a use of it very improper. It is sometimes convenient to use it, but is "the above letter" any more correct than "the below letter"?

"We doubt that any other square than the one given above," etc., is quite as concise and admits of no ambiguity.

Respectfully yours,

OLIVER C. WELLER.

If the writer of this letter had taken the pains to look into a certain well-known and very respectable work called "WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY," he might have found excellent "authority for such a use of *if*," together with much other curious and highly useful information, which would perhaps have saved him the further trouble of writing to us at all, and us the necessity of answering him.

On page 714 of that work, under the head IF, occurs the following definition, with an illustrative sentence from an English classic, which also, curiously enough, exemplifies our use of the word "doubt":—

"2. Whether or not.

"She doubts *if* two and two make four. *Prior.*"

According to the same "authority," and to every other "authority" with which we are acquainted, doubt is not only a transitive but also an intransitive or neuter verb, as in the line quoted from Prior, and even in the sentence which Mr. Weller has had the kindness to offer as a substitute for our own. In "We doubt *that* any other square," etc., *that* is a conjunction, and not an object of the verb *doubt*.

Again, on p. 6 of "Worcester's Dictionary" he will find this note to the definitions of *above*:—

"☞ *Above* is sometimes used as an adjective by good writers, with an ellipsis of *mentioned*, *cited*, etc., in the sense of *preceding*; as 'The *above* remarks.' *Campbell's Rhet.* 'The *above* articles.' *Swift.*"

We do not claim that this form of expression is "elegant," but simply that it is established by good usage. It is certainly preferable to an awkward circumlocution.

There has lately risen amongst us a class of hypercritical writers on Words, who would scarcely leave us a single good old English idiom, if common sense and prevailing custom were not stronger than they. It is, we suspect, by reading the works of these writers that our correspondent has been betrayed into handling the two-edged tool of criticism. If we have given his letter more attention than it seems to deserve, it has been for two reasons, — first, because his strictures being upon our own style, our silence with regard to them might have been misconstrued; but still more because we thought the discussion might prove interesting to young contributors, and useful to young critics.

As for the opinion he so lately entertained, that "editors never make mistakes," we beg him to disabuse his mind at once of that pleasing illusion. We sometimes think that editors, from the very nature of their work, are more liable than other men to "make mistakes"; and we humbly confess that no number of this magazine ever comes to us fresh from the press but we look with fear and trembling for the errors which, after all our care, may have crept into it.

CAMBRIDGE, April 20, 1871.

MY DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

The post has just arrived, bringing with other packages your dear sunny face; and I want to whisper in your ear the gratitude I feel. I am not very young folks, and not very old folks, still I think that all can enjoy you. I *know* that my quiet home is made the cheerier by your coming. I have been an invalid for more than a year, not able to delve very deep, or to take lofty flights in the literary world. But your "Young Folks" has supplied just the want I feel. Trusting that your presence may brighten many a home as it does mine, I remain,

Yours affectionately, L.

Eddie A. W. writes from Salem: —

DEAR EDITORS: —

I wish that some time when you offer prizes to the "Young Folks," you would give a prize for merit in drawing. I suppose the objection you would have to *this* would be the cost of having the pictures engraved. *Would* that be an objection? You know the pictures could be small, and although *I* do not draw myself, I have friends who can, and who, I am sure, would like to try for a prize. You probably have other reasons for objecting to the plan, and I fear I have been too bold in putting it before you. Please forgive me, and tell me what you think of it in the next "Letter Box."

Thank you, Eddie, for your suggestion. The cost of engraving the drawings would be no objection at all to the plan; but we prefer to offer prizes for which every intelligent boy and girl can compete, — and how many of the readers of "Our Young Folks" do you suppose have had instruction in drawing, compared with those who have been taught grammar and geography? Still, the idea is worth considering, and we should like to hear what others have to say about it.

SOME of these conundrums are new, while others, though old, will be new to many of our readers. The following come from Mary E. Reed, Springfield: —

Why is dancing like new milk? *Ans.* Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is love like a potato? *Ans.* Because it shoots through the eye.

What is the difference between a falling star and a fog? *Ans.* One is missed in heaven the other mist on earth.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? *Ans.* His reaper.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? *Ans.* His head prevents him from going too far.

Why is a bank-note better than hard money? *Ans.* Because if you fold it you find it increases.

These others are sent us by George Lewis Batley, at school in Neuchâtel, Switzerland. The charade at the close lacks an answer: who will give it?

How do sailors know that the moon is made of green cheese? *Ans.* Because they have been to sea (see).

Why is the letter G like a great battle? *Ans.* Because it makes Ghosts of hosts.

Why is the letter P useful in an examination? *Ans.* Because it can make an ass pass.

What is the difference between a man with one leg and a young lady of fashion? *Ans.* One has got a shin-on (chignon) and the other a shin off.

Why could not Eve have the measles? *Ans.* Because she 'd *had 'em* (Adam).

What is the best chemical composition for overworked bullocks? *Ans.* *Ox-hide* of iron.

When does butter resemble Irish children? *Ans.* When it is made into little pats.

Of all enigmas and charades
In all their shapes, in all their shades
Whate'er their first and second be
Their last *you 'll always* find in me.

HERE are the first and last words of a geographical word square, by *A. F. Dresel*, who says, "The words are all to be found in the back part of the atlas accompanying Mitchell's School Geography." Who will fill it out? — MACAS, SANDA.

Arch Winters. — You were clearly right, and your friend wrong; it is the expansion of the water freezing in the bomb-shell, and not the contraction of the iron, that causes the shell to burst.

E. B. Chester sends us this *figure square*, the rows in which "will add 25 every way, — diagonally, right, left, upwards or downwards": —

4 7 7 4 3
7 2 9 2 5
1 6 4 9 5
6 9 1 6 3
7 1 4 4 9

Lucy B. asks: "Why don't these people who ask the questions about quotations get Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations,' and thus save themselves a great deal of trouble?"

Who can give the best answers to these three questions sent to the "Letter Box" by *S. E. M.*, Philadelphia?

1. In memory of whom is Tennyson's beautiful poem? ("In Memoriam").
2. Is (—3) a number?
3. Is *church* a Saxon word?

T. Wolcott, Eaglewood, N. J. — The first of the articles on "Light and Shadow," etc. will appear next month. They, and many other good things which we have in store, have been unavoidably postponed, to make room for "*Our Young Contributors.*"

A. W. J., New Orleans. — Persons subscribing for "Our Young Folks" can begin with any number they please, no matter how far back.

"*Schooner.*" The first schooner was built at Gloucester, Mass., not Gloucester in England.

Fannie P. Rains, Newburgh, N. Y. — In the multitude of communications sent to us it is inevitable that some should be overlooked. We have enlarged "Our Letter Box" and "Our Young Contributors" department, still we are unable to find room to answer all the questions asked us, or to print all the good things with which our kind friends favor us.

NIAGARA FALLS, May 31, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Since the arrival in our home of your June number, the spirit of our only boy, our Charlie, — Charlie T. Ware, aged fourteen, — has left the body which had striven so faithfully to hold it for three long weary months, and has returned to God who gave it. The last number did not make him happy as previous ones had never failed to do, for his poor head had become so sensitive that we could not read to him of "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes."

His last effort at composition was what he sent you at our solicitation, h idea of a true gentleman. He was unaccustomed to expressing himself upon paper, and too honorable to accept the least assistance, but he *lived* his idea. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," he "*did* unto others what he wished that they should do to him."

Last Sabbath when we laid his poor, tired body on the bosom of Mother Earth, his pastor paused in his remarks, and in a voice tremulous with emotion said, "Friends, there lies the body of the best boy I ever knew. I speak what I do know, and mean what I do say." And every heart in that large assembly thrilled with the echo.

I hardly know why I have written this to you whom it cannot interest; perhaps because he loved you so much, and for that reason you are dearer to me, if possible, than ever.

CHARLIE'S SISTER.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

We have been taking your magazine almost ever since it was published, and now when it makes its monthly appearance we greet it as an "old friend," and old friends they say are the "truest, firmest, and best." We enjoy it very much; the young men as well as the maidens, the old men as well as the children.

I have been looking over your "Mutual Improvement Corner" for some time, and so far have looked in vain to see if any one wants a correspondent who has reached the mature age of twenty. I suppose some of your young readers will think that rather old, but I guess if I could only talk to them awhile, they would conclude I like fun as much now as ever. I do wish some one would read this and answer it, — some nice merry girl, who is fond of company and amusement, and "full of good sense": one who loves reading, — Scott, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Dickens, and can become as much interested in Macaulay's England as I have of late. . . . .

Yours,

ESSIE WALLACE.

PHILADELPHIA P. O. Penn.

C. A. B. wishes to know whether "if a cow should loose [lose?] her cud, and should not be able to get anything to make another of, she would stricken [sicken?] and die." To answer the question satisfactorily we must first explain to him precisely what "chewing the cud" is; for his idea of the subject seems not to be very clear. A cow's stomach consists of four distinct cavities. The food when taken into the mouth is only partially masticated, and is carried in bulky and rather dry masses into the first or second cavity, where it is acted on by certain fluids which they secrete. It is then forced back into the mouth, in the form of pellets or little balls, and at regular intervals, by a peculiar contractile movement of the gullet, and undergoes a second and more leisurely mastication, after which it is again swallowed, passing through the first and second cavities into the third, and thence into the fourth. Now the loss of the *cud* is simply the loss of this *contractile power*, which is a very serious affair; but its restoration may proceed from natural causes, or it may result from the operation of medicine. If, however, the healthy tone and natural action of the gullet is not re-established, digestion ceases, and the cow sickens and dies.

Lizzie F. S. Barnard. — So far as we know, there is no ancient authority, and consequently no good authority, for saying that Cleopatra's hair was either black or red. Though an Egyptian queen she was not of Egyptian, but of Grecian or Macedonian stock; and those writers who speak of her as if she were a Copt or a Gypsy (Tennyson in his "Dream of Fair Women" calls her "A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes") have no warrant for doing so.

Mattie L. Belcher. — You are mistaken in supposing that the face of Christ, "as we see it in pictures," originated "in the fancy of some distinguished painter." The first representations of Christ, of which any traces are now to be found, were made on the walls of the catacombs in Rome in those early days when Christians were persecuted for their faith, and were compelled to take refuge in these mazy and abandoned underground stone quarries. In the fourth century he was depicted as a young man of middle stature, fair complexion, light hair falling in redundant curls upon his shoulders, and grave but gracious aspect; and this type of countenance prevailed, with certain occasional modifications, throughout the Middle Ages, and has even been transmitted to the present time. Pious fictions were early invented to prove it to be an actual portrait. Such was the legend about St. Veronica, who is said to have taken pity on the Saviour when he was toiling under the burden of the cross on his way to Calvary, and to have wiped the sweat from his face with a handkerchief, which instantly

received a miraculous impression of his features, and which — wonderful to relate! — is *said* to be still preserved with religious care in St. Peter's Church at Rome.

In Chambers's Encyclopædia there is a good article on Pictures of Christ; but if *Mattie* has access to Fairholt's "Dictionary of Terms in Art" she will do well to look also at the account given in that work, under the word "Trinity," of the various representations of the Saviour which occur in sacred art.

CAMDEN, N. J., June 17, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I venture to send the following answer to Miss "Barbara's" question in the "Letter Box."

The Seven Wise Men of Greece were: —

1. Thales, a native of Miletus, in Ionia: born about 640 B. C. He was the first Grecian who made astronomical discoveries, and foretold eclipses. He was also famous as the founder of the Ionian sect in philosophy.

2. Solon, a contemporary of Thales, and a native of Athens. He was a great legislator, and his laws, called the "Institutions of Solon," remained in force in Athens until the fall of its liberty, and many of them were adopted by the Romans. Previous to his time the Athenian laws were of unexampled severity, death being the penalty for every offence, no matter how trivial, and the man who stole a cabbage suffering equally with him who cut a throat. But Solon established a just and equitable system of punishment.

3 and 4. Chilo the Spartan, and Bias of Priene in Asia Minor. They lived at the same time with Solon, and were both moral philosophers. Of the latter little more than his name is known; of the former a few maxims remain, such as, "Know thyself," "Desire nothing too much," etc.

5. Pittacus of Mytelene, in the island of Lesbos. He defended his native isle against an invasion of the Athenians with such courage and skill, that, on the defeat of the latter, he was chosen king by his grateful countrymen. He died 579 B. C.

6. Cleobolus of Lindus, in the isle of Rhodes, a contemporary of Pittacus. A man of great virtue and good sense himself, he was continually giving excellent advice to his fellow-creatures. One of his maxims was that "we should be good to our friends, to preserve their friendship; and kind to our enemies, to make friends of them."

7. Periander, tyrant of Corinth, who lived at about the same time as Cleobolus and Pittacus. He was a bad man, but governed with great judgment. By his exertions in building a large fleet he made Corinth a great commercial place, as well as a naval power.

As to the phrase "After life's fitful fever," etc., it is to be found in Act III. Sc. 2. of "Macbeth," of which, I need n't state, Shakespeare was the author.

"Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

Very respectfully yours,
WM. S. WALSH.

Barbara's question was also answered by Minnie K. Mixer, "Blue Bird," B. Leighton Beal, "Jack Hazard" (glad to hear from him), F. R. Welles, Henry A. Todd, Mary Hamilton, A. H. C., "Convolvulus," Fidele, Hattie, Mary A. K., F. S. Wiggin, M. M. C., Katharine C. J., A. S. C., Annie Rhodes, Laura B., "Gabriel," Nellie Taber, Mabel P., F. L. C., Bell Merrill, and others; several of whom also send answers to Aggie and Molly's second question, and to our last month's puzzles.

IN answer to Aggie and Molly's first question, Fannie W——, Niagara Falls (who also answers the second), says: "Animal heat is produced by combustion, and I suppose that fish and frogs are called cold-blooded because they do not consume sufficient oxygen to make the temperature of their blood equal to that of other animals."

Annie L. Foster, Burlington, Mass. (who answers the other question and Barbara's also), says they are cold-blooded "because their breathing apparatus is imperfect, and only a small quantity of blood is subjected at any time to the effects of respiration."

Both of these answers are concise and correct statements of the fact.

EARLY answers to our July *Evening Lamp* were also sent us by Katie Buffum and Bessie Jillson, John H. Ingham, E. R. 3d, Frank M. Brown, and Helen W. Allen.

A FEW NEW BOOKS. — Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, have published "The Young Mechanic," a compact and handsome volume, containing "Directions for the Use of all Kinds of Tools, and for the Construction of Steam-Engines and Mechanical Models, including the Art of turning in Wood and Metal." It is written by a man who thoroughly understands his subject, and knows how to make it interesting to boys. The book abounds with illustrations, and every step the "Young Mechanic" takes is made as plain and simple as possible. Every boy with a mechanical turn of mind should have this excellent guide.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard, Boston, have done a good thing by bringing out an American edition of "The Story of Captain Cook's Three Voyages Round the World." It is condensed from the famous Captain's own narrative, and rendered

peculiarly attractive by pictures illustrating the romantic scenes and incidents described. What was so strange to the first circumnavigators of the globe can never lose its interest for us, but will always remain fresh, however frequently more recent voyagers may go over the same ground.

Among the many new books by the same publishers, which will be welcomed by boys and girls, we must mention "Plane and Plank," the second volume of Oliver Optic's "Upward and Onward" series; "Lost in a Fog," one of James De Mille's spirited and entertaining stories; and "The Young Pioneers of the Northwest," a book of amusing scenes and adventures, making the fifth and last volume of "The Frontier Series."

The same house publishes also "Public and Parlor Readings, Prose and Poetry for the Use of Reading Clubs and for Public and Social Entertainments," edited by Professor L. B. Monroe. It is a volume of over three hundred pages, made up of humorous pieces from a great variety of sources, and is on the whole the best collection of the kind with which we are acquainted.

"Our Girls" is the title of a bright little sheet published monthly in Boston by Eliot Ryder, and "intended to interest, amuse, and instruct young ladies." We wish its gallant young editor and proprietor ample success in his pleasant undertaking.

DEAR "EDITORS,"—

Will you tell me what authority C. A. Stephens had, when he made the statement in "Stone-Falls and Star-Showers" that the earth has a *new moon?*

Yours truly,

A. E. R.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., May 4, 1871.

Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy" p. 202.

C. A. S.

"*Our Young Contributors.*"—"*An Adventure in Viareggio,*" by W. S. Walsh, "*A True Ghost Story,*" by Belle Morton, and "*Little Dandelion,*" by Eunice M. Beebee, are accepted.

"*A Taffy Scrape*" is bright and funny, but do not its merry heroines make rather too free a use of slang? We think so.

"*The Adventure of a Rat,*" and "*The History of a Shoe,*" are pretty little stories for a girl of twelve, but we can hardly find room for them.

"*Firelight Picture,*"—too long, and not very interesting.

E. G. R., Baltimore, asks the following question, which we are sure many of our readers will be able to answer:—

"Suppose on a perfectly calm day a balloon were to ascend perpendicularly to a height of one thousand feet, and there remain stationary, could any one in the balloon see the earth moving beneath them? If not, why? Then, after a time, if the balloon descended perpendicularly, would it come down in the same spot from which it ascended? If not, why? If the balloon were to move round in accordance with the diurnal motion of the earth, what would be the propelling power?"

R. T. S.—Mere description must be very well done to be readable. Yours is only "fair."

"*The Big Trees of Calaveras*" is very good, and would certainly be accepted but for the fact that we have on hand a more extended article on the same subject.

"*Nellie.*"—"*The Stream*" is bright and musical, though there is nothing new either in the picture it presents or the manner in which it is treated. Some of the lines are weak and conventional, as when, twice in the four stanzas, you speak of "*its tide,*" and "*the cooling, grateful tide,*" as if you were describing a river, instead of a "murmuring *streamlet.*" Don't you think you could do better, if you should draw your inspiration fresh from nature and your own heart, and not from memories of what you have read?

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Samuel Gray, Box 17, Homer, Ill. (wishes to organize a Grand Army of boys and girls, all over the United States, to combat the evils of tobacco using; he means business, and we recommend all interested in the subject to write to him. EDS. "Our Young Folks.").

Chas. Harrington, Jr., Box 114, Wenham, Mass. (subject, birds' eggs).

Harry W., Swampscott, Mass. (would like a correspondent from 13 to 15 years old; subject, fishing and fish).

Belle McGregor. Portage City, Wis. (interested in music, French, and drawing).

Laura V. O., No. 113 Warren St., Jersey City, N. J. (wishes a correspondent not under 17, interested in word squares, etc.).

Igo F. Orward, Oneida Seminary, Oneida, N. Y. (poetry and miscellaneous subjects).

C. A. Tippecanoe, Keokuk Junction, Adams Co., Ill. (flowers, postage-stamps, reading, and old coins).

Elsie C. Field, care of R. B. Field, Cincinnati O. (age 17; new books).

Kittie R. Preston and *Helen M. Clinton*, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass. (music).

N. T. C., Still Pond, Md. (girl of 16, fond of riding horseback, dancing, and French).

A Subscriber, Box 340, Amherst, Mass. (would like to exchange postage-stamps and birds' eggs).

B. Leighton Beal, 153 Highland St., Boston, Mass. (age 14; printing and amateur papers).

F. G. B., Drawer 26, Albion, N. Y. (wishes a correspondent about 16; must be an admirer of Dickens).

B. L. Kimball, Edgehill School, Merchantville, N. J. (age 11; postage-stamps).

Lou Browning, Box 203, Oakland, Cal. (would like a correspondent between 15 and 18; fond of music, skating, dancing, and riding).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1871. No. IX.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LION'S STRATAGEM.

POOR JACK, disarmed, could only stand by and watch in rage and distress what seemed the unequal contest between the two dogs.

Lion's aversion to the fight had given his adversary an advantage over him from the start. While he was retreating, in obedience to his young master, Grip — rightly named — seized him by the nose with that terrible hold for which the bull-dog is noted. Lion gave one involuntary yelp of pain, — the only cry that escaped him, — then exerted all his strength to baffle his antagonist.

"Leave 'em be!" cried Duffer, standing with his whip inside the ring, like a circus-master. "Grip 's good for him! When he gits that holt oncet he never lets go! Stand back there, boys! You 'll see the fun! Fair play 's my motto!"

Hardly had he said this when the tide of battle turned, Lion effecting by strategy what could not have been done by force.

Almost from the first he fought his antagonist in the direction of the fire, forcing him nearer and nearer the ring of burning coals under the now red-hot cart-tire. Grip saw the ruse too late. At that very moment Lion, with a sudden turn of his head and shoulders, swung him upon the blazing brands. With a howl, he loosed

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

his hold; and in an instant Lion had him by the throat. Jack yelled with delight, and the crowd shouted with applause and sympathy, as the hated tyrant dog went down in the dust.*

But just then Duffer sprang to the rescue. With blows and kicks, amid cries of "Fair play!" "That 's what ye call fair play!" he beat Lion off, and sent his own dog yelping to the stable.

"No chawin' throats!" said he, blusteringly. "I stops that, any how! Sass me?" And making a random cut at a small boy in the crowd, he walked away, trailing his whip behind him. He looked back but once, as some, bolder than the rest, hooted and jeered at him; then disappeared in the stable.

Jack said nothing. Having drawn Lion to the smith's water-tank, he was bending affectionately over him, laughing and sobbing and washing the bitten nose.

"Come! le's go!" said Phin, pale with excitement, leaping down from the wagon.

"Go ahead, and do your errands at the store," replied Jack. "I 'll wait here"; for he did not care to be seen near the canal.

"*He* may come back!" said Phin, casting an apprehensive glance at the stable.

Jack laughed, and stroked Lion's head. Neither Duffer nor Duffer's dog came near him again, as he waited and watched the smiths putting the tire on the wheel. Phin and Jase did their errands; then, with the new hoe and the mended chain, the boys started for home. They had enough to talk about, and there was no end to the pats and praises bestowed upon Lion.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SCENE ON THE CANAL.

On the way Phin renewed his proposal to go in a swimming.

"I have n't been in this year. Besides," said he, "it 's about time for the packet to go down, and if we stop we 'll see it."

Jase thought it would be a good thing to cool off after the excitement of the dog-fight; and Jack consented, for it was now growing dark, and he no longer feared a recognition from any of his canal acquaintances.

"Can you swim, Jack?" Phin inquired. Jack replied, modestly, that he could swim a little. "O, I can swim on my back and every way!" And Phin continued to boast while they went down to the "heel-path," took off their clothes under a clump of bushes, and plunged into the canal, — Lion along with them.

"Ain't it fun to have the dog in a swimming with us!" cried Jase; and all splashed and ducked and swam about together.

Suddenly Jase cried, "Where 's Jack?" He had disappeared. Phin

* Readers inclined to doubt the probability of this incident are referred to Wood's "Natural History," in which a similar instance of canine sagacity is related of another Newfoundland dog.

looked scared. "Find him, Lion! — He's got into a hole somewhere!" exclaimed Jase, while the dog paddled about unconcernedly.

"Coop!" said a voice from the tow-path.

"There he is, 'way across the canal!" said Phin. "Jack! how did you get there?"

"I'll show you!" A splash, — Jack disappeared again, and a minute later his head bobbed up, drippingly, within a few yards of Phin's knees.

"He swims under water!" said Jase, in great admiration at a feat the like of which these simple farm-boys had never before chanced to witness.

"Well! I can do that after a little practice," said Phin. "Can ye tread water, Jack?"

Jack could "tread water," and swim on his back or side, or float, turn somersets backwards or forwards, and do anything else Phin was pleased to mention. He performed, too, some original and entertaining feats in the water with his dog; in one of which he was engaged when Jase cried out, "Packet! packet!"

Jack had pulled a bough from the bushes, for Lion to drag him ashore by when he played that he was drowned. He now revived, and all waited up to their necks in the canal for the packet to pass. First came, one after the other, the three heavily trotting horses, the last one ridden by the driver; then the jaunty tow-line; then the slender boat cutting the water with its handsome prow. The driver, at sight of the youngsters, cracked his whip, starting up his team smartly, in order to raise a swell to cover them; and the boat soon passed, rolling a long wave after it to either shore.

There were several passengers on deck, enjoying the pleasant twilight; and the captain at the stern amused some children by throwing three or four ineffectual potatoes at the boys in the water. They tossed in the wake, and dodged the vegetables, and Phin and Jase called it fun; but Jack's thoughts were carried back to another scene. He saw himself a ragged driver, following his own team along the tow-path, and watching with vain regret this same packet (now making its "down trip") as it disappeared about a bend, bearing the friendly passenger but for whose kind words and wise counsels he might have remained that ragged driver still.

"I wonder if he is aboard!" thought Jack. "I'd give anything to see him! I wish he could know what has happened to me, and how I remember him!" And once more, but now with what different emotions! he watched the trim boat as it went from sight about a bend.

"O, you should see Bromley's packet!" said Phin, boastingly. "The Redbird's ahead of anything on the canal!"

The water was too cold for the boys to stay long in it. Going out soon, they were putting on their clothes, when Jase exclaimed, "Hullo! here comes a square-toed packet!" a popular nickname for a scow. It was drawn by a pair of gaunt horses, harnessed abreast, and pulling feebly at a rotten tow-line, hung with dripping knots where it had been broken and tied again.

"Crows have got a mortgage on them horses," cried Jase.

"Old barrels must be cheap where they come from," said Phin, in sarcastic allusion to the animal's projecting ribs.

These remarks, though not designed for the driver's ears, reached them; and he flung back some highly irrelevant replies. He magnanimously offered to lick all three of the boys with his little finger, standing on one leg, if they would come across the canal to him; and Phin he promised more particularly to swing four times about his head, and then snap his toe-nails off.

"Yaas! I guess not!" said Phin, not greatly tempted by these offers. And he added in a low voice, "Sass him, Jack! Come! sass him, why don't ye?" — holding in high esteem, and justly, our friend's accomplishments in that line.

Jack, who was certainly capable of taking a lively part in the controversy, and who had lately given sufficient proof of his courage, acted strangely. He shrank almost out of sight in the bushes, where he made Lion lie

down, and where he hastily and silently slipped on his clothes, shivering from head to foot; having recognized the gaunt horses, and his own late companion, Dick the driver.

It was Berrick's scow that was passing. Pete was at the helm, and Molly was sitting on the low cabin roof, just as Jack had seen them a hundred times before. Everything about the scow looked wonderfully familiar, yet somehow strange, as if he beheld it after a lapse of years. Nothing had changed but himself; he saw it with new eyes.

His heart yearned towards his old friend Pete, and even towards Molly, and he longed to speak to them; yet when he thought of going back to his old life with them, it was with such a revulsion of feeling that he would sooner, I think, have drowned himself in the canal.

He wondered where the scow had been these two days. He had left it not more than six or seven miles below, and, slowly as it travelled, it should have been, he thought, many miles beyond the Basin by this time.

"It must have been laid up somewhere — on my account!" he said to himself. That seemed to him very strange. He wondered, too, where Berrick was, — "tipsy in his bunk, maybe"; or was he still ashore, perhaps hunting for him?

Even while Jack was peering anxiously through the bushes a head emerged from the companion-way, and one question in his mind was answered. There was no mistaking the rough features of Captain Jack Berrick. There he stood, bareheaded, looking about in the twilight, with Molly by his side and Pete near by bracing himself against the tiller; not a word was spoken by either, as the scow moved slowly and silently out of sight.

"Ho! Jack was afraid!" said Phin, jeeringly.

"There 's no use getting into trouble with these drivers, — I know the kind of fellers they are!" said Jack, so solemnly that Phin turned and cast a quick glance after the scow, as if he expected to see the driver coming hastily back to keep some of his rash promises.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JACK AND ANNIE FELTON.

Miss Annie Felton followed the custom, almost universal with country school-teachers in those days, of "boarding around." There was no special necessity of her doing this, for she would have been a welcome guest at her Aunt Chatford's house during the entire summer term. But Annie was a favorite with both pupils and parents, many of whom esteemed as a favor what was too commonly regarded as a tax, and insisted upon having "the teacher to board." So she generally spent only the interval from Saturday till Monday with her relatives, and enjoyed the hospitalities of some other family in the district during the rest of the week.

This arrangement made it awkward for Jack to take advantage of her kind offer to instruct him. His eagerness to learn, however, together with an ardent desire to see this dear friend once more, prompted him to overcome slight difficulties; and on Wednesday evening, as soon as his work was done and Mr. Chatford's permission obtained, he hastened, book in hand, and with a bright and hopeful countenance, to find Miss Felton at her boarding-place.

She met him at the door with a pleasant smile, and a cordial pressure of the softest, tenderest hand in the world, Jack thought.

"I was looking out for you, — I thought you would come to-night," she said. "But where is my other friend?"

"What friend?" Jack asked.

"Why, Lion, to be sure! Did n't you think I would want to see him too? The friend who saved my life! Give my love to him, and tell him I think he is the dearest, best old dog alive!"

How happy Jack was as she said this! Casting another radiant glance at him over her shoulder, she led the way to an old cider-mill behind the house. The building was roofed, but open at the sides; and there, seated upon a rustic bench, — shielded from the dews which were just beginning to fall, but with the beautiful, perfumed summer evening breathing and smiling all about them, from a blossoming earth and rosy sky, — he read to her several pages before it was dark.

"You have improved wonderfully since Sunday!" she said. "How happens it?"

"O, I don't know, — I 've ketched up a book every chance I could git," replied Jack.

"I 'm glad you have *caught* up a book every chance you could *get*," said Annie, with a slight emphasis which showed Jack his errors of speech, and taught him, in the sweetest way, how to correct them. "But you must not let study interfere with your work. People don't like to see a boy with a book in his hand every time he is required to do something."

"O, I don't do so," said Jack. "But we all have a nooning; and while Mr. Chatford takes a nap, and Mr. Pipkin smokes his pipe or scolds back at Miss Wansey, and Phin works on his woodchuck-skin, and Moses does what he pleases, — that 's the time when I ke — catch up a book."

"That 's right. I see you are going to improve very fast. Keep on, and we 'll have you so far along that you won't be ashamed to go to school next winter."

"Oh! do you think I can go?"

"Why not? if you make yourself so useful that Uncle Chatford's folks conclude to keep you."

"And will you teach the winter school?" Jack eagerly inquired.

"O no! Big boys — young men even — will go to that; and it is supposed that only a strong man is capable of managing them," said Miss Felton, laughing.

"I think you could manage them better than anybody!" Jack replied, in the simplicity of his heart; "and I 'm sure you know enough to teach the biggest of 'em."

Annie laughed again as she rose from the bench. "I have promised myself that I would make a call this evening," she said. "Will you walk with me?"

Of course Jack would, and be delighted to. She left him, to enter the house, and presently came out again with her bonnet on and a basket in her hand. He sprang to relieve her of the burden.

"I am going over to see poor old Aunt Patsy," she said; "and Mrs. Gould has been good enough to give me something to take to her."

Jack was glad she was going there, for he had felt that he ought to visit the old woman again and see if she had any more wood for him to cut. It was a charming walk to her house, over a wild cross-road, between old walls overhung and half hidden by blackberry-bushes, elders, and sumachs, with here and there a sassafras and thorn-tree. The robins were piping their last pensive notes in the soft twilight, and many a dewy blossom scented the air. Jack's young heart overflowed with happiness, as he walked through these scenes by Annie's side, carrying her basket, telling her of his new life on the farm, his ambition and his hopes, and listening to her gentle voice.

Arrived at Aunt Patsy's door, they found it open, and heard within a strange sound, either of laughter or distress, it would have been hard to say which. Getting no reply, after knocking, Annie looked in. There sat the old woman, with her hands crossed upon the handle of her cane, her head on her hands, and her feeble old body bent forward, convulsed with alternate coughing and laughing.

"You seem to be having a merry time all by yourself, auntie," said Annie, entering.

"O, laws bless ye, I 'm glad to see ye! I did n't know whether you 'd ever come agin or not. Take a cheer, if you can find one fit to set in. You too?" said the old woman, perceiving Jack. "Well, well, I do declare! The age o' meracles ain't passed! But you 've missed your chance o' cutting up my wood!" And the old woman broke into another fit of coughing and laughing.

"Here are some little things Mrs. Gould sent you," said Annie, opening her basket.

"Mis' Gould?" echoed the old woman, lifting her short-clipped gray head and staring at Miss Felton over her cane. "MIS' GOULD?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Now ye 're jokin'! Don't tell me! Mis' Gould? She never done sich a thing in all her born days!"

"Do you think I would tell you a story about it?" said Annie.

"Laws bless ye, no. But Mis' Gould — why, she was a Biggerton! the Biggertons was always as clus as the bark to a tree, and she 's one o' the tightest. If she sent me anything, you put her up to it; it 's all your doin's, Miss Felton, bless your dear good soul!"

Annie blushed, and to change the conversation said, "You seem very much better, Aunt Patsy, than when I saw you Sunday."

"Better? I guess! You done me a sight of good! I 'm wheezin'; for I got into a laughin' fit, and that set me coughin', — and — O ho! ho!"

"Do tell us what pleases you so!"

"Why, that Chatford boy — Phineas — you 're his cousin, but I won't spile a story for relation's sake, — he 's been here. He come over an hour an' a half ago, — peeked in, and says he, 'Got any wood ye want me to cut up, Aunt Patsy?' 'O yes, plenty,' says I, for Don Curtis brought me a little jag yesterday. 'I 'll cut some for ye,' says he. 'O, will ye?' says I.

'Well, there 's the old saw and the hoss and the axe,' says I; and he went to work. In a little while he comes in and sets down, and begins to talk round, — but I knowed what he was arter, and I could n't take a hint to save myself; so he went back to the shed and worked another spell. Then he come to the door and talked agin. No use. Third time. 'I cut up all the wood, Aunt Patsy,' says he, grinnin' from ear to ear. 'O, have ye?' says I. 'I 'm obleeged to ye, I 'm sure. Give my respects to yer ma,' says I. 'And come agin, won't ye?' says I. 'I thought mabby ye 'd give me suthin', says he. 'Oh! give ye?' says I. 'I thought you 'd come to do a good turn for a poor old woman,' says I. 'So I did,' says he, 'but can't ye give me that pocket-compass ye showed us t' other day?' 'That? I promised that to the boy that was with ye; no, I could n't give ye that, no way in the world!' says I. He teased, but 't was no use; and off he went, the crestfallenest, silliest-lookin' boy, — and I laughed!"

Annie and Jack laughed too, — this anecdote was so characteristic of Phin, and he had been "come up with," as the old woman said, so nicely. "For it was never out o' good-will to me that he come, nor to anybody else but himself, in this world!" she declared.

As there was no wood to cut, Annie bade Jack good night, telling him that she wished to be alone with Aunt Patsy, and that she had no fear of walking back in the dusk without an escort.

"I shall not cross Squire Peternot's pasture, you know," she said, laughing, as she shook him by the hand.

Jack left her accordingly, though with reluctance; and walked slowly home across the fields, thinking new, deep, happy thoughts, as he looked up at the stars.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW LION GOT INTO TROUBLE.

In place of the pocket-compass, which he went for, Phin Chatford carried away from Aunt Patsy's house that evening such a heart-burning that he could think of no relief for it except in the infliction of some dire injury upon the old lady. At first he contemplated coming back after it was dark and stoning her windows; but he was too cowardly a boy to do that. Then, in fancy, he several times set fire to her house, and saw it burn up with her in it, hugely to his gratification. It was not Phin's way to seek revenge at the cost of much personal risk to himself, or he might possibly have taken measures to carry out that cheerful programme.

He had already told of the discovery which he and Jack had made on Sunday, that old Danvers was courting Aunt Patsy; and he now determined to repeat the story spiced with malicious exaggerations. He accordingly took pains to pass Squire Peternot's house on his return home; and, seeing the old man coming out of his barn, he called to him, — "Going to be a wedding over here in a few days, 'd ye know it?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the Squire, sternly.

"Old Danvers 's going to marry Aunt Patsy. Grodson says so; and I 've seen him going into her house ever so many times. Thought you 'd like to hear what nice neighbors you 're going to have."

Phin knew how irritating a subject this would be to the worthy Peternot, and he was pleased to hear him answer back, with something between a snarl and a growl, "Nice neighbors! They 're the scum o' the airth, both on 'em. Right on the corner of my farm! But she can't marry; she has got one husband above ground."

"He 's dead," said Phin.

"That 's a lie," answered the Squire, promptly. "Her second husband has been back; he was seen about here only two days ago. One of my men saw him, and knew him."

Phin was beginning to stammer out an explanation, when a happy thought struck him. "I meant, her first husband 's dead, and her second 's been back and signed an agreement with old Danvers. Old Danvers pays him thirty dollars to give up his claim on the place, and he takes the old woman in the bargain."

"Danvers has no thirty dollars to give," growled Peternot.

"When he sells his charcoal," Phin explained. "All I know is what his partner and everybody else says, and what I 've seen. He 's in her house courting her now."

Master Chatford had seen somebody enter Aunt Patsy's door after he left, and he thus skilfully changed the fact to a fable. Squire Peternot was in a state of mind to believe the worst in regard to the old woman who had so long been in his way; so the seed Phin scattered fell upon good ground.

The next day, and for many days thereafter, the names of Aunt Patsy and old Danvers were coupled together, and buzzed from mouth to mouth, with derision and indignation. A country neighborhood is always sure to feel itself outraged by such proceedings as were now reported of that disreputable pair. Is it because its moral sense is roused? Hardly, since it is not the really virtuous, but ordinarily the lowest members of a community who are violent in their resentment against the offenders. When Aunt Patsy was married to her second husband in due form, and no commandment was broken, the mob-spirit of the town made the affair its business, and greeted the newly wedded pair with a mock serenade, or "charivari," making the night hideous about them with the noise of tin pans, tin horns, conchs, and cow-bells. And she had often since been the victim of clownish tricks, simply because she was poor, eccentric, and lonely. Society seems to think its outcasts can have no sacred privacy, or rights it is bound to respect.

One evening when Jack called to see her he found her in sore trouble. For several nights there had been disturbances around her house, stones had been thrown against it, loud knocks had come upon her door, and the night before somebody had tried to get in.

"I 'm afraid o' my life!" said she. "Why can't the wretches let an old woman alone?"

"They say you have bad company," replied Jack.

"If I had company of any sort, I should n't be afraid. I hain't so much as a dog to stay with me. I wish I had!" Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Make your dog stay with me to-night. He 'll scare 'em away! I 'll let him out the first thing in the morning."

Jack was glad to do anything for the frightened old creature; and after some coaxing he made the reluctant Lion, who was present, lie down in her house and watch, while he went off and left him.

The next morning, as Jack came out of the kitchen door with his milk-pail, there was Lion returning through the orchard. He ran and leaped upon his young master with the air of a dog conscious of having done a good action; and yet Jack thought there was something strange in his appearance. Examining him closely, he made an alarming discovery. There was blood upon his nose and about his mouth.

"What 's the matter with that dog?" said Mr. Pipkin, coming out after Jack. "Been fightin'?"

"I don't know," replied Jack, puzzled and frightened. "Take my pail to the barn; I 'll be there in a little while."

"Where ye going, Jack?" Moses called after him from the door.

Jack made no reply, but ran through the orchard, leaped the brook and the wall, and crossed the prohibited ground of Squire Peternot's pasture, never stopping to take breath till he had reached Aunt Patsy's door.

"How are ye, Bright-and-early!" she cheerfully greeted him.

Jack gasped out, "I thought something terrible had happened here! My dog just came home with his mouth covered with blood!"

Aunt Patsy said there had been no disturbance at her house that night, and that she had let Lion out about three quarters of an hour before. There was no blood on his mouth then.

More puzzled than ever, and still feeling that something was wrong, Jack hurried back across the fields; he went to look at Lion's mouth once more, and then proceeded thoughtfully to the cow-yard.

The milking was done, and the family were at breakfast, when suddenly there came a terrible rap at the door, — terrible at least to poor Jack. His heart was full of vague apprehensions; nor were his fears allayed when the deacon, from his seat at the table, called, "Come in!" and Squire Peternot and his cane entered.

J. T. Trowbridge.

"MEANTIME THE HOUSE WAS FLOATING ON," ETC.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE OHIO RIVER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD OF 1832.

"THE river rises wonderfully fast, wife," said Jack Martin, as he wiped his hands on the roller-towel behind the door before sitting down to his supper. "It is almost up to the top of the bank; never was known to be so high; and Wilson really seems scared about it."

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Mrs. Martin, as she poured out his tea.

"No, we are not going to be carried away because it is a few feet above high-water mark. It will go down as it came up when it is ready. Come in." This was said in answer to a knock at the door, and was followed by the appearance of a boy about thirteen years of age.

"Mother is sick, Mrs. Martin," he said, approaching the table, "and she sent me to ask you to come over. Granny Hays is down with the rhumatiz, and she hain't got no one with her."

"I expected it," said Mrs. Martin. "What shall I do?"

"Go, of course," said her husband. "You can't do anything else."

"She is very bad," said the boy, "and I am to go around and fetch the doctor."

"Well, draw up and get some supper, Joe," was Jack's answer, "then I will put Dolly in the wagon, and we will go the upper road and take the doctor in."

"But the children, father?"

"Now don't begin to worry, Molly. Sally can take care of the baby, and I will not be gone more than an hour or so. You can get along, can't you, Sally?"

"I guess so," was the smiling reply of a bright-eyed girl of some thirteen years who sat beside him.

"The creek is running like a mill-race, and the water is spreading all over," said Joe. "The trees looked standing in it when I came over the hill. I don't believe we could get along that road."

"The water is backing up then," said Jack; "but it is too cold for it to rise much farther."

Mrs. Martin made a hurried meal, and, having stowed various articles in a basket, was ready by the time her husband had the wagon at the door. With charges to Sally concerning the baby, she stepped in, while Jack locked the house door and put the key in his pocket, telling the children to go to bed as soon as they had set things to rights, but to be sure and have a good fire and keep a light burning, for he would not be long gone.

Jack Martin and his young wife had left New England when they were first married, and settled upon the Ohio River some distance above Cincinnati. Here Jack had built a small frame-house and begun to cultivate his

land, and here his five children were born, two of whom had died, — Sally and Will and the baby being all that were left. Jack was a happy, light-hearted, industrious man, who worked his farm and "took things easy." His land was productive, his crops had sold well, he had built a fine barn and had good out-houses, but his own dwelling was the shabbiest part of the premises. It was a frame of but one room, with a loft above, which had been put up for present wants when he first settled there, but it was plastered snug and tight. Every year Jack had thought he would add to it, and when his wife represented that it was getting very old, and was really too small for her growing family, he would put her off with a promise of building next spring, and a compliment to her housekeeping.

After her parents left, Sally proceeded to wash up the tea-things. The baby, a child some ten months old, was asleep. Turning up the end of the brown table-cloth, Will got out his slate and arithmetic, and began to cipher, while Sally went back and forth from the cupboard to the table, singing and putting the things away.

Will was slow at figures; he put down and rubbed out; and bothered and scratched his head; and finally appealed to Sally, with "Just show me this part."

Thus an hour passed. The baby awoke and was fed and played with, and the two getting sleepy they prepared for bed.

Usually they slept in the loft unless the weather was very cold, but this night they had been told to get in below with the baby. Before undressing they rolled a large log on the fire and put a candle in the lantern, as they had been taught to do for safety.

Tired with their walk of two miles from school in the wind, they were soon asleep. Suddenly Sally was awakened by she knew not what, and was turning to go to sleep again, when there was a groaning, creaking noise, and she thought she felt the house move.

Thoroughly aroused, she sat up in bed. The lantern was dark, and from the hearth, where she had left a great fire, came a hissing sound, and there was only the glare of a dull burning log. She thought some one was putting out the fire, and called, "Father! father!"

There was no answer, but the sound continued. Without waking William, she sprang out upon the floor and ran towards the fireplace. As she reached it her feet splashed in the water which was running along over the floor. Quick as light the thought came, "The river is up!" She groped for a candlestick, and found one with a small piece of candle remaining in it. Taking one of the long sulphur matches used in those days, she touched it to a coal, and had a light.

A quick glance around told her at once what was the matter. The hearth laid with heavy stone had sunk several inches below the floor of the room, and up through the crevices of this came the water, which had almost put out the fire, leaving only the logs burning. The door was locked, but raising the window-curtain she gazed out. The house was surrounded by water; the waves were washing up against it and over the doorstep. As

far as her eye could reach, all around about, was water, only water, with trees standing in it.

The girl had been brought up to depend on herself, and she had both resolution and courage. Running to the bed, she shook Will. "Get up, Will, get up! The river is all around the house." The boy sat up, rubbed his eyes stupidly, then sank back again. "Get up, Will, do get up! Don't you hear? — the river is coming in the house." She shook him again. "Dress quickly, and don't wake baby." She already had her own shoes on and was fastening up her dress. There was the same creaking noise, and the house shook. Will comprehended at last, and while putting on his clothes ran to the window.

"What are we to do?" he asked in affright. "If father was only here!"

"We must go up to the loft and wait until father comes," she answered.

Taking the baby in her arms, she climbed the stairway, and laid it on her own bed, wrapping it up warmly. When she came down again, Will, who had been looking out, stood with the tears running down his face.

"Where is father? O Sally, where is father? I am so afraid he is drowned; he has not come home!"

She hugged the tender-hearted boy close. "No, Will, no, father is safe; he will only be troubled about us." She shuddered herself as she reassured him. "He will get a boat and come."

Finding the water was covering the floor, they carried to the loft all the articles they could move, not forgetting some bread and a crock of milk for the baby. They then took refuge there themselves.

While they were thus engaged they frequently felt the house quiver.

It was cold. They had a light, but no fire. So, wrapped in comforters, they held each other close, not daring to go to bed. They crouched near one of the windows, of which there were two in the loft, one looking back on the hills, the other in front on the river.

Their father did not come.

It was not a dark night, and they could see that the water spread over the meadows almost to the hills. The barns and all the out-houses stood surrounded. They could hear the geese gabble in alarm, and the ducks quack, for they had been driven from their shelter.

It was a strange sight, and one well calculated to fill them with fears. They spoke little as they sat hugged together, except to say, "What is that?" as the creaking noise they had heard grew louder. Will, who had always been delicate, was a dependent, loving, sympathizing boy, whose bravery was shown in bearing, — he was uncomplaining but sympathetic. Sally, who had often kept the house for weeks together when her mother was ill, and cooked her father's meals, and even done the washing, was sturdy, and a little rough to others, but to Will she was always tender. Now her heart ached for the lad she held in her arms.

The little wooden clock on the mantel-shelf below struck two, and a moment after there was a great noise, as of something tearing away, — a jarring and a jerking; — the house swayed to and fro, and, as if struck with

something, went down one side and up the other. With a smothered exclamation, the children covered up their heads and clung closer to each other. A violent motion was followed by a calm. They looked up. There was a tearing and pushing along the sides of the house, a violent thump, the window-glass rattled as it broke and fell, and the opening was darkened by branches of trees. A moment more, and all was quiet again. They were still. Presently Sally stood up and said, "We are moving, Will, the house is moving!" She ran to the front window and looked out. They were afloat on the broad Ohio. Alone, without help, in this old house, they were moving down the surging stream.

With a wild scream Sally sprang across the floor and looked out at the back window. She saw the barn and the wood-house and the tops of the fences, with chickens roosting on them. Great trees which had been uprooted, and in whose branches wood and logs and other *débris* had caught, were swaying where the house had stood, apparently pinned by something remaining there. Even as she gazed, the distance between them and these familiar objects increased, and she knew they were on the broad, swift current of the river, helpless.

The boy saw the terror in her face, and, clinging close to her, he looked up and said, softly, as a big tear swelled from under her lid and fell upon his upturned cheek, "Don't cry, Sally; God will help us." The girl, always more given to depend upon herself than to seek higher aid, clasped him and relieved herself by a loud burst of sobbing.

Awakened by the noise, the baby cried, and had to be taken up and fed; this took the attention of the children for some moments from themselves and their situation, which they could not fully realize. The raft of trees and driftwood coming against the old house, already swaying in the water, had forced it from its foundations and swept it out into the open river, bearing it past the great trees on the bank, the boughs of which had broken the windows and torn off some of the weather-boarding from the side.

Somewhat herself again, Sally laid the baby down, and, drawing Will with her, crept to the window. Crouching, they looked out. Just then the piece of candle flared up, sank again in the socket, flickered and went out. "It will soon be morning," the boy said, in answer to Sally's clasp as they were left in darkness.

"Then the people will see us and come and take us away," was her reply.

The clock had struck four. Kneeling there, they passed villages and high bluffs, and saw distant towns, all of which seemed submerged, for there were lights gleaming from upper story windows in the houses, and moving about as though on the water. Dark objects went swiftly by them, and every little while the house would dip and rock, as a log or tree or other weighty object struck it.

Heavy as their hearts were, they spoke to each other of the great flood and likened themselves to Noah in the Ark. They were in the current and went swiftly on. Five o'clock struck, then six; they began to see objects distinctly in the dawning light.

"See!" exclaimed Will, "there is something on that bale of hay, and there is a coop, full of chickens too!"

"Look at that settle and those chairs! and there is a dog-house turned upside down, and the poor dog is clinging to the outside with his paws; he is chained to it." Sally pointed towards the spot.

Hay, straw, articles of furniture, bales of cotton, wood, and timber of all kinds, strewed the face of the river.

"Oh!" The house careened as though going over, as some large object struck against it, and the children were thrown back upon the floor. It righted again, and tremblingly they continued to watch the waters, their thoughts diverted from themselves by what they saw.

There was a strange noise at the back window, a scratching and clawing and thumping. They drew near to see what it was, and found that the cat, which had probably been on the shed, that plank by plank was falling away from the house, had sought the refuge of the window-sill without, where she was disturbed by the old ram, also on the shed, and making frantic efforts to reach the same position with puss, as he felt his unsafe foothold quiver beneath him. As he bounded up, or climbed against the house, striving to make a way with his horns, the cat would draw back and spit and hiss at him. Amused despite themselves, the children opened the window and the cat bounded in, while the old ram was left to his fate.

With the light, all Sally's resolution and energy came back to her.

They passed towns and villages. She knew they must be nearing Cincinnati, of which she had heard, and there, she had a vague idea, they would he rescued.

Taking the sheets off the bed, she fastened them to a couple of slats from the bedstead, and put them out of the window, as she had seen persons do on the river-bank when they wished to attract attention and get a steamboat to stop. After several attempts she succeeded in nailing the slats to the window-sill.

Stationing Will at one window, she placed herself at the other, her heart palpitating with expectation.

The sun had now been up some time; she had a clear view of the scene, and began to realize the danger and to shudder at every creak of the timbers of the house.

They passed a solitary dwelling half immersed, then several, then a town with steamboats at the landing, and skiffs and dugouts paddling through the streets. They were sure that the men in them saw the house, — they pointed to it; and were talking of it; but still no help.

On they went. The waters were more turbulent, the surface of the stream more thickly studded with floating articles. Now it spread out so wide it seemed boundless, and again it would contract, and on the high ground would be dwellings not yet reached by the flood.

An hour passed. Sally was almost frantic, and began to despair. Several times she had seen people make signals to them, but none came to help. The baby fretted and cried, and Will took it up and soothed and gave it milk.

"Eat a bit, — Will, eat a bit," said Sally, who was herself almost exhausted through want of sleep and excitement. The lad only shook his head and looked up. There was an expression in his face beautiful to see.

"We are coming to a town. This must be Cincinnati. See the houses!"

Sally leaned out of the window and wildly waved something she had snatched up, raising her voice at the same time and shrieking for aid.

"Put the baby down, Will, and come and wave and holler," she said, looking in at him, and Will obeyed.

"They see us! Why don't they help us?" she exclaimed in wild excitement. "It is Cincinnati! Why don't they come? See the boats!' She came near falling out of the window. They passed the suburbs; people saw, and shouted to them, but seemed to have no power to reach them. They were coming in front of the city, the lower part of which, with Covington and Newport, lay in the water. The steamboats appeared to be away up in the town, and many skiffs and other little crafts were plying upon the river.

Now they were indeed seen, and their shouts were answered, but the skiffs could not get near them. The current of the river was strong, and there were too many large objects on its surface. Encouraged by a knowledge that they were seen, the children increased their exertions. Sally brought the baby from the bed and held it up. Presently a large boat, which was manned by men who were at work trying to save some of the lumber of a saw-mill, shot out and came towards them. Slowly and steadily it moved in and out, avoiding or pushing off the driftwood and other articles floating by.

People who had been obliged to retreat to the second story of their dwellings put their heads out at the windows to see the strange sight, — a house afloat, — and waved and shouted and threw up their hands when they saw that it had inmates, and those inmates were children. Meantime the house was floating on and the boat was nearing it. A few lengths, and it would be at its side. Just then a huge saw-log, which had been lying like a great whale on the surface of the water, was struck by something, and changing its course dashed into the side of the dwelling. A startled shriek was given by the lookers-on, as, thrown down by the concussion, the children disappeared, and the water dashed over the parted timbers.

While the frame turned and whirled in the eddy, the log moved on. Taking advantage of the clearer space, the boat gained by a few clever strokes the side of the ruin; then, while one of the crew succeeded in making it fast, another climbed to the window, where the children had again appeared, and lifted them out. A moment more and the house fell over on its side.

"I thought God would take care of us," whispered Will to Sally, as they were safely set ashore.

Jack Martin, who had reached the vicinity of his home to find it gone, was soon informed of the safety of his children, and erelong the family were together again. Need we say it was a joyful meeting?

Martha M. Thomas.

WINNIE UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

IN a home-nest of peace and joy,
  Bright and pleasant as home can be,
Lives a merry and sweet-faced boy
  Under a broad old apple-tree;
Searching wide, you will seldom meet
  Child so blithesome and fair as he, —
How can he help being pretty and sweet,
  Dwelling under an apple-tree?

In the spring when the child goes out,
  Glad as a bird that winter 's past,
Making his flower-beds all about,
  Liking best what he finished last;

Then the tree from each blossomy limb
  Heaps its petals about his feet,
And like a benison over him
  Scatters its fragrances, sweet to sweet.

He has only to smile and win,
  Face more lovely was never kissed, —
Dear blue eyes and a dimpled chin,
  Curls that dance in a golden mist;
Circled ever by tenderest care,
  Taught and guided by love's decree,
How can he help being good and fair,
  Dwelling under an apple-tree?

In the summer the dear old tree
  Spreads above him its cooling shade,
Keeping the heat from his cheek, while he,
  Playing at toil with rake and spade,
Chasing the humming-birds' gleam and dart,
  Watching the honey-bees drink and doze,
Gathers in body and soul and heart
  Beauty and health like an opening rose.

In the autumn, before the leaves
  Lose their greenness, the apples fall,
Roll on the roof, and bounce from the eaves,
  Pile on the porch and rest on the wall;
Then he heaps on the grassy ground
  Rosy pyramids brave to see;
How can he help being ruddy and sound,
  Dwelling under an apple-tree?

In the winter, when winds are wild,
  Then, still faithful, the sturdy tree
Keeps its watch o'er the darling child,
  Telling him tales of the May to be;
Teaching him faith under stormy skies,
  Bidding him trust when he cannot see; —
How can he help being happy and wise,
  Dwelling under an apple-tree?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

ONE windy afternoon in September two boys, one about fifteen and the other about twelve years old, were sitting under a large white cotton umbrella at the side of a country road on the sea-coast of Massachusetts. The elder of the two boys, Charlie Moreland, was perched on a camp-stool, and held on his knees a small sketch-box, in the open cover of which was a little picture he had been painting. The box itself was divided into compartments the size of a tube of paint, with a big slit in front for the brushes, and another large space to the left side to hold the palette from which he had just scraped up the paints.

"I say, Rob, it 's of no use trying to work any longer in such a wind as this," exclaimed he to the younger boy, who was lying on the grass by his side. "There 's the umbrella, now, bent way over out of place, and I can't tell a minute ahead what to expect. I 'll put up the 'traps,' and then we can look about and watch the view, if I can't paint it."

Charlie Moreland and Robert Raymond were the sons of city men, and Rob was now making Charlie a visit at his father's country home. They were both fond of drawing; Charlie was already quite a proficient in the use of the pencil, and had this summer begun to work with colors.

"I 'll strap up the umbrella, while you put your box in order, and then we 'll loaf and eat apples," said Rob.

On the opposite side of the road rose a little knoll, on the top of which stood a small white cottage. Over it a couple of tall elms caught the sunlight in their feathery foliage, while several doves circled about the trees, looking the whiter for a dark cloud behind them. In one of the windows

of the cottage bright tin pans were shining in the sun, and a girl with a string of gilt beads sparkling on her neck was washing some blue and red clothing by the open door. Several hens pecked around the door-stone, and the long iris-colored feathers in the tail of the cock were blown about by the wind. At the side of the cottage the doors of a barn stood open and disclosed the stalls of the cattle, whose quiet faces moved slowly as they chewed their cud, while wisps of yellow hay lay about the floor and stuck out between the boards on the sides of the old building.

Beyond the knoll stretched a long line of fields, rather dark and indistinct in color, but as one looked closely at them he might fancy that he saw a cornfield, though there was no clear shape to it, and to one side little whitish lumps, stones or sheep, scattered about on a dark green patch of earth. Beyond the fields a purple mist appeared to shut down the sky upon the sea or to carry the water of the sea up to the sky, so softly were they blended into one.

The boys were so absorbed in their occupation of clearing up the painting apparatus, that it was not till Charlie had closed his box and had lain down on the grass that they looked about and saw what a change had come over the landscape. They had previously been much taken up observing the bright and lovely forms of the elm-boughs waving in the wind and in watching each pretty tint on the fowls, so clear and well-marked, as they poked about the yard. The girl, too, with her bright beads, had struck their fancy a good deal, and Charlie, in the sketch he was making, had tried to paint her pretty head and shoulders just as well as possible in his little landscape. But now when they looked up all these objects seemed to have vanished.

In their stead, far off on the fields, they saw golden corn waving, as the wind swept through it, while two or three men they had not previously observed were cutting it down in places. The stones, too, or rather sheep, as

they now proved to be, had taken form and motion in the light, and were seen running about among the little hillocks and shrubs as bright and distinct as spots of silver. A boy was driving part of them through a gap in a rail-fence, and when they came to the opening each in turn jumped high up into the air as it crossed the rail. The haze beyond the fields was if possible darker and denser than ever, while the elm-trees, cottage, and barn, with the tin pans, girl, beads, and fowls, were one uniform color, one point hardly distinguishable from another; the hens seemed to have faded away, and all the bright objects to have suddenly changed from gold to lead. In fact one could scarcely perceive that there was anything else than a great black mass of trees, whose long arms waved against the sky. A heavy cloud was overhead, in which not a bright spot was visible; but further off in the sky, beyond this cloud, a band of sunshine illuminated the corn and sheep. As the two boys watched the light on the fields, they saw the objects at one end begin to sink out of view; now a fence, now a sheaf of corn, now a man, and now a few sheep disappeared, till the whole landscape was absorbed in one gray tint. The boys again turned their eyes towards the cottage, and now that the sunlight was off the fields, they found they could see the objects about it rather better; — here a dark red patch of a garment as the girl raised it from the tub, and then an ox's head in a stall in the barn. The cottage itself had somewhat returned out of the shadow and stood gray and dim, while a dark green had come into the trees, which before had looked as flat and black as sea-weed pressed on paper.

"Now that 's very funny, I never noticed so much before," said Rob, as Charlie drew his attention to one point after another, showing him how objects with the light on them were the ones that caught the eye in a landscape or a picture, — that the light brought out all the form and made each little thing distinct, and that where there was no light the eye could scarcely

discern any shape at all. When there is no bright light in any part of a picture, the colors of all near objects are deep and strong, and leaves look almost as green on a tree as they would if held in one's hands, only they have not so distinct and sharp forms as when the sun strikes on them.

"Let's watch that purple misty distance," said Charlie. "I think before it sets, the sun will shine through the clouds upon it, and then we'll see the ships and islands and maybe the waves start out into view."

The two boys moved over to an old stump, taking their pile of apples between them. "How strange," said Rob, "I can hardly see the hens, and yet everything about the cottage looks clear."

"There is so little difference between the light and shady side of anything that small objects go for almost nothing," answered Charlie. "But put a bit of glass on a table so that the sun will strike it, and you can see it the length of a long hall."

The sun had now neared its setting, and, true to the prediction of Charlie, a long ray of yellow light pierced the clouds, and then, as if by magic, over the veil of blue haze, ships with rosy sails were seen to glide. Little islands tipped with sunlight appeared on the gray ocean, and far along a narrow ridge of sea-foam lapped a hilly shore.

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Rob, starting to his feet.

"All the work of the light," responded Charlie; "but for that sunbeam the fairy-like sea would have been a blue mist still."

"Is that what you have to think of when you paint pictures?" asked Rob.

"Yes," said Charlie; "if you will look at any good pictures you will see that there are dark and light parts to them, and it is on the *light* parts that the eye rests, until by degrees one makes a business of examining the dark places. But even when one does pry into the shady corners one does not see so very much, excepting in the parts close in front, for in the middle

distance no object has much of any form except an outline. In some of the best pictures of the most famous masters all that one *can* see, after closely examining, is what met his eyes when he first glanced at the picture, — one or two objects with a strong light on them and everything else lost in haze and darkness."

The boys now began to think it was time to move homewards, so Charlie shouldered his camp-stool and umbrella and Rob trudged along with the sketch-box hanging by its leather handle at his side. When they arrived at the house their first care was to tack up the sketch on the panel of Charlie's workroom door, over four or five others, and then to examine it as well as might be by the uncertain light of a candle. Both boys concluded it was an improvement on his previous efforts. Then Charlie washed his brushes out in clean soap-suds, put the paint from his palette into a saucer of water, made his toilet, and they went down to tea.

The next day Charlie asked Rob to go into the library and look at some good pictures and engravings, of which his father had quite a collection.

"Look at this picture, by the great Dutch painter Rembrandt, of the 'Flight into Egypt'; what do you see in it at the first glance?"

"The head of the Virgin Mary, the face of the donkey, and Joseph's face, and the light streaming out of a lantern, which shines on the path."

"That is all; and these objects are all light." Gradually Rob perceived the rest of the Virgin's figure in the obscure shadow, the donkey's legs and body, and the figure of Joseph. A wall seemed to be behind them, but it was so uniformly gray that one could hardly determine what it was. And in the dim folds of the Virgin Mary's dress you slightly made out the figure of the child Jesus.

"Rembrandt," said Charlie, "was fond of making his pictures very dark and light indeed, and thus having the bright parts very brilliant from their contrast with the shadows. I suppose he first thought of this way of painting from working when a boy in his father's mill. In the mill the light came only from one little window in the top of the high building, and the solitary sunbeam, as it travelled across the floor between morning and evening, lighted up one or two objects at a time, — a bag of meal, an old grindstone, and finally, perhaps, fell into the eyes of little Rembrandt himself and dazzled him so that he could see nothing till he moved out of it into the shade, and then he saw his little straw hat with the wreath of bright leaves tied about it, or a bunch of red and yellow flowers which he had left on the floor when he moved, looking as bright as jewels. These are the kinds of pictures that Rembrandt painted all his life, and for which he became so celebrated."

Any of us can have an experience like Rembrandt's if we will go into an old barn, — one of those in which there are chinks in the roof or sides. Many a day I have lain on the hay in such a place and watched the swallows as they flew past one of these bands of light, turning up their white breasts and fluttering their pretty bluish pointed wings, which looked bluer in the sunlight, and then instantly vanishing as they passed into the shadow; then

all I knew of them was from what I could hear of their twittering and chattering over my head, until my eyes gradually got accustomed to the darkness, and I could make out a dim white breast here and there as they moved about. Then, too, we can make such a picture by closing the shutters in any room, all but one little crack, and placing in the band of light which comes through it a rose, a bunch of violets, or a doll in bright clothes. If we are artists and want to paint them, we have only to make the flowers or doll light and distinct, and leave everything else in the room as dark and dim as we please, when we shall have a picture in Rembrandt's style. But all artists have not made their lights so strong nor their shadows so dark as he, and especially in out-of-door pictures this can hardly be done. But there the lights and shadows can be so arranged that if one wants to have people interested in one especial part of the picture, — and all artists *do* want to have certain objects particularly prominent, — the brightest lights are put on them, and our eyes know by instinct just where to look without our knowing why they do. I suppose it is one of the faculties that God has given us, that makes our eyes seek the light, just in the same way that our souls do for truth, which is our mind's light. But I have wandered far away from the boys while they have been examining the pictures.

They were now looking at an engraving of Guido's "Aurora," and Charlie asked Rob to try if he could analyze it.

What you see at first is Phœbus Apollo, the bright chariot-driver, riding over a cloud; the bright torch-bearer Lucifer, and the light figures of the Hours surrounding the car of the God of Day. The heads and necks of the horses are filled with light, and the Aurora, scattering flowers and dispelling the darkness as she precedes the sun, is almost as light as the others. Of course these are the important parts of the picture to convey the idea. What are the dark parts? The skirts of the women; the chariot-wheel and the horses' hind legs; also the under side of the cloud, which the sun does not shine upon, and portions of the dim earth below, on which it has not risen. The artist tells what he means to say in the picture simply by the way he places the lights and shades.

"Look at this picture," said Rob, "and let me tell you if I can what sort of a view the artist meant it for."

The scene was of a bridge with men fishing from it. The sun sparkled on the water and lighted the men and the framework of the bridge. The basket for the fish was there, and every old joist and timber stood out in bold relief. Beyond were mountains, gray in fog and shadow, and a black wood was behind the bridge. "I think," said Rob, "he must have meant it for a pleasant scene in the country."

"That 's it," said Charlie; "for suppose the artist had wanted to represent a fine mountain view, using this same subject, see how he 'd have done it. First, then, he would have made the bridge, the men, and the water of a dark mass in front; next he might have lightened the forest that you see so dark in this picture, and lastly, he would have dwelt long on the painting of the mountains, making them sharp and bright, bringing out every line and

rounded form, and above all spreading over the mountains a strong light; the people would have said when they looked at it, 'A mountain view.'"

"Now let me tell *you*," said Rob. "If the artist had wanted to make it into a wood scene, I think he would have painted the fishermen on their bridge all in shade; but the sunlight would be in among the branches and leaves of the trees, bringing out an elm, a big oak-tree, and showing the different shades of the foliage, and letting the light on to the trunks of the trees, and showing the green moss on the bark of some of them, and the little twigs and dead branches maybe."

"You see right straight through what I mean," said Charlie, giving him a slap on the shoulder. "We can make up pictures by the dozen, if we could only paint them as well. However, we will, one of these days."

As the boys got towards the end of the library, after looking at many more of the pictures and studying the sentiment of them and the effects of the light, they came to a large photograph of a scene in the woods. Lights and shadows were all through the trees, and in the sky, over the meadow which bordered a little pond, and dotted about over the pond itself and the pond-lily leaves which were spread on its surface. Then the light was scattered through the grass and weeds and the bushes in the foreground.

"Perhaps you can tell now why photographs of landscapes are seldom or never works of art," said Charlie, "and why people are never exactly satisfied with them, though, as they say, they are so true to nature."

"I 'd rather you explained it to me," said Rob. "I *feel* why, but I can't exactly tell. Besides, I think photographs of buildings *are* satisfactory."

"I said *landscapes*, you know," answered Charlie. "I will tell you about landscapes first, and then, if we can, we will find out about buildings. In the first place, in every picture people want to have some feeling or thought carried out, and wherever the artist wishes his idea or sentiment to be expressed, he can tell it to people by putting the light on to it. But in this photograph you don't know what you want. The lily-pads are bright, but so is the forest and so are the weeds. Now let us imagine a picture out of this. Let 's pretend we want a 'lily-pad' picture. We 'll dim the sky down with clouds and make the trees dark and flat against it, then we 'll put all the distant meadow and water into shade, and so get rid of them; the grass, too, in front shall look pale and blurred, and we have only our lily-pads to dispose of; their broad leaves, which had only struck us at first, in the distraction of so many lights and shadows, as a confused jumble of flat lines, now, with the sun sparkling on their shiny-bright surfaces, float out into lovely little islands with tiny channels of dark water running among them. The pink under side of some of the leaves is turned up, and as we look closer we see the flower-buds swaying in the water, while we trace their purple stems, on which the light is playing, down deep under the surface, till they are lost in the tangle of moss and dead leaves at the bottom of the pond. Now, too, we see a bright fish occasionally glide among the lily-stems, and a flock of green and gold insects hover over and light on the leaves, and our lily-picture, if we paint it in our minds or with our brushes, is complete.

"You were speaking about photographs of fine buildings being satisfactory as pictures. We like them because they are really no more than photographs of fine paintings. The architect had arranged the light and shade on them himself, and the beautiful columns, arches, and statuary are shown by the dark recesses and niches which he had left behind them, and the bright-colored window of a Gothic church looks like a cluster of jewels set around with a big frame of dark gray tracery, which only does not appear perfectly flat and shapeless, from the light which shines through the little side windows in the recesses; these show the arches and columns, yet not enough to distract the eye from the glorious colors which stream through the central window.

"The ancients knew all about this effect of lights and shadows as well as we do, and constantly employed it in their famous buildings like the Parthenon and the Coliseum; and in the Middle Ages it was one of the arts which was not lost, as we see in the myriads of needle-like pinnacles on the cathedral at Milan, piercing the blue sky with their shining points; and the bright spire of the great cathedral at Strasbourg, whose lofty peak is lost in the dark blue of the heavens. In landscapes the sun and clouds make these effects of light and shadow, but in beautiful buildings, the architect wishes to make works of art, so he arranges the darks and lights himself, just as painters do in their pictures.

"Landscape gardeners try to get something of this effect by placing a hillock of light grass tufted with flowers in front of a mass of dark evergreens, or a little pond of bright water at the bottom of a dark dell, and putting fountains and statues where they will catch the light. They have done a great deal to make nature beautiful by these artificial arrangements of light, but the trouble is, that the sun *will* shine out on the wrong spots, and so mar the work very often indeed. "Come into my workroom now and see the little picture I am making of my sister playing with the kitten."

Charlie's workroom, as he called it, was full of all sorts of tools, hunting traps, and painting materials. On a small easel by a high window was a canvas with a picture upon it nearly finished. A little girl sat holding a kitten in her lap, which was jumping to catch a ball of thread that the girl swung to and fro. Her yellow curls fell over her pretty fair cheeks, and through them the light played on her forehead and eyelashes, while the black and white face and paws of the kitty were so clear that it seemed as if she could jump from the picture. The girl's hand which held the ball was also marked in every part; nails, veins, and the turn of the wrist were carefully copied from life. What were the dim parts? The legs of the chair on which she sat, her dress, feet, and cricket, and the hand that held kitty, and the old kitchen clock and the tin pans were so dim you could hardly see them.

"Now look at this Frontispiece in the 'Young Folks'; where are the brightest lights?" The picture was one of Fenn's, and was named "Harvesting" (see Vol. IV. No. 10), and although it was somewhat sketchy from being a woodcut, Rob instantly recognized the principal point of the picture by the strong light on the pumpkins, the cornstacks, and the men and the sickles.

"It is a good work of art," said Charlie, "as the 'Young Folks' Frontispieces always are. Notice what are the dim parts." Distant hills, fences, houses, and the sky were scarcely distinguishable from one another.

"This is an old number of the 'Young Folks,'" said Charlie; "I have not seen the picture in the one that has just come out."

My readers, though, have it in their hands, so they can turn to it and try if they can study out the effects that Charlie and Rob had been seeking to discover in the views I have told you about. They may not be able to see what I mean quite so well as if the pictures were not somewhat in outline, but they will find that what draws their eye is the brightest light, and that it is in that light that the objects which convey the *idea* or the sentiment of the picture are placed.

"It is time to be off to paint," said Charlie, when they had looked at the "Harvesting" picture. "So, Rob, you get my 'Lessons on Chiaro-oscuro' and come along and read while I work."

The traps were soon shouldered, and Charlie and Rob trudged away towards the cottage to finish the sketch of the day before.

Mrs. Susan Nichols Carter.

BABY OR BIRD?

"BUT is he a Baby or a Bird?"
Sometimes I fancy I do not know;
His voice is as sweet as I ever heard
Far up where the light leaves blow.

Then his lovely eyes, I think, would see
As clear as a Bird's in the upper air,
And his red-brown head, it seems to me,
Would do for a Bird to bear.

"If he were a bird," you wisely say,
"He would have some wings to know him by":
And he *has* wings that are flying away
Forever — how fast they fly!

They are flying with him by day, by night;
Under suns and stars, over storm and snow,
These fair fine wings that elude the sight,
In lovely silence they go.

Come, kiss him as often as you may; —
Hush, never talk of this time next year,
For the same small Bird that we pet to-day
To-morrow is never here!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE GIRL WHO COULD NOT WRITE A COMPOSITION.

PART II.

"JEM has sent to Chicago for a declining-chair!"

"What?"

"A declining-chair. I heard her. Yes, I did. *You* bet. Jem has sent to Chicago for a declining-chair."

Poppet climbed to the top of the Magee stove (the fire happened fortunately to be low), and sat there triumphant. Poppet's mother was resting on the mending-basket, and she sat *there*, amazed.

If Jem had been a boy, she might have stripped the city of Chicago of its stock of "declining-chairs," and neither Poppet nor his mother, nor the world at large, would have given a second thought to it. But she was n't. And Poppet and his mother and the world at large have given several thoughts to it before now. Indeed, they have given so many thoughts to it that Jem has got into the newspapers. But that is no reason why she should not get into the "Young Folks," that I can see; for, in the first place, the people who read the "Young Folks" do not, I think I may venture to affirm, always read the newspapers; and in the next place I have collected some particulars about Jem with which neither the newspapers nor the "Young Folks" are acquainted.

It was about an hour before Poppet came home to his mother that Jem had taken the sign down, and locked herself into the store to cry over it. She laid the heavy board across a barrel, and tearfully drew her fingers through the gilt shade of the massive letters till their shine went out before her blinded eyes and

H. JASPER.

Furniture Warerooms.

went into sudden mourning as deep as her own bombazine dress.

She had taken the sign down in a fit of impatient grief almost like vexation. It seemed to her as if there were a kind of positive personal wickedness in that sign. To hold up its bare face to the world just the same as ever, and persist that H. Jasper kept Furniture Warerooms, when — O poor father! poor father! And there the bold-faced sign was drenched and forgiven in a flood of tears.

It was just a week that morning since he died. The funeral was over, the muddy ground was stamped over the last piece of furniture that H. Jasper would ever own, the house was swept, the sick-room aired and dreadfully fresh. Relations in light mourning had gone to their own happy homes, her mother had taken to the mending-basket and untold accumulated stockings, and Poppet had played his first game of marbles — half frightened to death, too, because he laughed in the course of it — with an Irish boy in the street.

Nobody but Jem had come to the store. Nobody, not even Jem, knew what was to become of the store. Nobody, least of all Jem, knew what was to become of herself.

"What becomes of me becomes of us all," she said to herself, — and she said it, I must own, at the funeral. "*I'm* father now."

It did not seem to her that she had had any time to cry till she locked herself in with that sign; the funeral, and the relations in light mourning, and Poppet, and her mother had kept her so busy. So for a little while she sat and cried on the sign.

Nobody but Jem knew what comfort she and her father had taken in the shop behind that false persisting sign. How she had run on the errands, and held the nails, and tacked the bindings, and chosen the chintz, and measured the mouldings, and sawed the legs, and even helped to cover the lounges. How he had made fun of her and said, "We ought to let a J. into the old shingle, Jem, — 'H. & J.' Or Jasper and Daughter — eh?" How he had told her that she knew how to strike a nail, and had an eye for a foot-rule, and hung a curtain as well as he did; and he hoped that Poppet, when he got through college, would be half as smart. How the mention of college reminded her faintly of Icarus, but very faintly, and she was sure that it did not remind him, and that made her very happy. What a help she had been to him, and how pleasant life had been! How suddenly and awfully help and pleasure stopped that day a week ago! How drearily and darkly her two happy years came down with the old sign!

Ah, well! Ah, well! Jem wiped up the sign and her eyes together. This would never do. She had cried ten minutes by the clock, and she could spare the time to cry no longer. Something must be done. H. Jasper had left no will, his furniture, an ailing wife, Poppet, and a daughter eighteen years old who could not write a composition.

"What *will* they do?" said all the relations in light mourning, after they had got home. "If Jemima had only been a boy!"

"What *shall* I do?" repeated Jem, dabbing the sign quite dry. "If I had only been a boy!"

"Let — Jem — look after — the stock." Although she was n't a boy, the last thing that her father had faintly said was this. It had seemed very unnatural to the relations in light mourning. There was an uncle who expected to be executor, and a first cousin who talked of buying out himself. But it had seemed so natural to Jem that she had not even offered the store-key to the uncle, and whatever appropriate masculine disturbance of the "estate" the law might require by and by, nobody was ready just now to trouble little Jem, wishing that she were a boy, in the old store, over the old sign.

Somebody did trouble her, however. It was a customer, at the locked door.

"Come in," said Jem.

"I would if I could," said the customer through the key-hole.

"O, I forgot," said Jem, jumping, and let him in.

"Where 's your father?" said the customer. He was a loud man, just in from the prairies somewhere, and "has not heard," thought Jem.

She thought it aloud in her confusion, and the loud man, in his confusion, sat down on one end of the sign, and brought the other end and the truth together against his head at once.

"You don't say! Beg pardon. What did he die of? So you 're runnin' the business? Well, I 've come to get a reclining-chair for my wife. One of these big ones, you know, that tip back into last week. Expensive, I s'pose, but you see she 's got bad in her back, and nothin' 'll do for her but one of them chairs. Thought I 'd step in this mornin' and prize one. Up stairs? I 'll go right along up. Beg pardon I 'm sure! What did you say he died of?"

Jem did not say. In fact she did not say anything. Something in the loud man's long speech had set her thinking suddenly and sharply. She followed him quite up stairs in silence before she remembered to tell him that they had not a reclining-chair in the store, but one shop-worn sample. By that time she had thought hard. "Runnin' the business herself, was she?" Why! For a moment she lost her breath. The next, before she knew it, she had said to the loud man, "I can get you such a chair as you want, sir, in three days. We have to send to Chicago for them, and I can't promise it before that; but I can meet your order in three days," — had said it, and could n't help it now.

"Prompt?" said the loud man.

"Yes, sir."

"I want a plenty of springs, mind, and good horse-hair stuffing, and a latch that won't get out of order."

"Yes, sir." Jem took down the orders in her note-book, fast.

"And some kind of a green cover, — like this."

"You want rep, sir. Blue-green? or yellow?"

"I 'll leave that to you, I guess," said the customer, hesitating. "Yellow" went into the note-book.

"You 'll get me a first-class chair, will you? — in three days, prompt?"

"I certainly will," said Jem.

"What will you charge me?"

"Forty dollars."

"Whe-ew! You mean to make something out of me, if you *be* a girl! That 's too much."

"That 's the price of your order, sir," said Jem, firmly, looking as much like business as a little red-haired, red-cheeked, freckled girl, with tears on her face, could possibly look. "I can give you a smaller size, with inferior stuffing, for thirty."

"My wife 's pretty considerable size herself," mused the customer. "She might break through on thirty, might n't she now?"

"I 'm afraid she might," said Jem, demurely.

"I 'll go forty on it, I guess, and do the thing ship-shape," concluded the customer.

The first thing that Jem did, when the customer had gone, was to go straight out and hang up the sign again; and as she stood on the ladder in the sun the gilt of the mourning letters revived, and winked at her shrewdly, with a certain relieved comfortable air, too, such as people have been known to wear in a change from crape to lilac on a fine Easter Sunday. Jem could not help laughing in spite of herself, — then wished her father could see it, — and so cried again.

However, she did not cry too hard to prevent her going to the express office at once with the order for her reclining-chair; and by the time that she had done this, and got home, her eyes were quite dry, and very bright. She walked right into the sitting-room, and said, "I am going to carry on the business myself."

"Jemima Jasper! —"

"I am going to carry on the business myself," repeated Jemima Jasper. Her mother fell through the mending-basket, and Poppet tipped over the stove. It seemed to Jem as if, with that single and simple remark of hers, all the ordinary world fell through and tipped over. The relations in light mourning expostulated. Everybody expostulated. People wrote, called, called again, sent messages, were shocked, were sure it would n't do, entreated, threatened, argued, urged, — made as much commotion over that one poor little girl's sending to Chicago for that "declining-chair," as if she had proclaimed war against the Czar of Russia on her own responsibility and resources.

They said, "Why did n't she let her uncle sell out the stock for her?"

"Why did n't she take in plain sewing?"

"Or she could teach a few little children at home."

"It would be so much more suitable!"

"Yes, and womanly and lady-like, and all that."

"She would never make a cent, you know."

"Mrs. Jasper should n't indulge that girl so."

And to crown all, "What a pity she could n't wait till Poppet was large enough to support her!"

But Jem showed a firm little freckled face to everybody, and stoutly said, "I understand the furniture business. I don't understand anything else. I am just as well able to support the family as if I were n't a girl, and I mean to do it. It would please father, and it pleases me. Just let me alone and see."

* * * * *

A story is a story, however large. And this is the rest of it; and no more wonderful, after all, than truth is apt to be.

One day, some years after those five stars overhead, the editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor, travelling at the West with her friend the principal, stepped into a furniture store in a brisk little town in Illinois, to buy a bracket.

The ladies were waited upon by rather a small boy, who stood behind the counter with a ceremonious and important air. He looked so small, so

ceremonious, and so important, that the ladies hesitated, and asked, "Can we see one of the firm?"

"The firm is busy in the counting-room just now," said the boy, grandly. "She has let the clerk off on a holiday, and I tend after school to-day. What would you like, ma'am?"

"Poppet," said a bright, busy voice at this moment, "just run over to the freight depot and tell Carter to hurry up those lounges. Be as quick as you can. I will wait on the ladies."

With that, Poppet jumped over the counter, and "the firm" walked leisurely round behind it. She was a dignified young lady, with freckles and red hair. She seemed to be very busy, and brought out her pretty stock of brackets without any more than the busiest glance at her customers' faces. But her customers gave many sharp glances at hers.

"Something so familiar to me about that young lady!" mused the editor of the Early Visitor in an aside whisper. At the door, with her bracket under her arm, she turned and looked back, — but confusedly; in the street she stopped to examine the sign. It was a handsome new sign, and read

H. & J. JASPER.
Furniture.

"Jasper — Jasper," said the editor, thoughtfully. "Do you remember that stupid little Miss Jasper you used to have at school? That young lady reminds me of her amazingly. I wonder if it can be — I mean to ask at the hotel."

"Jemima Jasper — yes," said the clerk of the hotel, "that 's the name. Smart girl too. *Very* smart girl. Carried on her father's business after he died. Keeps the old gentleman's name on along with hers, too, — did you notice? Curious thing! Yes, that 's a smart girl."

Did she support the family and educate that boy? the editor would like to know. The clerk laughed a saucy clerk's laugh.

"Should n't wonder if she did! Madam, folks say that girl is worth fifty thousand dollars if she 's worth a cent!"

Miss Jasper came out of the counting-room to watch the customers with the bracket walk up the street. She, too, looked confused. It seemed to her as if Icarus had been in the store. She felt suddenly very inky and stupid. The brackets on the counter turned mistily into a bulwark of "Elements," and the two ladies in the street had a hazy air as if they had fallen into the Midsummer Night's Dream.

When they turned to look back at the sign, the furniture dealer suddenly smiled. She would have enjoyed calling them back, — would have enjoyed it very much.

But Poppet and Carter were in sight with the lounges, and business was business, and could not wait, — no, not even for the editor of the Wednesday Evening Early Visitor.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE CRUSHED URCHIN.

I WONDER if any little girl or boy who reads this ever wanted anything for a year and then got it, and lost it immediately afterward, forever?

What a curious question, you say; but you will understand why I ask it when I tell you the following story.

When Nellie's mamma — she was herself *Nellie* then — was a little girl about nine or ten years old, she had been trying all one long summer term for a prize in school. It was for the best reader. Every day when the "first class" read, all the school must attend and listen carefully; for at the close of the term a hat was to be passed round for votes for the best reader; and so the day came when between pretty careful attention to lessons, and some electioneering, the votes for Nellie's mamma outnumbered the rest, and she received a book about the Promontory of Nahant. Among the descriptions of shells in this book was an account of the purple-shaded, cup-shaped, surface-knobbed sea-urchin; and a picture of the shell, which to Nellie was very beautiful, and a thing to be desired. But however strong her passion for shells, for the sea-side, and the sea-urchin in particular, it seemed little likely ever to be gratified. It was years and years before she got her first glimpse of the sea, and that was only the bay, seen through the tall masts and flapping sails of New York harbor. Then, years after, she made a short stay by the sea at Easthampton, where no shells but muscles were to be found, except a few orange-lined, ear-shaped ones, which, though pretty, were not very much prized. Then again, years after, she spent a half-day in Boston harbor, with a promise of a trip to Nahant, — the real, veritable Nahant, where sea-urchins purpled the beach in indefinite numbers, — but through a failure to reach the vessel that trip was lost. But again (and it was n't very long ago) another opportunity came for a short visit to Nahant. It would have been hard for Toy and Nellie's papa to tell whether they and Harry or their mother was most delighted, when, fairly aboard the puffing little steamer Ulysses, they left State Street and sailed out between Fort Independence and Fort Winthrop in Massachusetts Bay for the long-desired Promontory.

It was a beautiful day, and the Ulysses swept along with its laughing crew, past the Quarantine Hospital, with its fine cupola and six beautiful towers, through "The Narrows," all among the curious "jelly-fishes," past the scarlet buoys, like mermaid Red Riding-Hoods, popping up to greet them with quaint little courtesies, until about four o'clock they reached the rocky and beautiful Nahant. The rustic fences, and curious open-work brick walls, and one or two very fine residences had little attraction as they all rode along over the fine beach. But they must get out and walk. They must look for the shells. They must have the sea-urchin. And walking along with eyes eagerly bent on the surf-washed pebbles, stooping to look at a red crab, or a wave-polished bone, at last Nellie's

mamma exclaimed, "I have it! I have it!" and held aloft triumphantly the long-coveted purple-and-white sea-urchin. It was very pretty in itself,

Echinus, as he was picked up on the Beach.

and just like the picture in her little prize book. O, how delighted she was! Nellie, looking up, was surprised to find tears in her eyes.

"I thought it was just what you wanted, mamma."

"And so it was, my dear," said Mrs. Asbury, holding down the sea-cup for Toy and Nellie to examine; "but it carries me back to the day I first read about it, when I was no larger than you, Toy, and — and — why, I would n't believe one little shell could be such a witch, calling up dozens of little faces, — not little any longer, — some of them hid away forever, — and most vividly of all the face of the dear, kind, patient, cheerful teacher, who loved us and did so much to make us happy, — scenes so dear that the memory of them will bring tears in spite of our joy. This dear brave teacher fell during our late war; I had been hoping to meet him again, for although twenty years had passed since we saw him last he was not forgotten. But our letter of inquiry was answered by the sad news of his death in the army."

"Was that the time you got the officer's photograph, that came in a letter edged with black?" asked Toy.

"Yes," said her mother, thoughtfully; but Nellie hurried them to pleasanter things.

"Let us look for more," she said, marching on in advance of the rest. And they did look, — five pairs of eager eyes, Harry's and Toy's and Nellie's and papa's and mamma's, — all along the beach, and many a curious stone, white, and pink, and clear stones like crystals, and sulphur-colored stones, and little brown shells purple-lined (like small boats with one back seat), they picked up, but not another urchin were they destined to find.

"Well," said Toy, "it was just right that *you* found it, mother, and the very first thing too."

"Yes. And now I will tell you about the little animal that lives in this shell."

"I want to know all about it," said Toy; and that was what she wanted with regard to *every* curious thing.

So after searching and walking along until tired, they seated themselves under a tree on a little knoll just back from the beach, and Mrs. Asbury answered their eager questions as fast as she could.

"What are all these little knobs for?" asked Toy.

"I will tell you. You notice there are different stripes or rows running from the top to the base of the shell, all around it, first a wide stripe and then a narrow one."

"Yes," said Nellie, "like my scarlet velvet pincushion, drawn in with yellow silk cord all around to make a tomato of it."

Toy laughed, and her mother went on.

"If you had chanced to find a shell with the live animal in it—"

"If the owner of the house had been at home," suggested Toy.

"Yes, then you might have seen the shell slowly rolling along on the sand. Now look at the shell. You see there are twenty of these stripes. Ten of them (every other one) are covered with these little knobs, while the other ten are dotted with small holes. This empty shell has been probably washed about for some time, and the spines or bristles with which you would have seen it covered, had the animal been alive, are worn off. Now, of course, these little knobs on the ten stripes of the shell are hollow on the inside like tiny cups. The spines, which helped the animal to move about, were fastened in these little inside cups by a ball and socket. Every one of these knobs had a spine attached to it in this way, which the animal inside could move at his will. Then he had a great many little "feelers" or hollow tubular feet, and these he thrust through these little holes which are in the stripes alternating with the knobs."

"Which do they use most to move about with?" asked Toy.

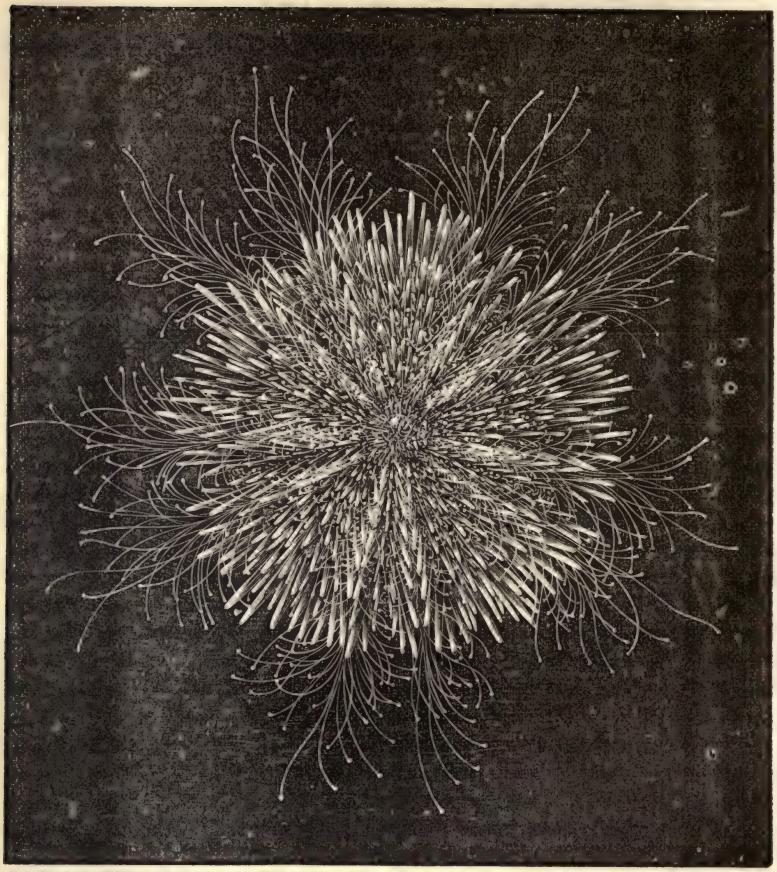
"It has been proved, by experimenting with them, that they use both. If taken from the water, it will move only by the spines, but while *in* the water it seems to go from place to place by the use of its feelers alone. As I told you, these feelers are hollow, and at the end of each is a little "foot" with a hole in the centre. This has been examined by a microscope, and by pressing the feeler with a wire a tiny drop of very sticky or glutinous liquor has appeared. By means of this the Echinus (for that is the animal's name) fastens itself very firmly wherever it chooses to stop. By means of these curious feet they also seize their prey, passing what they thus secure from one foot to another until it reaches their mouth."

"Where *is* the mouth?" asked Nellie.

"Here, in the centre of the bottom of the shell. Here were five small teeth, white as ivory on the outside. You can see the marks of them now. The jaws were inside the shell, and, though small, so strong that the Echinus could crush and eat small crabs and shellfish with them at pleasure."

"You said these things were found by experiment, mother. How was it done?" asked Toy.

"The most careful and interesting experiments made upon the Echinus of which I have read were by the Italian naturalist Spallanzani. He was so fond of natural science, of prying into the mysteries of birds and bats and fishes, and other curious kinds of animal life, that he gave up the profession of law, and declined Greek professorships and all other pursuits for a chair of Natural History in the University of Pavia, where he spent his life.



Echinus, as he lived in the Sea.

"But, though this may not interest you, I think you will be glad to know how he studied into the ways of the little sea-urchin. He secured, from a gulf which washes a rocky island of Greece, a number of these urchins, which were brought up by coral fishermen, and which he kept in sea-water in a bucket a few hours, while returning to Messina, where he could have an opportunity to examine them. He soon noticed that although the water in the bucket made a rough sea for the poor urchins, being shaken by the tossing bark, the whole five had climbed from the bottom to the top of the bucket, where they remained fixed in one place by means of their little tubular feet. So he concluded the feet were not only used to fasten themselves, as had before been supposed, to the rock, but also to enable them to climb and move about. Wishing to watch more closely *just* how they ascended, he took them off the bucket side (which required some force, so tight was their foot-grasp), and then put them at the bottom of a glass

vessel or jar with smooth straight sides. In the sea their usual position is with the mouth downwards. He tried the patience and ingenuity of one of them by turning it 'wrong side up,' as naughty boys sometimes do with a turtle, to watch his curious struggles to right himself again."

"Did it vex the urchin?" asked Nellie.

"It was very uneasy, and how do you think it managed to get right side up again?"

"I 'm sure I cannot guess."

"It threw out a great many of its feelers on one side and fastened them to the bottom of the jar, when, by drawing them in, it raised its body a little way; then it threw out more feelers on the same side, letting go by the first ones, and this turned it a little further. By repeating this curious operation a few times it at last came *mouth-side-down* and was all right! Then Spallanzani tells us that it and the others all went quickly up the side of the glass jar till they gained the top. He proved by this ascent that they used only the feelers, for he cut off the spines from one, and it found its way up as fast as the rest."

"Now that was too bad!" said Nellie, pursing her little coral lips.

"I think it was," replied her mother, "but where was it I saw a little row of glossy green-back beetles the other day, with a round yellow dot on each head which looked as if a pin or something might be back of it?"

Nellie blushed, and a little carmine suddenly overspread Toy's cheek also; but Toy quickly said, "Well, a little chloroform don't hurt like cutting with a knife, and when they 're *dead* a pin don't hurt! Besides, our teacher *wanted* specimens, and old dead beetles with their wings rubbed off in the sand are n't half as pretty as fresh ones just tipped over by the least mite of chloroform!"

"I did n't want her to, any how," said Nellie, "only after they 're in rows I love to look at their nice coats. I 'm too 'fraid to *look* while they 're buzzing alive!"

"Well, some bugs and birds and frogs and fishes, if not larger animals, must be martyrs to science, and I suppose our poor sea-urchin would rather have lost his spines than be killed outright; especially as he seemed to get on so well without them. In trying to detach the urchins from the jar-side, Spallanzani was curious to know what enabled them to cling so very tightly; so by means of his microscope he saw that they pressed this little foot so hard against the glass as to force away the water, and then stretched it to form a little hollow with the bottom of it, into which he could see them force instantly (through the transparent feeler) this sticky liquid of which I told you before."

"Do any other animals fasten their hold in this way?" asked Toy.

"Yes. The common muscle does the same thing, and many other shells are attached in a similar manner."

"I 'm so glad," said Toy, "that you found this urchin, and told us about the little curious fellow inside! How I wish we had one alive!"

"I should be glad indeed if we were so fortunate. I am not only delighted

with the curious construction and habits of the Echinus, but love to see in it all *the thought of God.* We may see *his* skill and *his* wisdom in all his works, and I am sure you will not fail to admire it as displayed in the singular formation of the sea-urchin."

"I 'm very sorry we can't get some more," said Nellie, looking very hard at the one in her mother's hand.

"I am afraid I shall have to be very selfish, and take care of this myself," said her mother; "but the sea-urchin I have waited for so long I wish to keep as long as I live." But, alas for human calculations! I told you, did n't I, at first, something about finding a thing after long search and losing it in two minutes? Well, Toy's mamma carried the shell very carefully in her hand (not trusting it in her basket of stones, lest its delicate wall should get broken) all the rest of the walk to Lynn, and on the cars back to Boston.

Then she wrapped it carefully in tissue-paper and put it in a safe corner of her trunk, all by itself. But a day or two after, when she was in a great hurry, and thinking of something quite different from sea-shells and early associations, she opened her trunk for a small round box, which she had also wrapped by itself in white paper, and took up the little round package, giving it a hasty pinch to *make sure it was the box*, when lo! a little crushing sound, and she opened the paper to find the purple fragments of the poor broken sea-urchin! If she had been as little as when she first read about it she might have taken a good cry; as it was, she could only look at the pieces, arrange them slowly on the palm of her hand, and pervert two lines of Tennyson by exclaiming aloud, —

> "'T is better to have *found* and lost
> Than never to have found at all."

And so it was! There is solid satisfaction to her now in looking at the largest fragment of that coveted shell. "I *did* go to Nahant, and I did find a sea-urchin." So much is sure.

Mrs. J. P. Ballard.

MONOGRAMS.

OF late years monograms have come to be so fashionable, and are so frequently to be seen on note-paper, envelopes, wedding-cards, seal-rings, and the like, that some information in regard to their history, and a few hints as to the principles on which they should be constructed, may prove interesting not only to our "young folks," but to some of their elders.

The word *monogram* is derived from two Greeks words, *monos* and *gramma*, meaning *single letter*. It is applied to a character composed of the letters, or of two or more of the letters, of a name which are interwoven or otherwise arranged so as to form a pleasing or a fanciful device. A

cipher is a kind of monogram made up of the interlaced initials of several names, and is used as a sort of private mark, or as a substitute for a coat of arms. Generally the letters are made in imitation of common handwriting, but are more or less ornamented. *Monogram* is, therefore, a more comprehensive term than *cipher;* for a monogram may or may not consist of initials, and the letters which form it may be either simply linked together or combined into one character. The following examples will illustrate the different varieties of monogram here described.

Abbreviations or contractions of this sort are of very ancient date. They are found on Greek coins and medals of the time of Alexander I. of Macedon, who flourished five hundred years before Christ; and they were used by many of his successors. They occur also on seals and in manuscripts. Upwards of five hundred have been described by writers on this subject. The most celebrated is the monogram of the name of Christ, which is common on coins of the Eastern Empire, and dates back to the time of Constantine, or even earlier, though Constantine himself used it only on the *labarum*, or imperial standard. It is composed of the letter P (the Greek R) placed perpendicularly in the middle of a X (the Greek character for CH); thus, ☧, — forming the first two letters of Χριστος (CHRistos), the Greek form of the name of Christ.

Monograms are also found on many Roman coins, though not on those of the emperors until a late period. Much labor and research have been expended by learned men in endeavoring to decipher the meaning of ancient monograms, and their attempts have been rewarded with some measure of success, but by far the greater number are still unexplained, and many of them are perhaps unexplainable.

In the Middle Ages monograms were not only put on coins, but were used as a substitute for signatures by kings, princes, and the higher orders of the clergy, to whom indeed the right to do so was for a long time restricted. The old German chronicler Eginhard says that Charlemagne — who, like many other great personages of his time, did not know how to write — was the first to employ this mode of signing documents, which he did by means of what we now call a stencil-plate, or sometimes by means of an engraved seal or stamp. His monogram had this shape.

It represents the word *Karolus*, or Carolus, the Latin form of Charles, the real name of this famous man, who is, however, usually called Charlemagne, that is, Charles the Great. Two things in this monogram are worthy of special note; first, that K, being the initial and principal letter, is made larger than the others, and, secondly that the character as a whole forms a cross, which is the "mark" still in use among illiterate persons when they have to sub-

scribe any writing. The practice of monogrammatic signature begun by Charlemagne was continued by his successors, those of the second race of French kings (who reigned from A. D. 751 to 987) signing only in this way. It was adopted also by the kings of Spain, and is thought to have been used by those of the Anglo-Saxon period of English history, as it certainly was by William the Conqueror.

At a later day monograms came into vogue among painters, engravers, and the early printers, for recording their names on pictures or on the title-page or colophon of books. In some cases the initials were combined with symbolical figures, thus forming a sort of rebus. The investigation of this important class of monograms has engaged the attention of many scholars, and comparatively few have failed to give up their secret. Formerly the most conspicuous letter of a monogram was considered as furnishing the key to its explanation; but at the present time the letter which comes first in alphabetical order is so regarded. The difficulties of decipherment and identification are, however, many and great. A curious illustration of this fact may be found in "Notes and Queries" for 1856. A correspondent sent to that journal a monogram of the date 1715, in the hope that some one would favor him with the interpretation of it. In subsequent numbers he got no fewer than seven different readings. Among them were these, — C.E.REX, that is, King Charles Edward, the Younger Pretender; CHRISTOPHER HICKS, this name being combined with XP, the monogram of Christ; PAX CHRISTI, the motto or benediction prefixed by the Jesuits to their letters; and CORPUS CHRISTI College. Moreover, the original inquirer added one of his own, he being inclined to think, on the whole, that the character was merely a cipher of the letters P. S., with accompanying flourishes.

A monogram is said to be "perfect" when it contains all the letters of a name; "imperfect" when it contains only a portion of them. But even if a letter has to be read twice, or if a part of one letter has to be taken as representing the whole of another, the monogram is considered perfect.

In the construction of monograms, three general principles should be kept in view. First, that the most important letter should have most prominence given to it; secondly, that letters of entirely different styles (as Roman and Old English) should not be combined in the same design; and in the third place that the device should be symmetrical, appropriate to the purpose for which it is intended, and neither too complicated nor overlaid with ornament.

Within a few years several works have been published which contain many beautiful designs for monograms of two and three letters and also of entire Christian names. Those interested in this subject will do well to consult the following: Monograms, Historical and Practical, by D. G. Berri (London, 1869, 8vo, 47 pages, 20 plates); Monograms and Ciphers, designed by H. Renoir (Edinburgh (no date), 66 plates, 8vo); Monogram and Alphabet Album (New York, J. Sabin and Sons, 1871, 78 plates, 8vo)

M. S. R.

WHAT WE CAUGHT AT THE MUSQUASH LAKE.

WHILE a small party of us boys — Jed Wilber, Rod Nichols, and myself — were "camping out" a week, up at the Musquash Lake last fall, we had an adventure that may perhaps interest the boys.

Our camp was in a clump of large hemlocks on the west side of the lake, or rather an arm of the lake, for it was not more than a third of a mile wide at that place. And on the other side, just opposite us, there was a steep rocky crag, overhanging the water, rising abruptly to the height of a hundred feet, — higher perhaps, for it seemed, even from our camp, to tower menacingly.

We had been out all the morning in our canoe fishing for trout; had caught a fine string of the great speckled-backed fellows; and coming in about two o'clock, had drawn up our boat, kindled a fire, and got our chowder going. It was a warm September day. The sunshine fell on the opposite crag, lighting up its wild, gray face. We were lying in the shade of the hemlocks looking over to it, waiting for the chowder.

"What 's that over there among the rocks?" suddenly exclaimed Jed. "Can't you see something over there, fellows? — 'bout half-way up the side, playing round there?"

We all looked. Two or three small objects were frisking about on a narrow shelf, high up the side of the precipice.

"Fighting, aren't they?" said Rod. "Fighting or playing just like kittens."

"Get the spy-glass!" cried Jed.

We had with us a small pocket-glass. Rod ran into the "half-shelter," or shed, of hemlock boughs after it, and, coming back, raised it to his eye.

"One, two, three of them," said he. "Look just like kittens, only larger. Gray color. Playing and wrestling with each other like little tigers. And — gracious!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "There 's another! A big one too! The old mother cat, I 'll bet! Did n't see her at first. She 's lying still on the rock just above them, watching their antics. Almost just the color of the rock."

Jed and I looked in turn. It seemed to me that the little ones were as large as — well, as woodchucks, and nearly as chubby. But the old one was as large as a large dog, and had a very fierce, wild look. We stood watching them for some minutes.

Presently the old one rose from the rock, stretched, and after sharpening her claws in a log which had fallen down the side, much after the manner of a house-cat, went up the rocks at a few springs and disappeared in the bushes at the top.

"Gone off after game," said Rod.

"Wish we could catch those cubs!" exclaimed Jed. "Don't believe but that we could, now the old one 's gone."

"But they 're up as much as sixty feet above the water," said I, "and it 's very steep."

"O, we could clamber up there somehow, I guess," said Jed.

"Bet you they would scratch some," remarked Rod. "How could we manage the little tiger-cats?"

"Bag them," said Jed.

"Where 's the bag?" said I.

"Might take one of our blankets," suggested Rod.

We had a "darn-needle" and a ball of twine with us, and, taking long stitches, we soon sewed up one of the blankets in the form of a sack.

"Now let 's paddle over still," said Rod, "so as to surprise them."

"But it won't do to leave the chowder alone," said I. "Might catch on and spoil."

It was plain that one of us must stay to see to that; yet we all wanted to go cat-hunting.

"We 'll draw lots," said Rod, at last. "That 'll settle it."

The little sticks were prepared. Jed got the "short one," and, making a wry face, turned to give the chowder a stir.

"You can watch us with the glass," said Rod, as he and I got into the "dugout," as we called our canoe. Standing up in the stern, Rod "sculled" quietly, while I kept my eye on the little savages up among the rocks. They did n't notice us; we came silently up beneath them, and, getting out, pulled the canoe up between two mossy rocks.

The side of the crag was very steep, — so steep that after landing at the foot of it we could n't see the game, whatever it was.

We did n't try to take up the gun, but left it in the canoe. The bag Rod slung over his shoulder; and, taking advantage of the crevices and clefts, we clambered up, making as little noise as we could. After getting up pretty high, as it seemed to us, we turned to look about. We could see Jed on the shore opposite, with the glass at his eye. We waved the bag at him.

"They 're there!" came in distant accents. "Lying in the sun! Only a few feet above you!"

Raising ourselves cautiously up, we peeped over the edge of the rocky shelf. Sure enough! there they lay, with their eyes shut, purring in the sunshine. Fierce-looking little chaps, with great round heads!

"How are we to get 'em into the bag?" whispered Rod.

Suddenly one of them opened his great drowsy eyes, saw our heads, and quick as a wink leaped up with a great spit. How his drowsy eyes changed and glared! That waked the others; and they all jumped to their feet. Up went their backs, and such a spitting! Two of them darted into a crevice between the rocks, and the other scrambled off, out of sight somewhere, quick as thought.

"We 'll have the two that ran into the hole!" shouted Rod, throwing up the bag and then climbing on to the shelf. I got up after him. The crevice seemed to lead into a little den behind one of the large loose stones. Another chink from above also led down into it. We could see the little chaps shrinking back in the darkest part, their pale, silvery eyes glowing and flashing.

"Just hear 'em spit!" cried Rod, punching into the chink with a dry mullein-stalk. "Tell you how we 'll manage them. You hold the mouth of the bag over the crevice, and I 'll get up on the rocks and podge 'em out!" (*Podge* is no verb; I 've told Rod so a dozen times.)

But the moment he began to punch them there was music, I assure you. Such a "wowling" and snarling! Suddenly we heard Jed's voice again, above the uproar, shouting, excitedly, "Look out, Rod! Look out, Kit! Look up!"

And at the same instant a raspy growl broke on our ears.

"The old one! The old one!" screamed Jed from the other shore. There was a great scratching and clawing on the rocks above. Dropping the bag, I swung over the shelf and slid down among the rough stones, barking my hands and grazing my knees, — Rod after me. 'T was a wonder we did n't break our necks. There was a quick pounce upon the shelf above, and looking up we saw a fierce cat-head glaring down. My hair fairly rose up. I expected the old brute would spring down at us. Rod's hat came rolling past me. I caught my foot in a crevice and left one of my boots.

Bringing up at the water's edge we jumped into the dugout, caught up the paddles, and shoved hastily out, hearing a great guffaw from Jed, who seemed mightily amused at what, from his point of view, might look like a joke, perhaps, though we could n't quite see it so. Getting out a few rods, we hauled up to reconnoitre. The mother-cat was still standing on the ledge above, an ugly-looking beast, switching her tail in a restless, wrathful way, and the little ones were peeping out from the crevice.

"Moses! was n't that a touch and a go!" muttered Rod, drawing a long breath. "Expected the old varmint would be sucking at my throat before this time! Our turn now," taking up the gun. "We 'll try Jed's bear-

charge. The night before we had heard something round our camp; and Jed had loaded the gun, putting in what he called a "bear-charge."

Taking aim over the side of the canoe, Rod fired. We heard the shot rattle on the rocks. The little whelps dived into the crevice again; but the "old one" screeched, and, leaping from rock to rock, came down to the water. We thought at first she meant to swim out after us, and caught up the paddles again. We did n't care to be boarded. Our dugout was a round-bottomed concern, made from a pine log, which rolled and tipped so easily in the water, that we always had to sit pretty straight to keep from whopping over in it.

Perhaps it was owing to that distaste which all animals of the cat kind have for water, — at any rate the beast did n't conclude to swim for us, but ran up and down along the rocks, growling and glancing from us up to the baby-cats, which were peeping down from the shelf.

Meanwhile Rod was reloading the gun.

"Put in enough to do something this time," said I. "Double the bear-charge."

"I 'll see to that," said Rod, turning in a dozen buck-shot. "Don't believe she 'll venture into the water," lying down in the bottom to take aim out of the stern. "Back the canoe up nearer."

I eased the dugout back within five or six rods of the ugly old beast, that now crouched eying us from a great rock which jutted out into the water.

"A little nearer!" whispered Rod.

I let it float back a few yards farther.

"That 'll do. Hold still!" and he blazed away, the gun making a tremendous report and giving such a kick that the canoe jumped ahead in the water. The creature sprang up with another screech, then crouched among the rocks again. So we began loading and firing, — once, twice, — but there was no motion.

"Dead, I know," said Rod. "Must be dead. Let 's push up."

Coming near, we saw that the fierce eyes were set and motionless; and a little rill of blood was trickling down on the rock. We pushed up close.

"All right!" said Rod, giving the carcass a poke with the gun-barrel. "The old cat 's quiet. Now for the kittens!" Landing, we again clambered up to the ledge. The little whelps were still in the crevice; and readjusting the bag, which lay where I had dropped it, we managed, after a great deal of punching and spitting, to get them out and into it. And then the way they *yawled* and bobbed about inside was puzzling, to say the least! We contrived to get down with them, though; and stowing the sack in the bottom of the canoe, I undertook to hold them down. Had a "stint" of it too; for they could see my hands and kept striking their claws out through the bag.

Rod now cut a stout hazel withe, and, twisting one end of it around the old cat's neck, pulled the carcass down into the water. Then hitching the other end of the withe to the stern, we paddled across, with the whelps in the bag and the old one in tow.

Jed had seen the whole thing through the glass plain enough; but he could n't quite keep his hands off the bag, though we told him he 'd better, and got a jolly scratch.

What to do with them was the next question. The old one we skinned, — made a rather awkward job of it, — and hung the hide over a limb to dry. We meant to stuff it for a specimen; we had killed her for that. Though here I may add that a few nights after some wild creature, a fox most likely, got it down and carried it off. But the whelps we wanted to keep and take home with us. So we made a pen, about six feet square, by driving strong stakes into the ground close together, and covering it over with poles, putting on stones to hold them down. They tore round amazingly when we first let them out of the bag into it.

We fed them on hares, for which, after getting over their first fright, they showed a most inordinate appetite.

I may as well tell what became of them. When we went down home, four days after, we got them out of the pen and into the bag again, and, slinging it across a pole between us, took them along. Getting down to the "cleared land" the second night after leaving the lake, we stopped at a farm-house.

"No need of telling the folks what we 've got here in the bag," said Rod, as we came near the house. "They 'll be wanting to get them out to fool with them."

So we wrapped our other two blankets around the bag, and after going in set the whole thing away as our baggage, in what we thought was a sort of "back-room," or storeroom, though there was a bed in it.

Well, along in the night there was an awful outcry and noise! The "back-room" turned out to be the bedroom of the good man and his wife. And getting uneasy, from being wrapped up so closely, perhaps, the young wild-cats had dug out, and went tearing around the room, scaring the old woman almost into fits. We mistrusted what was up, and ran down to explain matters. But the man had killed both of them with his axe. And such a "setting up" as we got! The lady was for turning us out of doors, at first, but finally calmed down a little, and let us stay till morning. I expect she 'll always owe us a grudge, though.

Persons we 've told the story to say they must have been wild-cats (the Bay Lynx). But they did n't answer very well to the printed descriptions of that animal. Their tails were longer, and the old one was larger. If they were n't wild-cats, what were they? I don't know.

C. A. Stephens.

THE BIRD IN THE RAIN.

SWEET little bird, in the summer rain,
Out in the apple-tree down in the lane,
Tell me the story over again, —
Sweet little bird, in the summer rain!

In the summer rain, under the lee
Of the dripping leaves of the old apple-tree,
Why so merry? say what can it be?
Chirp and twitter and tell it to me.

Gay little robin, where is your mate?
Do you watch for him by the garden gate?
Does your bird heart wonder he tarries so late
In the summer rain, as you sing and wait?

Sing, little robin, all red and brown!
Sing, though the heavens above you frown;
Sing, though the rain is coming down,
Sweet little robin, all red and brown!

Your mate will come, the gay little rover,
By and by when the rain is over,
And the sun drinks the rain-drops off the clover,
And your little red coat wet all over.

The rain is over, the light shines through
The rifting clouds, the sky is blue;
The joy of an earth by the rain made new,
Sweet little bird, is waiting for you.

We, as the bird in the summer rain,
In life's sorrow and in its pain,
Glad for the joys that will come again,
Should sing as the bird in the summer rain.

Not long will it be ere the light shine through,
The storm be over, the sky be blue,
And the joy of a life all fresh and new
Out of sorrow will come to you.

Margaret Mason.

ON STILTS.

THE best stilts are made to fasten firmly to the leg, leaving the hands and arms free. The footpiece should be four or five feet from the ground, — or even higher, according to the aspirations of the walker, — and the upright piece should extend far enough above that to reach the knee, just below which it is to be lashed. Skill is required, however, to walk safely on such a pair, and a fall with them is dangerous.

A very good pair to practise upon can be made in half an hour by any school-boy who has the necessary tools and materials at hand. Choose for your standards, or upright pieces, two plain, straight strips of wood strong enough to bear your weight and long enough to reach to the tops of your shoulders after you are mounted. For stilts to learn on, the footpiece should not be more than fourteen inches from the ground, or even less for a small boy, — for you will find it necessary to step on and off a good many times before you have learned to walk securely. The footpiece is nailed or screwed to the standard, from which it projects at right-angles, on the inner side, just far enough to form a comfortable rest for the foot. It should also be supported by a brace on the under side.

The implement I have described was known to nearly every lad in America a few years ago; but of late stilts seem to have gone quite out of fashion in some parts of the country. I am surprised at this, since they afford a really fascinating exercise to alternate with base-ball, kites, and marbles, and can be mastered by every owner of a good pair of legs, hammer and nails, and a jack-knife.

Your stilts completed, the next thing is to mount them. Rest the ends on the ground, grasping the handles in a manner to bring them behind the shoulders; set your left foot in its place and spring up, bringing the right foot to its place while you are in the air; at the same time hold the standards close to your shoulders, under your arms and partly encircled by them, with the hands near the hips, pressing forwards. It will take you some time to learn to perform this little feat and remain mounted until you are prepared to take a step. Once well poised on your stilts, you will find it easy to keep your balance as you walk, but not so easy to stand still.

Of course you will choose hard, smooth ground for your first exercise. Afterwards you may lengthen your stilts, cross brooks, and step over fences.

To become a good "stiltist" one must have courage and a pretty large "organ of weight." It brings into play much the same faculties that skating does. If you wear stilts made fast to your legs, you will be a skilful walker if you can trust yourself upon them without carrying a pole. Your arms set at liberty, you will find a long light pole wonderfully convenient in fording streams, passing rough places, or resting, when you wish to stand still.

The nature of the soil and the character of the streams have brought stilts

very much into use in some countries. On the "Landes" of Gascony, in France, they are about as common as shoes. Over those broad, marshy and sandy plains the shepherd goes stalking on high stilts, which not only enable him to pass the deep pools and wet places in his way, but also to overlook his flocks feeding among the low, thorny shrubs and brushwood with which the region is partly covered. He mounts his stilts, from the roof of his house or his stable roof, early in the morning, and does not quit them until night. They are made fast, not at the knee, but at the thigh, in such a way as to allow the legs to move freely. He carries a long pole, which serves several purposes. It is his shepherd's crook; and with it he steadies his steps when necessary, supports himself when he wishes to rest, eases his descent to the ground when he wishes to lie down or sit, and gets up again at pleasure. Thus lifted above the earth, he goes striding like an immensely tall, thin-legged giant, over hedges and ditches and bushes, with perfect ease and security, and sometimes running with remarkable speed, like some grotesque, half-human crane.

Races on stilts are a favorite pastime in Gascony, and other countries of the South of France.

The people of Namur, in Belgium, became early famous for their use of stilts, in consequence of the overflow of the rivers Sambre and Meuse, which periodically flooded the city streets. In the seasons of high water men and women stepped out of their windows, going about their business and making calls, on stilts. These, introduced at first as a matter of necessity, at length became a source of amusement, and made Namur famous for one of the most remarkable games on record.

This was the battle on stilts. The city was divided into two sections, called the old and the new town, the inhabitants of which — like those of many another town in our own day — were constantly at strife with each other. Their feuds were of a good-natured sort, however, though they sometimes resulted in some pretty rough sport.

The Namurois were fond of games; and a hundred and fifty years ago the stilt-fight, introduced nobody knows when, was at the height of its popularity. The combatants, five or six hundred in number, divided into two bands, regularly officered, and distinguished by the colors of their costumes, advanced upon each other in the public square, mounted on stilts four feet high. They were unarmed; but wrestling and kicking and thrusting with the stilt-leg — sometimes a dangerous weapon — were allowable. The battle began with the sound of martial music, and the armies were led with gay banners. Women followed their lovers, brothers, and husbands to the fight, their mission being to encourage and cheer them on by their presence, to support the falling, and to assist the wounded from the field.

These battles lasted an hour or two, or longer, the combatants often fighting with great spirit and determination. Marshall Saxe, who, in 1748, witnessed one of these encounters, said of it, "If two armies engaged showed as much valor as the youths of Namur, it would not be merely a battle, but a butchery."

Once when the Archduke Albert of Austria passed through Belgium, the Governor of Namur promised that he should see a battle in which "the warriors would fight neither on foot nor on horseback," and got up a stilt-combat for his entertainment. The Archduke was so much delighted that he at once exempted the Namurois from the payment of the tax on beer, — a privilege which they enjoy, I think, to this day.

The Battle on Stilts, at Namur.

In conclusion we must not forget to mention the Yankee who crossed the rapids of Niagara on stilts a few years ago, — after all, the most daring feat of stilt-walking of which we have any account.

George Aspenwall.

TOY'S WEDDING.

"TOY," I said, coming suddenly upon that Indian as he lay day-dreaming and sheep-watching down by Silver Creek, — "Toy, may n't Hi and I go?"

"Where at?"

"'At' the wedding, to be sure."

"Um! Miss Do go see Injuns tie? One pale-face, many red-skins — like so," Toy said, picking a small white daisy and holding it up beside a "burning bush" that hung over the water crowded with scarlet blossoms.

The simile appalled me a little; but calling courage to aid, I said, "Toy 'll take care of Miss Do — faithful fellow, nice Indian, clever Toy!"

Toy enjoys praise, so I always do the job up "brown" when I undertake it.

"Miss Do sleep on buffalo?"

"Yes."

"Eat Injun podge?"

"No, I 'll carry my own victuals."

"Humph! make red-skins mad, grunt, scowl."

Here was a dilemma. I studied a moment, and then asked, tremulously, "Toy — do you think — they 'll — cook a dog?"

Disgust swept over Toy's face. "Ugh! Kaw Injun eat dog. Osowa Fox Injun. Kaw nasty. Fox clean."

I decided to go.

Very much of my wedding finery was borrowed. A retired charade actress in Ottawa lent me a profusion of magnificent jewels, — diamonds, amethysts, emeralds, and rubies. (You would n't rob them of their splendor by hinting at colored glass beads?) My dress was gold-colored satin (or was it sarcenet?) trimmed with ermine (which might have been Canton flannel turned wrong side out, and sprinkled with smut spots). I wore my hair in curl-papers and dreamed of pinching bugs for three nights in succession.

Osowa's present, — you never could imagine what that was! — strings of tiny ivory bells made to order, for neck and wrists and ankles. Toy gave an Indian delight-whoop when I strung myself with Osowa's bells, and danced up and down the garden walk, singing that funny old nursery rhyme: —

> "With rings on her fingers
> And bells on her toes,
> She shall have music
> Wherever she goes."

Fox Village, where Osowa lived, was many miles away. We went pony-back, arriving early in the afternoon. The approach of the bridegroom was announced

by a signal whoop, let off by several young Indians who were "picketed out" in the tops of the tallest trees, to perform the office of heralds, I suppose.

On receiving a warning gesture from Toy, I fell squawishly behind, while he entered the village to the variations of "Hail, the conquering hero comes," executed upon nail-kegs, kettle-drums, squash-rattles, and willow *toots*.

Osowa, the bride elect, at the head of a delegation of squaws, was packing wood! when her conquering hero came; erecting a funeral pyre, it seemed, upon the prairie where the wedding festivities were to be held. Was burning at the stake to be a part of the mysterious ceremony? I could only wait to discover.

It was a novel reception truly. I watched the little squaw with curious eyes, if, perchance, I might detect shy, welcoming glances stealing out at Toy from among the fagots clustering round her head and neck and shoulders; but Osowa marched steadily onward and deposited her burden on the funeral pyre, while all Toy's ogling turned to no account. Was n't she a shy coquette?

During the rest of the afternoon the squaws, excepting Osowa, hoed corn, while the braves anticipated the coming event of the evening by playing games, performing feats, indulging in sham fights, and creating a general fracas throughout the village.

Toy introduced me to Osowa, and acted as interpreter a little while, then betook himself to "shinnying" with the braves, while Osowa and I played deer buttons in the wigwam. Poor Toy would have given much to stay with Osowa, I knew right well, but "big Injun" must not sacrifice pomposity by sitting down in a wigwam and playing deer buttons with two squaws.

Osowa and I did n't have a very sociable time that afternoon. All we said to each other was "Um," and "Oo," and "Ugh," etc. When I won the game Osowa gave such savage grunts I did n't dare try to beat again, and when she found herself the winner every time she would n't play any more, but threw away the buttons with a contemptuous toss that was very trying to my temper.

Then Osowa showed me lots of Indian relics, collected by her father, who was a famous hunter, Toy had told me; but she eyed me all the time I was examining them as if she thought me a professional burglar. But Osowa was a model hostess for a squaw, no doubt.

The wedding festivities began directly after starlight. The braves, resplendent in toggery, assembled in a crowd before the funeral pyre, with lighted torches in their hands. The pyre was kindled, the musical instruments attuned themselves, and — astonishment awaited me. Osowa walked forth supported — surely not by Toy, our almost civilized shepherd-boy, who, clad in a suit of decent jeans, had escorted me to Fox Village that very afternoon! Toy had been spirited into a wild Indian, kirtled with scarlet, kilted with yellow, and pantaletted with green; strung with wampum, bestuck with feathers, bedaubed with paint, and alive with toad-squash rattlers.

O, the veriest savage that ever flourished a tomahawk flaunted no more finery than did our Toy upon his wedding night.

Osowa wore deerskin moccasins worked with porcupine-quills, red pantalets embroidered with white and blue beads, a green kirtle trimmed with pink and blue fringe and more beads, a red mantle, and a head-gear, — I could n't describe that head-gear even if I were "interviewed" for the especial purpose.

Osowa would not have been a beauty everywhere. In a velvet carpeted parlor beneath a glittering chandelier, arrayed in snowy muslin, and crowned with orange-blossoms, the fair-haired "pale-face" would quite eclipse the dusky Indian maid. But Osowa stood upon the dark green prairie turf, beneath the clustering stars of heaven. Over her fantastic dress the torches threw red lights with fanciful effect.

"And as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night wind flew,"

I thought her picturesquely beautiful.

They did n't burn Toy and Osowa at the stake. The funeral pyre proved a bonfire, around which danced the braves to the music of a howl executed by the squaws who sat on the ground in the rear. They howled and danced to pass away the time while Toy and Osowa were sitting back to back under a blanket stretched upon four poles. They sat there a long time. Authority says it was to find out whether they were congenial to each other, as if they had n't found that out already, and as if sitting back to back would assist in the discovery!

At exactly what point Toy and Osowa became husband and wife I am unable to state. Was it when they crawled out from under the blanket, or jumped over a pole, or joined their little fingers, or chased each other with fire-brands? I am inclined to think they were married before they threw the fire-brands. Folks generally are, I believe.

The savage who represented Toy did not deign to notice me during the most of the evening. No one did; and I sat upon a stump, feeling, like many another disappointed belle (?), that all my fuss and finery would turn to no account. By and by strange feelings began to take possession of me. Osowa's mother, in whose care I had been placed, had deserted me. My friendly Toy had been metamorphosed into a wild Indian, having no recognition for his "pale-faced" charge. The Indian drum called weird responses from the forest reaches that skirted the prairie. Savage, painted faces gleamed round me in the flickering firelight. Fantastic forms glided to and fro to the music of a monotonous chant. Wild terror seized me; and I might have fled screaming over the prairie, had not Toy's voice dissolved the spell.

"Big Injun dance with little pale-face."

I could have hugged the hideous-looking fellow for very joy at hearing his familiar voice. Yes, there was Toy, and with him the very biggest Indian that ever danced, I 'm sure. Toy acted as interpreter for his companion, who could only say "Quachetaquo!" and point to the delighted squaws whom the braves were leading forward to join in the final dance. A look from Toy admonished me. I rose and gave my hand to "big Injun," who led me out impressed with the feeling that I was about to join in a demoniac orgy.

That final dance! It was not a round dance, or a long dance; it was not a Scotch reel, or the German; it was the *Indian*, and nothing else. The drums beat, the fifes tooted, the fire crackled, and the squaws howled. I could n't hear whether I howled or not, for "big Injun's" deer-hoof knee rattlers were (nearly) on a level with my ears. I might have danced on rattlesnakes with unconscious feet. "Big Injun" dragged me here, and shoved me there, and shook me up, and pounded me down; but I clung to him like a dutiful partner until I found myself reseated on the stump with Toy and Osowa standing before me, the former showering compliments upon my bewildered head.

"Miss Do hop high, jump quick, scrabble fast. Pale-face out-kick redskin." (Graceful dancers are requested to study that compliment.)

Osowa rubbed her hands vigorously together and exclaimed, "Jenchenopostaquaowehgo *ka* que!" after which I got off from the stump immediately and stood erect with a distinguished air.

Then came the wedding feast. A deer — dogs don't have horns — was roasted whole, and various kinds of wild game were plunged into the ashes, feathers and —

all. Indian podge prevailed. But it tasted good. Toy and Osowa and I all ate with the same spoon, they very politely giving me the first dip. A slice of deer was served up to me on a picked stick; and I had the offer of an unpicked grouse, which I did n't accept.

. . . .

I hope Toy will never get divorced and married over again, for I should feel in duty bound to to to the wedding.

Theodora.

PRAIRIE GROVE, Kansas.

THE "BARBAGIANNO."

"I SAY, Will! There must be ghosts or robbers or something in the trunk-room. Oh! there 's been an awful noise going on there, and I 'm *so* scared! There it is again now! Listen!"

It was my little brother Tommy, who was standing by my bedside, shaking with cold and fear; having succeeded, by dint of divers well-directed thumps, in awaking me from a sound sleep, one dark winter morning, at about half past four o'clock.

I did listen, and, sure enough, there was a most extraordinary series of sounds issuing from the room adjoining ours (called the trunk-room, on account of its containing all our luggage), something like the hushed tread of a man endeavoring to walk softly, with at intervals a sort of prolonged groan. We were then living in an old-fashioned villa near Florence, in Italy, and the chambers which Tommy and myself occupied were the only bedrooms on the third story, so that we were entirely cut off from the rest of the family, — a circumstance which did not at all tend to allay our fears.

To say that I was frightened would be a mild expression. I was almost paralyzed with fear; a cold sweat overspread my body, and I shook like an aspen-leaf.

"Let 's run down stairs and see if the cook 's up," whispered Tommy, in a voice which clearly indicated that he was even more scared than myself.

No sooner said than done. We immediately flew down the stairs and into the kitchen, looking for all the world like two ghosts in our white night-shirts and whiter faces. Our servants were very early risers, so that we were not at all surprised to find that Beppe the cook and Maria the chambermaid were both up and dressed.

"O Beppe!" we exclaimed in a breath, "there 's robbers in the trunk-room! Come up, for Heaven's sake!"

The cook burst into a roar of laughter on beholding us: "*Diamine!*" he exclaimed, "I guess it 's a rat that 's scared them. Go back to bed, children!"

But we were determined not to do so, and pleaded so earnestly that at last he consented to go up stairs and examine the trunk-room. Shouldering a broomstick, he bade Maria bring the candle. We then proceeded cautiously up stairs and were soon at the door of the trunk-room. The mysterious noises were going on as loud as ever. We all held our breath to listen. Beppe first broke the silence.

"Per Bacco!" he muttered, "it 's no rat."

For a moment he seemed undecided whether to turn back or not, but a fear of ridicule overcame him, and, opening the door, he stepped in, followed by us. The noises immediately ceased. There was no one in the room. We searched, but found nothing. Everything was in its right place.

"I *knew* it was a rat!" said Beppe, with a forced laugh; but, notwithstanding his affected calmness, he was manifestly ill at ease.

"Why," said Maria, all of a sudden, placing her candle upon one of the trunks which encumbered the room, "we have n't examined the wardrobe yet"; and, suiting the action to the word, she proceeded to the piece of furniture in question, and swung open one of the heavy doors, which was already ajar, and, "Jesu Maria!" she shrieked, as with a loud screech some dark object flew out of the wardrobe, almost striking her in the face in its passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the cook, "it 's only an owl, after all! Shut that window, boys," he added, "or he 'll get out again!"

Just then the creature came whizzing past his head, and he aimed a fearful blow at it; but, missing his aim, his broomstick came crashing down upon the candle, shivering it into a thousand pieces, and we were in total darkness.

The tremendous oaths which the cook volleyed at the unfortunate owl were so ludicrous, that Tommy and myself could not restrain our hilarity; which so exasperated him that he gave another terrible whack with his stick. A dull thud announced that he had hit something, and a loud scream announced that that something was Maria.

"*Assassino!*" she yelled, "you 've hit me! — my nose! my nose!"

"*Acciderba!*" shouted back the cook, "it was your fault for getting in my way!" and he continued to lay about him without heeding her cries.

But the fracas had awakened the old porter and our father, who now came rushing into the room, the former with a rusty old blunderbuss, and the latter with a candle, both bellowing, "What 's the matter? what 's the matter?"

"O, he 's murdered me!" wailed Maria, whose nose was bleeding copiously.

"Thief and assassin!" shouted the porter, levelling his gun at Beppe's head (he was very short-sighted and mistook him for a brigand); but father interposed before he could pull the trigger, and again asked us what was the matter. Of course our explanation was received with a roar of laughter, to the great discomfiture of Beppe.

Maria was at once brought down stairs by the old porter, and her wound, which proved to be of a not very serious nature, was properly attended to. Meanwhile we "youngsters," assisted by father and Beppe, chased the owl back again into the wardrobe, where we locked him up securely and then went to bed again, but not to sleep.

As soon as it was light we dressed ourselves, and went down to the *contradino's* hut (every Italian villa has a family of *contradini* or peasants who are hired to take care of the grounds), where we procured a large wicker cage. With Beppe's help, we put our owl into it. He was a superb creature; with a soft yellow back, mottled with black; a snow-white breast, and a most beautiful kind of fringe around his face. Beppe at once pronounced him to be a "barbagianno." He grew to be so tame that at last we kept him out of the cage altogether, with merely a long string round his legs, and gave him a whole room to himself. Beppe strongly advised us to clip his wings, and allow him to roam about at pleasure; but then it did seem such a shame to cut off those beautiful feathers, that we never could bear even to think of such a thing. We bitterly regretted afterwards that we did not do it; for one evening, while we were giving the "Barbagianno" his accustomed airing, he suddenly turned round, and, with one pull of his strong beak breaking in two the string that held him, was off in an instant, and we never saw him more.

I don't think anything ever distressed me so much as the loss of the owl, and even now, though so many years have elapsed, I cannot think of the "barbagianno" without a sigh.

W. S. Walsh, age 16.

CAMDEN, N. J.

A TRIP TO MOUNT WASHINGTON.

It was on a glorious morning in September that an old-fashioned country stage stopped at the house of my grandfather in Lancaster, New Hampshire. Papa, mamma, and I had been spending the past two weeks in this beautiful, secluded little village at my father's home, and it was with many regrets that we now bade farewell, to start on our homeward journey. The last trunk was strapped on, mamma and I comfortably seated in the stage, papa on top, when the driver gave a loud crack with his whip, and we had started. Good by! good by! I thought of all the delightful times I had spent, of the beautiful drives, fishing excursions, walks, and croquet parties; of the pleasant hours passed around the open fireplace on chilly evenings playing games; and I wondered how long it would be before I should see the dear old place again. But before me was a day full of pleasure, for we were to ascend Mount Washington, and the morning was so beautiful that I soon forgot the past in the present. The sun was just rising, and the fogs, which are common in this region, rose in dense clouds from the valleys, entirely obscuring the mountains.

Now and then we caught sight of the still waters of the beautiful Connecticut, where we had spent so many happy hours fishing, and which perhaps we might not see for many months again; but at last we reached Northumberland, where we were to take the cars for the Alpine House, which, by the road, is about sixteen miles from the summit of Mount Washington, and we were soon whizzing far away from Lancaster.

On that beautiful morning the ride in the cars was scarcely less pleasant than that in the stage. For some time the way lay at the foot of high mountains; then we rode through beautiful valleys, across little streams, and by picturesque lakes nestled at the foot of high hills. Soon, however, the whistle and bells gave warning that we were approaching some station; we stopped, and the conductor called out "Alpine House." Once off the cars, we started for the hotel, where papa engaged a vehicle to take us to the top of the mountain. It was a large open stage, with four strong horses and a good-natured looking driver. It was then ten o'clock, and a more perfect day I have never seen; the landlord said there had not been a better in 1870.

The fogs that we had noticed in the morning had disappeared, and left the sky perfectly clear, and the sun shone brightly on the trees, which were robed in all the splendor of autumn. We went so fast the first part of the way that it was not long before we reached the Glen House, just at the base of Mount Washington, and after the horses had rested a few minutes we commenced the ascent. We went very slowly, but there was so much to be seen, and everything was so beautiful, that we did not mind it at all. The lower part of the mountain is a dense forest, through which the road winds in many picturesque turns; as we ascended higher the trees became smaller and smaller, till none remained but miniature pines, then they disappeared and nothing living was visible, but a kind of ground pine, and a peculiar little red bush, with which the ground was covered.

As we emerged from the forest the views became magnificent, hills, mountains, and valleys stretching away toward the horizon. Every turn of the road disclosed something new to our view, so that it was like a living panorama, and we were all greatly impressed by the beauty around us. The Tip-Top House came in sight at about three o'clock in the afternoon; the latter part of the way lay among rough rocks, with no vegetation to be seen, and on looking back at the forests and valleys

through which we had lately passed, they had the appearance of being covered with thick moss, rather than gigantic trees.

It would be impossible for me to do justice to the grand view with which we were greeted on our arrival at the Tip-Top House, so I will not attempt it. After gazing at the glorious scene around us for some time, we went to look at the railroad, which is on the opposite side of the mountain from that which we ascended. It had been our intention to descend by it, but on account of the lateness of the season, 28th of September, the cars had been taken off.

After examining this we proceeded to the Tip-Top House. This wonderful little building is made partly of rough stone, with a wooden roof fastened to the rocks with strong iron cables. The lower story is divided into two large rooms, the upper into a number of very small, low ones, for the accommodation of visitors passing the night on the mountain. We had but a little time to spend, and after taking a farewell look at the surrounding scenery, the horses and wagon being ready, we bade good by to Mount Washington.

We were not long in making the descent, but although we went rapidly, we did not reach the Alpine House until the heavens were studded with stars.

Amy Cross, age 14 *yrs.* 11 *mos.*

QUEEN BESS'S WISH.

THROUGH the land at the early day,
  Over the meadow green and fair,
Passed a milkmaid tripping her way,
  Singing clear in the morning air.

In the land at the early day,
  Ere she was crowned, the good "Queen Bess"
Lonely and sad in her prison lay,
  And heard that carol of happiness.

Listening, she sighed as the merry song
  Came floating over the prison gate,
And, sighing, wished through the morning long
  For the happy maiden's lowly fate.

The long year went, and one was queen, —
  A prouder queen the earth ne'er knew;
The other still tripped o'er the meadows green,
  Wet with the early morning dew.

And well the good queen ruled the land,
  And merrily sang the milkmaid, O!
Where we are placed, there must we stand,
  With heaven above and earth below.

Annie B.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

SIX or seven years ago we left Liverpool for New York in a sailing vessel. For the first two or three days nothing of any interest occurred, but at last one afternoon there was a great calm, and the captain predicted that "after the calm would come a storm."

Sure enough at about three o'clock the wind rose and blew so hard that we were obliged to go to the cabin. We got into our berths, but we could not stay there very long, for the vessel pitched so badly that we were rolled out. We went into the cabin, where we seated ourselves on the floor with our backs against one of the seats and our feet against the table, which was stationary.

There was a rug by the companion-way, and on it lay a little dog. The mat slid across the floor every time the vessel rocked, and the poor little dog went back and forth with it. If he tried to walk he was thrown down, and so he wisely concluded to keep quiet.

The crockery-ware in the pantry fell continually from the shelves, breaking to pieces. The trunks in the storeroom had become loosed from their fastenings, and were slipping about, now crashing against the door, and then against the opposite wall. We were very much frightened, as well as nearly deafened by the noise.

At length the storm subsided, after a duration of two or three hours, and at the suggestion of the captain we went upon deck. The sight which met our eyes inspired us with awe and wonder, — awe at the sublimity of the spectacle, and wonder that the slight frame beneath us could ride safely through the mighty waves which rose to a great height on either side of us.

The sailors, who were very kind, often put up swings for us in the rigging, and, pushed by their strong arms, we went very high. Sometimes the vessel rocked, and as the swing was near the railing we swung out over the water, which was not so pleasant.

One day the cook told my sister and me that if we would be very careful not to dirty his clean stove we might make some molasses-candy. We were delighted, of course, and as soon as he had given us each a saucepan (my sister's was not very large), we went to work. I got along very nicely with mine during the whole process, but my sister was not so fortunate. Her molasses began to boil, and, being afraid that it would go over on the stove, she hastily moved it back, when, hitting against the edge of one of the covers, it spilled over!

We did not stop to look at the molasses as it dripped over the stove, but ran as fast as our feet would carry us to the cabin. After a while the cook came to us bearing a plate on which was my candy, looking as nice and yellow as possible. He scolded well at the mess we had made on his stove, but as he was very good-natured he did not hold a grudge against us long.

After a very pleasant passage of thirty days we arrived in New York and from there proceeded to our home in Boston.

Effie L. Hutchinson, age 15.

CHELSEA, Mass.

ACROSTIC CHARADE. — No. 64.

If you attempt to take my *first*,
You 'll find it is my *second*;
That is, just now, when loyal hearts
On a long peace have reckoned.
My *third* 's a battle, lately fought,
In which my *fourth* was fired.
My *fifth*, a province dearly bought,
And now again required.
My *sixth* the consequence of war
In many a peaceful dwelling, —
How many souls have suffered it
Is really past my telling.
Next in the order — number *seven* —
Is what you 'll all agree
We need to fight our way to heaven
And — notoriety!
My *last*, a little Saxon word, —
Which all the difference makes
'Twixt rulers who are in the right
And those who make mistakes.
And now my *whole* you fain would know:
A statesman great is he —
You ask his name, — to-day its fame
Rings throughout Germany.

E. J. A.

ENIGMA. — No. 65.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 11, 5, 2, 7 has, at one time or another, been around us all.
My 2, 10, 13 no *good* girl would feel like telling to her mother.
My 4, 8, 9 an elephant must always feel.
My 1, 3, 6, 13 is man's useful friend and his cruel enemy.
My 12, 3, 14 you are apt to get if you don't "let sleeping dogs lie."
My 12, 3, 9, 9, 13, 6 every *growing* child will surely be.
My *whole* made all the "Young Folks" laugh last March.

Clarie Joy.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 66.

Al-Ed-Ha.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 67.

My first is to exist,
My second is the same;
My third is something bad,
My fourth a garden's name.

Julian.

No. 68.

My first a pretty female name,
My second you may call the same;
My third of figures is the first,
My fourth of fruits is not the worst.

Aleck.

BURIED PLACES.

No. 69.

1. Honesty is the best policy.
2. Will you come to-night without fail?
3. He fell with a case of dry goods upon him.
4. The prisoner ran into the woods and escaped.
5. I will give you the tail of a fox for dear love.
6. The magic top is a very pretty toy.
7. Alas! alas! Kathleen is dead.
8. The brides were dressed in white satin.

M. N. T.

PUZZLE BOUQUET.—No. 70.

1. Something to roll, and a boy's nick-name.
2. A verb, and a winged insect.
3. A verb that is not a verb.
4. A verb, a personal pronoun, and an adverb.
5. Something frozen and something melted.
6. An old English oath, and a precious metal.
7. Four.
8. A passion, a preposition, a vowel, and a fog.
9. To make a noise, and a fabled monster.
10. What the sun did on the seventh of August, 1869.
11. Confectionery, and a bunch of feathers.

C. Clinton.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 71.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

Fanny Moors.

ANSWERS.

55. Pride that apes humility. [(*Pride* that apes hew) (mill i t)].

56.

N	O	R	T	H
O	P	E	R	A
R	E	S	I	N
T	R	I	A	D
H	A	N	D	Y

57.

S	T	O	N	E
T	Y	R	A	N
O	R	A	N	G
N	A	N	N	I
E	N	G	I	R
S	T	E	E	D

58.

1. Ham.	Hammer.
2. Add.	Adder.
3. Mast.	Master.
4. Set.	Setter.

59. Apple-tree blossom.

60. Be kindly affectioned one to another.

61. Aurora Borealis.

62. C O D. (C = 100, o = o, D = 500. C and D notes of music. "Collect on delivery.")

63. Well begun is half done. [(Well) (bee gun) (eyes) (half dun)].

THE prizes for the best answers to our Geographical Prize Puzzle are awarded as follows: —

To Edward Sholl Smith (age 11), Canajoharie, N. Y., ... $10.00
" Kittie H. Hedges (age 14), Orange, N. J., ... 7.00
" Nellie G. Hudson (age 13), Cincinnati, O., ... 5.00
" Emma Grace Shreve (age 13), Mount Holly, N. J., ... 3.00
" George H. Hubbard (age 14), Sherbrooke, Canada 2.00

The puzzle has proved extremely popular, and a host of competitors have had a merry time over it. And now let those of "Our Young Folks" who did not enter the lists, and who wish to enjoy the fun, turn to "Our Letter Box" in the June number, and there read the original in connection with the following

ANSWER TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL PRIZE PUZZLE.

Louisa and Tom Bigby invited the Young Folks to a picnic in the Woods. The Host, with some of the other boys, started for Fish, bidding Ann (who accompanied the party as Cook) remember and have a good Fire on their return.

Their path led them directly into a Pit-hole! Having extricated themselves, they went through a Highgate into a Long meadow and soon reached the Brook. Frederick caught a Salmon; Tom hauled in an Eel, while a little fellow named Dan contributed a Catfish! They soon became Hungry, and returned to the rest of the party.

As soon as they appeared in sight, Helena inquired what luck they had had.

"One Hundred and Two," answered Charles at the top of his voice.

"Noble!" exclaimed Ada.

"Trout?" eagerly asked Judith.

"Some of 'em," answered Alfred.

"Well, give them to me," said the Cook, running to meet them.

"Don't be so Rapidan," slowly replied a Rogue named Wallace; "for they are all in the Brooks!"

Meanwhile the girls had spread the dinner on a Flat place covered with Grass. They had some very nice Pease soup, which Marion had carefully brought in a Kettle. Then there was a fine Tongue, a cold Turkey, a roast Duck, a cutlet of Deer, a Pigeon pie, a Plum tart, and some Orange custard. To be sure, the Coffee was a Little Muddy, but the Milk (which Augusta had bought at a Frenchman's) was Bad. While they were eating, a Mouse startled Virginia, who screamed and threw a Spoon at it. May brandished a Big Knife, which drove it away.

After dinner, they feasted upon the fruit of the Mulberry, the Apple, and the Thorn-apple, until Lewis made himself quite ill. The pain became Sevier and they had to give him Medicine. One suggested a Pill; another said he ought to have Oil, which could be taken in Sweetwater without tasting. But he refused, saying he would rather take a Licking!

Finally they tried the Salt and Water Cure, and took him home. His mother said he ought to have had more Wisdom, and that she should give him some Sulphur on the Moreau.

We have a sincere Hope that every one of *Our* Young Folks will enjoy the adventures of this Day.

This is the correct answer, from which all the interpretations sent in vary more or less. Very few have *Marion* or *Moreau*, the most giving *Clinton*, *Franklin*, and *Washington*, instead of the former, and the *Tongue* or the *Knife* instead of the latter; and only three or four have *Pit-hole* or *One-Hundred-and-Two*, in place of which nearly all give *Marsh* and *Grand*. Where the variations make as good sense as the original names, they have not been regarded as errors; but it turns out that the best answers have generally the fewest variations. Of those for which the prizes are awarded, the first has fourteen, the second fifteen, the third eighteen, and the fourth and fifth sixteen words differing from our copy; and many of these are the proper names in the story. One other has only fifteen, still another sixteen, and four seventeen variations; while a score more have only eighteen, nineteen, and twenty.

We print below a brief list of the names of competitors whose answers take rank next to those for which the prizes have been awarded. It would have to be greatly extended, in order to include all the names worthy of a place in it.

Charles H. J. Bliss, Hartford, Conn.; Helen

N. Wheelwright, Taunton, Mass.; Clement R. Troth, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary E. Chase, Deep River, Conn.; Harry Wheelock, Fredonia, N. Y.; Charles H. McGuire, Rochester, N. Y.; Katie C. Smith, Baltimore, Md.; Alice Tobey, New York; Jessie I. Knickerbocker, Rochester, N. Y.; Edith Brown, Providence, R. I.; Frank Bolles, Washington, D. C.; Isabel A. Howell, Painted Post, N. Y.: Edward K. Bispham, Philadelphia, Pa.; Susie Merrick, Washington, D. C.; Bessie Bell, Dover, N. H.; Samuel E. Milliken, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nellie T. Goodwin, Rockford, Ill.; Alice W. Wheeler, Boston Highlands; Robert L. Coursen, Long Island, N. Y.; R. O. Fewall, Piqua, Ohio; Lillie Leonard, New Bedford, Mass.; Carrie B. Archer, Blackington, Mass.; Fannie Wheeler, Deposit, N. Y.; Carrie M. Smith, Norwalk, Ct.; Bessie Brown, Boston, Mass.; Sarah E. Shores, Haverhill, Mass.; Orestes Cleveland, Jr., Summit, N. J.

WOODBURY, CONN., June 24, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

Not many days previous to the reception of the July number of your most acceptable magazine, to which I have been a subscriber from its first issue, I wandered down into our old orchard with my children, to gather wild strawberries. They were very plenty, and we were led from one rich spot to another, until, fairly tired out, I seated myself in the shadow of an adjacent ice-house, with the idea that it *ought* to be cooler there than anywhere else.

Beneath the apple-trees, which are old, and gnarled in their usual picturesque style, the growth of grass and weeds was very rank, and looked to me a very paradise for my mortal enemies, — snakes! Where I sat, however, on a gently sloping bank, there was no high vegetation for them to glide under, or hollow to lurk in; I felt no fear, and sat in calm enjoyment of the coming sunset, and its attendant lovely clouds.

Suddenly I sprang up in horror, ran a short distance, stopped in doubt, looked back, hesitated, then returned a step or two. *Had* I seen a snake? Yes, there it moved again! No, — well, then, what *was* it I had seen crawling at my very feet?

Cautiously I approached the object of my curiosity. Soon satisfied that it was *not* a snake, I, like a true-born Yankee, did not intend to leave it until I had thoroughly studied out the problem before me. I herewith send to you the result of my perseverance; and your readers will understand with what eager and pleased interest we afterwards read the article entitled "Our Traps," and how gratified we were to find that we had been witnesses of what but comparatively few ever have the good fortune to see.

The object which had so startled me was a poor little robin, a dead one too! A pretty thing to run away from. But, really, it was not at all canny to see this inanimate bunch of feathers rise up, turn over, now advance a little way up the hill, now recede, and all the time with no motive power visible. Just then my husband joined us, and on hearing our hurried story told us at once that the work was that of the Sexton Beetle, and if we would be very still we could watch a most interesting performance; but we must not talk above a whisper, or jar the ground anywhere near, as these creatures are very shy, and retreat out of sight in an instant, if surprised by intruders.

Down near the base of the slope, and about a foot from the dead bird, we softly seated ourselves, and then the curtain rose and the performance began. At least three inches from the robin, and up the slope, was a hole in the turf, calculated with geometrical nicety for the grave of the bird, which lay upon its back with its bill pointing into the hole. As we watched with bated breath, a large beetle, with black and red wings, came out of the hole, hurried under the robin, and began to work with great energy. We were puzzled to know what he was about, until suddenly Mr. Sexton hurried out again, pushing away one of the wings, which, being useless for his purpose, he had gnawed off, and proceeded to do the same by the other. He made quick work of it, and then going beneath the bird's head, he dragged and pushed until the spunky little fellow had the head at the entrance of the grave.

He was alone in his glory until now, when blue flies of lovely hue, and smaller beetles, and impertinent little ants, came all of a sudden upon the field, as we thought, to dispute his prey with him. But my husband explained to us here that this robin was to serve as a nest for the young of the Sexton Beetle, — the male digging the grave and preparing all things for Mrs. Sexton when she comes, — and that the blue flies, thinking they have found a good place for their eggs to hatch in, *lay them in and on the dead robin*, where the young flies are expected to awake and feast on the buried carrion which Mr. Sexton has prepared for his own young. Is not this perhaps the reason why the beetle buries his savory nest, to balk the flies in their design, and secure the choice morsel to his own larvæ?

It was truly a marvel to see our beetle as he proceeded in his work. He lifted and turned the body over and over, drew it, pushed it, now stood on top to reconnoitre, now ran into the hole to inspect, and in the course of an hour from the time we first saw him he had conveyed the robin more than half-way into its grave. Had I attempted to bury an ox, it would have seemed about as feasible!

It was growing too dim for us to see any long-

er, and we left reluctantly, only to study the matter up in our Goodrich's Natural History, and other works of the kind, all the evening. The next morning, when the children hurried to the spot of so much interest, the robin was buried, the beetle gone, the flies, etc., departed, and the earth trampled down *hard*, as if by some heavy foot.

When "Our Young Folks" for July came, you will readily believe that the children were more than ever delighted, though I had hard work to convince them that I had not written "Our Traps."

My children have often wished you would devote one page to a "Sunday Department." I send a few questions that may or may not puzzle your readers. To find the answers will occupy some Sunday hours profitably. The key to be given when you think best, if you use the questions.

1. By how many, and by what names, is our Saviour mentioned in Scripture?
2. What King in Scripture trusted doctors rather than God?
3. Where is the largest contribution-box mentioned?
4. What King fed on greens?
5. What dish was ahead of all others for costliness?
6. What is the shortest verse in the Bible?
7. Why were the Pharisees bad dish-washers?

I send only a few questions now, but if you insert them in the magazine, I shall take out a patent, and perhaps continue them, six or eight questions for each Sunday.

I remain very respectfully and gratefully yours,
EMILY L. SMITH.

How do you like this idea, Young Folks? And how many of you can answer these questions?

Azul writes us a long letter, finding fault with what we said, in the July number, regarding the pronunciation of foreign names, and blaming us for so "peremptorily" deciding the question. Now we did not intend to decide the question at all, certainly not "peremptorily." We considered it already decided. On referring to Wheeler's Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction, (included in and so indorsed by, Webster's Dictionary,) we find the Spanish pronunciation of *Don Quixote* given; and both Webster and Worcester give the native pronunciation to a very large class of foreign names, the spelling of which differs widely from the pronunciation of them according to any rules of the English language. It is to teach the correct utterance of those names that the great dictionaries print long lists of them. As we have already said, the usages of good society regulate such matters; and since good society has decided to give the foreign sounds to *Goethe*, *Guyot*, *Beranger*, and names of that class, we earnestly counsel Azul not to excite a smile by speaking of *Go-ethe*, *Gwy-ott*, etc., as we have heard some worthy people do.

We should have been glad to print Azul's letter, but for its great length, and the fact that a large part of it seems to have been based on the assumption that we give the native pronunciation to all foreign names. By turning again to our July Letter Box, he will find that we were speaking of freshly imported foreign names, and of others, in the pronunciation of which great discrepancy prevails, and not at all of those which have become thoroughly naturalized, and which "common usage" has but one mind about.

C. F. T., New York, sends us these little anecdotes of young children: —

"A very bright little thing once asked me what was the meaning of the three letters above the altar, I. H. S. I told her 'Jesus Saviour of Men,' explaining a little about the change of I to J; she listened attentively and finally said, 'O yes! I remember auntie told me, but why don't they say women too?' And all I could say never satisfied her, for she seemed, young as she was, to consider it a slight to her sex, which she, personally, ought to resent."

"No amount of scolding or coaxing could ever induce a little cousin to say several compound words correctly, such as 'bedstead,' 'cupboard,' 'tea-set,' etc.; she invariably persisting in saying 'stead-bed,' 'board-cup,' 'set-tea,' etc."

"A small sister was inquiring about the Christian Era. I told her simply, thinking that a little girl nine years old, who went to Sunday school, would understand, but she still looked so perplexed that I began to draw out her ideas on the subject. After a little talking she said, 'Why, I always thought the Christian Era was a big, high wall between China and Tartary'!"

Belle Morton. — Madame Malibran was a celebrated public singer, and a woman of very remarkable personal qualities. She was born in Paris in 1808, and died in Manchester, England, in 1836, after a brief but exceedingly brilliant career on the operatic stage. Many anecdotes are told of her generosity of heart and her musical enthusiasm, and a memoir of her life has been published.

Benjamin Cutter. — "Can you tell me where I can get a good hunter's guide?"

Bumstead's "On the Wing," published by J. R. Osgood & Co., is the latest and best work of the kind with which we are acquainted. Illustrated. Price, $2.50.

C. Clinton, of Ossian, N. Y., sends the "Letter Box" a parsing lesson. "It is this: '*O dear*

me suz!' Find out the meaning of 'suz' and parse the sentence. Let 's hear what the boys and girls think about it."

Laura Whittemore. — "Will you oblige me by stating in the next number what the twentieth anniversary of marriage is?

"I know the fifteenth is *crystal*, and the twenty-fifth *silver*, but what the twentieth is I am at a loss to tell."

The twentieth is the *china wedding*.

M. S. wishes to know "if what Jack Hazard said about the 'ear-marks' in the January number has any meaning or not."

We suppose Jack alluded to those characteristic signs of their occupation which the members of different trades and professions are apt unconsciously to carry about with them. The saucy little rogue compared them to the *ear-marks* by which farmers sometimes distinguish their flocks and herds.

Robert writes: "Cannot you devote, say, one column in the 'Letter Box' to 'funny sayings,' and let the great family of 'Our Young Folks' contribute for it?"

We do not know about devoting a column to such a purpose, but we shall be glad to give a place to contributions of "funny sayings" which are fresh and good enough to print.

Robert also asks, "What is meant by 'Walpurgis Night'?" Who will tell him?

Here is another question for some intelligent young reader to answer; it is by Hattie K——. "Why are the closing exercises of the colleges called *Commencement?*"

We trust that none of our readers will overlook the interesting article on "Light and Shadow" which we publish this month. It will be found not only instructive to youthful students of art, but also rich in suggestions for all who wish to know how to look at a landscape or to study a picture.

Our Young Contributors. — "*My Snag Creek Catastrophe*," by the "Prairie Nymph," "*Autumn*," by Carlie Brickett, and "*Turk's Islands*," by G. Henri D'Aubigné, are accepted.

"*Bilboquet.*" — Young Contributors must send us their real names, together with their age and address, if they wish to have their articles receive attention.

"*A Prattler's Wisdom*" has some happy lines in it, but such rhymes as *ground* and *down*, *do* and *sure*, will never, we trust, find their way into "Our Young Contributors'" department.

"*Tired*" is a well written little poem, but very sad, and — is the author really a girl? she should have stated her age in the private letter accompanying her contribution.

Here is the first stanza of a "poem" which comes to us from Galesburg, Ill. —

"Out in the country road,
Where the sun is shining bright,
Is many boys and many girls,
Who is enjoying a country ride."

We hear that there is a very respectable college in Galesburg, but are there no common schools?

"*A Landscape*" is quite pretty, but are not such expressions as "Sol," for the sun, and "Druidical oaks," rather bookish for so young a contributor?

"*The Number Seven*" contains nothing new.

Allie Raymond. — "Our Young Contributors'" department is *not* devoted exclusively to subscribers or persons under seventeen. As we have said before, it is open to boys and girls of any age.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 26, 1871.

DEAR EDITORS, —

I think I can answer E. G. R.'s questions; at any rate I can try.

If a balloon were to ascend one thousand feet and then remain stationary, a person inside would not see the earth moving, for the simple reason that he would be moving too. Scientific men say that the atmosphere extends upwards from the earth about forty-five miles, and revolves with the earth. The power which propels the balloon is this same atmosphere. If the ascent and descent were both perpendicular the balloon would touch Mother Earth at the same point from which it ascended. . . . .

I believe some one suggested that the "Young Contributors'" articles should be reviewed by some of the young folks. A few mistakes or inelegancies, which I noticed, have induced me to handle the "two-edged tool of criticism." I hope that no one will be offended, and I promise that if any one finds any errors which they see fit to criticise, I will try to bear it with as good a grace as possible.

"Grandpa's Story" is quite interesting and well written, but in one place the author ends a sentence with a preposition, and Greene's Grammar says a preposition never ought to be placed at the end of a sentence.

The sentence is this, "When ten o'clock came the landlady began to give her opinion about keeping late hours, and to inquire what candles were selling for where we came from." Where it says "I was out of that bed considerably quicker than I went in" the word *went* should have been used instead of *was*.

"My Summer at Lake Champlain" and "One Day's Sight-Seeing in Minnesota" I believe have

no mistakes, although the latter has an abundance of *verys*.

"Tent Life in the Rocky Mountains" gives evidence that the writer is a *smart* girl. In the last line, however, there is one little mistake, — an unnecessary *a* stuck in between were and running. In the others I notice no mistakes whatever.

Your true friend,

MATTIE CAMERON.

P. S. I will send you a word square, in which the word *erase* is used for both terminal words.

E R A S E
R A R E R
A R E N A
S E N D S
E R A S E

With thanks for the answer to E. G. R. for the word square, and the writer's good intentions generally, we leave the style of this letter to the tender mercies of — shall we say "Our Young Critics"? for we seem to be threatened by another new department. We will say here, however, that the rule quoted with regard to ending a sentence with a preposition does not, in our judgment, strictly apply to the familiar and easy style of composition in which "Our Young Contributors'" articles are, or should be, written.

CHARLIE LAMMOT and Lillian Belle send the correct answer to A. F. Dresel's geographical word square. Here it is: —

M A C A S
A T A L A
C A V A N
A L A N D
S A N D A

DEAR MR. EDITORS, — I think I can answer Bessie A. T.'s question about molasses-candy.

Molasses-candy when pulled presents an extensive surface to the air, and its pores are enlarged. The air as it penetrates the pores reflects light. After pulling, the air is expelled and the dark color is resumed. This is on the same principle almost as that regarding the light color of foam, for on a dark night foam is of the color of the surrounding water.

Respectfully,

SAMMY.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

The following are answers to S. E. M.'s questions.

1. In memory of whom is Tennyson's beautiful poem (In Memoriam)? It is a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, the chosen friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge. It was published in 1850.

2. Is (—3) a number? Yes, I think it is. The figure 3 expresses three units added together with merely the minus sign before them.

3. Is *church* a Saxon word? Chambers's Encyclopædia says, "The word *church* is in all probability derived from the Greek adjective *kyriakon* (from *kyrios*, lord), the place of worship having been called the Lord's house, and the worshippers the Lord's people. The Scottish *kirk* and the German *kirche* are merely different forms of it."

M. HAMILTON.

S. E. M.'s first question was answered also by Mary Williams, Hatty E. W., and "Zaidee"; the third by Mabel E. P.; and the first and third by "Adda" and Mary Elliott.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29, 1871.

MR. EDITORS, —

In the article on Kites and Things ["O. Y. F." for August] there is no mention of the fact, that the first Niagara bridge was commenced by a kite-string, by which a larger cord was drawn across, then a rope, afterwards a wire.

As far as I am concerned, I should be very much obliged to you if you would offer prizes for drawings. I also have some friends who would, no doubt, like it.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK MCINTOSH.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Herbert Richards (care Prof. W. C. Richards), Pittsfield, Mass. (in want of a really good correspondent in music matters).

Henry M. McIntire, Box 518, Easton, Pa. (botany).

N. H., Box 148, Tonawanda, N. Y. (girl of 13, fond of skating, drawing, fishing, and boating).

Charles S. Bonsall, Box 447, Salem, O. (wishes a correspondent between 14 and 17).

Horace L. Wood, Box 952, Iowa City, Iowa (wishes a correspondent about 13).

F. H. Stockton, Box 1202, Baltimore, Md.

Orania Fairfax, Fallsington, Bucks Co., Penn.

Jo., No. 60 Jay St., Albany, N. Y.

O. C. W., Lewisburg, O.

Maggie Bozemon, Troy, N. Y.

Jennie, Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

Charles Cooley (care E. E. Cooley), Decorah, Iowa (wishes a correspondent about 14).

"*Nina*," Box 232, Bristol, Ct. (desires correspondent not over 15, living anywhere but in Ct.).

Helen (age 16), Box 118, Ellsworth, Maine.

Lucy (age 17), Box 118, Ellsworth, Maine.

E. C. O., 113 Warren St., Jersey City, N. J.

Clara S. Rily, No. 47 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. (natural history, particularly entomology).

Miss Alice E. Lester (care Miss Emily A. Williams), No. 67 Cranston St., Providence, R. I. (religious experience).

Sadie Wellington, Churchill, Kansas (correspondents between 14 and 18; reading, drawing, and fun).

Irene, 31 N. Fitzhugh St., Rochester, N. Y. (age 13; likes composition, boating, music, and Walter Scott).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1871. No. X.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OLD MUSKET IS PUT TO USE.

THE family were surprised to see the squire at that hour; and his awful countenance, as he stood in the doorway and struck his cane upon the threshold, showed that he had come on no peaceful mission.

"Where was your dog last night?" he demanded, addressing the deacon with the frowning look of a man holding his neighbor to a strict accountability for some great wrong.

"My dog? The boy's dog—" the deacon began; when Peternot interrupted him.

"*Your* dog! I say *your* dog! You harbor him, and you are responsible for him, neighbor Chatford!"

"Yes, yes,—why, well, sartin!" said the deacon. "If he has done any damage, I suppose I am responsible. What 's he been up to?"

"He 's been up to suthin'," remarked Mr. Pipkin, "that 's sure! He had been off somewheres, and he come home 'arly this mornin' with his chops bloody. *I* thought he 'd been a fightin'."

"Fightin'?" said the squire. "He 's been killin' my sheep!" And down came the heavy oak stick upon the floor.

"You don't say, Squire!" exclaimed the deacon.

"I do say!" replied the squire, with terrible severity. "Soon as ever I

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

set eyes on 'em this mornin', I said, 'It 's that dog's work!' I knowed well enough what would come on 't, when you took that boy and his whelp in!" — bending a look of wrath upon pale, shivering Jack.

"How many sheep, Squire?" asked Mr. Pipkin, with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Five! Two wethers — the pick o' the flock — and three o' my likeliest ewes. Bit in the neck, every one on 'em."

"You don't think our dog killed 'em all, do you?" said Moses.

"Like enough. It 's a reg'lar dog's trick, — take an old hand at it, as this dog sartin is. He just goes into a flock, tackles a sheep, bites her in the neck, and licks her blood as long as it flows free, then kills another, and so on — maybe half a dozen. Le's go and look at the cur."

Men and boys rose in great excitement from the table. Phin whispered to Jack as they were going out: "I noticed him, — blood all about his mouth; — can't ye make up a lie to get him off?"

Jack could not utter a word, — not even when Mr. Chatford told him to "call the rogue." Moses whistled, and Lion came.

The stiff-jointed old squire stooped and gave one sharp, scrutinizing glance at the poor fellow's guilty chops, then, turning with lips compressed and triumphant, he merely said, "Ha!" with a deep aspiration and a grim look at the deacon.

"I guess there 's no doubt about it, Squire," said Mr. Chatford. "Though I would n't have believed it of the pup. Of course I 'll pay the damages."

"That 's understood," said Peternot. "But there 's another thing."

"What 's that?"

"The dog must be put out of the way."

"I suppose so," — dubiously.

"Killed!" said the inexorable squire.

"We 'll keep him chained," spoke up Phineas, rather faintly, for he knew that Peternot's wrath would thereupon fall on him — as it did.

"Chained? Fiddlesticks! How long afore he 'd be in my flock again, with you boys foolin' with him? I 've a right to demand that that dog shall be shot, and I demand it. No money 'll pay the damages I 've suffered, without that 's done."

"Jack," said the deacon, "tie your dog."

Jack went and got a rope, as if it had been a halter for his own neck, and put it upon Lion's.

"I always said I would n't have a dog, for fear of this very thing," the deacon went on. "But I 'd got reconciled to this one. He 's a good, noble dog every other way."

"And he saved our Annie's life," said Mrs. Chatford; while little Kate cried bitterly.

Then Jack, standing with the halter about Lion's neck, looked up, palely facing the squire and the deacon, and all gathered there in that little group by the door, and said, — "Let me tell you something. I don't say he did n't kill the sheep. I won't lie about it. But it ain't proved yet."

"Ain't proved?" echoed Squire Peternot. "Then nothing was ever proved in this world! Proved, indeed!"

"He can't speak and explain," Jack went on. "If he could —"

"If he could, no doubt we should have as pretty a string of lies as you told me that night you came to my house," said the rigid Peternot.

The only visible effect these words had upon Jack was a slight change in his voice, which struck a deeper tone.

"You 've been always good to me, Mr. Chatford, — Mrs. Chatford! I 'm thankful to you; I hope I have showed that I am! I owe you more than I can tell! But I must ask you one thing more. Don't shoot my dog without giving me one chance for him! If he killed the sheep, it was because he did n't know any better. Let me just take him over where they are, and then you see if he ever goes near a sheep to hurt it again!"

"No dog was ever cured of sheep-killing yet," said the squire, in his grimmest manner; "and I tell ye the brute that killed mine was an old hand at it." Then, with another decided stroke of the cane upon the ground, "The only way to settle this business is to shoot the dog."

"There 's reason in all things," began Mr. Pipkin, who was the last person Jack had supposed would ever put in a plea for Lion; "and now, Squire, I 'll agree to take the responsibility, and see 't that dog is kep' chained every night."

"You might at least wait just one night," said Miss Wansey, for the first time in the memory of the family uniting her voice with Mr. Pipkin's; "for who knows what may turn up in that time?"

"Miss Wansey," said Mr. Pipkin, gratefully, "you 've spoke a good word, if ye never did afore."

"Thank ye, Mr. Pipkin," said Miss Wansey; "I 'm glad you think so."

"One night?" said Peternot, his mind too deeply set in its old grudge against Lion and his master to listen to any such arrangement. "Jest look at that boy's face! Do you see what I see? He only waits a chance to start out in the dark, let his dog loose and clear out with him, — and that 's the last you 'd ever see of boy or dog." As a wild thought of doing some such thing as this had indeed flashed through Jack's mind, the squire was not perhaps very far out of the way in his suspicions.

"Get the gun, Moses," said the deacon, who, with all his goodness, was capable of executing a just and stern decree. "I 'm sorry," — laying his hand on Jack's shoulder, — "but there 's no doubt whatever of the dog's guilt. What the squire says is only too true, I fear. It 's a fault that can't be cured. He 'd have to be killed sooner or later, and we may as well make the agony short. We all feel bad about it."

"You don't!" Jack broke forth. "Suppose it was one of your children — little Kate here; what if she had done something, and was to be killed? How would you feel then? Well! that 's the way I feel now! I 'd rather you 'd shoot me!" And his wild grief burst in convulsive, tearless sobs.

Mr. Chatford was shaken. "Squire," said he, "is there no other way?"

Peternot coughed a dry, hard cough, and answered, relentlessly, "I have said!"

Just then Moses came with the old musket which his father had carried in the war of 1812. "I would n't be hasty, father!" said Mrs. Chatford, in a broken, earnest voice.

"It seems to be the only way to keep peace between us and our neighbor," replied the deacon. He winked at Mr. Pipkin and pointed at a peach-tree. "It 's a sacrifice that 's got to be made. Did you bring the bag of buckshot, Moses?"

"Phin has it"; and Moses proceeded to load the gun.

"He don't look to me like a dog that 's been killin' sheep," remarked Mr. Pipkin as he took the rope from Jack's hand, and led Lion towards the tree; "and he did n't when he fust come hum. There was the bloody chops, but he did n't have none of the hang-dog ways of a cur that 's been up to mischief. He don't know now what it all means."

He tied the dog, however, with a good strong knot. "Now stand off, — you 'll haf' ter!" he said to Jack. But Jack, instead of obeying, threw himself upon Lion's neck, and clung to him, as if he meant to make the murderers of his friend kill him too.

"There, there!" said the deacon, coming up to him; "it can't be helped, my son. You 've been a good boy since you 've been with us; don't spoil it all now, — don't wait to be taken away by force."

Just then the sound of the ramrod in the gun smote upon Jack's ear. *Thud! thud!* it went upon the heavy charge of powder in the long, black, ringing musket-barrel.

The poor lad could endure no more. He clung a moment longer to Lion's neck, with a farewell embrace, then fled with a wild, piteous wail into the orchard. He could not save his friend, and he would not see him die.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SQUIRE PETERNOT'S DEADLY AIM.

THEN first the dog seemed to comprehend the nature of these preparations, and the cause of his young master's grief. He struggled violently to get away, but in vain; he had been too securely tied.

Phin had brought the wrong shot-bag (purposely, the squire thought); and during the delay occasioned by this mistake Jack hastened on through the orchard and across the brook, listening momently in grief and terror for the report of the gun.

Suddenly, lifting half-blinded eyes, he saw a tall, lank man with the hair and features of an Indian, and a bottle in his sagging coat-pocket, coming towards him. It was Grodson, the charcoal-burner.

"I 'm lookin' for my pardner," said he. Jack did not heed him. "Have ye seen Old Danvers?" Grodson inquired, stopping in the path; but Jack, full of woe, would have hurried past him. Then Grodson said, "I can tell ye a good thing about your dog."

Jack stopped instantly, and with red, flaming eyes looked into the man's

"JACK THREW HIMSELF UPON LION'S NECK," ETC.

dark face. "I was lookin' for my pardner," said Grodson. "He 's been missin'. Our coal 's in the market, and he had money, and money and Old Danvers never could agree. As he did n't come back last night, I started 'arly this mornin', thinkin' Aunt Patsy might have seen him. I was goin' towards her house, — I was jest gittin' over the fence yender, when her door opened, and I looked to see my pardner come out. But out come a dog instid. It was your dog."

"O, speak quick!" cried Jack; "they 're shooting him now!"

"Shootin' him? what for?"

"Killing sheep!"

"I 'd sooner think 't was t' other dog killed the sheep, — if any 's been killed," said Grodson.

"What other dog?"

"The one I see comin' from over Peternot's way jest arter I noticed your 'n."

"O, come, come! quick, before they shoot him!" Jack pleaded, beside himself with sudden hope and fear.

"Let me tell ye," said Grodson, walking slowly along. "And I must wet my whistle first." He took the bottle from his pocket, and stopped to lift it to his lips; this, then, was what made the surly man so sociable. "I saw another dog," he went on, as Jack dragged him away, "comin' from the far corner of Peternot's pastur', sneakin' along, tail down, like he 'd been up to tricks —"

"O, hurry, hurry!" cried Jack. "I 'll run and tell 'em!" And breaking away from the slow Grodson, he ran for life — for his friend's life — towards the house, and the fatal peach-tree.

He had run but a few rods, when the heavy report of a gun broke upon the morning air, followed by the short, sharp yell of a dog.

"They 've killed him! they 've killed him!" sobbed poor Jack. He ran blindly and desperately on, however, until his feet tripped over a branch, and he fell. "Why did n't you come sooner? why did n't you hurry?" he cried out furiously as Grodson came slouchingly to the spot.

"I could n't," said the collier, taking Jack by the arm, not unkindly. "That was n't the business I come on. I 'm lookin' for my pardner. He had all the money, and the jug. I went on to Aunt Patsy's, and she had n't seen him; then I went over to Don Curtis's, and finally worked my way back here. This is my last drop, if I don't find my pardner." And Grodson finished his bottle. Then he walked on in his shambling way towards the house, with poor broken-hearted Jack sobbing at his side.

Moses had delayed loading the gun as long as possible; and finally, when the buckshot were produced, and he had ostentatiously dropped a rattling charge of them down the old musket-barrel, in the squire's sight and hearing, he discovered that he was out of wadding. Stepping into the house to get some, he quietly emptied the shot out again; then reappearing with a piece of newspaper, he rammed it down upon the wad that covered the

powder. He then poured some priming into the pan, — for it was an old-fashioned flint-lock, — and handed the gun to the squire.

"Don't go too near," he remarked, "for he 's a dreadful savage dog when he 's cornered."

The squire stepped forward, put the muzzle of the musket within a yard of Lion's head, took deadly aim, and fired. It was the powder-flash in his face, and the concussion of the wads, accompanied by the terrible report, which made the dog yell; but he was otherwise unhurt; and there he crouched and trembled, to the utter astonishment of the worthy Peternot.

"Your hand shook; you shot too high," observed Mr. Pipkin, who always had a reason for everything.

"How many buckshot did you put into this gun?" the squire demanded, turning upon Moses.

"Nine," replied Moses, who did not feel called upon to explain that he had afterwards taken them out again. "Did n't you see 'em?"

"Yis, and heerd 'em tu, — I did," said Mr. Pipkin. "Squire did n't go quite nigh enough; 't was too long a range!"

Peternot, stung by this ironical allusion to his marksmanship, looked as if he would like to try another shot at Mr. Pipkin's front teeth, which presented a shining mark just then. But, choking down his wrath, he said, — "I must have put some of the shot into him! But I had n't my spectacles on. I 'll fix him this time. I 'll load the gun myself."

Moses was not inclined to give up the powder and shot; but the deacon, who understood perfectly well the previous trick, beckoned authoritatively to his son. "No more nonsense!" he said; and so Moses, in great disgust, handed the ammunition over to the squire.

"Why did n't you take the flint out?" whispered Phin. "I think it 's too bad," he said aloud, "that ye can't kill a dog, and done with it, 'stead of mangling him this way. How many times does he expect to shoot?"

Peternot, unmoved by these taunts, was reloading the musket in grim silence, when Jack threw himself over the fence and down by Lion's side, in frantic haste, shrieking out, — "'T was the other dog! — Grodson! Grodson!" — And, turning to his poor dumb friend, he searched anxiously to find if he was hurt.

"Ye better wait, 'fore ye fire another charge at that dog," remarked Grodson, putting his long legs over the fence and sitting upon it.

Then, between him and Jack, the whole story was told, acquitting the innocent Lion of the bloody deed for which he had so nearly suffered death. Jack related how he had left him to guard Aunt Patsy's house the night before; and Grodson, how he had seen him come out of her house very early that morning, and meet another dog crossing Peternot's pasture.

"This 'ere dog was goin' straight for this 'ere place," Grodson went on. "T' other dog was makin' tracks for the Basin, near as I could jedge. They met like this," — putting his forefingers together to form an angle, — "only, soon as ever they 'd got near each other, both turned to once, like they 'd come to that spot by agreement to have a quiet fight, and flew at each other.

They paid no attention to me, though I wan't three rods off. This 'ere dog fit shy for a minute, for he seemed to know t' other dog's trick; he was tryin' to git this 'ere dog by the nose. Finally he let t' other dog git a grip of his shoulder; then all of a suddint this 'ere dog, fust I knowed, had t' other dog by the throat. He had a fair holt, and he never loosened his holt from that time only to git a better holt. He chawed that throat up. He shook that t' other dog lively. He chawed and he shook and he bit and he gnawed, as if he jest meant to eat that 'ere t' other dog. He worked over him, I should say, a good half-hour, and when he finally let go, and stopped eatin' and shakin', to smell on him, I should think that 'ere t' other dog had been dead about ten or fifteen minutes. There he lies — I mean that 'ere t' other dog — over in the pastur' now, laid out as han'-some as any dog ever you see. I did n't interfere, for I had a grudge agin t' other dog; — only last week, when I was deliverin' charcoal to the blacksmith over to the Basin, he come at me, I mean the t' other dog, and would 'a' bit me bad, if he had n't snapped too low, and took my boot-leg. I know his owner, — he 's a mean scamp, by the name o' Duffer."

"Duffer's dog! Lion has killed Duffer's dog!" screamed Phineas, wild with delight, and threw his hat into the peach-tree. "That accounts for the bloody chops!"

Jack already had Lion untied, and was crying over him for very joy. All present seemed to share his happiness and triumph, except the squire. He did n't believe the story. There might be another dog; very likely there were two in the scrape. The truth is, Peternot could not bear to miss the opportunity of taking revenge upon Lion for having once done battle with his bull; and, moreover, he knew well that his chances of getting pay for his sheep would be infinitely lessened if he should have Duffer to deal with instead of the deacon. "It 's all a subterfuge!" he declared.

"Old man!" said Grodson, slipping from the fence, and walking up to him, grasping his empty bottle by the neck, "when I say what I see and know, do you tell me I lie?"

"Nay, friend!" Peternot hastened to make answer, taking a step backward. "All you say may be so. But where had this dog been, up to the time when you saw him?"

Jack thereupon offered to produce Aunt Patsy's testimony to the fact that Lion had been shut up all night, and until that very time, in her house.

"A miserable, half-crazy creatur', — what 's her testimony wuth?" muttered the squire; and, turning upon his cane, he walked off in great discontent.

The deacon laughed quietly, and went up and patted Lion and Jack, while Moses, in high spirits, told how he had disposed of the buckshot. Mrs. Chatford and Miss Wansey and Kate, who had retired within the house in order not to witness the slaughter (though it must be confessed that Miss Wansey peeped from the kitchen window), now came out again, and there was great rejoicing.

"I move we all a'journ and go over and look at Duffer's dead dog," ob-

served Mr. Pipkin. The motion was seconded, and carried, — only the women-folks declining to regale themselves with that interesting spectacle. "Won't ye come, Miss Wansey?" said Mr. Pipkin, persuasively.

"No, thank ye, Mr. Pipkin," replied Miss Wansey, politely excusing herself. "My nerves have suffered terribly, a'ready, and I 'm afraid I could n't bear much more."

Men and boys, guided by Mr. Grodson, then proceeded to view the spot where the combat had taken place. Lion accompanied them; and there, over the dead body of his enemy, he received praises and caresses which would have quite turned any weak-minded dog's head.

It took the poor old fellow a long while, however, to recover from the shock his "nerves" had received. From that time he was a greater favorite with the family than ever before; but it was observable afterwards that he had one weakness, which seemed singularly inconsistent with his noble traits of character. He was afraid of guns and of thunder.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME FUN, AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

THAT night Jack had gone to his room, and was poring over Scott's "Lady of the Lake" (which Miss Felton had lent him), by the light of a tallow candle, when Phin's face was thrust in at the door.

"Come quick, Jack! there 's some fellers out here, and they 're going to have some fun with Duffer's dog!"

Phin hurried away and Jack after him. In the back yard they found Moses and the Welby boys; and waiting at the orchard fence were two or three more lads belonging in the neighborhood.

"Where 's Lion?" asked one.

"Tied," said Phin. "Father thinks we 'd better keep him tied nights till the sheep-killing excitement is over."

"There 's been a good many sheep killed about town lately," said Abner; "and everybody thinks now that Duffer's dog was the rogue."

"I was over to the Basin this afternoon," said Don Curtis, coming out of the orchard, where he had been talking with Bill Burbank and another tall fellow, "and I told Duffer the story. He would n't believe it; so, seeing Grodson down by the canal, — he said he was looking for his pardner, — I called him up, and he told all about the dog fight, in a crowd of fellers. You never see a man so mad as Duffer was!"

"Come, boys! it 's dark enough," said Bill Burbank. "What are all these little chaps coming for?"

"We want to see the fun," replied Phineas.

"If you see it, you keep still about it!" said Burbank, threateningly. "Your dog was guarding the old woman's house last night, was n't he?"

"Yes, she was afraid, and I let him," answered Jack. "I thought 't was too bad an old woman like her could n't be left in peace."

"I 'd advise *you* to go home and go to bed!" exclaimed Bill Burbank, displeased at Jack's remark. "Or keep quiet, understand!"

"What are they going to do?" Jack asked anxiously of Moses, as they went through the orchard.

"I don't know, — play a trick on Aunt Patsy, I guess." And Moses hurried on with the crowd.

In Peternot's pasture they were joined by three or four more fellows; so that the company now numbered about a dozen young men and boys, all eager to join in or to witness the sport. Two went off to procure a ladder. Two more seized each a hind leg of the dead dog, and dragged the carcass across the pasture in the direction of Aunt Patsy's house.

"They 're going to take it up on the roof, and drop it down her chimney!" whispered the jubilant Phineas. "Won't she be scar't out of her wits? I 'm glad I 've come! But Bill Burbank is mad as he can be 'cause Abner told Jase, and Jase went and told me and Mose."

"I did n't think any better of Don Curtis, or Dan Williams, or Jim Jones," said Moses; "but I should think Bill Burbank might be in better business. And you too, Ab Welby!"

"I 've nothing to do with it," replied Ab. "Don wanted me to come out, and I thought I 'd like to see the fun, if there was to be any. They ain't going to hurt the old woman, — only give her an awful scare. She 'll think the Old Harry himself has come, when that dead dog tumbles down her chimney!"

"Keep still there!" said one of the ringleaders, in a whisper. "Wait here till the ladder comes." The carcass was dropped upon the ground within a few rods of Aunt Patsy's door. "What 's that, — a light?"

"She never has a light without she is courting," observed Phineas.

"Then Old Danvers is there now!" exclaimed Don Curtis. "Keep back, the rest of you, while me and Bill reconnoitre."

Curtis and Burbank had been gone but a few minutes, when Dan Williams and Jim Jones said they would go and see what had become of them, and also disappeared in the darkness. Then somebody else went to look after Jim and Dan. The remainder of the crowd, soon growing restless, excited by curiosity, stole off one by one after their companions, until Jack was left alone beside the carcass.

"These are the fellows there was danger of my corrupting!" he said to himself. "Well, maybe there was! I might have been guilty of just as mean a trick once." And the former canal-driver stood astonished to find himself the only boy in the crowd whose whole nature seemed to revolt against their mean and cruel designs.

He had been planning how he should get to Aunt Patsy's door, and warn and assist her. But now another way of circumventing the mob occurred to him; and, grasping the dead dog by the leg, he hastily dragged it away in the darkness.

Meanwhile Curtis and Burbank crept up stealthily to the window in which the light was visible. It was but a faint, flickering gleam, within the wretched

abode, — a glow just bright enough for the bundles of rags, wherewith the broken panes were stuffed, to be outlined upon it in all their gloomy picturesqueness. These rags had grown plentiful since heartless youngsters had lately taken to stoning the poor grass-widow's windows.

Hearing voices within, the two self-appointed scouts pinched each other and chuckled in anticipation of some diverting discovery. There was one low, broken pane, from which the rags had been blown away by the wind; through that the sound of voices issued; and presently Burbank, pushing Curtis back with one hand, all in stealthy silence, put his eye at the narrow opening. He gazed eagerly for some seconds, during which Curtis waited impatiently for his turn; then withdrew. He did not chuckle then; and Curtis felt, rather than saw by the glimmer of light on the retiring face, that a sudden and unaccountable change had come over his friend.

With quickened curiosity, Don took his place and peeped. An instant, — and his spirit also went out of him; so that the face, so full of base merriment before, looked confused and amazed — if you could but have seen it — when it was withdrawn.

After him Jim Jones and Dan Bradley took each a peep at the broken pane, and saw and heard, in less than a minute's time, what lasted them, as food for serious reflection, during the remainder of their lives. I doubt if all the sermons they had ever heard, condensed into one, could have

produced so deep and enduring an impression upon those two rude natures, as that momentary glance.

So, one by one, all the members of this thoughtless mob, great and small, looked in at Aunt Patsy's window, — Phineas last; and even that ill-intentioned youngster, the cause of so much mischief, felt abashed and rebuked by what he saw.

J. T. Trowbridge.

WORK.

SWEET wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I 've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I 've been grinding the grist in the mill, hard by;
I 've been laughing at work, while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I 'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I 'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I 'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I 've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I 've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away, every one!"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself;
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle, or be it a rose, —
A secret worth the knowing!"

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun;
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard,
Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

Mary N. Prescott.

HERMY AT THE SHOW.

HERMY WILDE came rushing at Tommy Wilde in a very headlong manner. Now Tommy, being Hermy's brother, was pretty well used to being rushed at, but at this particular moment he was drawing a horse on his porcelain slate, and had just achieved a most beautiful curve for the backbone; and it was rather severe, just as he was about to proceed gently downwards with the line of the tail, to have his arm sent all across the slate, giving such an insane fling to that unfortunate tail as was rather too excited even for a horse in a picture.

"D-o-n-t!" cried the disturbed artist in a prolonged remonstrance, which, it must be confessed, approached a howl.

"Don't!" echoed Hermy, dancing back and forth, and stopping to hug Tommy, and then spinning away again in her overflowing glee; "I guess you'd say 'do!' Tommy Wilde, if you knew what I know. Such fun as is going to be!"

"Well, don't swallow me *whole!*" cried the desperate Tommy, as if he might have been resigned to being swallowed in pieces.

"H-m!" said Hermy, sidling off a little, "you would n't sit marking away on an old slate if you *did* know. We're going," she declared, unable to pout with such wonderful news to tell, — "we're all going to be scattered this summer, papa says so; mamma and the baby and Norah in one bunch, and the rest off somewhere in more bunches, and you and I," she cried, with a final little scream of triumph, "we're to be scattered together, all by ourselves, because we're the noisiest, 'way up to Greenbury, to Mrs. Larkin's own house."

(Mrs. Larkin was Mrs. Wilde's housekeeper.)

"That so?" asked Master Tommy, looking up with some interest, and setting his chin in his hand to take in his sister's news deliberately, like the cool young Yankee he was.

"That's so!" declared downright Hermy. "And there'll be cows, and a regular barnful of hens' nests. And little pigs, and no end of things to feed. And Mrs. Larkin won't stay up there much. Her son's wife lives at the farm-house, and she is married, and is going to take care of us, and we'll go to ride with her husband in carts and real oxen that we can poke with a stick and make run. And we're going just the very minute school's out, and that's in two weeks, and we ride in a stage ever so far at the end of the cars. O Tommy, won't it be splendid?"

"Not so splendid as you think," slowly answered Tommy, turning his horse round to reconstruct his destroyed tail.

"Why not?" asked Hermy, aghast.

"Because you always expect things are going to be splendider than they ever *can* be," said Master Philosopher Tommy, with the solemn air of one who had found out the iron limitations of life.

"Poh! as if you did n't like to have a good time yourself, Tommy Wilde," cried Hermy, spinning away again. "Now *ain't* you glad we 're going to Greenbury? *Won't* it be fun?"

"Why, y-e-s, it 'll be fun, but it won't be all *solid* fun. There 'll be rainy days, and things that won't come right; and there 'll be somebody round to interfere, and not let us do things, — there always is," said Tommy, with his dreadfully wise air. "And the way is to reckon on some bother beforehand, and not go jumping out of your skin thinking it 's going to be all jolly. There 'll be times when you 'll burst up and cry, you know."

Hermy hung her curly head in guilty consciousness of a rather violent style of lamentation in which she was sometimes known to indulge, and which this blunt relative, Tommy, described as "bursting up and crying"; for about a quarter of a second only; then she danced out of the room again, certain that no sorrows could ever shake her more in that paradise of the Greenbury farm-house.

Well, the scattering of the Wilde family took place at the appointed time, and Tommy and Hermy were sent to that blissful abode. After the cars, they had the wonderful stage-coach ride, but Hermy was sound asleep before the end of it, and it is my private opinion that Tommy was too, although he never owned it.

Life went along very merrily indeed to the two city children in the old farm-house, from which Mrs. Housekeeper Larkin soon went away, leaving her young charges with her son's wife, Mrs. Jonas Larkin.

Well, Mrs. Jonas Larkin was very kind to the children, and they rode in carts, and jumped on hay, and made acquaintance with all the children of the neighborhood, and astonished those little people by being a good deal more romping and wild for all sorts of out-door play and adventures than even they were. But, alas! one of Miss Hermy's doleful times finally came on, and this was how it happened.

There was a great affair proceeding that summer in the quiet little town of Greenbury; they were building a new meeting-house, and one day Master Tommy hired himself out as a carpenter there.

Hermy was finishing her plate of huckleberry-pudding, and the rest of the family had quite finished theirs, and left the dinner-table, — not that Hermy was such a very enormous eater, but the farmer's family really despatched their food much more swiftly than she had been accustomed to do, and dinner, especially with huckleberry-pudding, was not to be lost for manners, — so Hermy sat all alone at the table, blacking her red mouth in a very surprising manner, when Tommy came in to *his* dinner.

"Where in this world have you been, Tommy Wilde? Everybody 's done but me, and I 'm done," said Hermy, pushing away her plate with a little sigh of satisfaction.

"I 've been to the new meeting-house that I am going to lath, and I 'm going to begin right straight off, and you bring me my dinner quick, Hannah," called this new workman, with a very high and mighty air, to the "hired help" who was carrying away the dishes.

"Lath? what 's lath?" asked Hermy, setting down her tumbler.

"It 's nailing laths — little flat strips of wood — all over the inside; there 's lots of boys going to, and I am; and you get paid in money; — Jimmy Gardner has lathed twenty-five cents' worth."

"Who 's going to show you how?" asked Hermy.

"Poh! there 's nothing to show; you just take a hammer, and nail ahead. Anybody can lath."

"Can I lath?" asked Hermy.

"No, of course you can't; 't is n't proper for girls."

"Can't I go and see you lath, then?" inquired the restricted wearer of frocks.

"Why, you 'd be getting hit with the hammer, maybe, or splinters in your eyes, or something. It 's all shavings where you stand up, and I don't believe Mrs. Jonas Larkin will let you. There 's men rolling and thumping things about, and there 's ladders and great beams there, all up on end, that might tumble down on your head, and smash it, most likely," argued Tommy.

"They would n't smash my head any more than they would a boy's head," declared Hermy, indignantly, "and I can stand on shavings as well as you can, and I 'm going to ask Mrs. Jonas Larkin!" she said, running from the table.

Mrs. Jonas Larkin was in the back-yard giving the hens and chickens their dinner, and greatly to Hermy's disgust she took quite Tommy's view of the matter.

"You need n't fret, Miss Hermione," said the hired help, Hannah, who gave her opinion on all occasions; "your brother 'll get sick of it fast enough, and be coming home before half the arternoon is up. They won't pay him no money for lathin', — a city gentleman's son; 't is n't likely; *he* can't earn anything; why don't you coax him to go and see the wild beasts? There 's a show come in an hour or two ago, and they 're pitched under a tent down on Deacon Peters's lot; hain't been a show in Greenbury afore this five year."

Hermy did not stay to hear more, but ran to her brother, eager to interest him in the wild beasts.

But the new carpenter held in great contempt the tent in Deacon Peters's lot. He had seen Barnum's, and Van Amburgh putting his head in the lion's mouth, and what should he care for a little one-horse country show? Thus reasoned this superior city youth as he took his dinner in immense mouthfuls. The only thing fit to do in Greenbury was to lath.

"They won't pay you money, anyway; Hannah says so," said Hermy, pursing up her huckleberried mouth with grim satisfaction.

"Nice people they 'd be, building a meeting-house, and not paying their honest debts!" cried virtuous Tommy. "It is n't religious to cheat folks, and I shall tell them so if they don't pay over *my* earnings."

"What do you want money for?" asked Hermy. "You 've got no end of money in your little red bank now, and papa would give you some more if you wrote and asked him."

"Money that 's given to you is no fun," said Tommy. "I can lath as well as Jimmy Gardner, and when I 've earnt twenty-five whole cents, I 'll just show Hannah, and then I guess she 'll keep still. And I 'll give you some of my wages," said Tommy, pushing back his chair from the table, — "I 'll give you half, Hermy."

"Money that 's given to you is no fun," said Hermy, very shortly.

"W-h-y," replied Tommy, taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, by this echo of his own words, "you 're a girl, and is n't somebody going to give you all your money always? Girls can't earn money; 't is n't fit. But a man takes care of himself; and I am going to; and I sha' n't be home till dark." And, snatching his straw hat, away went Tommy.

Hermy remained behind, forlorn enough. There were some books, to be sure, stowed away for those "rainy days" in the trunk of prudent Tommy, who now called back from the gate to tell his sister where they were, that she might amuse herself by reading them, — for he was not an unkind little brother; he was only absorbed in this great idea of lathing a meeting-house.

Hermy went up stairs at last for the books, but they made her feel rather more injured than she did before. They were all about foreign countries and strange animals, that "of course I can never go to see, just because I 'm a girl," sobbed Hermy, throwing down the book. "And here 's wild beasts come a purpose to this very town, all in a tent, and I can't see 'em, and I never saw any wild beasts but once in my life, and that was ever so long ago, and they were so deep in the cages I could n't half see them then."

"Now look here, Miss Hermione," said Mrs. Jonas Larkin, coming up stairs to find Hermy cast upon the floor in tears, — "you just get up and let me brush out your hair nicely, and put you on a clean frock, and then you may go to see little Mary Lee, the minister's daughter; you have n't paid her visit back yet, and you may stay an hour or two, and then ask her to come home to tea with you."

At this proposal the thunder-cloud on Hermy's brow cleared up a little, and she allowed herself to be brushed and put into the clean frock, and by and by she was ringing the bell at the minister's door. But, alas! little Mary Lee had gone in the chaise with her papa to make pastoral calls over the mountain, — a dim region whose very name sounded enchanting to Hermy's fancy, and made her draw a more mournful contrast than ever between her privileges and those of all the rest of the world. She went away very quietly, for Hermy was a proud little girl who seldom "burst up and cried" before people; nevertheless, as she crossed the road a secret resolve was swelling her stormy little heart, to have some fun in spite of fate, and to go somewhere without asking anybody's leave.

Far away in Deacon Peters's lot she heard the faint sound of music, and she saw glittering the tent of the wild-beast show, — a double tent with scalloped red edges. Ah, what splendors there must be within! Soon with a slow, doubtful walk, and then with a hurried run, her little feet were going

towards the lane that led up to the show. The lane abounded in black mud; and the pretty bronze gaiters and fine white stockings which she had put on fresh for the visit to the minister's house were sadly besplashed when she arrived at the door of the tent.

The performance was about to begin, and the crowd, therefore, were all within; indeed, the big-whiskered man who was crying, "Walk in, gentlemen, — walk in, walk in! Great miracle of the age! Musical bears, monkeys, rattlesnakes, and white mice! Only fifteen cents! Now about to begin. Only fifteen cents!" — the big man who was saying all this through his cloud of whiskers had nobody left to say it to just now but one or two of the Deacon's stray cows, and our stray Hermy. "Your money, little Miss."

Now the little Miss had no money at all for the great hand held out to her, and I think she would have made this an excuse for going back; but a kind of blind desperation had taken possession of her, so she pulled off a gold chain that she wore for a necklace, and asked if that would do.

Hermy was so accustomed to have pretty things that she did not at all know their value; but this necklace was of such pure gold and fine workmanship that it was worth more than fifteen dollars even. The big hand, not being an honest hand, was very glad to close over it instead of over fifteen copper cents, and its big owner took up the little girl quite into the neighborhood of his cloud of whiskers and carried her into the tent.

Here the whole band of music was seen to consist of one lean little man with great black eyes, grinding away at a wretched hand-organ. This little man the big man with whiskers seemed to treat with no ceremony at all. He made him leave off grinding and drew him into a corner of the tent, where he muttered something to him which Hermy could not understand. The lean little man's eyes after that grew greater and blacker, and he did not take them from Hermy for a moment. She had to stay beside him, for the big showman told her the place by the organ was reserved for the ladies. He himself took a long pointed stick, and went into the middle of the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the miracle of the age will now begin. The beasts of the forest will sing and dance, and salute the company, — will show themselves, in short, capable of all the accomplishments of civilized man."

The "gentlemen," who were represented by a very rough, noisy crowd, chiefly of great boys, laughed loud and hustled each other; the hand-organ sounded, the showman flourished his stick before a very dirty cage, and the sufferings of the musical bear began. The musical bear had a companion bear with him in the cage, who perhaps had sung duets with him formerly, but had now lost his voice, or had the sense to pretend to lose it, for he lay flat in the bottom of the cage, and the sharpest persuasions of the pointed stick could not make him budge. So all the labors of the performance devolved on this one poor musical bear. He, unfortunate beast, sat up on his tail, and when the stick, which was pointed with iron, punched his unhappy breast, he expressed his feelings by short, dismal

yelps, and that was his singing. Then when the stick was thrust under his fore paws, he so far lost his temper as to clutch it tight, and roll over and over it, and that was his dancing. Likewise, being tickled under his hairy chin in a very exasperating manner with this same stick, poor Bruin would jerk down his head to hold his tormentor fast, and then he was supposed to make a gentlemanly bow.

There were some monkeys in a cage, but Hermy had seen monkeys before; and there were white mice in another cage, but they did nothing but nibble; and there was a rattlesnake in another, much too horrid to look at; and all the cages smelt very ill, and all the place stifled and scared Hermy; but she dared not stir because the lean little man with the great black eyes moved himself whenever she moved, hand-organ and all, and ground away in her ears harder than ever. She wished Tommy was there, and O, she wished *she was n't!*

She hardly knew how to escape. The crowd closed up across the door of the tent, and looked at this nicely dressed little girl with so much surprise, that, to tell the truth, she began to feel that it must be very improper, as well as very disagreeable, for her to be there, and she shrunk timidly behind the organ, and was anxious only to keep out of sight till the performance should be ended.

It was really ended much sooner than usual. The musical bear made

his last bow to the company, and was rewarded with his supper; whereupon the dumb bear immediately came to life and snarled and snatched the biggest half of it. The showman then informed his audience that they must leave; flourishing his pointed stick as if he would very much like to punch them a little to hasten their going. He told them the tent must be struck immediately, as he had a long journey, and a great packing up of rattlesnakes, musical bears, etc. to accomplish; and finally he sent the lean little man with his organ and one monkey half-way down the lane to grind and caper there; so between that attraction and his warnings the tent was speedily cleared.

Hermy thought then was her chance; — for now that she was going home, she had begun to think rather seriously about the necklace that she had paid away; perhaps Mrs. Jonas Larkin would inquire for it, and then what should she say? So making a timid little courtesy, she asked the big showman if he would please give her back her chain, and she would run home and get fifteen cents in money for him. Now the real reason of the big showman's furious hurry to be off was that he knew very well the largest profits he had made in Greenbury were in that gold chain, and he was anxious to be safely out of reach before any older, wiser person should find out the bargain which this foolish little girl had made. So at first he pretended to think that she wished to cheat him; and then, as a great favor, he agreed to take her along with him in his wagon to the house of Mrs. Jonas Larkin, where he would wait in the road, he said, while she ran in and brought out the money, if her intentions were really honorable. The little judgment Hermy had got more and more bewildered in this wrong way she had chosen, until she hardly dared refuse the big showman, but felt herself quite in his power.

She saw the tent taken down, and piled with its long poles into a great red wagon, where were stowed also the rattlesnakes and the white mice; the bears and the monkeys were to come in another wagon with the organ-grinder and a dirty boy (nothing belonging to that tent looked clean), who had helped take down the tent, and who knocked the cages about as if he had a spite against bears and monkeys that nothing could satisfy. Behold, then, our wandering Hermy mounted beside the big-whiskered man on the high seat of the red wagon, and riding across the fields, — "to take the road nearer," he said; but what he meant was to get a long way off from the house of Mrs. Jonas Larkin before he came into the road at all.

When they finally entered the highway at a place that Hermy had never seen before, all her vague fears quite overcame her, and she sobbed and cried outright.

Then the big showman, who had tried to be very amiable, and telling stories to take her attention, put on quite another style and told her very sternly to "hold her yap." That was a dreadful word. Tommy, who was sometimes reproved by mamma for teaching his sister slang words that he had heard out of doors, never, in his worst moments, had said anything to her like "hold your yap."

She sat, shaking with dumb terror for several moments, wondering if the big showman would cut her head off next. Then, when he did not cut her head off, but only whipped up his horse, and drove faster and faster, — the long tent-poles dragging and clattering behind the wagon, — the terrible notion dawned on Hermy's mind that he was going to run away with her, and keep her in a cage like the bears and the monkeys, and show her for fifteen cents all the rest of her life. This idea was so much more dreadful than that of having her head cut off at once, that she could restrain her terrors no longer, but screamed aloud.

Now Hermy was very good at screaming when once she began. The fact was that the same wild imagination which had led her away into this bad company at first, now made her fancy it even worse than it really was.

The travelling showman was far enough from being a very nice man; but then he had no particular desire to cut off little girls' heads, and he knew too well how much trouble little girls are to those who do not love them, to have the least idea of carrying Hermy off for good. His plan all along had been to put her out of the wagon and let her run home when he was quite sure he had taken her so far that she could not arrive there in time to give the alarm, and have him pursued for the theft of the chain. But now, alarmed by her loud shrieks, he stopped, put her quickly down over the wheel to the ground, and, whipping up his horse, vanished by a cross-road, — clattering tent-poles and all.

Hermy was left panting by the roadside, scared out of her five wits. She began, of course, to run directly back by the way she had come, but whenever she heard the sound of wheels, she was so afraid it was that terrible wagon with the clattering tent-poles coming back after her, she hid in the bushes till all was still again.

What with hiding so, and crying her eyes half blind, poor Hermy forgot which way of the road was up and which way was down, whether the house of Mrs. Jonas Larkin was before or behind her. The night was coming on, and she was picturing to herself all the dreadful fates in the world as sure to be hers, when she heard a queer little whoop along the road, and lo! it was the blessed whoop of Tommy, who caught sight of his sister's dress before she had time to make her frightened dodge into the bushes.

There was Mrs. Jonas Larkin, and Mr. Jonas Larkin, and one of the hired men, and Hannah, all out in a troop to hunt up this lost little Hermy, who had not come home to her supper, and who could not be found at the minister's house; these all followed on behind, but it was Tommy who ran ahead and spied the lost one first.

O me! what a rush there was then at Tommy, who never mentioned a word about being "swallowed whole," but who was, I solemnly believe, in a state of mind to have done a little crying himself, only that he immediately began to consider how justice could be executed against that showman. For Hermy made a sweeping confession of all her naughtiness and woe, in the midst of the whole assembly, — Mr. Jonas Larkin, Mrs. Jonas Larkin, hired man, Hannah, Tommy, and all, — and the hired man declared that

"that air raskill was not a goin' to git off so, not as long as Sally" (who was the fast horse of the farm) "could go like a streak o' lightnin' in the little buggy."

So the hired man, who was a monstrously tall hired man, ran back to the farm, as if he wore the seven-league boots, and harnessed up that lightning team in such lightning time that Sally and he and the little buggy met the returning party on foot before they arrived at the farm, Sally tossing her head as if she smelt already the gold chain from afar, and very unwilling to stop even long enough to take Tommy in.

For Tommy had a peculiar sense of some duty belonging to him in this matter. He considered himself the present legal representative of the family whose goods had been purloined. Sally was a fast horse, and to ride behind her to catch a thief was something that Tommy thought he should rather like. So Mr. Jonas Larkin tossed him into the buggy with the hired man, and away went retribution after the showman.

It found him under the shed of a very bad tavern some six or seven miles away on the cross-road. There the tall hired man called on the big-whiskered thief to stand and deliver the said gold chain, and the showman had to do it. The tall hired man desired, besides, to send him to jail at once; but the representative of the Wilde family declared himself satisfied.

Moreover, the just Thomas drew from his pocket and paid over to the showman the sum of fifteen cents for his sister's ticket to the tent, which was precisely his earnings for the afternoon as a church carpenter. The just Thomas paid this over with severe dignity, having his own private opinions as to the character of the creditor, but not choosing to owe even a dishonest man an honest debt. Then away out of the tavern yard rode Tommy and the hired man triumphant; and the big showman crept into the tavern, so overcome with shame that the first thing he did was to spend Tommy's fifteen cents for a glass of whiskey.

As for Tommy, he arrived at the farm of Mr. Jonas Larkin in high spirits; gave a full account of the tavern transaction in an audience of the whole family; put Hermy's gold chain around her neck, looking very grand indeed; then he and the hired man had an extra supper; and fast Sally, be sure that she had an extra supper too.

So Tommy gave up the whole of his earnings for his sister, instead of the half; but I think he enjoyed doing it. Besides his brotherly desire to help Hermy in her trouble, it was quite like the head of a family, and a lord of creation, to be settling up a lady's accounts out of his own funds. Whatever abstract views Miss Hermy had as to the general inferiority of "money given to you," I think she regarded that particular present of money which brought her chain back as very good money indeed. Whether Tommy ever lathed any more I know not; but this I know, that Hermy Wilde never ran away to a wild-beast show again.

Lulu Gray Noble.

ONLY A NEEDLE.

"IT was only a needle, any way," said May, with a slight toss of the head.

"Only a needle!" said grandpa, laying down his paper. "Perhaps you would n't speak so slightingly of a needle, if you knew how many people it takes to make one. How many do you suppose, May?"

"I don't know," answered May, carelessly, for she was just then rumaging mamma's needle-book for another of the right size, and, in fact, she did not care anything about it.

"How many does it take, grandpa?" asked Will, who just came in.

"Between bringing in the steel-wire, and the going out of papers of needles, it goes through one hundred and twenty pairs of hands."

"Whew!" said Will, "what a fuss, to make such a little thing!"

"Yes, it 's a good deal of work, but what a perfect thing it is when done, and how important an implement in the world!"

"I wonder what they did before they had steel to make them of," said Will.

"In very old times," grandpa replied, "they used thorns and fish-bones."

Will laughed. "I should n't like clothes made with those needles."

"You would if you wore such garments as people did then, — furs loosely fastened together. After the day of thorns and fish-bones came gold and bronze needles. A lady who owned one needle then was well supplied."

"Yet they were not half so convenient and perfect as ours," said mamma.

"There 's one thing, though," said grandpa. "Ladies did n't sew so many ruffles then."

"Did you ever see needles made?" asked mamma.

"Yes; I have many a time been all over one of the Redditch factories, near Birmingham, in England."

"O grandpa!" said May, who had forgotten her little pet, "do tell us about it."

"Yes, do!" added Will, who knew that grandpa's stories were always worth hearing.

"Well, where shall I begin, — at the iron-mines?"

"O no!" said May; "we don't care about iron."

"Then I will begin with the wire-drawer. He buys of the iron-workers bars of iron as small as they make them. To make a bar into wire, he sharpens one end of it till it will go through a hole in a steel plate he has; then, with a pair of pinchers, worked by steam, he seizes the end that is through the hole, and pulls the rest of the bar through. That, you see, makes it smaller and longer than it was."

"Of course it is hot," said Will.

"Of course it is n't; it is perfectly cold. To make a fine wire, he has only to draw it through several holes, each one smaller than the last, till

it is the right size. The needle-maker buys wires of this man. His first business is to examine them by cutting off the ends of a few, heating them, and while very hot plunging them into cold water.

"That hardens them; then by snapping them in the fingers, he can judge of their quality. Those that are too brittle are put one side for some peculiar needles. The next thing is to gauge them, to see that they are the same size all through. If the wires are all right, they are then wound in coils on a large wheel. For a medium-sized needle, say a number six—"

"I 'm using a number six," interrupted May.

"Well, for a needle of that size the coil of wire is about two feet in diameter, and a mile and a quarter long."

"How many needles will a wire a mile and a quarter long make?" asked May, laughing.

"It will make forty or fifty thousand," answered grandpa. "To wind it they have a cone-shaped machine—"

"What is a cone?" interrupted May.

"A cone is larger at the bottom than at the top,—a thimble is a cone. The object of that shape is to accommodate all sizes of coils, the larger ones can slip farther down, you see, and still fit tight. From this machine the wire is wound off on an eight-sided wheel. It is then taken from that and cut in two twice, at points opposite each other, making two bundles of wire about three feet long, with seventy or eighty wires in a bundle."

"It must be a nice little job to cut them," said Will.

"It is done in a few seconds, by a pair of shears."

"A pair of shears!" cried May.

"They are different from mamma's shears," grandpa went on; "they look like the grandfather of all shears, and are worked by steam, opening and shutting about twenty times a minute. All the workman does is to hold the bundle into the jaws. Each wire is cut the length for two needles, by a gauge, and then thrown into a box. That is one of the busiest machines in the factory. You 'll think it needs to be worked by steam, when I tell you that it cuts, in the ten hours of a working day, eight hundred thousand needles."

"Do they make so many every day?" asked May.

"In the neighborhood of Redditch there are made one hundred millions of needles every week."

"I wonder where they all go!" said Will.

"The year after our war," said grandpa, "thirty millions a week came to us."

"Why, can't we make our own needles?" asked Will.

"O yes; there are several factories here now, but whether they can't make enough, or whether they can't make well enough, I don't know."

"What do they do to the wires next?" asked May.

"Next they have to be straightened. They were wound on a wheel, you know, and that would bend them somewhat; besides, they get bent in cutting. For straightening they go to another machine. The workman takes two

strong iron rings and packs them full of needles, standing up, you understand. It will hold five or six thousand. When they are tightly wedged in, the rings are put on to an iron table, where there is a groove made to receive them. Over this table hangs a rule, as it is called, which also has grooves to fit the rings. The rule is brought down tight on the bundles of needles, and then by machinery moved back and forth. Of course the bundles of wire turn around, and so tightly are the needles pressed together, that they are instantly made straight. Needle-straightening used to be a trade by itself, and when a manufacturer tried to introduce this simple machine into a factory in England, the straighteners thought they were to be thrown out of work, and they mobbed the man, and drove him out of town."

"Ignorant people are always afraid of progress," said mamma.

"English workmen," said grandpa, "are in general quite ignorant, and they have always fought against any improvement in manufactures. After straightening, the needles are taken to the pointers. These men sit all day at the grindstone. There are twenty-five or thirty of them generally, in two rows down a room, and all driven — the stones, not the men — by steam or water power. The stones are about eighteen inches in diameter, and go so fast they are apt to fly to pieces, so they are partly encased in iron, to hold them together. A workman takes up fifty or sixty wires in his hand, and holds the ends against the stone, at the same time turning them between his finger and thumb, to make the points round. He has a thumb-piece of leather, and it is done in a minute. It is called 'roughing down.'"

"Do they use water on their grindstones?" asked Will.

"No, because it would rust the needles. There 's a great deal of steel-dust flying around these grindstones, and though the workman used to tie a handkerchief over his mouth, he could not help breathing it, and it was very unhealthy. It would give a man the consumption in a few years. He got extra pay on that account. Now here 's another instance of ignorant prejudice. When a machine was invented to drive away the dust, these grinders opposed its introduction, because they would no longer get extra wages."

"They liked a short life, and a merry one," said mamma.

"Life is n't very merry with English workmen," said grandpa, — "he has too hard a struggle to feed his family. This machine drives the dust away from the workmen as fast as it is made; a continual stream of wind is blown on the stone by two immense pairs of bellows, — something like the blacksmith's, only they are worked by steam-power. The wind is turned exactly on to the grindstone; as the dust flies up it is blown back of the wheel, into a sort of box built on purpose, and there it falls harmlessly out of the way."

"Do they make the eye next?" asked May.

"No, you must remember our needle is as yet two needles joined by the heads. In some factories the eyes are cut while in this shape, but in the

one I knew they were separated first. They were cut apart by means of a gauge, a simple yet complete little thing. This is a square piece of copper with two sides turned up to make an edge. Not two opposite sides, but two adjoining sides. You see, they would put a pile of the double needles on the square plate, with all the points resting against one of the turned up edges, and kept from falling off, by the other turned up edge. This plate was just the length of the needle they were making, and the workmen would hold the edge of the plate of needles up to the sharp scissors, which would instantly cut them off. Then he would put in a box those left in the plate, gather up those he had cut off, and, putting them in the plate, have them trimmed, — for they always allow a little waste, so as to be sure and have the needles long enough. Now the needles are finished as to their points. They next go in boxes to the head-flattener."

"Do they flatten their heads?" asked May.

"Look at yours, my dear," said grandpa, "and see if its head is flat."

May looked at it carefully. "I really believe it is, grandpa, but I never noticed it before."

"The head-flattener seizes between his left thumb and finger twenty or twenty-five needles by the points, spreads them out like a fan, then lays each head in succession on a square block of steel, about three inches square each way."

"You mean a cube," said Will, who was studying geometry.

Grandpa smiled. "Yes, I mean a cube. He lays each head on the steel cube, and with a small hammer gives it one blow. That flattens it, and also hardens it, so it must be annealed before the eye can be cut."

"What is annealed?" asked May.

"It is heated and cooled slowly, to make it soft, and more elastic. When it has been annealed it is taken to the piercer. This is a child, — a boy or girl who lays the needle on a block of steel, places a tiny punch on it, and gives it one tap with a hammer."

"It must be a tiny punch, indeed," said mamma.

"It is, and a very ingenious thing. Some factories punch the eye by a stamping-machine, I have heard, — I never saw that. The piercers punch first one side and then the other, and they get to be so expert that they are fond of astonishing visitors by punching a hole in a hair, and threading it with another hair."

"O grandpa!" said May. "I guess you 're funning."

"Indeed I am not, I have seen it done. It is n't any more wonderful than punching the eye in a number twelve needle. The next operator — also a child — has a lump of lead before him; on this he lays the needle, and drives a punch through the eye, which is left very sharp by the first punch, and would cut mamma's thread terribly."

"Yes, I 've used needles that cut in the eye," said May, "and I don't like it very well."

"Well, this child, while the punch is still in the eye, lays the needle over on its side, on a piece of steel, and gives it a tap each side, to make the

eye take the right shape. He can do four thousand in an hour! — at least they say so."

"Now surely the needle is done," said Will.

"No, it has no gutters."

"Gutters!" exclaimed Will, "I 'd like to see the gutters on a needle!"

"Take one and look at the eye," said grandpa; "and I think you will see them."

Mamma handed Will a needle, and he looked at it carefully. "By George! there are little places you may call gutters next to the eye, but I never noticed them before. What 's the use of them?"

"To guide the thread to the eye," said grandpa. "The man who makes gutters takes a needle in a pair of pinchers like the figure 8, lays the head in a groove made on purpose for it, then takes a tiny file, places it on the eye, and with one blow forms the gutter. He turns it over and repeats the operation. Then he takes his file and rounds off the head of the needle, opens his pinchers, and lets the finished needle fall out. In some factories they have stamps for this too, worked by the foot, as mamma works her sewing-machine."

"Is the needle ready to be put into papers now?" asked May.

"O no! it has to be tempered, and —"

"Do needles have temper?" asked May, laughing.

"They would n't be worth much without it," said grandpa. "The way they are tempered is this. They are weighed out in quantities of about thirty pounds."

"How many needles, I wonder," said Will.

"From two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand, according to size. They are carried in boxes to the temperer. He lays them on sheet-iron plates, and heats them red hot. When they are sufficiently hot he takes them out, and suddenly throws them into a cistern of cold water."

"I should think they 'd be lost in a cistern," said May.

"They might in our cistern," said grandpa, smiling, "but that cistern is made on purpose, and the water can easily be drawn off and the needles taken from the bottom. They are then hard and brittle. You know you can't bend a needle as you can a pin; it will break."

"Yes, I know."

"That is because it is tempered. But the tempering is done in another way in some places, — in one place the needles are fried."

"Why, grandpa!" said May, incredulously.

"True, or at least they are put into a frying-pan, with some grease. The grease burns out, and the needles are then tempered. By this time many of the needles are bent and twisted, and they have to be straightened again, before they go on."

"Go on!" said Will, "are n't they done yet?"

"No, they have to be polished, which is the longest and most expensive part of making a needle. For the first operation of polishing — and there are five — the needles are rolled up into bundles in canvas, with emery-

powder and oil between the layers. Each bundle is about one foot long; it holds five hundred thousand needles, and is thoroughly tied with cords. A man takes twenty or thirty of these bundles, puts them in a machine, where they are pressed down, and rolled back and forth by steam-power. This makes every needle rub against the others and the emery. Here they roll for eighteen or twenty hours."

"They must be well polished then," said Will.

"Do you think so?" said grandpa, smiling. "You would n't agree with the needle-makers, who undo the bundles and do them up fresh and roll *ten* times, to make the best needles. When sufficiently rolled they go into wooden bowls with sawdust, to absorb the black grease; nice, dirty-looking things they are too. After the bowls they are put into a cask with fresh sawdust, and turned around till clean in the eye. This operation is also gone through ten times."

"Is n't that a little unnecessary?" asked mamma.

"I suppose not. They would n't be apt to do anything unnecessary in a factory where they make so many. The next operation is winnowing."

"Like winnowing corn?" asked Will, laughing.

"Very much like that. The sawdust and grinding-powder are blown away, leaving the needles bright and clean. They have, however, still another scouring in a copper cask with hot soap-suds. It is turned very slowly around, and they are thoroughly washed."

"I should n't like to wipe them," said May. "I 'm afraid I should prick my fingers."

"Little girls do wipe them," said grandpa; "first they are dried in sawdust or bran, and then every one wiped with a linen rag. Now they go to the sorting-room. This is a very dry room at the top of the building, and here they are laid the same way, as to heads and points, and those with broken points are picked out."

"They must have pretty sharp eyes to see them," said May. "Sometimes I can't see that a point is off, yet I can't sew with the needle."

"The man who does that puts two or three thousand needles in an iron ring, about as big as your napkin-ring, then he very carefully examines the points, and pulls out the broken ones with a hook, which looks as much like one of your jackstraw hooks as anything."

"Do they throw the broken ones away?" asked Will.

"No, they grind them down again, and sell them for an inferior needle. If they are at all bent, they must be straightened again, and then they come to the last operation, — blueing."

"Who ever heard of blueing needles!" cried May.

"They don't do it exactly as Jane blues clothes," said grandpa. "The bluer takes twenty-five at a time, and holds them against a fine hone-stone, turning them briskly around. It gives them a bluish look. Nothing remains now but to put them in the little blue papers we know so well, stick on the two printed slips, and pack them in boxes. One factory keeps busy quite an army of packers."

"I have read somewhere," said mamma, "of two wonderful needles made as curiosities, just to show what could be done. One was presented to some monarch, and was covered with engraved scenes that could only be seen with a microscope. The other, also presented to a crowned head, was still more wonderful, being a needle enclosed in another which opened, to allow the inner one to be removed. This also was exquisitely engraved."

"I don't see how they can engrave so fine as that," said Will.

"They make nothing more wonderful than their tools," said grandpa.

"Well," said May. "I never would have believed it was so much work to make a needle!"

Olive Thorne.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONKEYS.

A FEW evenings ago my nephew, Tom, was in my room seated on an old sextant-box and gazing at the bright fire burning in the old Franklin. He had been perfectly quiet for a long time, something unusual for Tom, while I had been making a man-rope knot in each end of his sleigh-rope. Having finished my bit of "sailorizing," I said, "What are you thinking about, Tom?"

"I was looking at the pictures in the fire, uncle, and wondering if you had ever seen any wild monkeys?"

"Well, yes, a great many."

"In the woods, among the trees?"

"No, I can't say I ever saw many in the woods."

"Where then?"

"Aboard ship, skylarking about decks and in the rigging."

"But they were n't wild ones!"

"I 'm sure I thought them wild enough."

"Tell me about them, will you, uncle?" and he settled himself for a yarn, so I spun him this one.

"Coming home from the last cruise in the East Indies, after working down the China Sea against head winds and calms, we entered the Strait of Sunda one bright morning, and hove to off Angier Point to lay in fresh provisions, as we were not going to call anywhere until we reached St. Helena, and that was a long way ahead. It was n't long after our main top-sail was laid aback before the ship was surrounded by boats from Java, come to trade. These boats were laden with oranges, bananas, yams, onions, limes, chickens, ducks, monkeys, paroquets, Java sparrows, and other birds, the names of which I have forgotten if I ever knew them. The officer's stewards crammed the coops with ducks and chickens, strung the spars and spans between the boat's davits with nets filled with limes, oranges, and vegetables, and hung great bunches, as large as a man could carry, of green bananas on the mizzen stay."

"Green bananas! what did you want those for?"

"We took green fruit to sea and it ripened. We had bananas and oranges a month after leaving the strait.

"That was a busy morning for the officer of the deck. He had a thousand things to look out for. Among them was to keep servants from hanging things on the running rigging. I heard him roar out, 'Who does *that* belong to?' pointing to a net filled with oranges hanging to the main to'-gallant buntlines.

"'Ward-room, sir.'

"'Messenger-boy, send the ward-room steward here,' and when that chap arrived, perspiring from his efforts to keep from being cheated by the bum-boatmen, his 'did you want me, sir?' was received with, 'Yes, I want to *hang* you. Don't you know better than to string your infernal stuff on the running gear, you lubber? Down with that net, and if I find another one in its place I 'll hang you up by the heels.'

"The men forward were laying in their stuff all this while too, but as they had no coops to fill with fowls their purchases consisted principally of fruit. The launch had been rigged up to hold onions and yams for the crew, in the forward part, while her stern-sheets were converted into a pig-pen. Six little black pigs were put in there, and such a squealing as they made when they were lifted out of the boat and over the side by the hind legs, was fun to hear. I was standing by the fife-rail around the main-mast when Brown, chief bo'sun's mate, came to the officer of the deck, and asked, 'Could the men buy a few birds and monkeys, seein' as we 're hum-ward bound, sir?'

"'Yes, yes, buy anything you like except a drove of jackasses. We 've got lots of them aboard now.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Brown, with a sly look as he went off forward. Soon after I saw him coming down the jacob's-ladder with a big black monkey in his arms, and on each side of the monkey's head was a tuft of white hair. 'Pon my soul, I think in less than ten minutes half the men in the ship owned a monkey apiece. I wanted to bring a monkey home, so I called Brown to know if he could get me one. 'Not such a big beast as that one of yours, Brown, because the youngster I want it for is n't as large as that himself.' I meant you, Tom. You see, I thought of you as the little chap you were when I went away, forgetting you were growing all the years I was gone. Soon Brown returned with a brown monkey, about as large as a half-grown kitten in his arms, and said, 'Here 's one, sir, you can carry in a bird-cage. He 's the commonest kind, but he has his growth and looks a bright little chap. Will you have him, sir?'

"'Yes; what did you give for him?'

"'Not much. Only an old flannel shirt, sir.'

"I took my new pet below to my room, called a ward-room boy and sent him with my compliments to the paymaster, to ask if his steward could give me an empty soap-box to make a cage for my monkey. When the box arrived we nailed slats across one side, put in Tom (as I had named the monkey), and sent him down on the orlop deck near the paymaster's store-

rooms until I had time to make his acquaintance. I went again on deck, and soon after all boats were ordered away from the ship, the main-yard was braced up, and the ship filling away started on her long journey toward home. Most of the monkeys were tied fast to the launch on the booms, and it was amusing to see their different modes of expressing fear and surprise while the orders, calls from the bo'sun's pipes, rattling of blocks, and tramping of the crew attendant on the bracing of the yards were going on about them. My station was in the waist to windward, and as I had n't much to do I watched the monkeys. Some tugged at the lanyards that held them fast until I thought they would break their necks. Others crouched down, holding their hands over their ears, and were *dumb.* Others again jumped up and down, chattering in a loud shrill voice, while Brown's big black rascal gave vent to *his* feelings by spanking every monkey he could reach, preserving the most grave expression of countenance during the performance. We passed through the strait with a fair wind, and after filling away I was n't on deck again, except for a few moments at evening quarters, until four o'clock the next morning, when I relieved the deck.

"At daylight a person by shutting his eyes could easily imagine himself in a barn-yard from the squealing of pigs, quacking of ducks, and crowing of cocks. I was standing on the ladder leading from the quarter-deck to the poop, looking to windward, when a young rooster ventured a crow and made a miserable failure of it. I heard the man at the wheel say to old Harrington, a quartermaster, 'Nice song *that* bird 's got.'

"'That 's an East Ingee rooster. You don't expect him to crow Yankee the first day aboard, do ye?'

"That day the men began making clothes for their monkeys, and in a short time they were all fitted out in complete 'man-o'-wars-man's' style. They objected to being dressed up at first, and had to be well cuffed before they would keep their clothes on after being let free. All excepting Brown's monkey, who seemed to have made up his mind to submit to anything but having his tail pulled by the others. Before many days the men had their monkeys trained so that when the crew was called to quarters, morning and evening, every monkey knew his master's station and went to it regularly. At Sunday morning inspection they presented an amusing spectacle, — all dressed in complete rigs just as the men were, standing in line with the men, opposite the guns, looking as grave as possible, until the commanding and executive officers came along, when up would go their arms and off would come their caps in true man-of-war style. After the officers had passed they would n't put on their caps again, but dropped them on deck, and they could never be taught to put on a cap themselves.

"One of the messenger-boys had a ring-tailed monkey that used to hang itself up by the tail and go to sleep with its head hanging downward. It was an affectionate little thing, but had a disagreeable habit of curling its tail about the neck of a person when carrying it. It became quite fond of me, and got in the habit of meeting me at the top of the ward-room ladder when I came up from dinner. I always had some sugar or fruit for it, after eating

which it would get on my shoulder and thank me by putting its tail around my neck, laying its cheek to mine, and with one hand rub my nose, all the time keeping up a queer cooing sound. The tail felt so much like a rope about my neck I was forced to dispense with Sue's (that was its name) thanks. One dark squally night in the Indian Ocean, I had the mid-watch and was standing just abaft the mizzen rigging on the poop, absorbed in watching the weather to windward, when all at once something lit on my shoulder, gave a quick squeal close to my ear, and put something around my neck. It was poor little Sue, who had found me out and taken that method of showing her delight. I think I was never more startled for an instant, and the next I was angry, so holding the poor little beast by the neck with one hand I boxed her ears soundly with the other and let her go. She perched herself in the stern-sheets of one of the quarter-boats and continued to cry and chatter until I was relieved and went below at four o'clock. I never could get Sue to come near me after that. No amount of lumps of sugar would tempt her to let me touch her.

"That Tom of mine never acknowledged me as his master. He was the only officer's monkey on board, and he became a great favorite aft. Most of his time was spent in the executive officer's room, where he amused himself principally by looking in the glass at his own reflection. He used to sleep in a big chair in that room, and in the morning after Mr. P—— had had his bath Tom would get in the tub of his own accord and take his. After being rubbed dry, a performance he seemed to delight in, a teacup with water in it was handed him, when he would clean his teeth, using a finger in place of a brush. Tom occasionally called on the captain in his cabin, where he was always kindly received and usually regaled with lunch. He called one day when the commanding officer was busy, and instead of withdrawing he set about entertaining himself. He got into the captain's state-room off the cabin and found a drawer open, in which, among other things, were a pot of pomatum and a wide-necked bottle containing sugar-coated pills, off which Tom lunched right royally. He was discovered sitting on the edge of the drawer gravely swallowing alternate doses of pomatum and pills. Well, Tom was carried to the cabin door and sent by a messenger-boy to me, with an account of what he had had for lunch, and soon after a sicker monkey never was seen. He recovered, however. After that, when we wanted to see funny faces and actions we would tie Tom fast and show him a bottle with pills in it.

"Brown's monkey became very much attached to the carpenter's mate, and would sit for hours watching him at his work. If the man had occasion to use his chalk-line the monkey's delight was complete. Give him a piece of chalk and he would wander about decks all day making marks wherever they would show. This monkey's name was Ned, and he was a very polite monkey. No matter what he was doing, if a person came to him and said, 'How do you do, Ned?' he would drop (I never saw a monkey *lay* anything down) whatever he had in his hands, rub them on his back, look to see if they were clean, then present the right one for a shake. It was

through Ned I learned how fond monkeys are of carrots. I was going to look at the little pigs one morning, and had a carrot in my hand to give them. Ned was perched on the boom-cover, and as I stopped to shake hands with him he took hold of the carrot. I let him have it, thinking he would taste it and throw it down, but he took a big bite as though he liked it. He was about to take a second one when a big brown monkey jumped off the hammock-netting, ran across the deck, leaped up on the booms and gave Ned a slap aside the head that laid him flat. Ned dropped the carrot, of course. Brownie picked it up and started for the netting, but he had n't got more than half-way across decks before there were eight other monkeys after that carrot. Such a fight! They knocked each other down, pulled hair, bit, and chattered like mad. In the midst of the row a little monkey got the carrot, and, holding it in his mouth, away he went aloft by the main royal backstay. I used to have lots of fun by giving a carrot to two monkeys; one hold of each end. They would hang on with one hand and cuff with the other, and the monkey that could stand the most cuffing would get the carrot.

"Crane, captain of main-top, had a brown monkey called Bess, and Stell, a bo'sun's mate, had a kind of cream-colored one named Pete. After much trouble these two monkeys were taught to waltz together to the music of a violin. At first the dance invariably broke up in a fight between Bess and Pete, much to the delight of the other monkeys, who crowded around and enjoyed it immensely. I had the deck one afternoon, when Crane came aft and said, 'Will you send our respects to the captain and officers, sir, and ask them to come on deck at four bells' (six o'clock) 'to see Pete and Bess dance?'

"Well, at four bells we assembled on the lee side of the quarter-deck, when the monkeys were brought aft. Pete was dressed in a black dress-coat, white vest, black pantaloons, white necktie, standing collar, and stove-pipe hat. Bess had on a white silk dress with a long train, and a bonnet with a feather in it. (The feather, I think, came out of the captain's parrot's tail.) Pete was wonderfully opposed to wearing his hat, and was continually snatching it off and throwing it on deck. Stell said it was out of respect for the officers. Bess occasionally gave her bonnet-strings a twitch, but with that exception she was very ladylike. Finally the music struck up, Stell let go of Pete's hand, Crane of Bess's, and the two monkeys seizing each other around the waist waltzed off in perfect time to the music. Bess handled her trail so as not to interfere with the gentleman monkey's legs, and Pete seemed to know it was n't proper to dance with his hat on, so when he got fairly underway he snatched it off. The performance was heartily enjoyed by all, and the captain said his sides ached from laughing. He ordered a lunch of oranges and loaf-sugar for Pete and Bess, but before they were permitted to partake of it their fine clothes were taken off, for fear they might get stained.

"We arrived on the coast of America in the winter-time, and before reaching the navy-yard at Charlestown we had very severe weather, during

which the poor monkeys were great sufferers, and many of them died, little Tom among the number. Three or four monkeys would huddle together under an old pea-jacket or a blanket, and cry 'Ooh! ooh! ooh!' at their vain endeavors to keep warm."

"Why did n't you put them by the fire, uncle?"

"There is no fire on board a *sailing* man-of-war, Tom, except in the range where the cooking is done, and that is put out always by eight bells (eight o'clock) in the evening. Of course we would n't have a lot of monkeys around where the cooking was going on, for they are not very neat little animals.

"Ned, Pete, and Bess lived to go ashore with their masters after the crew was paid off. I never saw Pete and Bess after that, but one day while going from the navy-yard to Boston I met Brown in a street-car, with Ned on his lap wrapped up in a shawl. They were on their way to take the cars for New York. I put out my hand and said, 'How do you, Ned?' He looked at me for a moment, then gave me his hand rather reluctantly and cried, 'Ooh! ooh! ooh!'"

Tom looked at the fire for a few moments, then said, "I wish that monkey, Tom, had lived to get here, I would have kept him by the stove till warm weather, then he 'd have been all right."

M. W. McEntee.

PUSSY-CLOVER.

PUSSY-CLOVER 's running wild,
  Here and there and anywhere,
Like a little vagrant child
  Free of everybody's care.

All unshaded roadsides know
  Pussy-Clover's sunburnt head,
That by cabin doorsteps low
  Lifts itself in tawny red.

Lady-Rose is shy and proud;
  Maiden-Lily bashful-sweet:
Pussy-Clover loves a crowd, —
  Seeks the paths of hurrying feet.

When tow-headed children run
  Jostling to the railway track,
Pussy-Clover 's in the fun,
  Nodding forward, nodding back.

Matters little who sits there,
  In the thundering car swept by:
Blossoms bow, and children stare,
  Neither offering reason why.

Downy heads to hoary turn;
  Scarcely noted is the change:
But the fair world's face grows stern, —
  Wayside blossoms wan and strange.

Like all faithful, homely things,
  Pussy-Clover lingers on
Till the bird no longer sings,
  And the butterfly is gone.

Pussy-Clover looks the same,
  Leaning on her stiffened stalk,
Brushing feet of child and dame
  Up and down the chilly walk.

When the latest asters go,
  When the golden-rod drops dead,
Then, at last, in heaps of snow
  Pussy-Clover hides her head.

Lucy Larcom.

THE KING OF BIRDS.

LITTLE ELLA had been reading in an old copy of "Our Young Folks" the story of "The Veteran Eagle," * which the boys of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers carried with them into the war.

"One of the companies had a staff for him," said she, "and carried him in place of a flag; and he went through ever so many dreadful battles. When the guns were roaring and the bullets flying all around him, he would give loud, wild screams, and fly about through the clouds of smoke, and always come back to his perch; and he was never hurt, and not one of the eagle-bearers was wounded; and the men all believed that as long as they had him with them they would come off victorious, — and they did! I wonder if that eagle is alive now, and if he appears so glad, and flaps his wings at sight of a soldier's uniform, as he did when he first came out of the war!"

"That was a bald-headed eagle," said Rufus.

"No, it was n't; it was a white-headed eagle!" Ella declared; and the two were getting into a warm dispute on that point, when, fortunately, Cousin Tim walked in. He smiled when Ella, eagerly turning over the leaves of her magazine without finding the authority she was in search of, referred the question to him.

"You are both right," said he. "The bald eagle and the white-headed eagle are different names for the same bird."

"Is he really bald?" asked Rufus.

"Not at all, though he looks to be in the distance. The plumage of his body is brownish, while his head and neck are thickly covered with snow-white feathers. This peculiarity is very striking, and it gives him a hoary, venerable aspect. He is, in fact, one of the most noble and majestic of birds to look upon, — quite worthy, in that respect, to have been chosen for our national emblem. Not so worthy in other respects, however, I am afraid."

"Why not?" cried Ella, warmly.

"According to all accounts the white-headed eagle is a sad coward. A good smart rooster put into a cage with one will whip him. Dr. Franklin regretted that he had been selected as the representative of our country, declaring that he was a bird of bad moral character, and that he did n't get his living honestly."

"How so?" Ella demanded.

"You have read, have n't you, how he lives by robbing the fish-hawk? Like that second cousin of his, he is extravagantly fond of fish; and it is his love of them which keeps him near the shores of the sea, or of the great rivers and lakes. But he never does any honest fishing for himself if he can help it. When compelled by hunger to do so, he wades into the

* See the number for October, 1866, in which the bird's portrait appears.

water like a heron, and catches the fish in a very awkward manner with his claws. He much prefers to let the osprey, or fish-hawk, fish for him. He chooses his perch on some high tree, and keeps watch, while in the distance the osprey circles about over the water, looking sharply for fish below. The eagle knows every motion of the other bird, and, according to Wilson, the onithologist, when a fish is about to be struck, he stretches out his eager neck and balances his wings. Suddenly down goes the osprey, strikes the water with a resounding splash, and rises screaming with a fish in his talons. Instantly the eagle launches himself upon his powerful wings and starts in pursuit. He mounts above the osprey, and threatens him with terrible screams, compelling him to drop his prey in order to save himself. Before the fish strikes the water, down comes the eagle, swift as lightning, seizes it, and mounts upward again, with a rushing of wings that sounds like distant thunder. Then he flies away to his perch and eats his ill-gotten dinner at his leisure or feeds his young in their nest."

"That does look kind of mean," said Ella. "But is it any worse than catching the poor fish in the first place? *We* don't think it is so very bad to make other people work for *us!*"

"Does n't the white-headed eagle catch any prey for himself?" Rufus inquired.

"O yes; and he sometimes shows a good deal of sagacity in doing so. Where he can't get fish he will try waterfowl; but as they dive readily and get away from him, he takes his mate with him, and they help each other in this way: one swoops down at a time, while the other circles above, ready to strike at the bird the moment it comes up to breathe. Thus they take turns, and keep the poor duck or goose under water until its breath and strength are exhausted, and it at last falls an easy prey."

"What! do they kill wild geese?"

The Eagle and the Swan.

"Yes, and still larger game. Audubon, the celebrated writer upon American birds, tells us how the white-headed eagle attacks the swan. It is a thrilling description, — if I could only remember it. A pair of eagles are on the watch, and they call to each other from tree to tree, across the Mississippi. They pay no attention to the wild ducks that fly past, they are waiting for nobler game. At last a trumpet-like note is heard; it is the cry of the swan, flying above the river. As she is passing the male eagle darts from his perch 'like a falling star,' and with a fierce scream strikes at the great white bird. She tries to escape by plunging into the water, but the eagle, by his superior powers of flight, darts beneath her, and strikes up at her with his terrible talons. Her strength is soon exhausted in trying to elude him, and, watching his chance, he seizes her under the wing in such a way as to make her fall slantingly to the nearest shore. Then the poor dying swan is at his mercy; he exults over her, calling his mate with triumphant cries, and they tear her flesh between them."

"O, the beautiful swan!" said Ella. "I shall hate the eagle, if he does such things!"

"It is his nature; you must remember that he was created a bird of prey; it was for this reason that his cruel beak and talons were given him. These are sharp and hooked, and he can strike and tear with them in a fearful manner. A Scotch gentleman once had a tame eagle which his servant one day struck with a whip. About a week afterwards the servant happened to come within reach of the bird, where he was chained to his perch, when the eagle — who had treasured up his wrath against him all that time — struck back. One blow was enough. Luckily that sent the poor fellow beyond his reach, or he would probably have killed him. The uproar brought assistance, and the servant was picked up stunned, and covered with blood from his wounds. The bird at the same time broke his chain and flew away never to return."

"Are eagles easy to tame?" said Rufus.

"Yes, when taken young, and they sometimes become much attached to their keepers; but they are commonly dull, uninteresting, and ungainly birds in captivity. They are magnificent on the wing, but their walk is exceedingly awkward. Their feet seem to have been given them for grasping, not for motion. Do you know why it is that eagles — and indeed all perching birds — find it so easy to cling to their roost, even in sleep?"

The children could not tell, but were eager to know.

"The muscles of the bird's leg and foot are found to be so contrived that the mere bending of the leg draws up the cords and shuts the claws, so that when at roost it has only to rest its weight upon its bent leg, and the foot of itself clings to the perch. In fact, the claws cannot open as long as the leg is bent. You have noticed how a hen shuts her claws every time she lifts her foot in walking? She can't help doing so. The eagle in walking bends his leg as little as possible, but shuffles along with sprawling claws, in a very ridiculous fashion. But when he comes to striking and clutching with his talons, then he throws all the weight of his body on the

The Eagle showing his Paces.

bended leg, and buries the sharp claws in the flesh of his victim. A gamekeeper in Ireland once came upon an eagle that had fallen asleep after gorging itself upon the flesh of a sheep, and he conceived the idea of taking it alive. So, approaching softly, he threw himself upon it, and clasped it in his arms. The bird, however, struck the talons of one foot into his breast with such force that the hind claw met the others deep in the flesh, and there stuck. The bird could not have got away if it would, and the man could n't disengage it. He finally strangled it, but even then he could n't get the claws out of his breast; so, cutting off the leg with his knife, he walked to the nearest village with the foot still clinging to him, and had it taken away by a surgeon."

"I guess that man did n't want to catch another eagle alive!" exclaimed Rufus. "I should think eagles would sometimes in that way get hold of animals that would prove too much for them."

"They are not apt to attack any creatures which they are not sure they can master. The golden eagle, however, which is a good fisherman, striking his prey as the osprey does, sometimes clutches a fish too strong even for his powerful wings, and is drawn under the water and drowned. A large pike has been captured, bearing in his back the claws of an eagle, the body of which had decayed and been eaten by other fishes in the water."

"I wonder how the pike felt dragging the dead eagle about with him!" said Rufus. "I guess he was glad when he had nothing but the claws to carry. Are there golden eagles in this country?"

"They are found almost all over the world," replied Cousin Tim, — "in Europe, and in parts of Asia, Africa, and America. They are among the largest of the eagles. The spread of their wings measures eight or nine feet, from tip to tip. The females — as is the case with all the birds of prey, I believe — are larger than the males. The golden eagle does not strike its prey in the air, but pounces upon it on the ground, sometimes from a great height. It soars in circles high above the earth, watching for any hare or lamb or grouse that may expose itself, then suddenly darts downward with inconceivable swiftness, paralyzing its victim with fear and the buffet of its wings. They have sometimes been known to carry off young children."

"O yes!" cried Ella. "I read the other day a story of three children, — somewhere among the Alps, I believe; one was an idiot, one was a deaf and dumb little boy, and the other was a baby. Their mother went out one day where they had been at play, and found the baby was gone, — the idiot was dancing for joy, while the dumb little boy seemed dreadfully frightened. Neither could tell what had become of the baby, and nobody knew till the next day, when an eagle flew over; then the idiot danced again, and pointed at the bird, while the dumb boy clung to his mother, frightened, just as he appeared the day before. Then she knew that the eagle had carried off her baby, and that the idiot was glad to be rid of taking care of him."

"I should say *idiot!*" exclaimed Rufus.

"Of course they did n't expect ever to see their little baby again," continued Ella. "But what do you think? A hunter had climbed up the mountain to the eagle's nest, in hopes of shooting the old one when it came to bring food to the young eagles. He saw her come, and he was just going to shoot, when he heard an infant cry; then he saw it had brought a baby to its nest. And, will you believe, he killed the eagle and carried the little baby — alive — home to its mother the next day!"

"I should think the eagle's claws would have killed it," said Rufus.

"Probably its dress was some protection," said Cousin Tim. "Eagles often carry off their prey alive, when the first shock of their wings and talons does n't cause death."

"O, how must a little lamb feel, carried through the air to the eagle's nest!" said Rufus. "Is its nest always very high?"

"The white-headed eagle builds its nest in the top of some tall tree. But the golden eagle chooses a platform or shelf of rock, on the side of some high cliff; there it throws together a mass of sticks and rubbish, under some projecting ledge, lays its eggs, and rears its young. Boys — and men — sometimes try to rob the nest, but it is a hazardous undertaking. Even when it is easily reached by climbing, the attacks of the parent birds, defending their young, are greatly to be dreaded. They strike terrible blows

with their wings. Two boys in France were once robbing an eagle's nest when the old one returned and flew at them. They beat her off with clubs; when she went to a little stream near by, wet her wing, and afterwards dragged it in the sand, to make it heavier, and then attacked them again with such force and fury that they barely escaped with their lives."

"Was n't that a bright idea," exclaimed Rufus, — "covering her wings with sand! I did n't think the eagle knew so much."

"I told you how white-headed eagles hunt waterfowl in pairs," replied Cousin Tim. "Golden eagles show similar sagacity in hunting hares. One beats with great noise and clamor the bushes, where the hares remain

The Eagle and the Fish.

under cover during the day, while its mate stands ready to pounce upon the first one that runs out. The eagle has been known to follow a party of hunters, and to swoop down and snatch up before their eyes a hare they had started out from its cover. A gentleman was once fishing, when, having caught something he did n't care to keep, he threw it after a while back into the water. What was his astonishment, as the fish floated away, to see an eagle dash down, seize it, and carry it off in his talons!

"Eagles live to a great age," Cousin Tim went on; "and stories are told of some that have been kept in captivity a hundred years, outliving two or three generations of men."

"How much does an eagle weigh?" Rufus asked.

"Not so much as you would suppose, from the enormous spread of their wings. It is a large-sized golden eagle that weighs more than twelve pounds."

"Why are they called golden eagles?" Rufus asked.

"They get that name from the color of the feathers on the head and neck, which are a rich golden red," replied Cousin Tim. "Have you read Tennyson's description of the eagle? It is one of the finest bits of poetry in the language.

"He clasps the crag with hookéd hands;
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

The Golden Eagle.

"Why, Cousin Tim, I did n't know before that you cared for poetry!" said Ella.

"I like poetry — that is poetry. How much there is in some of those lines! *Ringed with the azure world,* — that takes you up there with the eagle, where the blue distance stretches to the circle of the horizon on every side. The sea is so far off, below him, that, with its great billows, it seems merely to *crawl.*"

"I have heard," said Rufus, "that the eagle can gaze steadily at the sun without being dazzled."

"I don't know how that is, but I hardly think it is true; for, strong and piercing as his sight is, nature has seen fit to give him a curious protection to it. Just over the eye there are some thick, projecting feathers that form a sort of roof to shade it."

"And I have read," said Rufus, "that eagles sometimes fly so high that they go out of sight."

"That is certainly true; and, what is curious, they have been seen to do so without apparently moving their wings."

"How do you explain that?" asked Ella.

"I can't explain it, and I don't know that anybody can. The eagle, the condor, the osprey, and some other birds, have this wonderful power. Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, watched carefully the condors of South America, and could not see that they ever flapped their wings except in rising from the ground. For hours they would go circling round and round, rising higher and higher, with their wings outstretched and perfectly immovable, for ought he could see, — and they were sometimes between him and the horizon, when very slight motions would have been noticeable. Occasionally they would make a violent movement with the head and neck; and they would partially close their wings when they wished to sweep downwards, but then they rose again by merely spreading their wings, without flapping. The osprey is seen to work its way against a strong wind by the same still invisible power."

"I 've heard that the bones of birds are made hollow, so that they can fill them with air, and that that makes them lighter," observed Rufus. "Perhaps when the condor works his neck in that way he is pumping the air in!"

"There is something in the hollow character of the bones, and the rarefied air that fills them, no doubt," replied Cousin Tim, laughing. "But I don't know about the bird's pumping the air into them! And even if he could, how would that carry him round and round, even against the wind?"

"I have seen a hawk fly in that way, — but every once in a while he is obliged to move his wings," said Ella. "Is n't a hawk something like an eagle? I like to imagine so when I see one sailing round over my head."

"The hawks belong to the same great family with the eagles, and there are many points of resemblance between them, — the strong hooked beak and talons, the powers of flight, and the habit of pouncing upon and carrying off their prey. They all belong to the order of *Accipitres,* or birds of prey, and the family of *Falconidæ,* or falcons."

"How many kinds of eagles are there?"

"More than I have time to tell you about now. Besides those we have named, there is the imperial eagle, the largest of them all; — this magnificent bird was the national emblem of the ancient Romans, as the white-headed eagle is of our own country. Then there is the bold eagle of Australia; the martial eagle of South Africa; the great sea eagle of Northern Europe (which the Norway peasants catch by baiting him on the roof of a hut and hauling him through an opening by the legs); and the Bird of Washington, discovered by Audubon, and named by him, though nobody else has ever seen it, and its very existence, as a distinct species, is now doubted. Then there is — but enough about eagles for to-day!" said Cousin Tim, catching up a croquet mallet, and challenging the children to a game.

The Hawk and his Prey.

Harvey Wilder.

MOLASSES, SOFT-SOAP, AND CIDER.

A LADY recently told me the following story, as being a day's adventures of her nine-years-old son.

Harry is always engaged in some mischief; and his pranks are so laughable that I can seldom keep on a sober face long enough to punish him. Nearly a year ago there came a strolling theatrical troop to town. They played tragedy and comedy, performed pantomimes, and did the negro-minstrel business to perfection; so the boys thought. But what my son Harry most admired was the play of Toodles. This he determined to reproduce in his own theatre with new and unheard-of effects.

There was new scenery painted on an old sheet, with straws from a new broom, by Bunkey Burnett; intricate stage mechanism whittled out with a jack-knife, by Blousey Shaw; old costumes made to look as good as new, by Tommy Bonnerbump, assisted by his sister-in-law, Sally Threadneedle; new appointments by Tim Pennyfeather; new and original music, to be performed on new and very original instruments by the orchestra, under the direction of Pat Govanni, an Italian from Ireland, — the whole play to be produced under the supervision of Harry Bateman, stage-manager.

The above stupendous bill wound up with the following: —

"*Tickets purchased of speculators on the sidewalk will be refused at the door!!!*"

The stage was erected in the woodshed, and reposed on four saw-horses. The floor consisted of two old barn-doors spliced together. The drop-curtain was a second-hand horse-blanket. The parquet and dress-circle were filled with large sticks of wood, too tough to split, set up on end. These were called chairs. What the management called galleries were two window-sills. These were usually occupied by small boys at quarter price. One private box this theatre had for the use of the aristocracy. It consisted of a second-hand cupboard or wardrobe, and was mounted on wheels. Purchasers of this private box were allowed the privilege of having it placed in any position they wished.

Two "horrid big boys" once demanded that the private box should be placed in exactly the middle of the stage. To this the whole management objected. The two horrid big boys twitted them of "going back on their word," and triumphantly held up the management's own bill and programme, which read in huge letters — PRIVATE BOX PUT IN ANY POSITION DESIRED. The management had to succumb. The whole company, male and female, were ordered out to move it. After great difficulty and several mishaps it was hoisted into position. When the play commenced the company found that it obstructed the stage so much that there was not room for them all to perform at one time. So part of the actors had to get down and play in the parquet. This made the *attachés* of the theatre very much vexed; but the audience were hugely pleased, and during the performance were convulsed with laughter. Imagine for instance the same thing in Boston at the Globe, or in New York at Niblo's!

The play was Toodles, and was received with great applause. When that was over the company did the "nigger-minstrel" business. Harry's face, neck, and hands were made as black as black could be, with burnt cork.

Meanwhile Harry confided to the bones-man and the banjoist the plan he had formed to "get square" with the two occupants of the private box. They willingly promised to assist him. The moment the performance was over Harry and his partners rushed for the private box, violently shut the door, fastened it with a broom-handle, and then kicked the whole concern over. As it fell, the two aristocrats inside gave a yell of rage, and threatened to lick the whole company "like blazes." "When you catch us," the boys shouted. Then they beat a retreat, each one going in a different direction.

My Harry ran into the cellar, fastened the door, and then crouched down in a corner.

In a few moments the late occupants of the private box arrived at the cellar door, vowing vengeance. But the door was too stout to be easily broken. They gave up all hopes of wheedling him out on pretence of friendship, and at last with hammer and nails they fastened him in. On going away they bade him "by by," "hoped he would have a good time," and furthermore they invited him in a very sarcastic manner "to call up and take dinner with them at four o'clock, — that is, if he could get out."

There was no escape for poor little Harry, as they very well knew, until I

should get home at six o'clock and release him by opening the inside door which communicated with the pantry. The windows to the cellar were those called bull's-eyes, and they were so small that Harry, slender as he was, could not squirm through them. He found that it was impossible to get out without help. That was not to be had, as all the family were away, and we lived at the end of a long avenue, — too far from any neighbors for him to make his voice heard. The dear little fellow realized the situation, and accepted it without a bit of whining. He lay down on the top of two soap-boxes and went to sleep.

In about two hours he awoke very much refreshed, but, as he told me, very hungry. There was plenty of food of various kinds in the cellar on a swinging shelf, but it was too high for him to reach. So he jumped up and stood on the edge of a soft-soap barrel. He leaned forward and grasped an apple-pie. As he was leaning back he slipped, and went souse into the soft-soap up to the neck. Then, in floundering around, and trying to get out, he tipped himself and the soft-soap over.

They both came sprawling out simultaneously. In struggling to get up from the floor, which was very slippery, Harry stumbled against the now empty barrel. Exasperated, he drew up his foot and gave it a smart kick.

It rolled back, and knocked out the faucet to a barrel of molasses. Now followed a great flood, — molasses and soft-soap, in great quantities, mingled together, — enough to float the little "*City of Ragusa.*" But the best of it, or rather the worst of it was, that Harry did not know that the molasses-barrel had been broached. It was very dark in the cellar, and even if it had not been, he might not have discovered the leakage; for the barrel, which he so unfortunately kicked, lay close up to the stream of molasses which was running, so that Harry did not then discover it, and it slid into the soft-soap so easily that he did n't hear it running. The fact is, the boy's mind was on his new suit of clothes during all this catastrophe. They were completely saturated with soft-soap. He was afraid they would be entirely spoiled, or at least that the colors would come out, if they were not immediately rinsed clean.

It was impossible to get out of the cellar, and there was no water to be had in it. He had spoiled three suits of clothes lately, and now, at the fourth one, he was afraid mother's patience would give out. What should he do? O, what *should* he do! A happy and original thought struck him. The dear boy showed real genius. He said, "I will wash them out with cider!" He stripped naked to the skin, laid his soapy clothes under the

cider-barrel faucet, and then turned it. When they were well saturated, he took them, a piece at a time in his hands, and rubbed them back and forth over his knuckles like a regular washerwoman. Just then his father and I came home.

We were told by some boys whom we met that Harry was asleep in the cellar. As soon as we arrived we lighted a lantern, and went down, and there we found him, stark-naked, standing before a barrel and washing his clothes out with cider. O, he was the most comical and laughable sight that I ever beheld! His face was as black as a negro's, the burnt cork not having been washed off since the performance, and in contrast his delicate little body in the gloom looking as white as marble. The cellar floor was covered with soft-soap, molasses, and cider, and in these mixed liquids floated pies, cakes, cookies, apples, pears, peaches, three loaves of bread, and two lumps of butter. All this we discovered in an instant. I was making the whole house ring with laughter, but my husband had thus far kept on a sober face, thinking, I suppose, of the damage. He looked terribly cross at Harry, and said, sternly, "Come here, sir, and tell me what you made all this mess for! You will catch it, young man, I can tell you."

Harry was frightened and ran. He went racing around the cellar, still naked, with his black face, and swinging his pants in his left hand. My husband caught him by the shoulder. The little rogue gave a dive head-foremost between his father's legs, and they both went down into the soap, molasses, and cider. Harry was up in an instant. He made for the stairs; but his father headed him off, and the little fellow was obliged to take refuge in the ash-bin. His body being wet, the ashes stuck to him, which made him the most ridiculous thing in existence. I was so nearly killed with laughing that I expected to fall down from sheer weakness.

Just now Harry came up and clasped his arms around my knees. He had just time to say, "O mother! O mother! please don't let father whip me!" when like an avalanche his father bore down upon us. The floor was so slippery, and he had got under such headway, that he could not stop. The consequence was we all went down together into the slippery flood. The lantern went out, and we were left in almost total darkness. My husband now began to laugh; I joined him; Harry came in on the chorus. We all laughed together for fifteen minutes. Then we laughed for ten. Harry now stood up, and putting his greasy arms around his father's neck, said, "Dear father, I did not mean to; indeed, I did not!" There was silence for a moment, and then his father answered, "Well, Harry, *since you are not alone in it*, we will be forgiving, and let you off this time."

Ralph Ives.

THE RAIN-SONG.

WHEN the woods were still and smoky,
And roads with dust were white,
And daily the red sun came up
With never a cloud in sight,
And the hillside brook had hardly strength
To journey down to the plain,
A welcome sound it was to hear
The robins' song of rain.

"Lily, fuschia, pansy,"
The robins sang in the town
To the thirsty garden flowers that stood
With delicate heads bowed down:
"Listen! we bring you a message, —
Your doubts and fears are vain,
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain."

"Golden-rod, aster, gentian,"
They sang in field and wood,
"We whose homes are near to the sky
Have brought you tidings good:
Lift up your heads and listen,
Forget your thirst and pain;
For He who knoweth all your needs
To-morrow will send you rain."

Far and wide they sang it,
Till grove and garden knew;
The green trees stirred at the joyful word
Till the sunset clouds looked through.
Each told the news to his neighbor,
Each neighbor passed it along,
Till the loneliest flower in the quiet wood
Had heard of the robins' song.

Dear little feathered prophets,
Your message was not vain;
For in the silence of the night
Came the footsteps of the rain.

R. S. Palfrey.

THE MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

'TWAS a winter night. The cold wind whistled loud and shrill, and the cold moonlight fell on all around.

But the old kitchen was warm. A fire blazed on the hearth and lighted up the brass andirons and bright tins wonderfully, a streak of pale moonlight lay across the floor, and a merry little cricket was singing on the hearth while the old clock beat time for him.

"Tick, tick, tick, *sing*," said the clock, and the cricket began. He sang of the beautiful summer time and of the warm glowing meadow.

A mouse put his head out of a hole. "Don't let me interrupt you," said he.

"Hullo!" said the cricket. "We are waiting for you. Come through the moonlight for good luck."

"What good luck can there be for a three-legged mouse?" said the new-comer, as he limped in and took a seat before the fire.

"O don't be unhappy," said the Cricket. "It will grow again."

"Never!" said the Mouse.

"Somebody will mend it," said the Table. "I have had two legs broken off short and mended again."

"Impossible," said the Mouse. "I wish that old Trap was —"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the Trap, "don't be unreasonable. I 've nothing against you. It was only in the way of my business."

"Is it your business to nip off my leg?" said the Mouse, in a passion.

"It is my business to catch you if I can," said the Trap. "That 's what I am here for."

"I wish you were *not* here, then," said the Mouse. "It was very pleasant before you came."

"It was indeed," said the Cricket. "You used to come and see us every night, and dance and frisk about as lively as a cricket, almost."

"My dancing days are over," said the poor Mouse.

"O dear no! Don't be down-hearted," said the Andirons. "Here, blaze away, you Fire, and make it look cheerful."

"You 'll find something to eat in the crack under the table," said the Broom. "Some split peas and a raisin. Cook tried to make me sweep them away, but I would n't."

"'An old Broom knows where the crumbs are,'" said the Cricket.

"You are very kind," said the Mouse, as he went under the table and brought out the feast.

"Perfectly delicious," said he, as he nibbled away. "It is a long time since I have tasted a split pea."

"Have some cheese?" said the Trap.

"For shame!" cried the Broom. "Another word and I 'll sweep you away." So the Trap said no more.

"Come," said the Cricket, "now tell us more about the old times."

"Where did I leave off?" asked the Mouse.

"She did n't like cats," replied the Cricket.

"O yes. Polly did n't like cats," resumed the Mouse. "She threw water at them and drove them away whenever they came near the house. So we were safe from *them*. She lost the trap. She said she could n't tell whatever had become of it, and that loss was our gain. When she went out of an evening she always left the doors open so we could come in from the shed and go straight into the pantry and help ourselves to cheese and pies and everything good."

"Catch Jane leaving the doors open!" said the Broom.

"No," said the Mouse. "If you want to go in *now*, you must gnaw a hole, and by the time you get it gnawed, they fill it up. I am expecting every day they 'll stop up the one I have made behind the door."

"Not if I can help it," said the Broom. "That 's where I stand, you know, and I try to hide it."

"Thank you," replied the Mouse. "I have *some* friends."

"I should think so," said the Cricket.

"She always left the bread-box open a little," continued the Mouse, "so that we could easily go in and out of it. We never nibbled a whole loaf or a whole pie. Take what was cut. That was the rule."

"I wish I had been here then," said the Cricket.

"Ah, well," sighed the Mouse, "it was not all pleasant. Accidents happened. Once a cousin of mine fell into a deep pan of milk, and with all we could do we could n't get him out. I ran round the edge of that pan as many as fifty times, and came near slipping in myself, but it did no good. We had to leave him there, with his whiskers and the tips of his ears sticking up through the cream. 'T was sad."

"O dear! If you had only had one of my straws he could have clung to it," said the Broom.

"Perhaps so," replied the Mouse, as he wiped his eyes. "Another time a friend of mine fell into a high pitcher and could n't get out, and we could do nothing for him. He was taken prisoner and we never saw him again."

"O horrors!" exclaimed the Cricket.

"And though Polly was so kind to us in some ways," continued the Mouse, "she did n't really seem to like us. I 've known her to scream and jump up on the table if one of us ran out on the floor."

"So have I," said the Table, "to my sorrow."

"Come, come," said the Clock, as he struck twelve. "It is time to go to sleep. I 'm going to take a nap myself, now I have come to the small hours, so good night."

"Good night then," said the Mouse. "I 'll take home this raisin for tomorrow."

"Do," said the Broom.

"Good night," chirped the Cricket. "Come again."

Annie Moore.

MY LAST PILLOW-FIGHT.

ONE beautiful afternoon in July, 1869, a lot of us fellows were scattered around the play-ground of a well-known Dresden school, fooling. I hope you will understand what I mean by this; I don't know of any other name for the amusement.

School had just been dismissed for the long vacation, and the German boys had already left; but the Americans, forty or fifty in number, had decided to stay and give a grand "blow-out" in the evening to myself and four other tertianer (that is, boys belonging to the third class) who were leaving school for home; so, after dinner, three of them started to lay in the "prog" for the evening's entertainment. They scaled the high board fence in the rear of the "Herr Director's" flower-garden, and hailing a droschke were driven down into the city.

We were beginning to get rather tired of doing nothing, when, just as the bell of the Kreuzkirche was striking six, the droschke drove up to the gate. The little boys crowded around it, and the numerous baskets and bundles with which it was loaded were carried into the house and stowed away in a large closet.

After tea the masters, who had got wind of the proceedings, cleared out, like good fellows, and we were left to ourselves. The baskets were brought out, and their contents arranged on the tables; then the doors were locked, and we set to.

I don't think that there was an indigestible thing to be bought in Dresden that we did n't have. Cakes, pickles, fresh figs, and cherries, were among the eatables, and we washed the whole down with beer and sour Landwein. Such a repast would have killed an ordinary American school-boy, but after living — and thriving — for three years on underdone veal and lumps of boiled dough, nothing short of carpet-tacks, I am sure, could ever succeed in making me sick.

We cleared the *tables* in less than an hour, and then, clearing the *floor*, one of the boys played on the piano in the next room and we had a grand dance. For a short time everything went smoothly; but soon the little chaps began to make a row, and at last we all joined in a regular Indian war-dance, which brought the Head Master down on us in a twinkling, and the lower classes were sent to bed. After they left we sang a few songs, but the Head Master put in an appearance again, and after he had read prayers, we too were dismissed to the dormitories.

The room which I shared with two other boys was in the third story, which was occupied by the three upper classes, while the rest of the school slept in the second story, where the Head Master also had his "suite of apartments," as he used to style them. I reached my room, undressed, and got into bed; the master made his round to see that all the lights were out, and I was just falling asleep when some one shook my shoulder. I sat up, and found my chum, Armstrong, standing by me. He whis-

pered in my ear: "Second Story is coming up," and ran on into the next room to wake the boys there.

Before he had the words well out of his mouth I was standing on the floor, and had slipped on some of my clothes; and then, with my pillow in my hand, I ran out into the hall fully prepared to repel any attack from our friends the Second Storyites. Soon all our boys were standing in the hall, armed with pillows, wet stockings, and knotted towels. A big first-class boy, who always took the lead in our regular pillow-fights, gave us our stations. He sent three of the smaller boys down stairs to act as spies, selected a few larger ones to keep him company in the hall, and then ordered the rest back into the rooms, with directions to hide behind the doors until they were wanted.

We waited patiently for a short time, but were beginning to think the Second Storyites had given up the idea of attacking us, when our three spies came racing up stairs, followed by a party of the enemy's skirmishers armed with towels; the latter retreated, however, when they saw us. We gave chase, but on reaching the foot of the stairs were received by the whole force of the enemy, and after fighting for a short time against overpowering numbers were forced to withdraw.

In the upper hall we made a stand, in order to give our boys ambushed behind the doors time to prepare themselves, and then turned and ran, with the Second Storyites in hot pursuit. We let them get inside the rooms; then the doors were slammed to, and while we turned and faced them, our reserve "went for them" in the rear.

How we did pound those boys! I had cornered a big chap, and we were at it, ding, ding! when some one behind me snatched the pillow from my hands; at the same moment my clumsy antagonist struck at me with all his strength. I dodged his blow, and, losing his balance, he fell flat on the floor, taking a wash-stand with him; but I don't think he hurt himself much — he was too fat. This made such an outrageous racket that I thought it was about time to stop it, so I opened the doors into the hall. The Second Storyites had had enough of it, and crowded out. We threw nearly a whole pailful of water over them as they ran down stairs, and then went back to bed, where the Head Master found us, apparently fast asleep, when he came into our rooms five minutes later, inquiring angrily, "Who haf peen mek all zat noise here, eh?" Receiving no answer he finally retired, growling.

The next day I left the school, and Dresden, but I shall never forget our last pillow-fight.

Will.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

NOT far from here, in the western part of New York, nestling among some beautiful hills, lies my country home. These hills, covered by waving fields of corn and bright green forests, dotted occasionally with little white cottages, form a pleasing picture on a summer afternoon. The little village in the valley is like a white spot among the foliage, and at night looks very beautiful with its shining lights to guide travellers to their homes. Long beautiful roads wind around these hills, and sedate farmers with teams of oxen and stalwart horses, are constantly passing to and fro with loads of sweet-smelling hay in the pleasant harvest time. Sometimes merry children are enthroned on the top of the load, as happy as kings on cloth of gold. I have been there myself when it seemed to me that our giant load was close against the sky, and that we might almost hold communion with the fleecy clouds above us.

Gay picnic parties often seek the woods, gathering wild-flowers and nuts, and piling up the tender mosses into beds more beautiful than softest down. Then when evening comes, the soft warm air brings the lowing of cows and their tinkling bells, and we catch the smell of their fragrant breath as they pass up to the bubbling spring to refresh themselves after the noonday heat. All these are sweet, simple pleasures, but they are charming and beautiful too, and lead us nearer heaven than the brick walls and the busy streets of the city are apt to do. Sometimes we wander away between the hills to a deep and wild ravine, which is as silent and grand as some wild mountain gorge. Huge trees have fallen across it, steep banks rise up on either side, clothed with moss-grown trees, and scarlet berries and strangely colored flowers which love the shade and wildest nooks of nature. Up we climb through the rippling stream, jumping from one stone to another, till at last we reach a shelving cliff, twenty or thirty feet high, which forms a mimic waterfall. So strangely quiet and secluded is this spot, that to look around one would think man had scarcely ever been there, and it seems a fitting place for genii or fairies to dwell. In fact that some such people have been there some time is proven by the name "Devil's Retreat," and by the traces of an immense foot (and a cloven foot) which are plainly to be seen in the rock at the top of the fall. There on a hot summer day, scarce a ray of sunlight penetrates through the overhanging branches, and the trickling waters murmur a pleasant song.

On one of these quiet roads leading from the village stands the quaint old farm-house where my father played in his boyhood, and though somewhat changed from those early days, still keeps its spacious rooms with low ceilings, which often ring with the gayety of four generations assembled together. On one side of the house a beautiful green lawn stretches to the road, in the midst of which is a white summer-house covered with morning-glories, making a lovely temple dedicated to Flora. Graceful trees and clumps of evergreens dot its surface, beneath whose shade we play in the noonday heat, and on the other side, beds of flowers adorn the carriage-drive which leads up to the house. This is my lovely country home, where the best and dearest treasures are the dear old grandparents, who still live to bless their grandchildren and great grandchildren, and whose hoary locks bend over the sacred page with the flaxen curls of the little ones, as they teach them the sacred lessons which they love to impart. Do you wonder that my thoughts often lovingly wander to that dear old spot, or that I long for the summer time to come which carries me from blackboards and maps to green fields and sunny hillsides? that I eagerly look forward to the meeting with my merry cousins, and the pleasant stories of the olden time, which the loved and venerated grandparents repeat when we seek their sunny parlor?

Minnie M., age 14.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ROBBING THE BIRDS' NESTS.

LAST summer, while visiting at my aunt's, my cousin Wirt and I thought we would go out to my Uncle Dave's farm. We started in the morning about six o'clock, and as we were going through the fields to the house Wirt scared up a flock of starlings. As they rose, the bright red spots in their wings shining so brightly, a very wicked thought came into my head; it was to catch a bird. I said something about it to Wirt; and, seeing a "Baltimore oriole" soon after, we knew his nest must be near, and thought we would get the little ones in it.

Wirt and I now began to hunt for the nest. At last we found it. Wirt set a ladder up against the tree, and took a stick to knock down the nest with. But this was more "easily said than done." The limb below the bough from which the nest was suspended was very rotten, and would not bear Wirt. So we had to give up our first plan and make another. This was to tie a piece of wood to a string and throw it at the nest. While Wirt was fixing this a thought came into my head, that perhaps we were not doing right, and I said, "O Wirt, don't do it." How hard it was to say that! My heart kept saying, "O, but I want those birds." Still, I said, "Please, Wirt, don't rob the nest!" My heart said, "It is n't robbing," but my conscience answered, "It is, and you know it."

All this time I had been outwardly saying, "Please, Wirt, don't rob the nest! Don't you see what a fuss the old birds are making about it? O Wirt, don't." All the answer I got was, "Cousin Lucy, go and ask Aunt 'Manda whether Uncle Dave has got a saw among his tools."

"You may just go yourself, Wirt Forney!" I cried; but I went, nevertheless. I came back and told Wirt that there was no saw.

"Then there 's no use trying to get it any more," cried Wirt, and I replied, "No, there is n't, and besides it is wicked."

"So it is," said Wirt, and after this the poor, anxious orioles had peace. But I guess we stopped because we could not get the nest, and not because it was wicked; for we tried to rob a wren's nest afterwards. We gave that up, partly because we could n't get it, and partly because we had come to our senses, and saw how bad we had been. Then we went into the house, and had a good romp with Annie and George and Baby Harry. Soon after dinner Uncle Henry came with the spring wagon and took us home.

Lucy Bittinger, age 11.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

PERHAPS the first noticed, of all the noticeable and interesting things in California, are the signs and tokens of the presence of the "Heathen Chinee." Everywhere are to be seen the signboards of the inevitable Hop Lee, Sam Wo, Sam Wong, and the rest, announcing that "Washing and Ironing is done Here." It seems as if there was not a conceivable sound that had not been appropriated by some Chinaman for a name. In San Jose we have for laundry-men, Cam Wo, Hop Chong, The Long, Sam Long Charley, Sing Wo, Tork Tye, Hang Ter Lo, Quew Jo, Man Sang, Chan Kin Tuck Kee, He Sang Tim, etc.

None of these names are very remarkable, but in San Francisco I have seen Hung Hi, and have heard of Can Sing Yung, Gun Wod, Tij Ting, Tung Tye, Hang Ter Low.

In San Jose there are three Chinese doctors, two named Cog Ty and Yow Tay, respectively, while the third rejoices in the elegant title of Wee Car Lum Boo Tie.

I never saw Ah Sin's sign, but our domestic, Ah Wong, says that he has a brother with that famous name. I believe the "Ah" is merely a title of respect, meaning simply what the English "Mr." does.

Passing along the street, a stranger notices the Chinese the first thing. Here goes a coolie with a bamboo pole across his shoulder, and baskets suspended from both ends — just like the pictures you have seen — and carrying at a trot a load he could hardly lift in any other way. Here, looking in at a window, you see a half-dozen or

so at work ironing. At the side of the street is a group of new arrivals, staring around with open mouths, and chattering to each other at a great rate. Perhaps you may see a Chinese woman, with great hoops of gold in her ears, and her hair "fearfully and wonderfully" done up. And it is barely possible that you may catch a glimpse of a Chinese baby, just large enough to walk, dressed in pants, and having the top of its head shaved and a pigtail two or three inches long.

Let us go into Fow Chong's wash-house.

All around on the walls are inscriptions on red paper, — no doubt some wise maxims. Three Chinamen are ironing; they sprinkle the clothes by filling their mouths with water and spirting it in a peculiar manner over the garments, making it come down like very fine rain. (I once heard of a Chinese cook mixing some bread in the same way.) Then there were three or four Celestials chatting with the workmen, and with the "boss," who sits by the stove eating rice with chopsticks, and drinking tea from a very small china bowl. The atmosphere of the room is very bad, the doors and windows being shut; and a faint smell of opium is wafted to our nostrils from some hidden apartment.

The Chinese costume consists of a loose blouse and wide pants, the color being usually dark blue or black. Some of their cloth is very fine and very expensive. Sometimes they wear the traditional Chinese shoe turned up at the toe, but for outdoor wear they generally use American-made boots, — the larger the better, for they seem to buy with the idea that the more leather they get for their money the better bargain they have made. The shoes used by the women are smaller than those worn by the men, and in muddy weather they wear shoes with such thick soles that they walk as high and dry as if they were on stilts. They generally wear American hats, though the men that work in fields sometimes have willow hats about as large as good-sized market-baskets. They commonly wear their pigtails coiled around their heads, though I believe there are days when all the Chinese everywhere wear their queues down, and other days when they "do them up."

Charles W. Ames, age 15.

San Jose, Cal.

PRAIRIE-FIRES.

Among the most beautiful sights seen in the West are the prairie-fires; but they are terrible, as well as beautiful, to those who are not protected against them. I well remember, when I first came here in the fall, three years ago, how afraid we were that the fires would reach our house, which stood alone on the prairie surrounded by tall, dry grass. But after a while we got a man to come and plough two furrows around the house, leaving a space between them, which we afterwards burned over. We were perfectly safe then, for as soon as the fire comes to bare ground it goes out.

In the fall, when the grass is dry, you can scarcely look in any direction without seeing fires. At night they often make the prairie so light that there is no need of a moon. When the grass is tall, and the wind blows hard, they burn very fast; and when you go near one it is like approaching a furnace; it crackles, roars, and glows with heat.

It is surprising to see how soon a little spark will set the grass to burning. The cars pass a little way in front of our house, and the sparks fly from the engine, so that I have often seen them set the grass on fire in several places before they get out of sight. The first you see of the fire is a little bright star of light, but it keeps getting larger and larger, until the flames begin to spring up. It then spreads very

rapidly, and in a few minutes you see a long, crooked string of fire, the flames leaping and dancing in the air as if rejoicing over the destruction they make.

The fires make the finest display on a still night. The nearer you are to them the more beautiful they look. It is a magnificent sight to see the tall column of smoke rising into the air, lit up by the fires beneath. But when the wind blows they present a very different appearance. Then the smoke is given different shades of red, from a dark crimson to a light pink, as it is carried towards or driven from you.

Everything is in a commotion near a prairie-fire. The prairie-chickens and other birds are driven from their nests, and you see them flying through the smoke, bewildered, and uttering cries of alarm. Once I found a prairie-chicken's nest with thirteen eggs in it. The fire had been over the ground, and the eggs were all blackened.

The early settlers often had to fight the fires, to keep their houses and crops from burning. The grass used to be as tall as a man's head, in places, but that was before I came. As the country is settled and improved, there are more cattle and horses to eat down the grass; it grows shorter, and the fires are not so fine a sight.

After looking at a magnificent prairie-fire in the evening, you go to bed, of course, not thinking how different it will look the next day. But in the morning you see nothing but bare, blackened ground, almost as far as the eye can reach.

Lottie Butts, age 11.

RUSSELL, Lucas Co., Iowa.

THE MODERN SCHOOL-GIRL.

"What do we go to school for?"
  I really must think awhile.
All through the long school-hours
  We whisper, we laugh, and we smile;
We write little notes to each other;
  At recess we stand and chat;
But what we come to school for—
  I suppose it is n't just that.

I know there are some among us
  Steadfastly trying to learn;
But I hold my book slyly open,
  And peep when it comes my turn.
You ask if I like my studies;
  Why yes indeed, well enough!
But French is so horribly vexing,
  And Latin such hateful stuff!

"What do *I* go to school for?"
  To have some fun, to be sure,
To give the poor old teacher
  As much as he can endure.
But what the rest go to school for,
  I don't know, I confess.
Your conundrum 's too hard altogether
  For a little girl to guess.

H. J. Williams.

ENIGMAS.

No. 72.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in fast, but not in slow.
My *second* is in ribbon, but not in bow.
My *third* is in short, but not in long.
My *fourth* is in dance, but not in song.
My *fifth* is in father, but not in son.
My *sixth* is in rifle, but not in gun.
My *last* is in hurry, but not in flight.
My *whole* you may see in the darkest night.

E. & G.

No. 73.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 4, 11, 6, 18, 19, 9, 15 school-girls are fond of.
My 9, 18, 23, 24, 22 is a characteristic of society in India.
My 1, 14, 5, 6, 20, 11, 8 is the name of an author.
My 16, 17, 7, 21, 3, 10 is the name of a river in an old song.
My 2, 7, 4, 13 is an animal.
My 21, 5, 7, 2 was a great navigator.
My 12, 18, 4, 6 you will find in the country.
My *whole* is one of Mrs. Browning's prettiest poems.

Blue Bell.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 74.

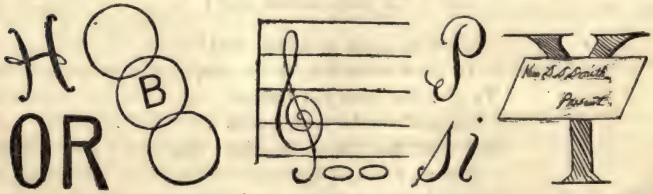
Learning my first, with curious book in hand,
My second, pensive youth, lies on the strand,
Tracing half idly in the river sand
The quaint old letters he would understand;
Fingering at times, my third, hid in his vest,
Warding all evil from his gentle breast.

Drawn on the shore is tied a little boat.
Up springeth he, and setteth her afloat.
In jumpeth he, — the air without a mote,
No one in sight but an old nanny-goat. —
In the mid-stream, the water rushing past,
Dismayed he sees the boat is filling fast!

Ah, hapless youth, in this thy sorry plight,
Dost thou my fourth, with cap so gayly dight;
Shrieking the while, till o'er a neighboring height
Runneth my sixth, with ropes, and arm of might.
Safe in his cottage, give him all thy pelf,
Blessed in finding still my fifth, thyself.

H. R. K.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 75.



K. N. Pepper.

PUZZLES.

No. 76.

What passage in Shakespeare does this illustrate?

Solomon John.

No. 77.

SEVEN TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Three fourths of an overseer and a weight.
2. Three fourths of an abbreviation and a measure.
3. One of the months and a vowel.
4. A boy's name and a place where soldiers are stationed.
5. A mineral, a body of water, and city.
6. An out-building and an apartment in it.
7. One of the seasons and an open lot.

Erastus, age 11.

PROVERB PI.—No. 78.

See that little child look at the big live king and throw in stones!

He will not spoil the lane as it is a rod long.

No! Those houses may not have ears. Who has?

So no one should spare a blind cat, who is a turning glass pitchers.

Plume d'or.

BURIED PLACES.—No. 79.

1. The man ate his supper under difficulties.
2. I drew my revolver as I advanced.
3. The ball I made is very hard.
4. I have but a half-penny in this wide world.
5. Then field after field caught and burned.
6. After I eat my dinner I will go.
7. I hit our snow-man and knocked it over.

E. R.

CHARADE.—No. 80.

For ornament and use, my *first* is seen
On forest trees, mingling its brown with green.
My *second* bids the waiting servant speed,
Denies or grants the oft-requested meed.
My *third* of various character you 'll find,
Throughout the world, o'er body and o'er mind,
Controlling everywhere for good or ill;
Conquering and conquered in the struggle still.
My *whole* a worthy ruler, you behold,
Smoking his pipe, in some Dutch city old.

E. R. B.

ANSWERS.

64. Bismark. Berlin, Impregnable, Saarbruck, Mitrailleuse, Alsace, Ruin, Courage, King.

65. Flibertigibbet.

66. April's gentle showers,
Bring us fragrant flowers.
[(Ape rills) (gent ell) (S hours) (B ring) (U S fray GRANT) (flour S)].

67.

L	I	V	E
I	B	I	D
V	I	L	E
E	D	E	N

68.

M	A	U	D
A	N	N	A
U	N	I	T
D	A	T	E

69. 1. Thebes. 2. Eton. 3. Ithaca. 4. Andes. 5. Oxford. 6. Pisa. 7. Alaska. 8. Hebrides.

70. 1. Balsam (Ball Sam). 2. Catch-fly. 3. Verbena (verb *ena*). 4. Forget-me-not. 5. Snow-drop. 6. Marigold (Marry, gold). 7. Ivy (1V). 8. Love in a mist. 9. Snap-dragon. 10. Rose. 11. Candytuft.

71. Napoleon Third. [(Na pole E *on*) (T herd)].

MORE ABOUT THOSE COMPOSITIONS.

DEAR GENIE: You wonder what more can possibly be done with that set of compositions. Just come to our school-room some morning and see! Their spelling is to be corrected; this is the greatest fun of all, for now each one gets a chance to see somebody's composition not his own.

They are mixed up and given out, one to each pupil. We look them carefully over, and write the misspelled words on a slip of paper, just as we find them; then opposite this column we put another column of the same words correctly spelled Teacher waits till all have had sufficient time to go through their work, then writes on the board the words that have been found incorrect, as we give them to her.

You might suppose that after one has looked over a composition as carefully as we do ours, it would be correct; but it is the queerest thing, that one can't find a wrong word in his own work, when he can easily see the same word if it is wrong on another's paper. Somehow your eye slips right over your own when it does n't over anybody's else.

I remember I looked my slate through three times on the "Smoke' composition, and could not see a single error; but in it Mary Jones the first thing found "oxygen" spelled "oxigen"; and, what is funnier still, I found the same word spelled wrong in hers, which I happened to have; but neither of us saw the mistake in her own. Here are a few of the words that appeared on the board: "Oxigen" and "oxygin" for "oxygen"; "their" for "there" (there is one girl in the class who always spells the pronoun for the adverb); "chimny" for "chimney," "rizes" for "rises," "dubbul" for "double" (worst miss in the lot); "furnis" for "furnace," "whitch" for "which" (a word that is more frequently missed than any other in our compositions; teacher thinks we must have *witch* in our heads all the time); "it's" for "its" (we get to putting in the possessive sign and can't stop); "engin" for "engine" (the boy said he did n't have room at the end of his line for the *e*, — doubted by the class); "sut" for "soot" (same boy said it was n't in his dictionary, but a girl looked and found it there); "chimneytop" for "chimney-top," and four other very small words that I am ashamed to mention. There were fifteen different words misspelled in all, and the whole number missed by the entire class was forty.

Fourteen papers were perfect. The largest number of failures belonging to one scholar was eight; and we all knew who it was, because the boy told that had the paper. It was a girl who bragged when she wrote her composition that she did n't look in her dictionary once. We all believe it now.

After the words are put on the board, we copy them into our "composition spelling-books," as we call them. Another day we have them for a spelling-lesson, then all the words in the book for a spelling-match, and finally at the end of the month words are selected from them for an examination spelling. At the close of the year we are going to count up and see what word has been missed the greatest number of times; we expect it will be *which*.

In the same way as we correct our papers in spelling we look them over for capitals, punctuation and quotation marks. This requires three or four more short lessons, then they are used for exercises in grammar.

We learn all our grammar lessons from reading-books, composition-writing, and conversation, and use grammar-books only for reference. Somehow we get the rules in this way, but they are not hard, for we don't know when they go into our heads, or how. When we are learning about passive verbs, compound sentences, adjuncts, and other things, we often use our compositions for selecting examples, then we conjugate some of the verbs, and decline the pronouns, and analyze and parse a good many of the sentences. We often come to sentences that won't analyze, and words we can't parse, when we find we have written "bad grammar," and learn where the fault is.

Some of our best compositions we read on the stage in the Hall, before all the scholars and company. We have had some published, and I will tell you where you will find the last one, — in the July number of "Our Dumb Animals." It is about "Cruelty to Animals"; upon which topic we have written several times since It is very short and scrimpy, but, to show you we have improved, we will send another to the same paper in September, entitled "The Old Horse's Story."

It was selected for our school exhibition. I hope poor Jemima Jasper that I met in the "Young Folks" last month will see both of them, for I think she will find all children have to write poor compositions before they can write good ones. I was sorry for Jem; she must have had a hard time in that school, where they write about such big things as Icarus and the Greeks. I am sure all of us would hate composition-day, if we went there.

From your cousin

LOU.

MR. EDITOR, —

Did Shakespeare, or people of his time, pronounce English differently from ourselves? If so, how? I have heard considerable discussion on this point, and I should like a little light on it.

What was the "Circle of Popillius"? I saw an allusion to it lately in a magazine article, and did not understand what was meant.

Respectfully yours,

EDWIN L. ROTNEY.

ANSWERS. 1. Shakespeare and the men of his time pronounced our language quite differently not only from English-speaking people of to-day, but differently from people in the time of Chaucer; and the utterance of our descendants, one or two hundred years hence, will doubtless be markedly different from that which is current now. All spoken languages, indeed, undergo a process of slow but steady change; and it is neither possible nor desirable to petrify or lock them up so as to prevent their natural development.

As you ask for a "little light" on the subject of the pronunciation of Shakespeare's time, we give below Portia's plea to Shylock for mercy, in "The Merchant of Venice," accompanying it with an interlinear indication of the way in which it was pronounced by Shakespeare and his contemporaries; and though it is impracticable for us to represent with absolute accuracy all the delicate shades of sound that ought to be discriminated, we shall make a sufficiently near approach to doing so. The history of English pronunciation has, within a few years, been thoroughly investigated by able scholars, and the general conclusions they have reached in regard to the pronunciation of the Elizabethan era (as well as of earlier and of later times) are entirely trustworthy.

The quality of mercy is not strained.
Thā[1] *kwäl'ity*[2] *off mār'sĭ*[1, 3] " " *straynd*[4].
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
" " *äz*[2] *thā*[1] " *rayn*[4] " "
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
Oopon[5] *thā*[1] *plahss*[6] *bā-nā TH'*[1, 7]. " " *twäss*[6]
blest;
"
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
" " " *thät*[2] *geevz änd*[2] " *thät*[2] *tahks*[6].
'T is mightiest in the mightiest. It be-
" *mā H'tiest*[8, 9] " *thā*[1] *mā H'tiest*[8, 9]. " *becomes*
koomz'
The throned monarch better than his crown.
Thā[1] " " " *thän*[2] " *krōn*[8].
His sceptre shows the force of tempo-
" *sep'tĕr*[10, 11] *shōz*[12] *thā*[1] " *off tem'pō-*
ral power,
rawl[13] *pō'ur*[11],
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Thā[1] *ät'rĭ-bŬt*[2, 14] " *aw'oo*[15] *änd*[2] *mäj'estĭ*[2, 3],
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
Whär-in[12] *dooth*[5] " *thā*[1] *drād*[1] *änd*[2] *fär*[1] *off*
kings.
"
But mercy is above this sceptered
Boot[5] *mär'sĭ'*[1, 3] " *ä-boov'*[1, 16] " *sep'tĕrd*[10, 11]
sway.
sway[4].
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
" " " " *thā*[1] " *off* "
It is an attribute to God himself;
" " *än*[2] *ät'rĭ-bŬt*[2, 14] " " "
And earthly power doth then show likest
Änd[2] *ärth'lē*[1, 3] *pōr*[8] *dooth*[5] " *shō'oo*[15] *lāk'est*[8]
God's
"
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
" *mär'sĭ*[1, 3] *sā'znz*[1] *joos'tis*[5]. *Thär'fōr*[1, 17],
Jew,
Jū'oo[15],
Though justice be thy plea, consider
Tho'ooh[15, 18] *joos'tis*[5] " *thā*[8] *plā*[1], *kon-sid'ĕr*[10, 11]
this,
"
That in the course of justice none of us
Thät[2] " *thā*[1] *koorss*[16] *off joos'tis*[5] *nōn*[17] *off oos*[5]
Should see salvation. We do pray
Shoold[5, 19] " *säl-vah'sĭ-un*[2, 3, 6]. " " *pray*[4]
for mercy,
" *mär'sĭ*[1, 3],
And that same prayer doth teach
Änd[2] *thät*[2] *sahm*[6] *pray'ĕr*[4, 10, 11] *dooth*[5] *tätch*[1]
us all to render
ooss[5] " " *ren'dĕr*[10, 11].
The deeds of mercy.
Thā[1] " *off mär'sĭ*[1, 3].

*** Apostrophes under a word show that the pronunciation has not changed.

KEY. — [1] ā as in *ale*, but not emphasized or dwelt on, unless accented; [2] ä as in *calm*, but made quite brief; [3] I as in *pin*; [4] ay as in the adverb *ay*, meaning "yes," that is, ah-e blended in one sound; [5] oo as in *foot*; [6] ah, same as ä (or as a in *calm*), but more prolonged; [7] TH as in *this*; [8] nearly so; [9] H, a harsh aspiration of *h*, like *ch* in the Irish *Och*; [10] ĕ as in *pen*; [11] the *r* should be distinctly pronounced; [12] ō like *o* in *old*, combined

in one sound with *oo* in *ooze;* [13] ŏ as in *on;* [14] u like u in French, that is, like *e* uttered with the lips in the position for *oo;* [15] the curve signifies that the two vowels are to be combined in one sound; [16] oo as in *cool;* [17] ō as in *old;* [18] the h is to be distinctly pronounced; [19] the l should be sounded.

2. Antiochus IV., king of Syria (who began to reign B. C. 175 or 176, and died B. C. 164), was a very warlike and ambitious prince. He invaded and overran Egypt, sacked Jerusalem, and profaned and plundered the Temple (as is related in the book of Maccabees), and was proceeding to make further conquests, when he was met by Marcus Popillius Lænas, an ambassador from Rome, who peremptorily ordered him, in the name of the Republic, to desist and to depart forthwith from Egypt, which he had again invaded. Afraid to disobey, and yet unwilling to comply with so humiliating a demand, Antiochus requested time for deliberation and consultation. But Popillius, drawing a circle round him in the sand where he stood, exclaimed, "Before you step outside of that circle, give me the answer which I am to carry back." The imperious mandate was obeyed, and the overawed king promised to evacuate the country at once. From this circumstance the expression "the circle of Popillius" is sometimes used in reference to a person who is forced to act decisively in regard to an important matter, without having any time allowed him for consideration.

Fanny W. — 1. We cannot tell you whether, in "Little Women," Miss Alcott has "given the history of herself and her sisters, she being represented by Jo."

2. Craik's "Compendious History of the English Language and Literature" (2 vols., 8vo) is "the best work" on that subject; but the American edition of Shaw's Manual (1 vol., 12mo, price $1.75) is very good, and quite condensed. Cleveland's Compendiums of American Literature, of English Literature, and of the Literature of the 19th Century (1 vol. each, price $2.50 per volume), and also Underwood's "Handbook of English Literature" (1 vol., small 8vo, price $2.50), are excellent works, while, for a simple outline, Gilman's "First Steps in English Literature" (1 vol., 16mo, price $1.00) may be recommended as a cheap and attractive book.

3. Leslie Goldthwaite and some of the other characters in Mrs. Whitney's story of that name reappear in her later work entitled "We Girls."

Beginner. — "Please inform me why 'John O'Groat's House,' or rather the site of it, is put upon the map of Scotland?"

The site of John O'Groat's house is given on maps because it is the most northerly point ever inhabited on the mainland of that country. The family of Groat still exists, but all that remains of the house — which was long since destroyed — is a small green mound.

Elsie C. F. asks, "Will you please recommend to me some good Life of Napoleon . . . . that is not too long?" Lockhart's is very good; but, if something shorter is desired, read the excellent articles on Napoleon in Appleton's "New American Cyclopædia" and Thomas's "Biographical Dictionary."

Canada. — We know of but one work that is devoted exclusively to the botany of Canada, and that is in French, — L. Provancher's "Flore canadienne: Quebec, 1862." It is in two octavo volumes. Alphonso Wood's "Class-Book of Botany" (New York, 1861, 8vo) contains "a flora of the United States and Canada." The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, a quarterly journal published in Montreal, devotes some portion of each number to Canadian botany.

Hiram Stanley. — "The American Chess-player's Handbook" is perhaps as good a work as any for a beginner, and it meets your requirement of being "a cheap book," as it costs but $1 25 in cloth binding, or 75 cents in paper covers. The publishers are Porter and Coates of Philadelphia. Any bookseller will procure the volume for you.

Short-hand. — The latest edition of Pitman's Phonography is the 11th London, 1865, F. Pitman, publisher. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* Graham's system is substantially the same as Pitman's, and there is very little to choose between them. Bell's system (for an account of which see a good article on Shorthand in Chambers's Encyclopædia) is much simpler than either, as well as briefer.

W. E. L. — Audubon's "Birds of America" (the smaller edition, in eight octavo volumes, with 500 plates) can be obtained, through any good bookseller, in plain but substantial binding, for about $12.00 a volume. Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" (3 volumes octavo, with a folio atlas of more than 400 colored plates) may be had in cloth for $75.00.

W. Churchill. — The poem by the late President Adams on "The Wants of Man" is contained in a small 16mo volume, of 116 pages, published in New York, in 1850, by Wm. H. Graham, and entitled "Poems of Religion and Society by John Quincy Adams." It may also be found in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," vol. i., pages 558–560. The length of the piece — twenty-five stanzas of eight lines each — prevents our complying with your request that we should reprint it in "Our Young Folks."

Ada Mason inquires, "Which is proper, '3

times 2 *are* 6' or '3 times 2 *is* 6,' and why?" We answer "3 times 2 *is* 6," and the reason is, that "3 times 2" is an idiomatic expression equivalent to "the sum of 3 repetitions of 2." Note the fact, that, though "times" means "repetitions," and though we may say, "3 repetitions of 2 *are* 6," it would be a solecism, or gross impropriety, to say "3 *times of* 2 are 6." We must, therefore, regard "3 times 2" as an idiomatic and individual substantive phrase requiring the verb to be in the singular. In like manner we should say, "Dickens's *Great Expectations is* one of his later novels," putting the verb in the singular, though its subject is plural in form, because we should mean by "Great Expectations" the work of that name, and not the brilliant pecuniary prospects of its hero. *Ada* says that the arithmetics are against her. That is of no consequence so long as she has common sense on her side, as well as the usage of good writers, — among whom the authors of arithmetics are not necessarily included, — such as our valued contributor, Mr. Hale, whose admirable story entitled "Ten Times One *is* Ten" *Ada* should read, if she has not already done so.

Those of our readers who, a little more than a year ago, laughed over the "nonsense poems" of Edward Lear, — "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," "The Duck and the Kangaroo," and "Daddy Long-Legs and the Fly," — will be interested to know that these are now included in a volume of "Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets," containing one hundred and fifty illustrations by the author. The pictures are as droll as the songs and stories, and both are very funny indeed. Published by James R. Osgood & Co.

The same firm have now in press a list of remarkable books, in some of which *Our Young Folks* will take an especial interest. Early in October will be published "Real Folks," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (in which some of the characters in "We Girls" are expected to reappear); "Child Life," a collection of poetry for young people, edited by J. G. Whittier, — a book which will attract unusual attention, owing to the fact that the selections have been made by one of our most eminent poets; and "William Henry and His Friends," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in which the readers of the "William Henry Letters" will be charmed to meet again some of their most delightful acquaintances.

In November will be issued "Picture Poems for Young Folks," by an old favorite, Marian Douglas; two new juvenile books by Harriet Beecher Stowe; new editions of Grace Greenwood's "Recollections of my Childhood" and "Stories from Famous Ballads"; and, lastly, "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes."

All these books will be profusely and elegantly illustrated.

Will the writer accept our thanks for this letter, and the pressed gentian it enclosed? It comes from Peru, Berkshire Co., Mass.

Dear "Young Folks": —

One fine afternoon in September we had Dolly harnessed for our special use. . . . . Starting at the summit of this Green Mountain on which our domicile is situated, we travelled a mile east over the same road pursued by the fleeing army of Burgoyne; and though we fled from no more dangerous foe than "small dust," we gladly turned into a by-road, making good our escape from it. The maples were hanging out their crimson banners, some species of ferns had put on a delicate straw color, others a rich brown, and others kept unchanged their summer robes of deep green. Such waves and mounds and billows of beauty of all shades of blue and purple down to the purest white! Had our buggy been low enough, we could have gathered flowers all the way; as it was we stopped every few steps and fairly wearied ourselves getting out and in. Of all the flowers of autumn should we not miss the aster most? scattered so profusely by every roadside, meadow, and wood, sometimes entirely concealing the brook which we trace by its song and its borders of asters. They light up the plain green of nature like the smiles of angels in this every-day world. At the foot of a steep hill ran a clear brook, how musically! through the stillness solemn and grand of old hemlocks, in whose tops sweet birds were singing their farewell to the summer. In the velvet grass at our feet was that gem of the autumn, the fringed gentian.

To be appreciated this flower must be seen in its own home, a little bit of heaven's blue dropped down upon earth's living green, to cheer our pilgrimage.

We found fringed gentian fair and bright,
On many a velvet sod; —
O, seem they not earth's loveliest things,
The very smile of God? —

The tinted light that bathed the hills,
The gently changing leaves,
silvery sound of hidden rills
The wealth of golden sheaves!

The fairest page in nature's book,
Was it not turned in May?
Behold its promise all fulfilled
This ripe September day!

Henceforth we shall remember that spot as enchanted ground.

S. P. French.

The earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Frederick McIntosh, Eirrac, and E. Grace Shreve.

The parsing lesson, "O dear me suz!" next month.

Our Young Contributors. — "*An Evening's Entertainment*," by Laura Bell, is accepted.

"*The Dog that had no teeth*" is funny, and good enough to print; but the author, in sending her address, neglected to state her age.

N. B. — Young Contributors, in sending us their articles, must in all cases give not only their names, but their ages also, — not for publication unless they wish it, but for the information of the editors.

Ethel. — Your translation is very pretty, yet with so many original articles as we have on hand, we shall not be able to make use of it. Nor do we see clearly how we could, as you propose, award prizes for translations.

"*The Hill of Science*" is pretty well written, — but has n't the said "Hill" done sufficient service in allegory already? Try some less hackneyed subject.

"*To Madge*" has many rough lines; and such rhymes as "porch" and "touch," "go" and "before," are bad enough to condemn a much better poem. Yet the author has a good deal of poetical feeling, and, we may add, of "faculty."

"*Looking In*," a poem by a girl of nine years, has some pretty stanzas, but it is too long for us to print.

"*A Midsummer Day's Dream*" — too long.

"*My First Horseback Ride*" — ditto.

Polly. — Our Young Contributors' Department does not exclude writers who have reached the age of 18. — There is no reason why you should not write to authors, if you wish to, thanking them for the benefit you have derived from their works.

E. R. C. — If a Young Contributor's article is not mentioned at all in the "Letter Box," he may safely infer that it is *not* accepted. Your criticism of C. A. Stephens's use of the combination "'*t ain't*" for '*tisn't* would be just, if he had given it as his own language; but you will see that it is placed in the mouth of one of his characters who is not expected to speak elegant English. "*Won't*" should, in our opinion, have the apostrophe where it is, the last two letters being clearly an abbreviation of *not*.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I hope that neither yourselves nor your correspondent will feel aggrieved by the criticism I am about to make on the latter's answer to the question, "Is (—3) a number?" He replies that it is. Permit me to inquire what 3 itself is? If 3 alone is a number, as I think he must acknowledge, surely, (—3) cannot also be a number merely, any more than ($3) three dollars or three books can be a number merely. 3 is the simple number without any qualification, but (—3) taken *together* as a *single* symbol means something more than merely 3; it conveys an additional idea, that of subtraction, an idea that is never conveyed by the figure 3 alone. When one sees a number he does not think of subtraction or division, but only of a certain quantity of distinct wholes or separate things without name. This is the impression produced by a simple number, and if we wish to keep our ideas distinct and to avoid confusion in thinking, we must not call by the same name a character such as (—3), which produces in the mind a more complex idea. . . .

I remain yours very truly,

T. B. STORK, *age* 17.

S. E. M. himself replies to Hamilton. He says: "A number is *one or more units by which some value is expressed.* Now, when a minus sign is prefixed, is not *all* value taken away, so that the expression is not a unit or number of units, and hence *not* a number?"

On the other hand, *O. C. W.* — whose answers to this and other questions came too late for notice last month — quotes the following authority for calling (—3) a number.

"On page 93 of Loomis's Algebra there is this problem: 'It is proposed to find a number which, added to 8, shall make it equal to 5.' The only 'number' which, added to 8, can equal 5, is the number (—3)."

Nevertheless, in our opinion, 3 is a number, whatever sign is before it. The sign simply shows its relation to some other quantity, or indicates the result of an operation performed, or the nature of one to be performed. It is no part of the number itself.

C. W. B., Manchester, N. Y., writes: "Suppose we should elect some one of the contributors to 'The Evening Lamp,' each month, to edit that department for the next month?" and invites editors and contributors to give their opinions of the plan. *We* think it a good one, but do not see how it could be carried out. Our large circulation compels us to go to press so early, that the new editors of the "Lamp" would hardly have time, each month, to hear of the election, before the copy of the next month's "Lamp" should be in the printer's hands.

C. W. B. also asks if the partly promised sequel to Mr. Trowbridge's "Drummer Boy" was ever published? That sequel was to have been entitled "The Soldier Boy," but before it could be written the title was adopted by another writer for a book so similar in plan to the proposed sequel that this was never completed.

ALBANY, N. Y., August 24, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Almost as soon as we received the September number of your pleasant magazine I discovered Mrs. Emily L. Smith's Bible questions, for I always read the "Letter Box" through before I look at the rest of the magazine.

I think the idea of having a "Sunday Department" a very good one.

You will find my answers to her questions enclosed, and also a few questions of my own, which you may publish if you choose. The first question I did not find very difficult, because we have been searching out those very names in Sunday School lately. We took one letter of the alphabet each Sunday, and found all the names we could under that letter.

With many thanks to the "Editors" for giving us such a delightful magazine, I remain,

Your affectionate friend and admirer,

MATTIE A. C.

QUESTIONS.

1. What Prophetess lived in a College?
2. What king imported apes and peacocks?
3. Who when made king refused his mother's first request?
4. Who brought the dead to life when he himself was dead?
5. How do we know that the ladies of ancient times were as fond of ornaments and finery as their sisters of the present day?

ANSWERS TO EMILY L. SMITH'S QUESTIONS.

1. (Here follow 184 names of our Saviour, which we are obliged to omit.)
2. Asa. 2 Chron. xvi. 12.
3. In 2 Kings xii. 9.
4. Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. iv. 33.
5. The dish that held the head of John the Baptist, for it cost a life.
6. Jesus wept. John xi. 35.
7. Because they made clean only the outside of the cup and platter.

M. A. C.

Answered also by Sallie C. Day, who sends 57 names, and says she has found over 200; and in part by Eddie Fye, who sends 75 names; Sammy, Eirrac, Daisy Dorrance, and Barbara Douglass.

Sammy writes to correct an error in his answer to the "molasses-candy" question last month. The dark color is *not* resumed after the pulling, as there stated.

DEAR EDITORS,—

In the very sentence in which Mattie Cameron invites our criticism on her letter [in the September Letter Box] I find two or three errors. She says, "If any *one* finds any errors which *they* see fit to criticise, I will try to bear *it*," etc Here *they* a plural pronoun, has an artecedent, in the singular number, *one*; *it* has no antecedent, as we think it should have, to make the sentence rhetorically strong and elegant; and she should have said, "If any one finds *in this letter* any errors," etc., which is what she means, and not *anywhere in creation*, as her words might be construed to mean.

Respectfully yours.

"YOUNG FOLKS."

Mattie is also criticised by M. A. W., Philadelphia, who says, moreover, of this sentence: "She repeats the word 'any' in a very close connection; this is rhetorically but not grammatically incorrect; no such repetition should be used unless for the sake of producing a climax."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

If in playing croquet a player causes his ball to strike two other balls, has he a right to roquet-croquet the first one and then return his ball and croquet the second?

How many of you know and will send the answer to the editors of this magazine? who I have no doubt will be kind enough to let it appear in the next Letter Box.

C. R. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., August 17, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

We had quite a lively discussion over one of your Riddles (No. 62) the other evening, and I finally said I would write to you, and see what you thought about it. We took of course the answer to be "Cod"; but "Hattie R. B." says "the head is one hundred times the size of the body," and in that case it would seem that one hundred times nothing makes 100. It is very hard to make some people believe that twice 0 does not make 2. We thought if the word *Cid* had been taken, it would have answered very well.

I wish you would tell us if the phrase "Skin of his teeth" (Job xix. 20) is classed as slang. A friend of mine thought it was, and I disagreed with her, quoting from Job.

What century was the year 1800 in?

Do you know the names of George Sand and George Eliot, and where they live?

Your true friend,

E. D. WARD.

ANSWERS. 1. Your criticism on Hattie R. B.'s puzzle is just. When such errors escape the editorial eye—as in the multiplicity of affairs they sometimes will—we are very glad to have our correspondents point them out

2. No phrase found in the Scriptures can be classed as slang, unless perverted entirely from its original meaning.

3. As the year 100 was the last year of the first century, so the year 1800 was the last year of the eighteenth century.

4. "George Sand" is the literary name of the great French authoress, Madame Dudevant; "George Eliot" is that of Mrs. Mary A. Lewes, whose maiden name was Evans.

Lizzie L. Smith writes from Rochester, N. Y., — "In answer to 'Miss Hattie K's' question with regard to commencement, I find the following definition in Webster's Dictionary: 'The time when students in colleges *commence* bachelors; a day in which degrees are publicly conferred in English and American universities."

"I also send an answer to the question asked by 'Robert': 'What is meant by Walpurgis Night?' Walpurgis Night, or the Vigil of St. Walpurgis, occurs on the night before the first of May, and is so called from Walpurgis, a missionary from England to the Germans, who after her death was canonized as a saint. On this night the Germans believe that the witches and wizards hold their annual assemblies, the largest and most important being held on Brocken in the Hartz mountains. To prevent the evil influences of these gatherings the people were accustomed to burn straw, which custom is still retained in some places. A very nice description of these gatherings may be found in Goethe's "Faust."

The last question was answered also by Mary Hamilton, Hattie E. M., Sammy, Townsend Wolcott, M. M. D., Ida Wood, Alfred E. B., W. Abbott, and Eugene McCarlty.

In answer to Hattie K's question, Rachael P. Gregory says: "On Commencement day the Freshmen become Sophmores, Sophmores Juniors, Juniors Seniors, and the Seniors of the past term graduate, or commence life. New students are entered from that day."

Editor "Our Young Folks":—

Dear Sir, — Will you please answer a silly little question, for one of your admirers, in the Letter Box of the next number of "Our Young Folks"?

It is: When a boy aged fifteen is introduced to a girl of the same age, and then a conversation springs up between them, in which she asks questions requiring answers in the affirmative and negative, how should he reply? By saying "yes, miss," and "no, miss," or "yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am," or simply "yes" and "no"?

Please answer and oblige

Yours truly,

Nick Scumarow.

Simply "Yes" and "No."

Marrowbone, Ky., August 16, 1871.

Dear "Young Folks":—

I have been taking your magazine for three years. I like it better every month. I am taking several magazines, but yours is my favorite one; I would not give it for all the others put together. Do you publish a child's paper? I want to take it if you do.

Pearl.

No, Pearl, we do not publish a Child's paper, though we sometimes think we should like to, in order to print many good things which we cannot find room for in "Our Young Folks."

"*An admiring reader*" asks: "Will you please put this question in 'Our Letter Box'? Where did this expression originate, 'Every thing is lovely and the goose hangs high'?"

Dear "Young Folks":—

Will you please tell me, through "Our Letter Box," something about the nine muses?

Respectfully, Ida C.

Hittie H. Hedges, *Carrie B. Archer*, and others. — We had not room to print all the answers to our Geographical Prize Puzzle. Neither have we room at present for a discussion concerning it.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Alice A. Crawford, Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wisconsin, age 17 (German, Natural Philosophy, and Music).

Henry P. Day, Jacksonville, Ill. (wishes to form a stamp collectors' corresponding club).

"*Willie W*——," Box 11, Tuskegee, Macon Co., Ala. (literature and interesting subjects generally).

"*Hamlet*," 31 Dwight St., Boston, Mass. (theatrical matters).

Lizzie (age 17), No. 11, Center Park, Rochester, N. Y. (flowers and schools).

Amie Jennette Cook, Goshen, Indiana (would like a correspondent not younger than twenty, who is a reader of Swedenborg, and who *tries* to "live in earnest").

George W. Richardson, No. 1, Concord Square, Boston, Mass. (drawing and painting).

Eugene Corson, Box 43, Ithaca, N. Y. (beetles and butterflies of the United States).

S. S., 1435 Filbert St., Phila., Pa. (wishes to form a "*Model* Yacht Club").

Ida W., 2038 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa. (Grecian and Roman History).

A. E. B. (age 14), Box 714, Portland, Me. (drawing).

Annie C. H., Bangor, Maine (age 16; fond of books, drawing, pets, and flowers).

Harry Barler, Box No. 111, Upper Alton, Ill. (age 13; rural sports, etc.).

M. D. S., Cambridgeport, Mass. (desires for a correspondent any boy or girl over 15 who is fond of reading, music, dancing, and fun).

T. G. H., Box 503, Springfield, Mass. (would like correspondence on insects and miscellaneous subjects).

Ida V. Monroe, No. 21 Wesley St., East Boston, Mass. (age 13; music, drawing, and fancy-work).

"*Meg Merrilies*," Box 1612, Williamsport, Penn. (age 15; literature, art, and miscellaneous subjects).

"*Mollie*," 122 S. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y. (age 13; music, dancing, and reading, — favorite author, Dickens).

Terpsichore, Box 46, Mount Vernon, Ill. (out-door sports for girls).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER, 1871. No. XI.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUNT PATSY'S VISITOR.

WHAT Phin saw — what all saw who peeped in through Aunt Patsy's broken pane — was this:

Before a little wood fire, which had been kindled on the hearth to give warmth and cheer to the gloomy apartment, sat the old woman; and at her side, holding her hand and comforting her, was Annie Felton. The glow of the fire was upon their faces, and it projected their shadows in grotesque, flickering forms on the cottage wall. Annie was speaking, or reciting consolatory passages from psalm or hymn, and the old woman was drinking eagerly into her soul all the sweet words of that gentle voice. It was a wonderful picture. The old woman, no longer hideous, looked almost venerable in her humility and charmed attentiveness; while Annie seemed to have brought with her an atmosphere of beauty and sanctity, which spread about her and, more than the halo of the fire, filled the cottage. No wonder that those who came to jeer went away to blush at the thought of what they had proposed doing. Jack need not have dragged away the dead dog; the "fun" with it was over for that night, and indeed for all nights.

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There was a shallow pit in the pasture, where the earth had been uptorn by the roots of an old apple-tree blown down by the wind. Into that Jack tumbled the carcass, throwing brush and stones upon it. Such was the burial of Grip, the canine tyrant of the village. He would never kill sheep, or attack peaceable curs, or terrify little boys any more. He had fought one dog too many and got his quietus.

Jack remained some time in the background, waiting to see whether search would be made for the carcass. Presently two persons passed quite near him, bearing between them something long and slender. It was the ladder which they had brought, and which they were now carrying silently away again. They too had peeped in at the window.

Astonished to find everything still about the house, Jack drew near and got upon the garden fence. Not a sight, not a sound, betrayed the presence of his late companions. Concluding that they had departed, he was about to return home, when Aunt Patsy's door opened, and, defined upon the fire-lit background framed by the lintels, appeared the silhouette of a figure he well knew.

Miss Felton had scarcely taken leave of the old woman at the door, when Jack was at her side.

"Why, Jack!" said she, "where did you come from?"

"I was sitting on the fence, watching the house, when you came out. You are not going away alone this dark night, are you?"

"Not if you wish to go with me. But I 'm not afraid. I must have stayed longer than I intended, however, — or else the evening is unusually dark."

"It is cloudy, and there is no moon," said Jack. "Where are you boarding — to-night?"

"At Mr. Hamwell's, — do you know where that is? It is on this road, but I have to cross the canal."

"So far!"

"O, it is not a great way from here," said Annie.

Jack thought so too, when he found himself all too soon at Mr. Hamwell's door, where he must take leave of this dear friend. How swift the moments always seemed when he was with her! And yet they were not brief, if time is to be measured by the amount of life crowded into it; for he never saw her for a minute but some fresh thought or emotion was awakened in him, and half an hour with her was sure to leave him something to think of for days. Her casual smiles quickened the germ of what was good within him, and her most careless words became seeds of wisdom as he pondered them in his heart.

"All I am, all I ever shall be, I owe to her!" thought he, with a gratitude which swelled his heart and filled his eyes with tears. "To her — and to them," remembering the Chatfords, who had been like father and mother to him. "And to that man," — the image of his unknown friend, the packet passenger, rising before him. "I 've been such a lucky fellow, after all! I thought I never should have any friend but my dog, — and now to think of them all!"

Recrossing the canal he stopped upon the bridge. Silent and dark lay the water beneath him, — chill, without a ripple. "How many times I 've travelled that tow-path on just such a night as this!" thought he. "Wonder where the old scow is now?"

A line-boat was coming, with lights at bow and stern. Jack waited to see it glide in its own glimmer down the winding channel, between dim shores, and finally, from the floating dream it seemed at first, start out into a very solid, broad-decked reality as it moved under the bridge. It passed, and gliding on and on became a dream again and vanished. Then Jack, with a deeply thankful feeling that in place of his once wandering life and floating abode he now had a fixed home and settled hopes, resumed his walk.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE STRANGE LIGHTS IN THE WOODS.

THE night had grown intensely dark, and soon, thinking he had passed Aunt Patsy's house without seeing it, Jack got over the wall, in order to shorten his course by crossing the fields. The ground was so familiar to him that he believed he could feel his way where he could not see. But he had really left the road too soon; and it was not long before he found himself stumbling over inequalities and tearing through briers in a strange lot, where he had never been before. Turning back, and attempting to regain the road, he ran into the branching top of a fallen tree. By the time he had got well out of that he was completely bewildered, not knowing where he was. And now it began to rain.

"The road must be in *this* direction," he said, after trying to remember just where and how he had turned. But after travelling that way for a few minutes, — long enough to have reached the road, had it been the right way, — he began to step on marshy ground, and soon, tripping over a stump, fell in a pool of water.

"Here I am, away off in Peternot's swamp!" he exclaimed, and turned again to get out of it.

Just then a strange, misty, yellow gleam met his eye. It seemed to be in the woods, somewhere in the direction of the colliers' camp. But it could not be their fire, for it was in motion, waving slowly to and fro.

"It must be a Jack-o'-lantern beckoning me to follow!" thought the boy, a little startled, and wondering how it would seem to meet his ghostly namesake.

But the beckoning motion was too regular to be that of an *ignis fatuus*. Now the light vanished for a moment, as if intercepted by the trunks of trees; and now another appeared beside it, not many yards off, shining with the same misty yellow gleam and waving to and fro. While Jack was watching them with increasing astonishment, lo! a third light like the other two — then a fourth and fifth — flashed out in different parts of the woods, succeeded by still others, until the swamp seemed filled with gigantic fireflies flickering among the trees.

But even if Jack could have conceived of fireflies so huge, the regular motion of each would still have remained a mystery. He was no coward; yet the darkness of the night, streaked by these wavering fires, — not wavering only, but actually advancing towards him, — together with the awful silence of the scene, broken only by the pattering rain, thrilled him with superstitious fears; although his reason kept saying, "It 's only men with lanterns! only men with lanterns, I know!"

Men with lanterns it was indeed, for now he heard voices; then in a sudden blaze of lightning the strange gleams were all extinguished, and in their place he saw, scattered among the trees, human forms, some sheltered by umbrellas, but each holding in one hand a lantern, which he was in the act of swinging. Then darkness succeeded, — the men had disappeared, and there were the lights waving once more.

"Hullo!" cried Jack.

"Hullo!" answered a voice. Thereupon the lights became stationary, and "Hullo!" "Hullo!" was echoed throughout the woods.

"What are you looking for?" cried Jack.

"A man," answered the voice. "Who are you?"

"I 'm only a boy," replied Jack, wondering for an instant if it were possible that all those men were out seeking him.

The lanterns were once more in motion; and now Jack perceived that they formed a long chain of lights perhaps a couple of rods apart, sweeping in order through a belt of the woods. Even now, when he knew for a certainty what they were, their swinging motion in the darkness, their slow progress, and their mysterious errand, excited his imagination.

He made his way up towards the nearest lantern, and found it carried by Abner Welby.

"That you, Jack? where 's your lantern?"

Jack said he had no lantern. "Why, where was you when we met Grodson? He was going over to Aunt Patsy's with a lantern just as we were coming away; looking for his pardner, he said; he 's been looking for him for two days. Then Dan Bradly remembered that he saw him — Old Danvers, I mean — staggering into these woods yesterday with his jug, and heard somebody hollering down here afterwards. So, as we wanted something to do, we accepted Grodson's invitation, put home and got our lanterns, raised the neighbors by the way, — some had the gumption to take their umbrellas, but I did n't, — and all met down here to hunt the swamp."

Just then a shout was raised at the farther end of the line. "Found!" "Found!" rang from man to man through the woods; and the lights soon began to cluster together in the distance. Abner and Jack hastened towards the spot, where they presently saw Grodson, Don Curtis, Bill Burbank, and Dan Bradly, lifting a dark, heavy, dripping object over a fallen log on which they had placed their lanterns.

"Drownded in six inches of water!" said Don.

"And there 's the cause on 't!" exclaimed Grodson, breaking the whisky-jug against a tree.

With a shudder of horror Jack turned away, appalled by the dreadful fate of his old friend, the charcoal-burner whom he had once been so near having for a patron and example in life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JACK MEETS COUSIN SYD AND ANOTHER OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

OLD Danvers had been six weeks buried, and was almost as much forgotten by the world as the dead dog Jack had covered with brush and stones under the roots of the old apple-tree; Grodson, sincerely mourning for his "pardner," with whom he had been associated in a strange and lonely life so many years, had sold his charcoal, and gone off, a dark and gloomy man, nobody knew whither; Aunt Patsy had had respite from persecution, and Jack had made progress; when one evening Deacon Chatford, sitting in the kitchen-door, smoking his pipe, said to the lad as he was coming in from the barn, "Chores all done, Jack?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, in his ready, cheerful way.

"Tired?"

"A little, — I like to be at this time of day."

"Now what are you going to do?"

"I am going to read about an hour, then I am going to bed."

"Annie says you are getting along finely with your books, considering your chances."

"I hope so," said Jack, "for if I go to school next winter, I don't care to pass for a very big blockhead."

"Go to school! Ho, ho!" The deacon puffed his pipe. "How do you expect to manage that?"

"Miss Felton said she thought a way would open for me somehow," replied Jack, blushing in the twilight.

"Well, Annie is a shrewd girl. If she said so, I guess 't will be so. You like farming tolerably well?"

"I 've every reason to like it; it gives me a good home, enough to do, and a chance for the future — I hope," added Jack, with a tremor of fervency in his voice.

"I expected you 'd be asking for wages before now," remarked the deacon.

"I prefer to leave that to you, — after all you have done for me," said Jack with an overflow of gratitude. "I think my board and clothes are about all I 've been worth."

The deacon puffed away contemplatively. "Well, there 's something in that. But you 've had only Moses and Phin's old clothes so far. Now the boys are going to the city to-morrow with the butter and cheese; — their mother 's been talking it over with me, and what I was going to say to you, Jack, is this, — that if you like to go along with 'em and pick you out at the store where we trade a decent suit for Sunday, that 'll do for you to wear to school next winter, we 'll let the butter and cheese pay for it. There, there! I know what you would say; no words are needed. Be ready to start with the boys in the morning. That 's all," said the deacon, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Why, father! what 's the matter with Jack?" said Mrs. Chatford, coming to the kitchen-door shortly after. "As he went through the room just now he was crying. He tried to speak to me, and could n't."

"Could n't he? Well, I 've had to give the boy a talking to; I suppose that 's it."

"A talking to, father! About what?"

"O, the new suit of clothes he is going to have to-morrow, nothing worse," said the deacon with a cough, and a tear in one corner of his eye.

The boys got an early start the next morning, driving both horses harnessed to the double wagon, which was well loaded with the products of poultry-yard and dairy. Lion went, too, to guard the load. Mrs. Chatford stood in the door, shading her eyes from the sun with her fore-arm, and repeating her charges to them, as they drove away: "Be sure and buy the clothes of Mr. Langdon! And remember which tub is for the doctor! And don't forget to stop and see your Uncle Chatford's folks, going or coming."

"Do we pass Syd Chatford's house?" Jack inquired, as Moses whipped along.

"Yes, — about three miles below here. Guess we 'll stop as we 're going."

"What 's the reason Syd has never been to your house since that night when the bull chased him?"

"He knows better 'n I do; but I can guess," said Moses, grinning. "I guess he offered himself to Annie that evening, after the rest had gone, — he asked to see her alone, anyway; and it 's my opinion he got the mitten."

"He lost his interest in singing, all at once," remarked Phin; "and he don't think half so much of his relatives as he did one spell. He was dreadful sweet on us for one while."

"Is she — going to marry anybody?" Jack hesitatingly inquired.

"Of course she will! all such pretty girls do," replied Moses. "But none of the fellows that hang round our house have any chance; she 'll look higher than any of them, I can tell 'em!"

"Mose has found out she 'll look higher 'n him!" giggled Phineas.

"Me? I 'm her cousin," said Moses, turning very red. "I don't believe in cousins marrying."

"Guess the grapes that grow on that vine are a little bit sour," said Phin, giving Jack a significant wink.

"You 'd better hush up!" And Moses, in his vexation, gave Old Maje a cut. "Go 'long!"

This conversation had a deeper interest for Jack than his two companions imagined. "Look higher than any of them, will she?" he said to himself. "Well she may! She 's too good for any man!" He felt an indescribable pang as he thought of Moses' oracular "Of course she will!"

They were travelling the road Jack had travelled on the night of his flight from the scow; but he was unable to recognize any objects they passed, until from the summit of a hill he looked down its gentle slope and saw a school-house at the crossing of two roads. It was from this hill that he looked back and saw the lights and heard the singing, as he fled with the hat stolen from the entry; and well he remembered what a shadow fell then and there upon his guilty heart, when the moon went suddenly under a cloud. Now the beautiful summer day was shining, barefoot children were going to school along the pleasant road, and the poor little fugitive of that memorable night was riding to town to buy a suit of clothes.

At the first house beyond the school-house Moses reined up the horses. "This is Uncle Chatford's; hold the reins, Jack, while Phin and I run in."

Jack had held the reins but a little while when a young farmer came out of a barn on the opposite side of the road, and crossed over. He was little and straight, and, notwithstanding the rough farm-clothes and old straw hat so strikingly in contrast with his Sunday broadcloth and shining black beaver, Jack recognized at once his friend, Mr. Syd Chatford. Lion's wagging tail testified that he recognized him too.

"Who 's with you?" asked Syd.

"Mose and Phin," said Jack.

"Where be they?" asked Syd (still a little loose in his grammar).

"Gone in to see the folks," replied Jack.

Syd looked at Lion, and patted his head, but made no allusion whatever to his battle with the bull, whereby Annie's life was saved. Nor did he once speak of Annie. After talking for a few moments on indifferent subjects, he suddenly took off his hat, and holding it up towards Jack in the wagon, said, "Did you ever see that before?"

"I thought I remembered it," replied Jack.

"Ah!" cried Syd, "it seemed the strangest thing! This is the hat that was stole from me out of the school-house, back here. Five or six days after that, happening to look under the buggy seat, there was my hat! The buggy had n't been nowheres except that Sunday night. Was it you put it there?"

"Yes," said Jack, glad to confess his fault; "and it was I that took your hat in the first place. I was passing the school-house bareheaded; I 'd been flung into the canal and lost mine, and when I saw a dozen on the nails in the entry, I thought somebody could get a hat easier than I could. I wanted to tell you about it that Sunday night, but I was afraid to."

"By George, Jack!" cried Syd, "you 're a brave fellow, and I won't tell of you."

"I don't care now whether you tell or not," replied Jack; "for I guess my friends believe I would n't do such a thing again. I 've told two of 'em all about it, — my two best friends, Mrs. Chatford and Miss Felton, — and Miss Felton was going to tell you, if you ever came again."

Syd colored, and just then found a bit of dried mud on the wheel, which he seemed to think it very necessary for him to pick to pieces. Then Moses and Phineas came out.

"Say, Syd!" cried Phin, "ye don't come to see us lately."

"No — not — very lately," replied Syd; "colt 's been a little lame."

"Oh!" said Phin, "has he? pity 'bout it!" And from that time Syd's lame colt was a standing joke with that facetious youngster.

Bidding Cousin Syd good by, the boys drove on to the city.

They stopped the wagon on one of the principal business corners; there several traders came and stood upon the wheels, and tasted the butter, and looked at the cheeses and chickens. Purchasers at good prices were not wanting, the superior quality of the products of Mrs. Chatford's dairy being well known at the corner. Everything was speedily disposed of, except one choice tub of butter and a pair of chickens, which Moses said were going to the doctor.

"Who is the doctor?" inquired Jack.

"O, a first-rate old fellow," replied Phin, who seldom praised anybody. "Ma's cousin; brought up together; comes out to see us sometimes; and we always take him something when we come to town."

"He lives over beyond the jail," said Moses. "He 'll make us stay to dinner; so suppose we buy the clothes first."

This proposal just suited Jack; and being taken to the store where Mr. Langdon kept, he was presently furnished with a complete outfit, — coat,

vest, trousers, cap, and boots. The clothes were a handsome brown stuff, which Mr. Langdon averred was good enough for a prince. Jack thought so too, and blushed at himself in the glass. "Besides," said that gentleman, who was an old and tried friend of Mrs. Chatford's, "there 's this peculiarity about that cloth, — it never 'll wear out!" Jack was glad of that.

The other boys had some new clothes too, but this was not by any means so important a thing to them as it was to Jack; they had had new clothes before.

Jack kept his on, and had his old suit done up for him in a bundle; then, the bill settled with the "butter and cheese money," the boys all got into the wagon again and started for the doctor's.

Suddenly, just after they had passed the jail, Jack's eyes became fixed upon a person coming down the street, — a stoutish gentleman, plainly dressed, and carrying a good stout cane. Where had he ever seen that familiar form, and that mild, benignant face?

"Hullo!" exclaimed Moses and Phineas together, "there comes the doctor!"

"Why, bless me, boys!" said the doctor, stepping from the sidewalk, and advancing towards them with a beaming smile. "How are all the folks?" shaking their hands cordially. "And who is this, — one of the neighbors' boys?"

"No, he 's a boy that lives with us," replied Moses.

With no more introduction than this the gentleman shook hands with Jack; and all the while Jack's heart was in his throat so that he could not speak a word. The gentleman did not, of course, recognize the little canal-driver in such company, and in such clothes. But Jack knew him: it was his friend, the packet passenger.

J. T. Trowbridge.

OUR ORIOLE NEIGHBORS.

THERE 'S an oriole's nest in the elm-tree boughs;
And the flurry and flutter are such that it seems
As if the young husband were telling his spouse,
In an air-castle way, of his householding schemes.
Don't he talk like a tipsy one telling his dreams?
But what does he care for the lore of the schools
While his thoughts are busy with family cares?
So, disregarding grammatical rules,
(No Lord of the Birch has our hero to fear,)
He winds up his story of household affairs
With, — "Here I be, here I be, — right up here!"

Do matters go smoothly? Well, once in a while
Our neighbor is down with a touch of the blues;
Then he talks to himself in a very queer style,
But is dumb when his lady solicits the news.
He mopes, and he sulks, and he stares at his shoes,
And he vows that this world is a very dull place.
But 't is easier by far for our friend to rejoice;
So, just as his good wife, with sorrowful face,
Is wondering whether her partner is near,
He shouts from his perch, at the top of his voice, —
"Why, here I be, here I be, — right up here!"

"But never," he says, "in my love-making days,
When I was a youngster, and Mrs. was Miss,
And the bright world abounded in all its glad ways,
With song and with sunshine, with beauty and bliss, —
Never once did I think that it *could* come to this!
'T is a serious question, — this matter of bread;
And soon the demand will be, — 'rations for five!'
Shall I give up the fight, and go down with the dead,
And leave you a widow? Say, Tooty, my dear!
No, — I am determined to strive and to thrive, —
So, here I be, here I be, — right up here!"

O, the wind blows east, and the wind blows west,
And the days and the weeks and the months go by;
In the yellowing elm there 's a desolate nest, —
For its builders have flown to a pleasanter sky;
And I hardly know whether to smile or to sigh
At the thought that when I shall have left this abode,
And passed, like the birds, from the Old to the New,
Some friend, losing sight of my face on the road,
May puzzle his brain to determine my sphere,
And get for all answer, (I hope 't will be true!)
"Why, here I be, here I be, — right up here!"

Beverly Moore.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

PART II.

WHEN we left the two boys, Charlie Morland and Rob Raymond,* they were having a fine time in the country, sketching and roaming off on long tramps into the woods and on the seashore, and varying their out-of-door employments by studying paintings and photographs in the house.

A little later in the season Rob went back to school, and Charlie's family were getting ready to move into town. About this time there appeared at the Morlands' dinner-table one day an old German, who was introduced by Charlie's father as Mr. Maler. He was a very strange-looking man, with a large head covered with long black hair, that hung about in every direction over his neck, forehead, and ears; and he had very sharp black eyes under the long undulating eyebrows that are said to characterize artists. His arms and legs were long and thin, and he moved them, as well as the features of his face and his shaggy head, in sudden nervous jerks.

"Charlie, go get some of your sketches for Mr. Maler to look at," said his father after dinner. "I want him to tell us if it is worth while for you to spend much of your time in this sort of occupation."

Charlie did as he was bid and fetched back several of his works, among others the one of the elm-trees and the cottage, which I described before. Mr. Maler took them and, leaning part way back in his chair, stuck his old black meerschaum pipe between his yellow teeth, and holding them off one after another at arm's length, began to look them over carefully.

"These will do very well," said he, after a while. "Let him look more and know more, and he will do."

So in a little time Charlie's family had got back to the city, and old Mr. Maler was established in one of the upper rooms of the house to paint there himself, — for he was an artist, — and also to superintend Charlie's painting; for though Charlie was to go on and study his Latin and mathematics, his father had agreed to give him a year with Mr. Maler, to see if he could begin to learn to be a painter.

Mr. Maler's room was filled by a queer collection of things which made it look much like an old museum. He had been in South America, and all over the walls on one side he hung wings and feathers of every gorgeous hue you can think of, from the birds and butterflies he had gathered on his travels. He said he wanted these to keep his eye bright for clear colors when he was painting. In another side of the room was an odd medley of Indian equipments of every shade of rich and dusky tints, — leather moccasons worked with dingy red and white clay beads and porcupines' quills. Then there were tawny skin mats and blankets laid about on the floor and hung on the walls, giving the whole side of the room much the hue of a

* See "Our Young Folks" for September, 1871.

Turkey carpet. "That 's to keep my eye right when I want to paint dim and rich browns," said he, "and these bits of granite and quartz and slate stones in this little row by my easel are to help me make my lights pure and true in color. When I think I am making the light on some field too red or too yellow, I just glance at this and try to have it about the same shade as these stones are."

But besides painting in his studio Mr. Maler wandered about the house, and made boomerangs and windmills and hobby-horses for the younger children, and talked about books to the men of the family, and rambled out a good deal, to "pick up hints," he said, down all the alleys and odd places he could come across. But for all that he made lovely pictures of just what everybody sees all the time, and everybody liked his pictures, and bought them at great prices. He would make a picture of a door-yard with hens trotting about in it; a flight of steps with children playing on them, and such common things, yet they were always beautiful, though many people seemed to fancy that the places they were painted from could not have been so pleasant nearly as these pictures.

"Well! here 's an end of sketching at any rate," yawned Charlie to Mr. Maler one day, as he sauntered from the front window of his father's house. "Now we have got into town I shall have to work up my country sketches, but there is nothing in all these straight, stiff houses that *can* be made

beautiful for painting. I wish I lived in Italy or Holland, where the queerly shaped odds and ends of houses always make pretty architectural pictures."

The opposite block of buildings, at which Charlie had been gazing in a discontented frame of mind, *did* look rather dreary, to be sure. The glare of the noonday sun fell straight on the red brick wall and made a melancholy contrast to the open view of hills, fields, and sea, that Charlie had been delighted to sketch day after day during the summer months.

Mr. Maler sat painting diligently and with great apparent enjoyment the branch and berries of a mountain-ash, which hung from the top of his easel. "Nonsense, Charlie, my boy!" said he, leaning back in his chair and looking with one eye through a tube made by his doubled-up hand at his study, the berries in which hung as red and strongly marked almost as from the real branch itself.

"Nonsense, I say. You have got used to liking striking views of grand scenery, and thinking that mountains, sea, and great trees are the only things to paint. You have not *begun* to know what beautiful things there are to like, if one does not paint, and to paint, if one wants to do that. Few persons see what is before them, and I don't know that anybody does till he is told what to look at. The passion for grand scenery which is now so common is a new thing. It is hardly more than a hundred years old. Before that time men looked upon the mountains and the sea as something frightful, horrid. People in old times talked about the cruel sea, the wrinkled sea, the dismal hills, but they said little about the beauty of the seashore or the violet haze on the mountains. Cæsar, who went often through Switzerland, seems to have considered the Alps, which people go to look at now from so far across the ocean, as only an impediment; and Hannibal does not appear to have been agreeably impressed with their majestic beauty. Nowadays, even the people here who were born and bred in the loveliest scenery in this country don't seem to look upon it otherwise than as a great drawback to have the purple-tinged sides of the White Mountains between them and the good potato-fields there might be if the hills were away. One of the best of them said to me once as I sat watching the pink evening blush move up and melt away from the top of Mount Washington, 'Wall, now, you city folks come way up here to see these 'ere mountings, but we don't care nothing more for 'em than skim-milk.'"

"That's about as little as they can care for anything, I should say," said Charlie, laughing as he thought of the great troughs full of the article which he had seen daily fed to the pigs. "But," he continued, "I supposed people had always enjoyed the 'beauties of nature,' as they say, ever since Adam first opened his eyes, or at any rate ever since Eve did hers."

"No, that sort of enjoyment has almost entirely come in the past hundred years. But I was telling you you had not yet begun to see what there is to be seen."

Charlie looked confused and a little annoyed, for he had fancied that he was a great observer of Nature, as well as her earnest admirer; he had heard

so much of this "fine point of view" and that "grand scene," he fancied he knew pretty much all there was to learn in that way.

"Here is this ugly straight brick wall in front of our house; how *can* I make it look attractive in any way? The bricks have not a bit of moss on them, and the mortar between them is all so white and new."

"Wait till a little later in the day, when the sun will glance sideways on the bricks, and then perhaps you can get some ideas from which you can make a pleasant sketch. Go now and work on your copy of that stone, and count over before you begin to work how many separate tints are in it."

Charlie returned to paint on his picture of a small granite stone on which the sun was shining, and on the round top of which rested the tiny shadows of two or three "fairy cups," the moss itself growing out of a little cleft in the side of the stone.

"Before you begin to paint *count* the colors," said Mr. Maler.

"There are hardly any different shades."

"Yes, there are. Now see: all over the side of the stone, where the light does not strike it, are tiny specks of hornblende of a deep rich brown. The particles of quartz are nearly a violet, and that little streak, where some earth has discolored it, is a dark maroon. Then here, where the light begins to run down into the shadow over this soft curve in the top, I see specks of bright blue, fiery red, — and look! in the tiny shadows which come under the little rough spikes which make up the crystals that form the rock, under the summit of each bright crystal, lies an almost emerald green shadow. If we were as small as ants, perhaps each shadow would look as big and green as a grass-plat. Now how many colors does this make?"

"Six already!" exclaimed Charlie, to whom such minute analysis was a novelty, "and we have not got half over it yet."

"No, here is the top all speckled over with pearl tints, and the brightest lights are almost points of gold. The shape of the stone is not very pretty to be sure, — it is too squat and round to be attractive in itself, — but on the bottom its form is entirely concealed by a band of green moss, in which it is set, and the monotonous line across the top is broken by these lovely little moss 'fairy cups,' which look as if they were made of silver and chased all over with the hieroglyphics that they use in fairyland. What could be more beautiful than the form of this one, — such an exquisite vase! — poised on its slender stem? and the light wandering all over it hunts out every little delicate tint you can think of. And see its lovely shadow, with those of the two other 'cups' beside it, just as perfect lying on the top of the stone as the cup itself, except that the little rough points in the stone fringe out the edges. This is not monotonous, you see! You had six colors before, and now what a variety you have found in what you called 'only a little gravel stone'! Make each of the colors just as perfect as you can on your palette, and by and by I will let you know when to take a look at the brick wall opposite, with the view to make a sketch or study of it."

Charlie worked away till the light began to fade a little in his north window and dim the room, so that he found his colors were all melting into one another and getting a grayish hue.

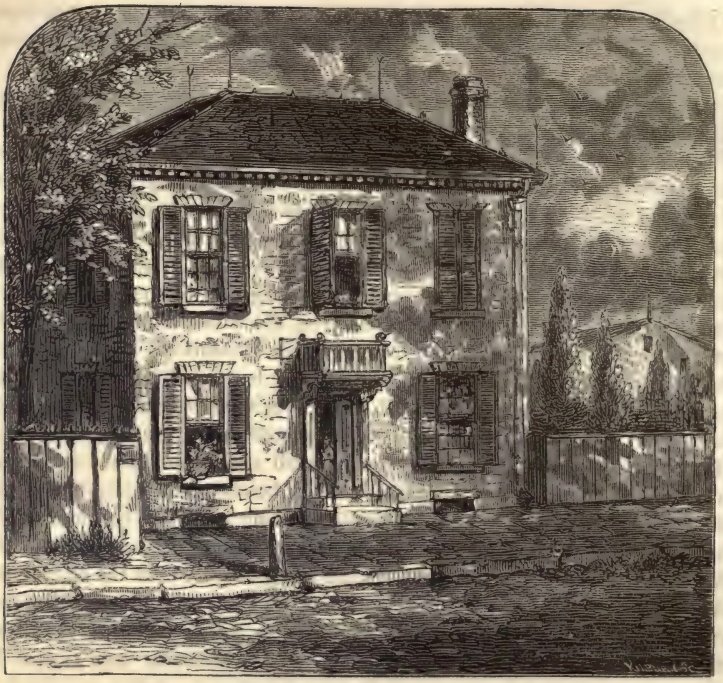
"I 'll go now and see if there *can* be anything pretty or graceful or agreeable in that great brick side of that house."

When he got into the vestibule and opened the front door to look out, his master was already calling him to come. The slanting rays of the sun struck sideways on the bricks, and the *bricky* hue was changed and warmed into a deep soft orange. The lines of mortar were a little broken by the projection of the bricks and made mottled lines through them of speckled gold and purple. At one side, and concealing one of the corners of the house, was the fine trunk of an oak-tree, the shadow of whose gnarled and twisted branches lay in grotesque purple ribbons all over the end of the house, while the sun's rays, penetrating here and there through the dense foliage, threw tiny rounds all about over the shade which came from the leaves. I wonder how many people have observed the singular shapes of the sunlight when it comes through small apertures. They are always in rounds, — some strung along like a row of beads; others interlacing each other, and here and there only a single dancing circle, or perhaps two or three playing pranks together. I was pleased with a curious phenomenon during the eclipse two years ago. As the sun gradually took the shape more and more of a moon, the little rounds of sunlight everywhere grew into crescents, so that it was a very easy thing to watch the progress of the eclipse by looking at his image change, almost wherever one turned his eye.

"In making a picture of this wall," said Charlie's master, "see what is gained beyond making it a monotonous red square with straight lines to bound it. Plain squares are always homely, and in a picture one wants to take Nature when she can give the greatest possible variety of forms and colors. Here instead of a dead brick color is the richest and most glowing orange, speckled with gold and purple as fine as one can possibly make with the best colors in his box; and it is not an orange like a bit of silk ribbon held in one's hand, but it has the filmy lustre of the warm glowing atmosphere between it and you to add, too, if one can. Then on this splendid surface of color are sketched out the strong, perfect outlines of the branches of the oak-tree, which are among the finest forms in the world, and this mass of shadow is a magnificent piece of color too. No black in it, but a deep rich purple gray, flecked over with the round sunlights, and even where it is dimmest it is set thick with specks of pure blue, deep red, and every intermingled tint besides.

"When we looked before the blinds were all shut square and tight, and there was no variety about *them*. Look at that blind hanging ajar with the little streaks of light falling through it and slanting on the house, something like a gridiron. Then, too, look in at that open window."

In front of the nearly black interior of the room there were waving in the window-sill the delicate fringed leaves of a basket of ferns, — so light



and cool a green with the dark setting of the room behind them, and around that the purple shadow of the house.

"What splendid colors!" said Charlie, "and yet I had never got used to noticing them. I never supposed shadows had colors in them, nor lights either. I knew that a rose was pink and grass was green and bricks were red."

"No, and you did not know forms themselves could be altered or rather concealed and forgotten if one would only take pains to notice them in the right way. The balcony at the farther end of the house, which at noon one could scarcely see at all, it was in such a glare, now throws a shadow on the house like purple lace-work, and the iron itself is a deep greenish bronze color. The olive-colored leaves from this elm of ours cover over the upper corner of the house, and now all the 'ugly straight lines' you have got to put in are reduced to that upper half of the farther end of the house; and *that* you would need to have any way to *balance* the picture, as they say; that is, not to have it look like a hodge-podge of curves and gridirons and circles, but to have something for the eye to rest on, to make out what the form of the house really is."

Charlie was delighted, and in his mind's eye saw a lovely picture which he would try to paint, as soft and full of colors as the charming mosaic of a Turkey carpet. He sat watching the flickering lights, and sighed with

pleasure, as every moment he appreciated more fully each shade and hue. Charlie's experience in this respect was much like my own, which comes vividly to mind as I write this story. A few years ago I came to live in a quite crowded city, and left a country home of great fields and broad marshes and distant hills. Opposite the front door of my city home was the long side of a white wooden house, not more than forty or fifty feet distant. What could I do? I felt melancholy. I liked scenery. I loved to paint. Yet here I was, and this was what I had got to look at, at any rate in summer, when we should sit on the porch during the hour or two of leisure time I had each afternoon. It was the only "view" there was, and I thought I *could* not like it. It was a straight wooden two-story house, with a long L running out behind it, and in the morning when I first saw it it looked very "glarey."

I took my embroidery and sat on the porch in the afternoon. I thought I would at least have something pleasant to see in the colors of the worsteds. But when I had got out I looked at the house. A change had come over it, as if a magician's wand had touched it. A gable that I had not noticed in the morning light now pointed over one side of the roof, with its cool gray color. A big window of a sort of half-conservatory, which had blazed like the sun in the fore part of the day, was now half open, showing bright flower-pots within, and the uneven panes of glass blushed all over with tints from the sky, from the trees, and the setting sun. A bay-window, whose projection had escaped me when there were no shadows, now made a little filigree shade on the house from its ornamental top, and banded down its length a dark streak of silvery gray. A white trellis-work along the L covered the lower story of that part of the building with a basket-work of shade, and the clematis-vine that hung from it here and there was green and dark and bright in the declining daylight. A funny little flight of steps running up to a French glass door was almost invisible, but the shadow of the balustrade was traced distinctly on the wall; and over the L another shadowy gable peeped. I noticed, too, that the chamber windows were neither regular nor of uniform size. And added to the other beauties, between our doorsteps and the house, a fine old weeping-willow caught the golden sunlight on its branches and pale foliage, and flung waving, swaying shadows on the now soft yellow color of the house and a thousand of the little round sunlights I have mentioned, while its own branches themselves fluttered like feathers all through the air and looked like a delicate canopy dropped across the green court between the two houses. Golden orioles had built in the tree, or in one near by, and their black backs and orange breasts turned up sunshine or shadow, and here was my "dreadful white wall." Besides, now and then a young girl who lived in the house came out on to the little flight of steps, with a scarlet jacket on, and then the picture was complete. But I must not forget Charlie, whom I left dreaming with half-shut eyes at the front porch of his father's house.

"Yes, it is so!" said he to himself. "Things are beautiful according to the way we look at them. If I want to be a *real* artist, I must try and

find the *beautiful* side to everything and everybody. How many sides there are, after all! One man thinks of a house as a building it took six months to construct; another looks upon it as a good job in carpentry or mason-work; a third, as a comfortable and warm home; another, as an additional costly house in the street; another, as a stiff, awkward building; but the artist takes it and melts it in the crucible of his imagination into a lovely dream. Each way of looking at it is true, and why may not one take one view as well as the other? Heigh-ho! I 'll try and paint it to-morrow from memory. At any rate I have got a beautiful gold and sunny and purple kaleidoscope picture in my head; whether I can make a magic-lantern and reflect the picture out of myself on to canvas, is another question. I 'll go get my old painter now and take a stroll with him, for he said he wanted to show me a view of Main Street in *his* way."

"Hallo! Charlie, is that you?" said Mr. Maler, as Charlie came into his room with his cap in his hand.

"You said you wanted to show me Main Street in your way, so I 'm ready to go."

"That is right," answered the old fellow; and he quickly swung his brown cloak over his shoulder, lighted his invariable meerschaum, and was ready to start.

"Now that street was about as ugly as it could be in the middle of the day, — all red blocks of stores filled with windows, one angle sticking up over another, and not a porch nor dormer-window nor tower to break the monotonous look of a row of blocks," said old Maler, stopping in the middle of a broad paved square in front of a large public building, and pointing with his stick down a straight wide business thoroughfare. "Look at it now. The greenish-blue sky, so deep and dark, is just the right contrast with the pink blush that tips along the line of the house-tops, with its occasional breaks where the dark tall end of one of the houses cuts into it; and see the lights like carbuncles in that highest row of windows. Look how the light tapers down first into purple and lower into a soft blue-gray mist, out of which the brown street comes towards where we are standing, and the dark forms of the men and horses mixed in with the pale light of the street lamps. There 's beauty for you, I say," exclaimed the old man, warming with his subject and striking his cane vigorously on the pavement.

"You don't mean to say that all things are beautiful equally, do you?" asked Charlie, after a few minutes' pause, during which he had been studying all the effects of the contrasts of color.

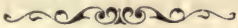
"No, my boy, of course not," replied Maler, "but to be beautiful is a distinct quality, and whether there is more or less of it, it always produces, or ought to produce, the same effect on the mind. All objects are capable, so far as I know, of having beautiful colors and beautiful forms given to them, if the eyes will only see right."

Charlie made no answer, but he resolved to try how much he could *see*. That night, when he went home, he sat in his chamber window a long time

in the moonlight, meditating on what Mr. Maler had said to him. It was a high, narrow dormer-window, and it looked out on the top of the next roof, which was tiled in queer brown earthen tiles laid on the roof in high ridges. In front of the window a long branch of an elm-tree caught the alternate moonlight and shadow as it swung to and fro. On the other side of the tiled roof a stack of chimneys was nearly all dark, as were also the side and roof of the house to which they belonged. A deep blue sky rose behind them, and in front, under Charlie's window, a pot of calla-lily leaves and a bunch of crimson fuchsias shone bright from the gaslight behind him in the room.

"What a lovely picture!" sighed Charlie. "I can't turn round but I find one. But it is time to go to bed now," yawned he, as he heard the clock strike ten. And in a few minutes he was fast asleep and dreaming of kaleidoscopes and Turkey carpets and sunsets and brick walls, all in a tangle.

Susan Nichols Carter.



FREED CHILDREN IN WASHINGTON.

I USED to wonder sometimes what Northern children would think or say or do, if they were introduced to schoolrooms such as were at first provided for the freedmen, and requested to study with the help of what the colored children, who had never seen a school and knew nothing of what should be there, called "a right smart o' books an' slates." They would certainly have felt as if they had gone a long way back towards the "dark ages." The rooms were usually in an old barrack, or soldier's hospital, or the basement of a dilapidated church; floors broken, some of the windows gone, roof leaky, so that in stormy weather the children huddled in "awkward squads," anywhere and anyhow to keep dry, and "ran between the drops" going to and from class; no desks, a few benches, — so few that not more than half the scholars had seats; the rest squatted cross-legged on the floor, or perched on the window-sills, or leaned against the wall; no maps, no charts, no blackboards; sometimes in a whole class not two books alike. And in this way the freed children tried to "git some larnin'," and succeeded too.

Nothing better than this in Washington? No, for a long time nothing better than just this. But this was seven years ago. Now the colored people's school-houses are among the finest in the city, — brick buildings arranged as nearly as possible like the Boston schools, and with every convenience and assistance to study that the most particular little Yankee could desire.

They were queer enough, those first schools. Everybody wanted to come, and we could not make the older people understand that they were intended

only for the children. So gray-headed men and women came, and pored over the primer through their spectacles. Parents and children studied together from the same book; for old and young alike had to "begin at the beginning," and learn their letters, or, as they called it, their A B C's. We would sometimes ask of new-comers who had mastered the alphabet, "Do you know your letters?" and invariably they would answer, "No, ma'am, dunno dat ar, but knows my A B C's." Soldiers came in when they were "off guard," to "read a verse." Patients from the hospital came in their gray knit dressing-gowns. Women came with their babies; and while they studied their lesson let the youngsters chew the corner of the book to keep them quiet. A man would come in, and, putting down an axe or a saw by the door, say that he "jes' come in fer a few minutes ter git a lesson, an' would de lady be so kin' jes' ter show him how ter cut his name on a slate." That was their expression for writing.

Then once in a while there would be a regular stampede. A bugle would sound, and the soldiers would start up and march out with military step, their heavy tread shaking the building. The hospital bell would ring, and away the gray dressing-gowns would go, flapping and fluttering like a flock of turkeys, perhaps in the middle of a lesson. Or a baby would cry, and the mother would have to drop her book and carry it home. Sometimes there were so many babies that the room looked more like a nursery than a school. Children who had little ones left in their charge while their parents were at work brought them to school rather than stay away themselves. Two or three came regularly with a baby and a cup of hominy. They would roll the baby in a shawl and lay it on the floor, and once in a while take it up and feed it with hominy, giving it an occasional shake to make it swallow faster.

You wonder they could learn anything in such a place, amid so much confusion and irregularity. "Where there 's a *will* there 's a *way*." These children had the *will*, and it was wonderful what they accomplished. They had a great deal to discourage them too. During one winter half a dozen young men assembled regularly every afternoon near one of the school-houses at the hour for dismissal, and stoned the children as they came out. One day a little boy was struck on the ankle, and fell to the ground severely hurt. His companion took up a stone to throw back. But the little fellow caught his arm and took the stone away, saying, "Don't do that. It won't cure my ankle; besides, I don't believe they know any better." Near another school lived a woman who used regularly to watch for the colored children passing, and pour water on them from the window; and they would come into school on a cold winter's day drenched to the skin.

As soon as the children had learned to write a little they developed a perfect passion for writing letters to their teachers. They frequently took this method of making known their wants. The usual plan was to write the letter on their slates with their lesson, to make sure of its being noticed. I once returned a slate rather hastily, after looking at the

figures, and the owner, a boy, handed it back, remarking, "Dar 's a letter un'erneaf." And I read: —

"MI DEAR TEECHUR i luv you pleese give me A pare of *pancks*."

He had been overlooked in the distribution of clothing, and this was to remind me of the fact. Whatever this epistle lacks, it certainly possesses the rare merit of being short and to the point. In the school at Arlington, a few miles out of Washington, the teacher one day requested each of her pupils to write her a letter, telling what they intended to do or be when they became men and women. A boy handed in this: —

"MY DEAR TEACHER, You ask me to tell you what I intend to be when I am grown up. I have not quite made up my mind, but I think I had rather be either a *lawyer* or a *President*, for I think they are both very *useful trades*. Please give me your advice which I had better choose."

But their special delight was in sending valentines, or rather *giving* them; for they had no idea of remaining "unhonored and unknown" in thus testifying their admiration; and used to bring them to school, and hand them to us in person. Among others I received this. Whether the sentiment was original, I cannot say. The spelling and disposition of capitals assuredly was.

"as The grass grows Around The stump
i Chuse you fore My Suger lump.
and as The grape Hangs on The vine
Chuse you fore My valentine."

In Washington I met with the only colored child I ever saw who really could not learn. He was bright enough about work or play, but seemed absolutely incapable of learning anything in school. Having tried every way to teach him his letters, without success, I asked one day if he would not like to learn to spell his name. He said "yes," and seemed to brighten up a little. So I printed on his slate a big B, then an I, and so on, till he had Billy before him. After working several days with this, I said, "Now can't you spell Billy, and point to the letters?"

"Yaasm." But with no attempt to do it.

"Well," I said, "let me hear you. Spell Billy."

"T-h-e, Billy."

Finding that this result of a month's teaching was not entirely satisfactory, he thought awhile, then said, "Kin spell it 'noder way."

"Well, try once more. Now call each letter as I point to it."

"H-a-m, Billy."

This final effort not being received with the unmixed approbation that Billy considered his due, he gave up in disgust, shook the dust of the schoolroom from his feet, and a few days afterwards hailed me from a dirt-cart, which he was driving at break-neck speed down Pennsylvania Avenue. Pulling his horse up with a jerk, which, if it did not dislocate the animal's neck, was sufficient to have done so, he shouted to me, attracting the attention of all the passers-by.

"Ain't gwine ter school no mo'. Don' like it. Likes dis yer heap better. But kin spell Billy now. T-h-e, Billy. Comin' ter see yer some day. Git up."

And the cart rattled down the street, with Billy triumphantly erect; the rags of his jacket and the rim of his hat flapping in time with the motion.

We had some comical times in our first Sunday school. The children could not understand how a Sunday school differed from any other; and the first Sunday they brought their slates, and wanted to have copies set, and to "do sums." There was one boy who was always asking questions; queer questions they were too. I used to wish sometimes that I could take the top of his head off for a minute and look inside, to see what kind of a brain it was that thought of such things. One Sunday the lesson was upon the Creation. He raised his hand to signify that he wanted to ask a question. "Well, what is it?"

"Yer say dar war on'y one man den?"

"Yes, there was only one man."

"Dar warn't no oder man, no place, nowhars?"

"No, there was no other man on the earth."

"Den ef dar wor on'y one man, an' dat ar man want ter sell a cow, I jes' like ter know how he gwine do it."

Some picture cards were sent to the school, and the children were told that every one who would learn a verse and repeat it the next Sunday, should have one. Among the boys was one who rejoiced in the name of Thomas Abraham Lincoln Johnson; or, as he pronounced it, "Tum's Ab'um Link-tum Jawnson." When the superintendent asked how many had verses to repeat several hands went up, but Thomas Abraham Lincoln succeeded in making himself particularly conspicuous, and was called upon first. He marched up to the platform, and straightening himself up, repeated slowly, emphasizing every word, —

> "Great news is come ter town, great news is carried,
> Great news is come ter town, John Jones is married.
> Fus' he buyed a hom'ny pot, an' den he buyed a ladle,
> An' den he buyed a cookin'-stove, an' den he buyed a table."

And amid the murmured applause of the children, who seemed to regard this as a most touching and appropriate selection, Thomas Abraham Lincoln retired to his seat, with the air of a "conquering hero."

One day a number of new scholars came in, among them a boy about fourteen, who carried a heavy walking-stick. I disposed of the others, and came to him last, asking the usual question, "Can you read?"

He turned to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, "You see de trouble is, it 's pleased de Lord ter make me blind. So I can't larn like de oder chillens; but I jes' listens ter dem, an' larns dat way; an' I 'se mighty apt at larnin' too."

I asked if he had always been blind.

"Yes," he said, "but I shall have my sight by and by."

"How do you know that?"

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"'Kase one night I wor a prayin' ter de Lord ter gib me my sight; an' he promise me dat ef I 'd sarve him good one year, he 'd gib it ter me. I 'se been sarvin' him jes' as good as I knows, an' I know he 'll gib it ter me; fer he allus does jes' what he say."

He lived fully half a mile from the school; but every day that winter, through snow and rain and mud he came, feeling the way with his stick; and then he sat with eager face, drinking in every word; and at recess would repeat everything he had heard during the morning. Sometimes when the children did not behave very well he would say to them, "Ef yer could jes' be like me fer a while, so yer could n't see ter larn, yer 'd nebber do dat way 'gin."

A lady wrote to some friends in Massachusetts, who kindly sent him a complete suit of clothes, including overcoat, cap, and mittens; and a happier boy than blind Billy when he received them, it would be hard to find. "Tell 'em," he said, "dat when I git my sight, I 'll come ter see 'em." What this idea of having his sight was, or how he came by it, we could not tell; but he looked for it certainly at the end of the year.

After a while we missed him from school; and the matron of the orphan asylum, where he had been placed, sent us word that he was sick. "Not very sick," she said, when we went to see him; "only weakly like. The doctor could n't seem to tell just what did ail him."

Every time we saw him he was a little thinner and a little weaker. At last, one bright spring day, when the first violets were in bloom, we went once more; but no pleasant voice greeted us, and no welcoming hand was stretched out from the little white bed, where Billy lay, very, very quiet, with a smile upon his face. "He lay just so, when I found him this morning," the matron said through her tears.

The year was up, and Blind Billy had "got his sight." His eyes "saw the King in his beauty."

Elizabeth Kilham.

ONE BIRTHDAY.

WHERE the willows that overhang the lane
Make a pleasant shade in the golden weather,
Through gleams that flicker on flank and mane
The mare and her colt come home together;
Over them softly, one by one,
I see the yellowing leaflets fall,
And lie like brighter spots of sun
On the faded turf and gray stone wall. —

Of all the scenes in my life, to-day
  That is the one which I remember;
How sweetly on all the landscape lay
  The mellow sunlight of September!
It slept in the boughs of the hazy wood,
  On glimmering stubble and stacks of grain;
And there at the farm-yard bars we stood
  While the mare and her colt came up the lane.

The bright leaves fell, and over us blew
  The fairy balloons of the air-borne thistle,
As, pricking her ears at the call she knew,
  With whinny and prance at voice and whistle,
Coquettish and coy, she came with her foal:
  O, well I remember, — his neck and ears
By her great gray side shone black as a coal,
  And his legs were slender and trim as a deer's!

With hands on the bars, and curly head bare,
  I stood, while farm-boy Fred, who was taller,
Reached over and shook at the proud shy mare,
  A handful of oats in my hat, to call her.
Then a form I loved came close behind,
  A hand I loved on my shoulder lay,
And a dear voice spoke, — so gentle and kind,
  Ah, would I could hear its tones to-day! —

"There is n't a handsomer colt in town!
  Just look at that beautiful breast and shoulder!
His color will change to a chestnut brown,
  To match your curls, as he grows older.
This is your birthday — let me see!"
  The hand went higher and stroked my head:
"I 'll make you a present — what shall it be?"
  "O father! give me the colt!" I said.

And the colt was mine — how proud was I!
  The white doves croaked on the low, brown gable,
The silken swallows went skimming by,
  Flying in and out of the sunlit stable: —
So well I recall each sight and sound
  That filled the heart of the happy boy,
And left one day in my memory crowned
  Forever with color and light and joy.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE DOG OF MELROSE AND HIS MISTRESS.

PART I.

THIS stormy New Year's day, when the wind sounds like the distant crying of a child, and I can see no living thing in the snowy streets but one forlorn and friendless little dog shivering and crouching in a doorway, has brought to my mind a story which I heard long ago, about the dog of Melrose.

If any of "Our Young Folks" do not know where Melrose is, let them get the map of Scotland and find it. You must find the River Tweed, and then look along it till you can put your finger upon the town of Melrose. If you only knew how beautiful it is you would like to go there very much; for there is a great deal to see in Melrose and its neighborhood. There is Abbotsford, the beautiful place where Sir Walter Scott lived, and Dryburg Abbey, where he is buried. There is Melrose Abbey, which is one of the most beautiful ruins in Scotland, and which all travellers go to see. I wonder how many of you know anything about Sir Walter Scott? When I was a boy I used to read his "Tales of a Grandfather" over and over again. I knew a great deal of the "Lady of the Lake" by heart, and his other poems also. We used to learn our "pieces to speak" out of Scott's poems, and some of us think now that we have never read poetry we liked better. Then Sir Walter wrote the Waverley Novels, which I wish you all were learning to love and to read now, instead of the cheap and silly and mischievous things which are published so often in these days. We did not have as many books to read, but we had good books. Some day, too, I hope you will read Sir Walter Scott's life and learn what a brave and noble man he was.

The little dog of this story was to be seen in Melrose when I was there. He was a wild-looking, tawny little creature, more like a fox than a dog, with sharp ears and a curly tail. He was to be seen running about with a restless, anxious look, as if searching for some one; but unlike most dogs he would not go near anybody or let anybody come near him. Where he slept at night, nobody could tell. The kind peasants who lived in the cottages about Melrose would put out food for him, and he would come and get it at night when no one saw, but he could not be tamed. Even the sheep that are used to their own shepherds' dogs were afraid of him as of a wild animal, and would huddle all together when they saw him, though he was a little fellow, not larger than a small terrier.

Now I will try to tell his history. When I was in Melrose it was late in October. In April of that same year a gentleman and his little daughter came to visit Melrose, and this dog belonged to them. He was named Pincher, but they called him Pinnie. The gentleman was named Elmer and his little girl Alida. Mr. Elmer was a widower and Alida was his only child. She was named for her mother, and was very much indulged.

She was her father's companion everywhere. He used to take a carriage every pleasant day and drive about the neighborhood with Alida by his side and Pinnie in her lap. Only Pinnie would not lie still very often. He preferred to stand up on his hind legs with his fore-paws on the window-sill and bark at every living thing he saw. And if the carriage was an open one, as it usually was, he always teased to climb up on the box by the driver. Alida used to say that he wanted to drive. He certainly was quieter when he could see the horses. But every now and then he would seem to miss his little mistress, and he would jump down into the carriage and up into her lap and try to lick her face, and then he would cry and whine to be put back upon the driver's seat.

Wherever they went, Mr. Elmer knew all about the places and used to tell little Alida the strange and interesting stories which he had read. For there is hardly a spot in all that beautiful country but Sir Walter Scott has written its story, or made it the scene of his writings. Little Alida could repeat a great deal of Scott's poems, and used to say them very prettily indeed; but her father would never let her "show off" to strangers. Indeed, he kept his little girl to himself; and so no one in the inn where they stayed, the George Inn, knew anything of them at all, though many admired the stately and sad-looking gentleman and the pretty, shy little girl who kept so fast hold of his hand.

Soon the day came for them to leave Melrose. They went to the railway station together, and there Mr. Elmer bought first-class tickets. The railroads in England are not like ours. Instead of long cars, where fifty or sixty people sit together, they have small carriages, like stage-coaches somewhat. You have to get in at the side, and you find seats for six or eight people only, and the seats face each other, so that half of the travellers have to ride backwards. When you get in the doors are locked. There are three and often four classes of carriages. The first-class ones are fitted up very comfortably indeed, with soft cushions and curtains, but the fare to ride in them is much more than in the others. The third and fourth classes are very cheap, but they are very uncomfortable, and often very disagreeable people go in them. Mr. Elmer was rich, and so he took first-class tickets for himself and his little girl, — a whole one for himself and a half one for Alida. They were just getting in, when a lady who was in the first-class carriage already called out, "I can't have that dog in here. I am afraid of dogs." Mr. Elmer tried to quiet her, and even Alida forgot her shyness so far as to say that she would hold Pinnie in her lap all the way. But the lady would not be pacified. She called "Guard, guard!" and the guard came. He is like the conductor on our railroads, only he has more authority with the passengers. The lady was known to him as a lady of wealth and rank who lived near Melrose, and Mr. Elmer was a stranger. So the guard said, touching his hat, "Beg pardon, sir, but the law of the company is all dogs must go in the dog-boxes if other passengers objects." He would have taken some money not to see the dog, if the lady had not made it so public; but it was really the law of the company

and Mr. Elmer could not prevent it from being enforced. So Alida and he went to see poor Pincher shut up.

The dog-box was a narrow box with grated doors at each end. Pincher did not like to be put into it, and he squirmed and twisted and snapped at the guard, who got angry and said at last, "Dog must be left, sir, train ready to start!" Then Alida pulled off her little glove and threw it into the dog-box and said, "Fetch it, Pinnie!" Pincher was after it like a flash, and just as

he turned round with it in his mouth the guard slammed to the door and shut him in. Then Mr. Elmer and Alida had to hurry back to get their seats, and before they were settled in them the train was moving away.

But Pincher had no idea of being left there. He scratched and whined first at one door and then at the other. The door by which he was put in was tightly closed, but the other one was not fastened, — it had been opened to take out another dog when the train stopped at Melrose; and Pincher got it open just as the train began to move. Out he jumped, and, running back to the George Inn, leaped up stairs to the rooms where Mr. Elmer and Alida had been staying. But new occupants had come into

them. There was a cross, sickly gentleman, and a mischievous little boy with him. And when Pincher scratched at their door the gentleman opened it and struck at the dog with his cane, and the boy chased poor Pincher down stairs and flung stones at him, one of which hit the poor dog and sent him away howling. Then I think he must have wandered about to all the spots where he had gone with his little mistress in her walks. But because he missed them so much, and perhaps because he was harshly treated, the poor little fellow, who had never known anything but kind ways and words before this, now grew so scared and lonely that he would go to no one, but prowled about just as he was doing when I went to Melrose.

Now we must go back to Mr. Elmer and Alida. They travelled along very fast and were many miles from Melrose before the train stopped. Then Mr. Elmer was just getting out to see that Pincher was safe, but the guard stopped him and told him the train would not stay but a minute, but that he would look after the dog. Presently he came back after the train had started and said the dog was all right and was fast asleep. The guards do not come through the English cars as our conductors do, but climb along on the outside, by a little ledge, or step. It *looks* dangerous, but they are used to it.

So they passed several stations farther, but at one of them Alida saw a little dog running about the platform which she thought was Pincher. She called to him, but there was so much noise of passengers and other trains that her little voice was quite drowned. Then her father laughed at her and said Pincher was all safe, and that she would find him at Carlisle, where they were to stop. Of course when they got to Carlisle Pincher was missing. The guard said the key of the dog-box had not been out of his pocket. Then he said he believed the box had been opened, but he could not say at what station. And finally, when he found that Mr. Elmer was really angry, he said that at any station the dog would be taken and kept, and advertised for a week, so that he could be claimed. This was not true, but it consoled poor Alida a little. So her father took her to the hotel in Carlisle, which is close by the railroad, and then he said he would go back as far as the station where Alida thought she saw Pincher, and look for him. He left his little girl in the landlady's care, and took the night train back for Peebles, where he would stop and look for the dog and return to Carlisle the next day.

The next day seemed very long to Alida. She waited and waited and her father did not come. The fact was he had telegraphed along the line, and had heard of a stray dog found at another station, and had gone back there, but Alida did not know that, and just as it was growing dusk she went down to the passengers' waiting-room to see if her father had come. Then she peeped out into the station, and presently the train arrived and the passengers began to get out. Alida thought she saw her father and ran after him, but before she got to him he stepped into another carriage. She went up to it and began to call, "Papa, papa!" but she could

not make him hear. Then she stepped back and waited for him to get out. She thought, poor little child, that he must be in there with Pincher. And she felt ready to cry a little, she was so afraid that the train would get away with them. Presently the gentleman looked out of the window once more, and then she saw that it was not her father at all. Then she broke down entirely and began to cry in good earnest.

A tall showy woman turned round, attracted by the noise of Alida's sobs, and stopped to ask what was the matter. It was not at once that Alida was able to tell her story. There was time for the woman to read the name upon the corner of the little handkerchief Alida was holding to her eyes. At last, however, the child sobbed out, "I thought — that — it — was — papa in that carriage — and it was n't." So the woman looked at the gentleman who was still staring out of the window, and got an idea of what "papa" might be like. She went on asking a few more artful questions, and presently, she said, "My dear child, I was just going to the hotel to ask after you. Mr. Elmer, your papa, has gone on to Liverpool; he heard that a man who had stolen your little dog had taken him there. There was no time to be lost, so he went right on; but he asked me, as a friend whom he used to know very well before you were born, to stop and bring you on with me. My name is Henriques, — Madame Henriques."

"But," said Alida, "my bag and my things are all at the hotel, and papa's too."

"We 'll leave papa's things," said the clever woman. "He will telegraph for them; but you will want your little travelling-bag. Here, Nancy!" she said, calling to another woman who was waiting near. "Nancy is my maid, my dear," and a glance passed between the two, showing that each understood the part she was playing. "Nancy, will you kindly get this little miss's bag and things and pay her bill? Give Nancy your little purse, dear," she added.

"But must n't I go with her and show her, and speak to the landlady before I go, and give the chambermaid her shilling?" said Alida.

"No, my pet," said Madame Henriques. "We have not time for that. Nancy will go a great deal quicker than you can, and if *she* is left no matter, she can come in the next train; but Mr. Elmer and Pincher will never forgive me if I do not bring *you* with me." So Alida held out her little portemonnaie to the woman, who took it and hurried away, as if to go into the hotel, while Madame Henriques lifted Alida into a carriage of the train and got in with her. In a very few minutes they were off.

Now, as you have guessed by this time, this story was all a falsehood. Madame Henriques was a woman who trained children to dance in the theatres. She was going with a number of them to America, and, seeing this pretty and graceful little girl, she thought she could make use of her. She supposed that Alida was an English girl, and that if she could get her safely out of the country it would be very hard for her friends to trace her. In truth, Alida was born in America, but when she was a wee baby she crossed the ocean and went to Pau in France, where her mother died, and

she had always lived in Europe. It may seem strange that Mr. Elmer had no waiting-maid for his little daughter. But he had discharged the one whom he brought from France with him at Edinburgh, because she wanted to return home, and as he was going to sail for America almost immediately he did not like to engage a new one till he arrived in New York.

For some time Madame Henriques entertained Alida very pleasantly. She put a great many questions to her, and found out that she could speak French and dance and recite poetry, and she made up her mind not to lose her. She intended to train her for the theatre. So at last, as the little girl grew sleepy and hungry, she gave her some supper from a basket she had with her, and then took Alida into her own lap, and got her to sleep very gently. She could be very kind to a child if she chose. The trouble was, she did not always choose.

It was morning when they got to Liverpool. Madame Henriques called a carriage and put Alida into it with herself. She told the man to drive to some place, the name of which Alida could not remember, and away they went. Alida only remembers that it was in a miserable-looking neighborhood and a tumble-down house, and that Madame Henriques went away and she did not see her again for a long time. She was left alone in a room till she grew very tired and fell asleep on a sofa. When she woke a man and woman were looking at her. She asked for her father, and then where Madame Henriques was; but these people said they knew nothing of either; Mrs. Thompson was to bring a little girl from the country to be taught to be a fairy, and they supposed she must be the one. Then she told her story. They exchanged looks, as much as to say that it was best to get Alida out of the way as soon as possible. So the man went off, and as soon as he was gone the woman told Alida that if she wanted to see her father again she must be very good and do what she was told. Then the man returned and said that Mr. Elmer had been obliged to sail for America that morning, but that he had left word for his little girl to be brought after him. Poor little Alida! nobody had ever spoken anything but truth to her, and she did not know that there was such a thing as a lie. So she tried to be as cheerful as she could, and to give no trouble, though things were very strange to her.

Where was Mr. Elmer all this time? He was detained at ——, and was taken to see first one lost dog and then another, but of course no Pincher. He had to give up at last and take the night train for Carlisle, and when he reached it almost everybody in the house was asleep. He did not like to disturb Alida that night with the sad news that Pincher was lost, so he went to his own bedroom.

The next morning his terror and grief at finding no little daughter to greet him cannot be described. The chambermaid had left her in her room for a few minutes, and had been called away to attend to some new arrivals. A policeman had seen a little girl on the platform watching for some one, but had not noticed where she went. Carlisle is a place where several railroad lines meet. Mr. Elmer could only conclude that she had

been enticed away by somebody. He offered a large reward and consulted with the police. Many days were spent in waiting at Carlisle for news, but none came. Then he was advised to go to London. Any one stealing a child would be most likely to seek at once a large city. So he went to London, and there spent some months. He heard of many lost children, and helped to restore some of them to their homes, but his own little daughter he could not find. Then some information he received sent him to Paris, but after staying there some time, he was just as far off as ever from the object of his search. So he went back to England in the winter; and the thought came to him that Alida, missing him in the train, might have taken it into her head to go back to Melrose. She had wanted, he remembered, to go back with him, and had said playfully, as he bade her good by, "Papa, if you don't come at five o'clock I shall go right back to Melrose. Pincher would run right home there if he got lost, I 'm sure."

So he went to Melrose and to the George Inn. But nobody had seen his little girl. He could not bear to leave the place; all hope seemed to be gone. He could not bear to sit in the rooms where they had been together, and yet he felt at night that he must come home to them. He went out every day to walk about the spots where they had gone together, thinking of his little daughter till his heart was almost broken.

One day — a cold, gray day in December — he was out upon the hills. He had just come to that spot on the road from Abbotsford where Sir Walter Scott always used to stop his horses to look upon the beautiful view. When Sir Walter's body was being taken to his burial-place at Dryburg Abbey, the horses which drew the hearse, and which were his own favorite pair, halted at this very spot and for several minutes would not go on past the place their dead master loved so well.

Mr. Elmer was standing there thinking how Alida's eyes had filled with tears when he told her this story, when he saw creeping down the hillside a shivering, starved-looking dog. The dog watched him timidly, and crept nearer. A strange feeling came over Mr. Elmer, and all at once he cried, "Pincher? Pinnie?" The words were not out of his lips before the dog gave a wild bound and then flew right to him, and in a moment was scrambling up into his arms crying and trying to kiss him as dogs do.

Mr. Elmer could only sit down by the roadside and just fondle and caress Pincher, for Pincher it was. An old shepherd who was coming along the road stopped and looked at them with amusement. Then touching his cap respectfully, he said, "Eh, sir, but yon 's a strange sight to see. It is now sax months and mair we have all of us kenned the bit doggie, but ne'er has it been known to come near human creature. We just ca-aed it the wee wild tyke, and put out for it the bit scraps to eat, but never to laddie or lassie would it come to the call. Aiblen's, sir, the dog kens you, and you ken the dog."

There was no doubt about that, and no mistaking Mr. Elmer's joy at finding Pincher. Something told him he would yet find Alida too.

Walter Mitchell.

PICTURE STORY OF TWO BAD BOYS.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OATHS.

"TO swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise," says Cowper; and it is certainly to be hoped that none of "Our Young Folks" have taken up or fallen into so bad a habit. But if they are fond of reading, — as of course they are, — and if they read plays and novels, especially those of our older and classic writers, they will frequently meet with profane oaths; for fictitious literature, it must be remembered, for the most part represents men and manners as they actually are, rather than as they should be. Now, as many of these oaths are obsolete, antiquated, or singular, it may not be amiss to give some explanation of their origin and meaning.

One of the most common is *Zounds*. This is a curtailment and corruption of *His wounds*, or *God's wounds;* that is, the wounds received by Christ — regarded as God the Son, the second person in the Trinity — from the soldier who pierced his side with a spear after he had expired upon the cross. (John xix. 34.) Sir John Perrot, a reputed son of Henry the Eighth, is said to have been the first who swore by God's wounds, a phrase which, in its softened form of *Zounds*, was adopted by Queen Elizabeth, and became her favorite form of asseveration. *Oons*, Tony Lumpkin's usual interjection, — in Goldsmith's play, "She Stoops to Conquer," — is only a variation of the same oath, the word *wounds* being pronounced in former times as now, both *wowndz* and *woondz*. *'Sdeath* and *'Sblood* are in like manner, contractions of *His death* and *His blood* or of *God's death* and *God's blood*. The latter phrase is sometimes disguised as *Odsplut*, and in this form it occurs in the "Melodies" of that world-renowned Bostonian, Mother Goose, who, like Shakespeare, "was not for an age, but for all time." Our readers, both old and young, will recall the exclamation made by head constable Gridiron in consequence of the disturbance of the peace by those disorderly fellows, Pot, Ladle, Spit, and Pudding-stick, on the famous occasion when

"The sow came in with the saddle."

The obscure oath of *Odd splutter her nails* signifies *God's blood and* the *nails* which fastened him to the cross. Similarly *Zooks* or *Adzooks* means *God's hooks*, that is, the hooks which were supposed to have been used for the same purpose. *Odsbodikins* — an oath which Scott puts into the mouth of Queen Elizabeth, as readers of Kenilworth will remember — is of like signification, a bodkin being a sort of sharp-pointed nail; or the latter part of the word may be a diminutive of *body*. In *Dickens* — as, What the *Dickens* did he want? — we have a diminutive of *Devil* (vulgarly pronounced *div'l*), the process of corruption being *Devilkins*, *Divilkins*, *Dilkins* or *Divkins*, *Dickins* or *Dickens*. The name of the great novelist, it is worth remarking, had no such unworthy origin, but is of entirely different derivation and signification. *Marry* is a corruption of the name of the Virgin *Mary*, which is pronounced by the English as if spelt *Mair'ry*, and not as

in this country, *Ma'ry*. *La* (pronounced *law*) and *Lauk* are vicious pronunciations of *Lord*. "Lauk a mercy on me!" the ejaculation of the old woman so rudely treated by a pedler of the name of Stout, is simply "Lord have mercy on me!" The familiar exclamation, "*O dear me!*" is thought to be a corruption of the Italian words *O Dio mio*, that is, O my God! The vulgar addition of *suz* — O dear me, suz! — is a slovenly alteration of the word *sirs*. *Egad* is a euphemism for one of the most common and blasphemous forms of taking God's name in vain.

And this leads us, in conclusion, to remind our readers that the seventh commandment is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Do not forget it, boys.

M. S. R.

THE BROOK.

"O I AM tired!" said the brook, complaining,
"I fain would stop a little while to rest;
The clouds would weary were they always raining,
The bird, if she forever built her nest!

"The stars withdraw from heaven and cease their shining,
The sun himself drops down into the west.
I fain would stop," the brook kept on repining,
"And catch my breath, and be an instant blessed.

"All day a voice calls, 'Follow, dearest, follow,'
And toiling on, I seek to reach the goal,
Nor pause to list to yonder happy swallow,
Telling in song the secret of his soul."

"O foolish brook!" the wind blew, in replying,
"Am I not always with you on the wing?
Cease your fond mourning, cease your weary sighing,
And thank your stars for such companioning!"

The sun came up across the silver dawning,
And hung a golden flame against the sky;
He dallied not to drink the dews of morning,
And when the night fell; *lo! the brook was dry!*

At rest! at rest! no more of toil unceasing;
No watering of the roots of shrub or tree;
No hoarding from the rain, nor still increasing,
To lose itself, at last, within the sea!

Mary N. Prescott.

PRAIRIE-CHICKENS.

ONE of my chief amusements when I lived on a farm in Illinois was trapping prairie-chickens. I call it an amusement, because we all considered it great sport; but in the course of a year or two it grew something like a business. Sometimes I had thirty or forty traps set at once, and when the snow lay deep on the ground and the poor birds were hard pressed with hunger, I was kept quite busy from morning till night. Those which we did not need to use at home I sold to the traders, and as I sometimes caught between one hundred and two hundred dozen in the course of the winter, I was able to keep myself well supplied with pocket-money.

In those days there were no railroads, and the traders took the game in wagons nearly a hundred miles to St. Louis. From there it was sent to Pittsburg by steamboat, and thence to the Eastern cities in wagons. Of course there was great danger of losing the whole if a few warm days should occur, but if a shipment came through in good condition the profits were very large, for the birds could be readily sold for four or five dollars

a brace. There have been great changes in facilities of transportation since then, and prairie-chickens are now as cheap and almost as plenty as common poultry in the Eastern cities at certain times of the year.

The birds are called by naturalists *Tetrao cupido* in Latin, and Pinnated Grouse in English. In the Eastern markets they are usually called "grouse," but the local name in the Prairie States where they are found is "prairie-chickens" or "prairie-hens." In color, form, and habits they closely resemble their little cousins, the quails, but are much larger, — a full-grown male sometimes weighing nearly four pounds. Unlike all the other species of American grouse, they are never found in woods or underbrush, but live exclusively on the open prairie. When other food is difficult of access, they sometimes resort to the top branches of trees on the outskirts of a forest for the purpose of feeding on the leaf-buds.

In the summer they live singly or in pairs, in the fall and winter in large flocks, which often number one thousand or more. At the breeding season they separate, and are found thinly dispersed over the prairies, preferring the low lands and ravines, where they can best find shelter and concealment in the rank grass and under isolated bushes. The young broods range in separate coveys until the end of September, about which time they begin to unite into flocks. Their favorite feeding-grounds are the stubble-fields in the fall, and the cornfields in the winter, in which they make enormous depredations if the corn is left standing, as it often is, until late in December. When the ground is bare of snow, especially in the early spring, they are very fond of closely cropped pastures, to which they resort at regular hours every day, to feed on the tender blades of grass.

When mating the males fight as fiercely as game-cocks. I have watched them many a time within a few yards from behind a fence, much amused by their grotesque movements and their cackling, which sounds exactly like hysterical laughter.

Their nests are made of leaves and grass on the bare ground, often with no shelter or concealment whatever excepting the dead grass of the prairie; but usually they are placed under a solitary bush or clump of dwarf willows. The eggs are laid in April or May, and are from eight to twelve in number, about one third the size of a common hen's egg, of a dusky white color, with reddish-brown spots. The hen sits eighteen days. The young chicks run with great activity the moment they are out of the shell, like young quails. If surprised, they scatter in all directions and hide among the weeds and grass. They are so nearly of the color of the dead leaves and grass, and lie so close, taking advantage of any slight shelter or depression in the ground, that it is very difficult to find them. I have sometimes searched for a large brood for hours without finding more than two or three; and frequently have discovered one only by treading directly upon it, hearing a faint squeak, and feeling it writhe under my foot. I made many attempts to domesticate them, but with very indifferent success. They will thrive as well as common barn-door fowls in a cage or coop, but their wild instincts are never subdued, and if set at liberty when full grown, after

having been kept in confinement from the time they are hatched, they fly without an instant's hesitation to the open prairie.

Their flight is strong and rapid, resembling very much that of the common quail. They rise heavily from the ground and fly in a direct line, usually down the wind, if surprised or alarmed. In their ordinary flight their wings vibrate rapidly a second or two, and are then held expanded and motionless until the impetus is exhausted, when the motion is repeated.

Early in the morning during the spring, in still weather, you will hear a very peculiar noise proceeding from every part of the prairie. It is a dull, booming sound, uttered three times in rapid succession, each note sharply accented, and the last equal in length to the other two. It is utterly unlike any other sound that I have ever heard, excepting the note of the night-hawk, to which it bears a slight resemblance. The sound is very puzzling to strangers who chance to take an early ride across the prairie and hear it for the first time; and they are usually very incredulous when told that it is the "buzzing," as the country people call it, of the prairie-chickens. It is the love note of the male bird, and is produced by an organ as singular as the sound itself. On each side of the neck is a flat plume of straight black feathers about four inches long, fixed to the skin half an inch from the head, and lying close along the sides of the neck. Under these plumes are patches of naked yellow skin, which the bird has the power of inflating with air. When inflated, they look precisely like two halves of a Sicily orange, placed on the two sides of the neck. The bird then lowers his head, trails and stiffens his wings like a turkey-gobbler, erects his tail and the plumes upon his neck, and utters his peculiar notes by forcing the air through the nostrils. The sound is not loud, but very distinct, and can sometimes be heard at the distance of a mile.

From the crested appearance produced by the erection of these plumes the birds take the name of Pinnated Grouse. At a distance, with their crests and tails erected, they are frequently mistaken for rabbits, and the resemblance is certainly very striking.

Prairie-chickens afford the best sport in the months of August and September, when the young broods with their parent birds frequent the stubble-fields and meadows, which by this time are overgrown with an after-growth of weeds and grass sufficient to give them a good cover. They lie so close that your pointer will sometimes seize one in his jaws if he is young and impetuous. You walk up within a few feet before your bird will fly. He rises with a vigorous burst that almost startles you unless you are accustomed to his ways, uttering at the same time a low, rapid cackle. When he reaches the level of your eye, at which time he will be about thirty yards distant, is the moment to shoot. The birds usually do not fly until they are disturbed one by one, and you can often secure the whole covey. Later in the season, when the cover afforded by the grass and stubble fields disappears, they become more shy; and it is only occasionally and by accident that you can get within range with a shot-gun.

By this time they have assembled in large flocks, and spend the night

and the middle of the day on the open prairie. From daybreak until nine o'clock they come in from their roosting-places in scattering parties of three or four to several hundred. By nine o'clock the earliest arrivals begin to return, and at noon the fields are deserted. About four o'clock they come in again, and a few stragglers remain until the last of the lingering twilight.

During the whole time they are on their feeding-grounds a large detachment is always perched upon the fences and trees near by, stretching their necks and anxiously reconnoitring in all directions. If an intruder approaches too near, the sentinels take flight, and are followed at once by the whole flock. They can be easily shot with a rifle, however, by creeping cautiously towards them, stooping so as to be concealed as much as possible by the fence. It is a matter of pride with a Western sportsman to hit them only in the head or neck. It is very much like shooting at the neck of a bottle, but as the bird holds his head and neck erect and motionless, presenting a well-defined and steady mark, a good marksman will succeed about once in three times, at a distance of sixty yards.

The traps for catching them are of various kinds. A very successful one is a large coop with a trap-door on the top, over which is suspended an ear of corn for bait. The trap-door is held closed by a spring, which yields to the weight of the bird when he steps upon it, and lets him drop through the opening into the trap. Sometimes, when the birds are hard pressed by hunger, the top of the trap will be crowded with them, all struggling to get at the bait, and the trap will be filled quite full in the course of an hour.

Another kind in universal use is made of slats laid up like a log-house, in the shape of a very flat pyramid, the whole bound tightly together by a strong elastic stick laid over the top, and its ends bent down and fastened to the two bottom slats with cords or leather straps. It is set with a common "figure-four" trigger, and is a very *sure* trap, but catches only one, or sometimes two at a time.

Immense numbers of them are taken throughout the Prairie States from November until the first or the middle of February, after which time until August they are protected by law in nearly all the States. A great many are sent to the Eastern cities, but a still larger number are consumed in Chicago, St. Louis, and in all the towns and villages throughout the extensive and populous region where they are taken. As their sale depends very greatly upon the condition in which they are brought to market, it is a great object to deface their plumage as little as possible. The most approved method of killing them when taken from the trap is to strike them a blow on the side of the head close to the beak with the edge of a piece of wood shaped like a common flat ruler. They are then allowed to freeze, packed carefully in barrels, and sent eastward by express as quickly as possible.

I knew a firm in a small town in Iowa some six years since that bought one thousand dollars' worth each day for ten successive days during a very cold "snap." Sometimes after a night of very severe cold the farmers

drive with their sleds to their roosting-places on the prairie and find the poor birds scattered upon the snow frozen to death by hundreds. They bring them in to the traders piled up like loads of corn, — no questions are asked, and they are packed and shipped away like the rest.

It is the general impression (which I am inclined to think is correct) that the prairie-chickens increase up to a certain limit as the country is settled. In a tract of country but thinly settled, or totally without inhabitants, a severe winter sometimes leaves so few survivors that several seasons are required to reproduce their average numbers. The food supplied by the settlements seems to more than compensate for the destruction which is continually going on. The settlement of the country also drives out the prairie-wolves, whose depredations upon the eggs and the young broods probably destroy a far greater number than their human enemies.

The pinnated grouse is now found only in the prairie country west of the Wabash River; but it was once abundant on the Pickaway Plains, on the Sciota River in Ohio; in several localities in New Jersey and Long Island; on Martha's Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands, and Mt. Desert Island.

It had been well known to the sportsmen of New York ever since the settlement of the country, and from quite an early date had been protected by a statute of the State. An amusing story is told about the introduction of the bill in the State Legislature. The bird was formerly called by the Long-Islanders the "heath-hen." The clerk of the Assembly, mistaking the words, read the heading of the bill, "A Bill for the Preservation of the *Heathen* on Long Island"; and pronounced the words in the same way wherever they occurred in the body of the bill. As soon as he had finished reading, a farmer from one of the frontier counties sprang to his feet and warmly opposed its passage. In the course of his remarks it appeared that he supposed the "heathen" mentioned to be *Indians*, towards whom he entertained sentiments similar to those of the present settlers on the Western plains.

Professor F. M. Gray.

A HORRIBLE NAME.

GOLDEN-HAIRED Lew, the gay little soul,
Five years old and a month to boot, —
The plumpest, roundest, rosiest roll
That ever rejoiced in his first "boy's suit," —

Much to his mamma's concern and wonder,
Came to her choking with sobs last week,
Great bright drops, like the rain after thunder,
Washing the rose in his dimpled cheek.

"Mamma!" (a sob, while the fat little finger
Played with her delicate lace without blame,)
"Brother Leander" (pink cheeks growing pinker)
"Has 'boosed me and called me a horrible name!"

"What was it, love?" and the sunshiny head
Lay like a flower in mamma's embrace.
"Tell me the horrible word that he said,
And naughty Leander shall suffer disgrace."

"Boo-hoo! we were playing this afternoon,
Out in the pasture that 's close to the wood,"—
(Like a Cupid in jacket and pantaloon,
The fat little fellow on tiptoe stood,)—

"When Leander got mad,"—tears enough for a river,—
"And as true—as true as my name is Lew Melliton,"—
Mouth drawn, and the plump little face all a quiver,—
"He called me—he called me—the LIVING SKELETON!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

A CAT'S GRATITUDE.

AS TOLD BY MASTER FRANK DASKETT.

"NOW, Aunt Fanny! You never saw anything so shamefully ungrateful as a cat can be!" cried Frank Daskett, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy fourteen years of age. He was a lover of Aunt Fanny, and had come to make her an evening call; and they were having a grand argument about cats, Frank declaring that they were "horrid," and Aunt Fanny persisting in calling them "darlings."

"They are so very clean too," she continued. "I never saw a cat with a dirty face and paws, and I *have* seen a boy." Here she made a little face at him.

"I hope you think my paws are clean," said Frank, spreading out his hands; "and I 'd rather have a dirty face than run away from my best friends."

"O, is that what the cat did? Come and sit close by me on the sofa, and tell me all about it. I 'll promise not to be like the man who,

> 'Convinced against his will,
> Was of the same opinion still.'

I 'll own that cats are 'horrid,' if you can prove it."

"It 's a bargain," cried Frank, and making one bound to the sofa, which was boy-like, and taking possession of one of Aunt Fanny's hands, which was quite lover-like and comfortable, he began.

"When father died last summer, the doctor said that mother's health would be improved if we left New York, and lived in the country. So we bought the pretty place in this town where we now live, and had a tremendous time moving our traps."

"Rat-traps?" inquired Aunt Fanny.

"No, — furniture and things, you know."

"O, well; don't talk slang any more if you can help it. I thought the mention of 'traps' had something to do with the cat story."

"Now, Aunt Fanny, you 're a — h'm." He cleared his throat, squeezed her hand, laughed merrily, and went on. "Well, everything had been sent except two bandboxes, three bundles, and Dick, the family cat; then my mother and sisters went off in an early train, leaving me to bring up these treasures, after I had locked up the house and carried the key to our agent.

"I put Dick in a big basket with a cover, and shouldering the rest of the plagues I started for the New Haven depot. The bothering old family cat kept up a continual bouncing; first his head, then his tail, then all four legs would burst out of the basket, while I jammed and slammed down the cover with my elbow every minute. I held the basket on my arm, you see, and my elbow was just over the cover, or Dick would have been out and off, before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"As it was, when he found that he could n't get out, he began to squeal like a steam-whistle, and before I got to the depot I was followed by a ragged regiment of little beggars, all howling, 'Give us the cat, mister, we 'll drown him fur yer.'

"Then Dick bounced his head out of the basket, screaming like mad, his eyes glaring, and the beggar-boys, delighted, danced round me, shouting, 'O look! It ain't no cat at all! It 's a young taggar out of the 'nagerie.' Say, mister! what 'll you take for the tagger?'

"O, was n't I glad when I got to the depot! and was n't I mad, when I found that I was five minutes too late! I sat down breathless, with both my feet on the basket, and wondered what I *should* do with the horrible beast and the rest of the tr — things.

"All at once I remembered that a friend of my mother, a Mrs. Stout, lived near, and picking up my bundles and Dick, whom I began to hate like poison, I went to her house, intending to return for the eight-o'clock train.

"'Why,' she exclaimed when I entered, 'how d' ye do? I thought you all went to the country to-day.'

"'So we did, that is, the rest did, and I got left; I was too late; and O, do please give me a string to tie up a wretch I 've got out in the hall.'

"'Goodness! Did you find a thief in the house?' cried my friend.

"'O no, it 's only our blessed family cat, that I am bound to take up with me. He is out there in a basket, with a big bundle on top of it, to keep him safe. I suppose my mother would turn me out of doors if I should lose him, but I could chop off his head with pleasure.'

"'O you bad boy!' said Mrs. Stout. 'I shall repeat Mother Goose, a little altered, for your benefit,' and, striking a tragedy attitude, she said: —

'Ding! dong! bell!
Pussy 's in a basket.
Who put her in?
Little Frankie Daskett.
Who pulled her out?
Good Mrs. Stout.
O, what a naughty boy was that
To want to kill his mother's cat!
Who never did him any harm,
But in a basket on his arm
Just screeched and screamed a little bit,
And had a cat-a-lept-ic fit.
'Cause she preferred to stay at home
And never, never more to roam.'

"Of course I laughed at this, and then we went together to see Dick.

"'Poor thing,' said Mrs. Stout. 'Let him out for a little while.'

"'Let him out! that 's easy; but how are you going to get him in again?'

"'Why, any one would think it was an anaconda! Poor old Dick! he 's as gentle as a lamb; just let him stretch his legs a little, and he will go back of his own accord.'

"'You think so! Very well, ma'am; then we 'll let the gentle lamb step out.'

"I took the bundle away, and instantly out bounced 'the lamb' with a *growl* long and loud, his fur all in a perfect frizz, his tail in a high arch, and twice the natural size, and his eyes glaring. He rushed into the parlor, dashed under the sofa, and lay there with his back tight against the wall, spitting with all his might and main, — beat any tobacco-chewer *I* ever saw. We left him there, shut the doors, and I sat down, glad enough that he was safe so far, anyhow.

"Then at six o'clock we had *such* a jolly dinner, — oyster-soup, roast-beef, and macaroni and things, and a gorgeous meringue-pie to wind up with! I had two pieces. It was particularly jolly, because I knew that there was only a great stupid boiled ham for our dinner in the new house. You see, there would be such lots to do that the cook and all hands would have to work like beavers to make things comfortable for mother. The cook boiled the ham and took it up from the city, and I only wish she had had the cat instead.

"Well, after dinner Mr. and Mrs. Stout and their daughter, a very pretty young lady, and I played a game called 'parlor tenpins.' The board is about as long as a piano, with alternate stripes of black-walnut and satin-wood, with an alley down the side for the balls to run back. The tenpins are about four inches high, and you knock them down with a cue and little balls like billiard-balls. The game counts the same way as with the big tenpins, and it is quite jolly. Every once in a while I took a peep at Dick under the sofa, who put up his back and spit at me regularly. I tell you what! he was mad enough for a dozen.

"I was so engaged with the tenpins that I never thought of the time, and when Mr. Stout said, 'You must excuse me, Frank, but if you want to catch the eight-o'clock train, you have only fifteen minutes to do it in,' I was scared enough. I made a dart under the sofa for that abominable family cat, and got an awful scratch; and then began a scrimmage of the very first class. The depravity of that cat was beyond any that I ever knew! He seemed to be a cat o' nine tails, for they went whisking over and under everything like a flash of lightning, and chasing after him got me into such a state of perspiration and rage and flurry, that I could have poked at him with a red-hot poker with pleasure. As it was, Mr. Stout poked him with his cane, and I dragged him out from under the *etagère* by his tail, and got him into his basket scratching and screaming, while we tied him fast, and then there were just five minutes to eight o'clock.

"I shouldered my bundles and the old cat once more, and ran all the way to the depot, — O dear! just in time to see the last car going up the avenue.

"This was awful! My mother would be certain that I had been robbed and murdered if I did not make my appearance, and especially the folks would lament and rend their garments over the irreparable loss of the owl of a family cat! So I set out to run at the top of my speed, and when I was just about beat out I reached the cars at Forty-Second Street, and begged a brakeman to pull me up the steps into the car, for I could not have jumped I was so exhausted.

"I got home safely at last, with the boxes, bundles, and the wretch of a cat, who kept up such an incessant whine, that a fat old lady some seats in front turned round, and said, looking all over the car through her spectacles, 'If that there baby has got the stomach-ache, which I raither calculate it have, I 've got a bottle of peppermint in my bag which the baby's mar is welcome to.' Not being able to find the baby, she turned back again, and sat down very quickly, as a red-nosed man said in an angry voice, ''T ain't a babby at all, mum. It 's a cat; and it 's wuss than a screech-owl, a sick monkey, and a laughing hyena in a bunch. I advise the chap that 's got it to cut off its tail just behind its ears; certain cure fur that kind of stomach-ache.'

"Everybody shouted and screamed with laughter, and an apple-faced boy, who sat just behind me, proposed, with a chuckle, to take the old lady's peppermint and try a good big dose of it on the cat. So we asked her very politely; but she shut her eyes tight, and sniffed at us, and told us 'to go 'long and bring the pesky cat to her, and she 'd chuck it out of winder.'

"Well, at last we got home safe, — cats, bags, boxes, and bundles, — and I was hugged and kissed and scolded as usual. They always mix these three things together, and as I 'm the best boy in the world, Aunt Fanny, I suppose the scolding is only to keep me from spoiling; but would you believe it? That cat! *that cat!!* after all that I had done and suffered for him! that cat! it 's *too* dreadful to tell —"

"What? Did he kill you all in your sleep? Tell me quick, and don't frighten me so."

Frank heaved a deep sigh, and went on, with his eyes dilated, and in a low, impressive voice, "We all gathered round the basket, and I untied the strings. Dick was as silent as the grave, and we supposed that he was in a sweet refreshing sleep. We softly lifted the cover, — SCR-E-E-E-E, pounce! Like lightning he darted out, scratched my mother's face, scratched my sister's face, scratched the cook's face, scratched my face, took a flying leap over our heads, and we have never seen hide nor hair of him since!

"There 's gratitude for restoring him to the bosom of his family! Don't talk to me about cats after that, Aunt Fanny. I might forgive him everything else but scratching mother's face; only think, *mother's!* It 's rather too steep for me to get over. Why, it frightened her so that she tumbled right over in a heap on the floor, and we fished her up out of her long skirts almost upside down. I declare I had to laugh, and it is the funniest feeling, laughing when you are in a rage; it gave me the hiccoughs, and I 'll give Dick the kick-ups if I ever set eyes on him again. Yes, *ma'am.*"

Aunt Fanny laughed till she cried over the cat tale, and then observed, "Well, Mr. Frank, Dick *was* 'horrid,' I admit, to scratch faces in that promiscuous manner; I deplore his want of respect for your excellent mother, but with you it was a fair fight."

"Aunt Fanny! h'm," here he cleared his throat. "That 's the shabbiest thing I ever knew you to say!"

"Not at all. Listen to a little natural history. Cats don't love people, they love *places*. If a family moves away from a house the cat says, 'Bless ye, my children, go and be happy; but here *I* remain.'

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though *ye* may roam,
It 's not *my* intention to leave this here home.
There 's a charm in the rat-holes and mouse-holes what 's here,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Ho-maiou, Ho-maiou,
Sweet, sweet Ho-maiou,
There 's no place like Ho-maiou,
There 's no-maiou — place — like —
Ho-maiou-ou-ou."

Aunt Fanny sang this tender lament with her eyes turned up sentimentally, and her hand on her heart; but Frank did not shed a single tear. On the contrary, he laughed and said, "Well, I suppose then that there must be something *catty* about me; for once when I went to a party with my sister, she came up to me and whispered, 'Do behave yourself, Frank. Hold your head up, and take your hands out of your pockets. You look just like a cat in a strange garret.' I was standing round feeling miserable, stepping on everybody's toes and dresses, and wishing myself home."

"Just like the cat, or your sister would n't have given you the benefit of the proverb. I am sure you must have read of cats who were taken many miles away, and astonished every one by 'turning up' days after in their accustomed corner, as if they had never left it, and I should not be the least surprised to hear from the new family who are living in your house in the city that Dick is peacefully squatting on the best and softest sofa-pillow, washing his face, and nourishing vengeance against you who tore him away from his beloved home, and the old lady who insulted him in the cars by accusing him of having the stomach-ache. O, it was base! So *he* thinks. When you imagined that he was only howling in his basket, no doubt the poor thing was asking you, 'Why, O why have I been poked and jammed into this cat-a-comb? How can I help cat-erwauling?'

"Well, if Dick thought that, I don't wonder he fought and scratched so. But I would n't have believed that he *could* be such a savage!"

So the story was told, and Frank felt better. You may be sure that he got a great piece of plum-cake this evening, and that Aunt Fanny, who could not have swallowed a crumb without being ill after it, enjoyed his enjoyment. She said it was catching to see such a happy face, and all her sorrowful thoughts flew up to the moon like a witch on a broomstick.

There will doubtless be a successor to Dick in Frank's family; and wherever he is, there, you may be sure, the cats are having a lively time.

Aunt Fanny.

MY SNAG CREEK CATASTROPHE.

"NOW, child, do ride carefully, don't get into any scrapes, be back by nightfall, and above all things don't scare up young Chippewa on the road."

I made some fair promises and rode away. We were going to hunt stray sheep, Osowa and I. They had escaped while Toy was lying senseless from a butting he had received from a wild buck which had been lately introduced to his flock. Toy being too badly used up to accompany us, we were going alone, taking with us Grip, the shepherd-dog.

Unfortunately for my obedient disposition our route led directly over Chippewa Hill. Pap was out in the road trying to milk a vicious buffalo cow with a pair of tongs. He hailed us with "Hoo-gee! hoo-gee! hike!"

We did n't understand the language, and hurried on. Pap hurried right along behind us. We hurried faster. Pap boxed Calico's ears to catch up. Perhaps if I had said "Seek, Grip, seek!" Pap might have concluded to go back to his milking; but I did n't just like to do that; I did make up faces, however, while Osowa grunted and made backward shoves, and other suggestive gestures with hands and head and feet. Pap grinned benignly and rode on ahead.

We travelled many miles that day. The last person of whom we inquired was a Dutchman. Had he seen some sheep bearing the sign of a little red anchor behind the left ear?

"Vel — doose I underschtant — you vishes — me to say — shust vere bees de scheep — mit de left ear in froont of de leetle red hanchor?" Yes, if he pleased. "Vel, I sh-a-a-a-n't to it!"

We went on our way enlightened.

The afternoon was half spent when we came to Snag Creek Ford, which we must cross before entering the timber belting the third prairie over which we had travelled. Heavy showers the day before had raised the creek very high. We sent Pap ahead to sound the depth. The water lapped Calico's sides, but he lacked a few inches of swimming, so Osowa and I drew up our feet and floundered through.

The timber seemed a primitive wilderness. Only a bridle-path led through it. The undergrowth was rankly luxuriant, and, swaying from the branches above, the three-leaved ivy threatened to kiss our cheeks with poisonous touch. Mutterings of thunder warned us of a gathering shower. But to turn back now and go home bootyless would have been "just like girls." Besides, the storm was bound to catch us somewhere, and, as Osowa quaintly expressed it, "Dark timber hide little people, — Big Thunder no catch um." So we followed up the hunt.

Grip grew excited as we penetrated the timber. Impatient sniffs and short, quick barks escaped him. Suddenly putting his nose to the ground, he disappeared in the

tangled underbrush. Calico scrambled after. Osowa and I sat still and listened. Very soon we heard the scream of a startled hawk, the bleating of a lamb, Grip's bark, and Pap's vociferous gabble. Dismounting, we tied our ponies to a tree and made our way through the underbrush. In an opening of the timber we found a little black lamb dead, and half eaten up; farther on, a quantity of white wool, some bloody bones, and the head of a half-grown buck with the sign of a little red anchor behind the left ear. Something had been doing shocking work! Pap fell to cutting up strange antics by way of explanation. Seizing Grip by the nape of the neck, he shook him ferociously, then fastening his teeth in the dog's shaggy mane, with a wolfish growl he fell to devouring him in pretence. Grip did n't approve of the manner of illustration. A fight ensued, in which Grip lost some hairs and Pap some feathers. Osowa explained a little more intelligibly, "Ugh! Bad wolf scalp little ram — eat him tail up; scalp big sheep too."

The mother and twin of the little dead lamb were grazing near; but where were the rest of the lost sheep? There were ten in all, and we reckoned that not more than four had been killed by the prairie-wolves.

We did n't hunt farther, for the storm was upon us. Leaving Grip to guard the sheep and lamb, we ran in among the trees for shelter.

"Oo! Bright shine, great water!" said Osowa, as a flash of lightning darted along the sky, and a monstrous raindrop settled on her nose.

I always feel like putting my hands over my eyes when I think of that tornado down in the darkening timber. Through the avenues of the forest rushes of wind went wailing like a legion of lost children. Stout-bodied trees fell round us like toppling toys. Buckets of water seemed perpetually pouring upon our heads. Through lulls in the tempest we could hear the frightened ponies struggling at their bridles. Pap, overawed, crept up into a hickory-tree, and drawing his blanket over his head, and clasping the branches with arms and legs, swayed to and fro like a parasite.

Cloud shadows were deepening into night shadows, when Osowa, starting up from the ground where we were crouching, said, "Mad storm choke himself, — no cry more," and, tethering the sheep and lamb together with a cord, began to drag them toward the place where we had left the ponies.

I called Pap. No answer. Motionless as a veiled statue he sat, with back reposing against the trunk of the hickory-tree.

A frightful idea popped into my head. What if Pap had been struck by lightning? But the tree showed no marks of a thunderbolt. Hickory and I being both too wet to admit of a climb, I did a horrible thing, considering the uncertainty of Pap's condition, — I began to pelt him with dry sticks. He was only asleep. The sticks brought him down immediately.

A forlorn procession wended its way back through the dripping timber. Osowa went ahead and missed the path. "Humph! trail squirm, — find him lose him," was the first intimation I had of our lost condition.

Then Pap went ahead and led us, — where can never be proven by me. As the darkness blackened, Pap exulted, and made the timber sound as if an army of whooping Indians were leaping from ambuscade. Attracted by the noise of water we reached the creek at length, not, however, at the place where we had crossed before, as we knew by the steepness of the bank. Pap went in again to sound the depth. Was it "swimming"? He came back and reported to the contrary by leading Hi down to the water. Here a new difficulty presented itself. Old Mother Woolly, which Osowa had so faithfully dragged thus far upon the homeward journey, did n't

like the sound of the swollen water, and she was n't going in. Pap buffeted to no effect. Old Mother Woolly was a determined "balkist." Together we contrived a plan by which to help her through. Osowa rode in ahead, leading Pap's pony by the mane; Pap, harnessed to the sheep, walked in next, grasping Calico's tail with both hands; I rode behind, carrying on my back a hampered lamb. It was the very tiniest lamb in the world. If the man in the moon could have peeped down through the clouds that veiled his eyes, I think that grin upon his face would have broadened at the funny spectacle we presented.

I have always been in doubt as to whether Pap really meant to drown Osowa and me, or only to scare us smartly. Whatever was his motive, he led us right down into Snag Pit, — a horrible place, as one might imagine from the name. I had n't gone in far when Hi's footing gave way, and I knew that we were afloat. Tremendous swashes just ahead suggested that Pap and old Mother Woolly were holding a desperate tussle down in the water. Osowa grunted vigorously, and, I 'm afraid, said some bad words in Indian to Pap. Pap sauced back between dives.

Hi was a capital swimmer, and I clung to him with a sense of tolerable security, until a triumphant whoop from Pap announced that he had gained the shore.

"Mustang Hi no touch bottom now? swim slow!" Osowa had gone in ahead of me, but her voice sounded from behind. What could it mean? *Hi was bearing me down stream!* To attempt to struggle back against the current would have been madness; and the creek was crowded with snags; I dared not draw Hi's bridle on either side for fear that a fatal entanglement might be the result. Instinctively I raised my voice and cried for help.

"Black dark, swift water, many snags — pale-face drown!" Osowa's voice sounded plaintively helpless above the noise of wind and water.

My brave little Hi, how nobly he struggled with the current! but my weight was bearing him down. Without me he could doubtless gain the shore. Perhaps I shall be expected to say just here that when that thought occurred I immediately rolled out of the saddle, determined to sacrificc myself for the safety of my pony? What really happened was this; Hi swam plump into a tree, and freed himself by leaving me hanging to a limb. Being treed in Snag Creek is an improvement on being drowned in Snag Creek, is it not?

By a series of marvellous gymnastics (the man in the moon missed *that* sight too) I managed to poise myself upon the limb, and made a blind, groping scramble toward the body of the tree. It was a regular old hickory monster in which I was lodged. I knew the place where it grew, I thought, — a small island which divided the creek a few rods above the ford. By a crackling in the bushes farther down stream I judged that Hi was ashore. A feeling of safety overcame me, and I dropped some thankful tears — on Pap's head.

"Goo-ske-ga-que-ta-tree?"

I kept perfectly mum. A violent shake from below almost unlimbed me, and then a pair of wet hands came prowling into my face. Overpowered with alarm lest the perfidious young wretch meditated more mischief, I administered a violent kick that ducked him instantly. That was unwise in me. It might have aroused the Indian in Pap. Fortunately he did n't try to reconnoitre the tree again; but I heard him swimming round underneath. Suddenly the splashing ceased. Pap had made a discovery of some sort.

"Hoo! hoo!" a long, low whistle, a chuckle, a whoop, of course, and then Pap gave my perch a shake and swam swiftly away. Shortly after I heard him scram-

bling up the bank. He had left me for good. The thought made me lonesome notwithstanding the ungracious dismissal I had given him. I shouted to Osowa to come nearer, but Pap evidently detained her. I felt afraid and awfully desolate. All the stories I had ever heard of Indian perfidy came freshly to my mind. What if Osowa and Pap had left me to my fate! I was imprisoned in a wild, unfrequented place. Osowa might conceal her knowledge, and my whereabouts be undiscovered until — I shuddered to think of the consequence. It might continue to rain, and the creek continue to rise; or, still more fearful, far back in the timber I could hear the prairie-wolves disputing over the remains of the little dead lamb. After they had finished *it* they might nose *me* out, and come swimming across and attack my tree.

I had time to think of all the bad things I 'd ever done since babyhood — so just think of the hours that must have moped after each other! — before I heard a wolf howling his way toward me. That this particular wolf was affected with the hydrophobia seemed a frightful fact. All at once the howling was hushed. I felt like one hidden in a vacuum while stealthy cat-like feet crept nearer and nearer. Bushes crackled directly *beneath* me! Had the water fallen at such a wonderful rate, or where was I? I wish my Snag Creek catastrophe had n't ended *quite* so tamely.

While I was holding my breath the rays of a lantern darted through the darkness, and revealed me snugly ensconced in a tree upon the bank of the creek. Pap's illumined visage leered up at me, and the voice of the veritable Dutchman exclaimed, "Vy bees you tarrying in de tree? Coom down! coom down!"

"How can I 'coom' down?" I asked.

"Shust shinny down," replied the Dutchman. Pap could have brought me down, with one word of explanation hours before; but that would have spoilt a happy joke.

We went to the Dutchman's cabin and stayed until daylight, and reached home the next noon. Hi was there before us. We found the fields deserted. The whole establishment was off hunting "squaws."

Theodora.

PRAIRIE GROVE, Kansas.

P. S. O, I forgot the hampered lamb. Well, he was high and dry and quiet and light, so it 's little wonder I forgot him. *T.*

AUTUMN.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

LET us enumerate some of the things which make autumn melancholy.

First, the pleasant parties around the fireside, with nuts and apples and cider, when the merry jest goes round, and outside the wind seems to be trying to see which can laugh the louder, — himself or the merry group within. Very melancholy, to be sure!

And then those fun-begetting searches in the woods. The yellow, green, and scarlet-veined leaves fly hither and thither, pushed by the wind into heaps, and just as you almost have your hand on the object of your ambition, some eddying gust will take it and whirl it and lead you another laughing chase in the cool exhilarating air.

And yet all is not bright and beautiful. It is sad to think the flowers which decked so many fair heads, lightened up so many rooms, and carried comfort to so many sick ones, are "all dead and in their graves." But they will all come again next summer, and perhaps be brighter than ever. The "green things growing"

too, will cover the earth again with their freshness and grace. So in a minute our sadness is dispelled and melancholy is driven away.

I have heard of some disconsolate persons comparing their lives to "sober, gloomy autumn with its withered leaves." Then I have thought, if a life throughout could be as perfect as the glorious autumn, and each withered hope leave the heart as tenderly as a leaf falls from the stem, the person owning such a life would indeed be blest.

Yes, both gay and sad hues the autumn wears, until it silently passes into winter and hides its departure beneath the soft-descending snow.

> "In such a bright late quiet, would that I
> Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
> And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks;
> And when my last sand twinkles in the glass,
> Pass silently from man, as thou dost pass."

Carlie Brickett, age 16.

NANTUCKET.

THE 20th day of September, 1870, my uncle invited my mother and me to go to Nantucket. We left Saratoga Springs in the morning, and arrived at New York in time to take the evening boat on the Sound. A gentleman pointed out Blackwell's and Randall's Islands, with their public buildings. The ride on the steamboat was very pleasant.

All we saw of famous Newport was its dock. At this place we took the cars about five o'clock. After changing several times, we reached Hyannis near noon, and immediately went on board of the steamer Island Home for Nantucket. Many people were sick, but we lost nothing of the novelty of tossing on the Atlantic.

At four o'clock we landed at Nantucket.

When first seen the houses looked to be stone, but we soon found many of them were shingled on the sides. Many are not at right-angles with the street. They were built in this way, so as not to interfere with their neighbors' "walks." The "walk" is the name of a flat portion of a roof, surrounded by a railing, from which the people who lived in the houses could watch the ships out at sea. Nantucket used to be the port of eighty whalers; now there is but one that hails from its old broken-down docks. Some of the streets have the original paving-stones, with tufts of grass growing through the cracks.

A lady invited us to go with her to see the oldest house on the island, — built with a horseshoe in the chimney to keep off the witches. A little way from the old house was a field which had never been sold; it was a "grant" from the king. It had not been ploughed for a long time.

The gentleman who showed us this house took us to his cottage, and showed us many curious things, among which was the teapot that belonged to the mother of Benjamin Franklin. It was a very singular shape. We also went to a museum kept by a lady; it contained various strange curiosities, — shells from India, shell and bone work from the Sandwich Islands, and very many things her husband had brought her from various parts of the world. He was a captain forty years. At first she kept it for her own pleasure; but now she asks a few cents of visitors, which she uses to help support a few old Quakeresses who are too old to help themselves.

The saddest sight we saw at Nantucket was the "humanity houses." They are built along the shore about a mile apart; rough huts with dry wood enough to

make a fire. There is always a supply of hard bread kept inside. They are for shipwrecked sailors. Close by them are high poles with notches cut in them and painted black. We were told the poles were to hang something white upon, to attract attention, and that many lives had been saved in this way. I have told all I know about Nantucket.

Grace S. Babcock, age 10.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

"OUR APPLE-TREE."

THIS old monarch stood in the centre of the yard, its long branches making the croquet-ground cool and shady. We children looked upon it with loving eyes, and often wondered how many years it had been growing. It was there when mamma first came to the house, and that was sixteen years before.

Its branches grew so invitingly near the ground that even we girls could easily step into it and climb up to the very top. My seat was the highest of all, away out on the end of a branch, — for I was the most daring, — and there I sat under a roof of green, just where I could look into a little bird's nest. Grandpa said it was an oriole's. Every breeze would send my seat dancing up and down, so that it was soon known as the "Fairy's Cradle," though it was anything but a fairy who occupied it. One day a lady inquired for me. "She is in her cradle," was the answer.

"Cradle!" repeated the lady.

"O, I mean her tree-cradle," laughed mamma.

And in my tree-cradle I was generally found when missing. There I would sit with my sewing, reading, or writing, a board across two limbs serving for a table, with but few interruptions to annoy me. Sometimes, indeed, my ink would fall to the ground, and my paper would blow away; but at last I invented a paper-weight of a rotten stick, and that trouble was over.

One day I took my dinner into the dear old tree and had a little picnic all by myself; and once when quite small I fell asleep up among the leaves and the birds, for the branches were so broad and strong that a bed was easily made; but my nap was not very comfortable, for the little black ants made free use of me as a bridge in their journeyings to and fro.

Mamma once gave me some pretty, fine lace to lay on the bushes in the yard, to "bleach," she said, though I did not know then what that meant; and thinking it would bleach full as well in the tree, I took it up with me and left it on my rustic table. The next morning mamma asked me to get the lace. I went up into the tree, but it was gone. We searched everywhere, and at length gave it up as lost. One afternoon, nearly a year afterward, while I sat in the tree lazily rocking in the wind, my eye happened to fall upon a little deserted bird's nest. I immediately went to get it, thinking it a curiosity, for it was a long, bag-like nest, and there, woven into it, yellow and rotten from the wind and rain, was mamma's lace. I took it into the house, and the mystery was explained.

But one day papa said, "I think that apple-tree must be cut down. It shades the yard too much, and keeps the light from the dining-room." My tears and entreaties were in vain, and I ran off to hide, deciding not to see my favorite fall. Soon there came a crash. I could stand it no longer, and went out into the yard. There lay our dear old play-house like a fallen giant, and we counted on its trunk *one hundred and nine* circles.

Lottie E. Hamilton, age 13.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

MY STEAMSHIP.

Now I suppose you think that I mean by steamship a real ocean monster two hundred feet long; not a bit of it. I mean one which is by actual measurement but thirty-eight inches long, and whose greatest breadth is only five inches, sloping to about three inches at the stern. The way in which I happened to get it is this.

Last Christmas I received in the way of presents some money which burnt my pocket, as money is very apt to serve young persons, and while I was wondering how in the world I should spend it, my eye was caught by the advertisement of a firm in Liverpool, England, who sold among other things miniature steamships. Boats have always been a passion with me, and when I saw this I straightway became desirous of getting one. In short, I wrote on to make inquiries, and received by return mail a very courteous letter and a price-list of the steamers. I lost no time in sending for one, and, after a weary time spent in waiting, got a second note informing me of the shipment of my steamer by the Inman steamship City of Brussels, and enclosing an invoice and express receipt. All this business of course made me feel very grand, and I would talk of *my* steamer, *my* letters, and *my* everything else, until all my friends began to wish the steamer at the bottom of the sea.

Six weeks after I had sent for it I was notified that my goods, as the express company were pleased to call it, had arrived, and were now in the Custom House. Soon after I went down to a certain business house, where I found a long box and an equally long bill awaiting me. After paying the long bill, I was permitted to carry off the long box, which was marked all over with certain cabalistic signs, looking very much as if it had just recovered from the small-pox, which it had doubtless contracted at the Custom House. The box was by no means light, but such was my enthusiasm that I determined to carry it home myself in the cars. The whole family turned out *en masse* to hail my arrival, as in I marched at the front door with a box nearly four feet long under my arm. How every one did crowd round to see me open that box! And when I took the lid off, was n't there a sensation though! There, all snugly packed away in straw and brown paper, and covered with delicate white tissue paper, lay my screw steamer. She was indeed a beauty, and looked none the worse for her three-thousand-mile voyage.

She was made entirely of metal with a copper bronzed bottom, and bulwarks japanned black with gold lines running from stem to stern, and at the prow gilt fretwork. Under her stern was the little three-bladed screw which propelled the vessel when in the water. Her deck was painted white with a small skylight, through which you could view the machinery underneath. She also possessed a miniature wheel, by turning which you could steer her, and a polished brass smoke-stack and safety-valve. At each end of the ship there were air-tight compartments to prevent sinking, and in the centre the engine, boiler, etc. were situated.

Taking her all together, she was a right royal little ship of the most beautiful proportions imaginable. She seemed every inch a steamer, and appeared ready to battle with the winds and waves as proudly as her sisters of a larger growth. I for one thought, as I viewed her sitting so coquettishly on the water, that a "thing of beauty is indeed a joy forever." I have already made a few trials with her and have found that she steams very fast. I intend taking her on a cruise this summer, and, if the editors will permit, may give you an account of her adventures.

T. B. Stork.

SHOPPING. — A DIALOGUE FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

CHARACTERS.

CLERK,	CELIA,
ANNIE,	MRS. HIGHFLY,
OLD LADY,	MR. JONES.

SCENE. — *A Shop. Tables are placed at one end of the stage, to represent counters. Upon these are displayed toys, confectionery, boxes, or anything which will indicate a shop. Advertisements of patent medicines and of other things might be hung up. White pebbles may pass for sugar-plums. Sticks whittled out and colored will do for sticks of candy. A little boy of seven or eight must be dressed up to represent a smart clerk or storekeeper* (*with a pen behind his ear*). CELIA *and* ANNIE, *two very little girls, enter at the other end of the stage.*

CELIA. O Annie! did your mother give you a cent?
ANNIE. Yes. See! (*Holds it out.*)
CELIA. Want me to go with you to spend it?
ANNIE. Yes. Come. There 's the shop.
CELIA. Will you let me taste?
ANNIE. I guess so, if you won't taste very big.
CELIA. I won't take but just a little *teenty*, *teenty* mite! (*They cross over.*)
ANNIE. Here 's the shop.
CLERK. Well, my little girls, what will you have?
CELIA. She wants to spend her cent.
CLERK. That 's right. This is the place.
ANNIE. I want a stick of candy.
CLERK. Red candy?
ANNIE. No, sir. Mamma says white candy is best for little girls.

(CLERK *wraps stick of candy* (*real candy*) *in paper, and takes the cent. Little girls walk away, hand in hand.* ANNIE *lets* CELIA *taste.* CELIA *and* ANNIE *go out.*)

(*Enter* MRS. HIGHFLY, *fashionably dressed, with trail, veil, waterfall, reticule, parasol, etc.*)

CLERK (*with polite bow*). Good morning, Mrs. Highfly.
MRS. HIGHFLY. Have you any canary-seeds? I wish to get some for my bird.
CLERK. We have all kinds of flower-seeds, ma'am.
MRS. HIGHFLY. Those won't do. Have you nice prunes?

CLERK. We don't keep prunes. We have some very nice squashes, ma'am. (*Takes long-necked squash from behind the counter.*)

MRS. HIGHFLY. What do you ask?

CLERK. Six cents a pound.

MRS. HIGHFLY. I'll take half a one. My family is quite small.

CLERK. Can't cut it, ma'am. It sells by wholesale.

MRS. HIGHFLY. I'll try some other store.

[*Exit* MRS. HIGHFLY *in displeasure.*

(*Enter nice* OLD LADY *dressed in black; white cap-frill shows under her bonnet: she carries a work-bag and wears spectacles* (*without glasses*); *makes a little courtesy.*)

OLD LADY. Good morning, sir. I've come to town, and I want to buy some sugar-plums for my grandchildren.

CLERK. Large or small kind?

OLD LADY. Which are the best?

CLERK. Large ones are better for large children, and small for the small ones.

OLD LADY (*counts her fingers*). Let me see. There's Sarah Emeline and Polly and Jemima and John Alexander and Hiram. Five. I'll take five cents' worth, mixed. (*Takes out from her bag five old-fashioned cents.*)

CLERK. Yes'm. (*Attempting to wrap them in paper*; OLD LADY *watching him.*) 'T will come to just five cents.

OLD LADY (*opening bag*). Drop them right in here. (CLERK *drops them in.*)

[*Exit* OLD LADY.

(*Enter* MR. JONES *with tall hat, overcoat or dress-coat, cane, stand-up dickey, etc.*)

CLERK. Good morning, sir. Wish to trade to-day?

MR. JONES. I wish to buy some toys for my children.

CLERK. How old?

MR. JONES. All ages.

CLERK. Would you like a whip, sir? (*Shows one, snapping it.*)

MR. JONES. A whip is n't a very good thing to have in the house.

CLERK. Would you buy a ball? These will every one bounce. (*Shows various kinds.*)

MR. JONES. No, *sir.* I'm about tired of setting glass.

CLERK. These are warranted not to break windows. But here's a trumpet. A trumpet is a very pleasing toy. (*Shows one, blowing it.*)

MR. JONES (*with a wave of the hand*). Don't show me anything that will make a noise!

CLERK. How would a hoop suit you? (*Showing one.*)

MR. JONES. I could n't think of spending money for hoops. A barrel-hoop drives just as well.

CLERK. Have they got marbles?

MR. JONES. Yes, plenty. My Sammy got one in his throat, and came very near being choked.

CLERK. Try a jumping-jack. (*Holds one up, pulling the string.*)

MR. JONES. O, they'd soon break the string.

CLERK. How would a knife please them? (*Shows one.*)

MR. JONES. Please them well enough. But they'd be sure to lose it, or cut themselves. Jemmy's got six fingers tied up now.

CLERK. Are they supplied with boats? (*Showing one.*)

MR. JONES. I never let my children sail boats, for fear of their being drowned.
CLERK. How is it about a kite?
MR. JONES. Kites are likely to blow away.
CLERK. Perhaps you 'd like something useful.
MR. JONES. My children don't like useful things.
CLERK. Here 's a good hatchet. (*Shows hatchet.*)
MR. JONES. They 'd hack my fruit-trees.
CLERK. A hammer?
MR. JONES. Nails would be driven in everywhere.
CLERK. Buy a doll for your little girl. (*Shows doll.*)
MR. JONES. She has a house full now.
CLERK. A silver thimble?
MR. JONES. A pewter one does as well to lose.
CLERK. You are a hard customer, sir.
MR. JONES. Not at all. Your wares don't suit me.
CLERK. We expect a new lot of toys in soon.
MR. JONES (*going*). I 'll call again. Good morning.
CLERK. Good day, sir. (*Exit* MR. JONES.)

NOTE. — If the part of the Clerk is too long for one small boy to remember, another one, dressed as the storekeeper, with gray whiskers and wig (made of curled hair) might come in and take his place when Mr. Jones enters. In this case the Clerk should sit down and look over his account-books, and appear to write. If the conversation with Mr. Jones is too long, part of it may be omitted, and if the articles mentioned are not at hand, others may be substituted.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 81.

K. N. Pepper.

ENIGMAS.

No. 82.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 2, 1, 10, 3 is a river in Germany.
My 1, 7, 13, 12, 10 is an agricultural implement.
My 6, 5, 9, 7, 8, 15 is a name.
My 12, 3, 13, 11 is a vehicle.
My 4, 13, 14, 3, 10 is a city in France.
My *whole* is the name of a great chemist.

Monsieur.

No. 83.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in shoe, and also in slipper.
My *second* 's in hand, but not in flipper.
My *third* is in bow, but not in string.
My *fourth* is in throw, but not in fling.
My *fifth* is in fig, but not in date.
My *sixth* is in village, but not in state.
My *seventh* 's in berry, but never in cake.
My *whole* is a song; say, now, do you take?

George E. W.

No. 84.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My *first* is in scold, but it is not in rave.
My *second*'s in bold, but it is not in knave.
My *third* is in seam, but it is not in thread.
My *fourth* is in beam, but it is not in shed.
My *fifth* is in grey, but not in maroon.
My *sixth* is in day, but it is not in noon.
My *seventh* is in rave, but it is not in scold.
My *eighth* is in knave, but it is not in bold.
My *ninth* is in thread, but it is not in seam.
My *tenth* is in shed, but it is not in beam.
My *eleventh* 's in maroon, but not in grey.
My *twelfth* is in noon, but it is not in day.
My *whole* is a book, entertaining and good,
Well worthy of him who began "Edwin Drood."

"*Filbert.*"

No. 85.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 20, 28, 14, 19 is important to a chorus.
My 1, 11, 18, 20 is a musical sign.
My 21, 18, 16, 9, 2, 23, 18, 8, 24, 15, 18, 25, 9, 16 is a society.
My 19, 22, 12, 13, 4, 16, 4 died lately.
At 7, 5, 10, 20, 2, 19, 15, 18, 23, 3 my *whole's* greatest works were often performed.
My 22, 17, 2, 19, 14, 8 is an opera.
My 20, 4, 6, 17, 19, 2, 23 is an ancient instrument.
My *whole* is a noted composer.

T. E. L. K.

PLANTED FLOWERS.—No. 86.

1. Plant a king's sceptre, and what will come up?

2. Plant a good hotel, and what will come up?

3. Plant what Napoleon III. lost at Sedan, and what will come up?

4. Plant a person's pulse, and what will come up?

5. Plant an ugly person, and how will he come up?

6. Plant a tippler, and what will come up?

"*Willie Wilde.*"

PUZZLES.

No. 87.

Divide 54 into four parts, so that when 2 is added to the first and subtracted from the second, the third multiplied, and the fourth divided by it, they will all give the same answer.

"*A Heathen Chinee.*"

No. 88.

What line of Shakespeare does this picture suggest?

Clarie Joy.

HIDDEN CITIES.—No. 89.

1. I will mount them all on donkeys.

2. They burned up aristocrats by the hundred.

3. This opinion I will be constant in, O plebeian!

4. If the barber needs it, James, give it to him.

5. If he is mad, rid us of him.

6. "All is bone," said the hungry boy.

7. Cucumber liniment is something unheard of in medicine.

8. That hen should not be kept in the coop.

9. He is a man of rank, for the king dubbed him.

10. Oh! ague! when wilt thou stop shaking me?

11. Bob Russel sails for Europe tomorrow.

Bilboquet.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 90

My first a point of the compass.
My second the name of any space.
My third is the name of a fish.
My fourth is what all children love to hear. *Nellie A. Gower, age* 9.

No. 91.

My first is to clothe, whether little or much.
My second is to strive to touch.
My third denotes a strong desire.
A picture or view you 'll find my fourth.
My fifth is a piece of paper or cloth
Fit for the rag-bag, or the fire.
Lottie Colburn.

CASKET OF JEWELS.—No. 92.

1. The missionaries start for India Monday next in the steamer "Rose."

2. Who told Edgar netting was Geraldine's favorite work?

3. "Yes! they intend trading flour for corn," Eli answered.

4. For luxury go to palaces.

5. He had a very pretty top; Azalia gave it to him.

6. Sam, Bertha, and Susie went with the party.

7. Did you know that Hope Arlington offered to act as a nun in the tableaux?

8. So high a gateway was imposing.

9. It would be a good plan to name a vicious pony Xantippe.

10. Doctor, since Charles became thy student has he studied the works of Hippocrates? *E. Grace Shreve.*

No. 93.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

They say I 'm better when I 'm taken,
Beaten, whipped, and soundly shaken.
I 'm made by those who like a noise,
And made especially by boys.

Cross Words.

Used in travelling.
Name of a mighty king.
Remains of what is o'er.
An elf heard of before.
For an error if you wish.
A delicate kind of fish.
Alice Greene, age 13.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 94.

C. Clinton.

ANSWERS.

72. Firefly.

73. The Romance of the Swan's Nest.

74.

A	R	A	B	I	C
R	O	M	A	N	O
A	M	U	L	E	T
B	A	L	E	S	T
I	N	E	S	S	E
C	O	T	T	E	R

75. Honor brings responsibility. [(H *on* OR) (B rings) (re's P *on* SI billet Y.)]

76. The sheriff, with a most monstrous *watch*, is at the door.—*King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene IV.*

77. 1. Boston. 2. Concord. 3. Augusta. 4. Frankfort. 5. Salt Lake City. 6. Barnstable. 7. Springfield.

78. 1. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. 2. Spare the rod and spoil the child. 3. It is a long lane that has no turning. 4. A cat may look at a king. 5. No one is so blind as he who will not see. 6. Little pitchers have big ears.

79. 1. Peru. 2. Asia. 3. Lima. 4. Utah. 5. Enfield. 6. Erie. 7. Tours.

80. Burgomaster.

WE give below some extracts from a letter written by one of our "Young Contributors," Jennie Snider, now in Europe.

"We have these last two months been travelling in Italy. I love Italy! it is so warm, so sunny, and every one there seems so happy; even the beggars in the streets sing and look glad. We went south as far as Rome

"There are in Rome many things which I could look at every day and never tire of. There is the great Coliseum, sublime in its ruined state. When standing in the centre of the immense arena, it seemed to me I could hear the roar of the great savage beasts, as they paced their narrow stone cells, impatient to pierce with their teeth the trembling flesh of the poor Christians and gladiators. And, as I gazed around on the tiers of seats, I shuddered as I thought, that, in time past, there were people who, while sitting on those very stone seats, could clap their hands at the cruel pastime going on below and call it *sport*

"The Coliseum is now used as a place for worship. I think twice each week services are held there. In the exact centre of the arena stands a cross, and around the side are fourteen small chapels, in each a painting representing some scene in The Passion. The Coliseum, according to one of the guidebooks, is five hundred and thirty-five metres in external circumference and forty-nine metres high. Over one hundred thousand people can be accommodated within.

"One pleasant day, when the snowy white and golden clouds seemed to rest immovable against the blue sky above the warm campagna, we drove out on the Appian Way, to the Catacombs of Saint Calisto. Before descending the steps leading down to them, our guide gave each of our party a small lighted candle and bade us keep near him and not separate from each other. This advice we willingly followed, for the farther down we went the darker it became, and we were all of us more or less afraid — of what I don't know, perhaps the darkness. These Catacombs are the largest yet discovered. It is said that fourteen Popes and one hundred and seventy thousand Christians were buried there. I think it must have been dreadful to have to live and die there as many of them did. I wonder if the little children were not timid in that, the home of the living and the dead? I do not see how they could help getting lost among the hundreds of long winding corridors. The dead were laid in spaces rudely dug in the walls of these corridors, which are of a hard, sticky sort of earth, and a stone with the name of the dead cut in it was placed before the opening. The remains of all were long ago taken carefully away, still one does now and then find a fragment of bone lying in those narrow resting-places.

"Out on the Campagna are very many ruined tombs, and also some that are still in good repair. Some have been turned into homes by the poor of Rome. These tombs are made generally two stories high, with a third one underground like a cellar. The wealthy placed the remains of their attendants in these lower rooms, and the urns with the remains of their families in the room above. The room above this was used for the feasting. These tombs are built very strongly; they are piles of stone and rubbish fastened together by a very strong and lasting cement.

"We visited the palace of the Cæsars four days after a room had been excavated in the palace of Nero. The walls were covered with rude painted figures, and were pierced in many places. These holes it is thought were made by the Goths. The floor is in mosaic, and is almost entire. While we were there men were digging as fast as possible, for they had reached the spot where they expected to find the grand entrance to Nero's palace.

"I like very much to look at the many kinds of costumes worn by the people of the Italian cities. I found that of the Romans very pretty indeed. Each woman and child wears a strand of coral-beads around the neck. They have mostly a dark complexion, and the red beads give a singular yet beautiful color or shade to their faces. In Venice the women dress very gaudily yet with a certain taste one must admire."

MESSRS. EDITORS: — Perhaps "Our Young Folks" would like to hear a word or two of dogs.

Do you believe dogs *reason?* Old Zack, my brother John's dog, was a large watch-dog, partly mastiff, partly bull-dog. One day a large stray dog walking slowly up the Avenue, Zack came out of his kennel, showed the stranger in, brought

him a bone, and gave him of his food for two days, sleeping outside near by; and when the stranger was well recruited, he walked down to the gate with him and showed him out.

Basker, Stella's dog, came up to mother's, and looking up and around the room, began to growl in a threatening manner, fixing his eyes on the portrait of my father. He soon jumped up on the sofa which stood under the picture, and looking attentively at it, seemed to be satisfied that *it was not a man;* he then lay quietly down and never again greeted the picture in that manner.

Beauty, a black-and-tan terrier, being reproved for barking in the cellar, and told sharply *there were no rats there*, kept up his watch, and in the course of an hour caught a large rat, which he insisted resolutely upon taking *up stairs*, and laid down triumphantly before his mistress.

My brother John's dog was revengeful. Being on one occasion scolded and not fed, his dinner being given to another dog, he walked up stairs and took out the spigot of a barrel of whiskey, letting it all run out! At another time, because he was scolded about some mischief he had done, he failed to bring a tin pail which he was in the habit of taking to the men. He was told that he would have nothing to eat till he had brought it; he then went off and brought it from under the fence, where he had been seen to place it.

One of the dogs at home being reproved and told he could not come in *then* to the dining-room, went directly to mother's room, jumped up on to the window-seat (three feet high), threw her eye-glasses across the room, then walked up to the third story of the house and pulled out all Helen's knitting-needles, and came down triumphant.

RUTH COLLINS.

Daisy Dorrance writes: "In regard to that parsing lesson, I think that *suz* means *sirs. O dear me sirs!* is an exclamatory clause. *O* is an interjection, and I think *dear me* should be parsed together as an interjection. *Sirs* is a noun, common, second person, plural number, masculine gender, and nominative case independent."

"*Juanita*" and *Hattie E. W.* think *suz* is an abbreviation of *says I*, or *say I*. *M. A. W.* supposes it to be a child's pronunciation of *souls*, and conjectures that it originated with "Little Prudy," whereas it is much older than Little Prudy or any of us.

Robert agrees with Daisy that *suz* is a corruption of *sirs*. It will be seen that our learned contributor *M. S. R.*, in his "Few Words about Oaths" in this number, expresses the same opinion. He also throws light upon the phrase *dear me*, which may very well have come from the Italian *Dio mio*, at a time when the mouths of English courtiers and men of the world were full of fanciful oaths.

But with regard to the origin of *suz* we do not quite agree with any of our correspondents. *Sirs* is too feeble a word to have been thus perpetuated in a corrupt form at the end of a phrase which bears the flavor of an oath. Among old-fashioned people we have as often heard the expression "Law suz!" as "Dear me suz!" and we long since made up our mind about it. *Law* is undoubtedly an abbreviation of *Lord*, and *suz* is, in our opinion, a corruption of *save us*. Then *law suz*, being interpreted, should mean "Lord save us," and *O dear me suz*, "O my God save us."

Alice H—— asks: "Dear Young Folks; Will you please tell me how money is circulated from the place where it is made?" Who can give a good, clear answer to this question?

E. W. L., Hartford, Ct. — Apes do *not* have tails, although our artist saw fit to endow them with those appendages in Rebus No. 55. — "Fall," meaning the season of the fall of the leaf, is in this country synonymous with "autumn." — Fortunate days are sometimes called "red-letter days," from the fact that in the old calendars saints' days were marked by red letters.

We cannot tell you the origin of the phrase "down in Maine," but suppose it may have arisen from the tendency of English speaking people to use the words "up" and "down" to describe locomotion in directions which are often neither up nor down, but sometimes the reverse; as "up town," "down town," "up north," "down south," etc. So the first settlers in Massachusetts may have found it convenient to speak of going "down the coast," then "down east," and finally "down in Maine."

JOHNSTOWN, PA., August 7, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"

Lately it has struck me that the adverb "nicely" is often used incorrectly. I hear it quite frequently said "she looks *nicely*," etc. Another instance: if a person has been sick, and is still looking very thin and pale, should you say, "He or she is looking *badly?*" Please let me know in the "Letter Box," and oblige an

"IGNORAMUS."

"She looks nicely" is colloquial, and not elegant. "She looks well," is the better phrase. If "Ignoramus" had visited New England he might have heard people say "She *is* nicely," or "I *am* nicely," which is about as far as false syntax can go.

"He is looking badly," means one thing; "he looks bad," quite another. The latter may be said of a bad man, whose appearance betrays him; the former, of a good man even, whose looks show that he is in a bad physical condition.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., August 1, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Can you consistently answer the following questions in reference to one of your contributors? We girls have had several discussions on the subject, and have no way of satisfying ourselves except by asking you.

Where does Elizabeth Kilham reside? Is she, as is implied in "Flibertigibbet," a teacher in a colored school, or is that role assumed?

By satisfying our curiosity, you will greatly oblige

HATTIE, RUTH, *and* SALLIE.

"Elizabeth Kilham" is the assumed name of a lady of culture lately residing in Washington, D. C. Several years of her life have been given to the work of educating the freedmen, and her sketches of "Flibertigibbet," "Dat ar Bill," "Freed Children in Virginia," etc., which have appeared in "Our Young Folks," were written from her own observation and experience. By their graphic power and fidelity to nature they have attracted attention both in this country and Great Britain. One of the best of the series, "Freed Children in Washington," appears in this number of "Our Young Folks."

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Can you tell me of any way to tame squirrels?

S.

Who can give "S." some information on this subject?

Barbara Douglass writes: "C. F. T. sent some nice little anecdotes of children which reminded me of something a little brown-eyed darling said once. Her mother asked her what she thought the rainbow was. After thinking a moment, she exclaimed, "Why, the ribbon God ties his bonnet with!"

AMENIA, N. Y., August 28, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

There are some bright little children around here of whom I want to tell you.

Little Willie came running in to his father one evening when the "Northern Lights" were very brilliant, exclaiming, "O papa! God's house is all afire!" At another time, trying to quote the text "All flesh is grass," he rendered it "All *skin* is grass."

Another little fellow was heard in the shed praying for rain. The young man who heard him took a watering-pot and sprinkled him all over. The little boy ran in to his mother exclaiming, "O mamma! I prayed for rain and God sent it."

Little Mosie once described thunder as being made by "big stones rolling against each ugger (other) up in the sky."

Four-year-old Belle's dear mother died not long ago and Belle is staying with her aunt. One of the clauses in her evening prayer has always been "God bless papa and mamma." One night she asked her aunty if she should pray for mamma any more. Aunty said no, for God had taken dear mamma to heaven. "Aunty," said the child, her chin and lip quivering and eyes full of tears, "has God blessed mamma *all he can?*" Another night she said she "wished she *could* pray for mamma and maybe God would bless her some more."

Yours truly,

HATTY E. W.

A Student writes: "I have a curious question which I would like you or the 'Young Folks' to solve for me. The first five books of the Bible were said to be written by Moses. In the thirty-fourth chapter, fifth verse, of Deuteronomy there is an account of Moses' death. Can any one show me the solution, or tell me if there is supposed to be another author of the Pentateuch?"

M. R., whom we take to be a lad of quick feelings and rather nervous withal, wants to know whether there is any word or term to express what he calls "a lump in the throat," which is something he now and then feels when he is under the influence of some strong emotion, as of grief or pity; and also what is the cause of the sensation.

We answer first, that the term usually employed by medical men is *Globus hystericus* (that is, the hysterical ball), the feeling occurring only in hysterical or very excitable persons, and resembling a round solid body, which seems to rise up suddenly and fill the throat, threatening suffocation. Secondly, it is supposed to be caused by spasmodic stricture of the upper end of the stomach, extending to the œsophagus, or gullet. The larynx or windpipe, however, is not constricted (as is the case in epilepsy), and hence breathing is really unimpeded, notwithstanding the feeling of suffocation which is often experienced. For the future we wish *M. R.*—and all our readers—entire exemption from so distressing a sensation.

G. L. F.—"What was the origin of the barber's striped pole?" In former times, when phlebotomy or blood-letting was regarded as the only proper remedy for all sorts of ailments, barbers acted as surgeons as well as shavers of beards and cutters of hair. Besides the razor and the shears they made use of a sort of brass basin, shaped on one side so as to fit close to the throat, thus preventing the lather applied to the face from coming in contact with the clothes. It was also useful for catching the blood drawn from the veins of a patient. As a sign of their double calling, barbers hung out such a basin at the end of a pole, on which was painted a broad spiral

stripe symbolical of the bandage wound round the arm to prevent the escape of too much blood. In Great Britain and some other countries, the basin is still displayed at the barber's door at the end of a pole; but in this country the pole alone is used as a sign, though the barber has long since ceased to be a "surgeon" or phlebotomist. And so generally has a knowledge of its origin and significance died out, — so entirely has it become an arbitrary and conventional emblem, — that many patriotic barbers during our late Civil War added a blue stripe to the proper and original red one, painting both upon a white ground, thus representing — though most absurdly — the national colors so "dear to every American heart."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

The author of the essay on "Butterflies," which appeared in the last July number of this magazine, omitted to say how these pretty creatures could be preserved, but seemed to take it for granted that they kept perfectly well, without any care on the part of the collector. This is a mistake. A small slit must be made in the under part of the body, and a drop of carbonic acid introduced. Spirits of camphor also answers the purpose, to be applied in the same manner. In these operations great care must be taken that the wings of the butterflies are not injured by handling. It is best to hold them by the body, whenever it is necessary to touch them. Hoping that "R. L. C." will not be offended, I remain your sincere friend,

MARGARET GRAY.

We print the preceding criticism because it appears to have been made in good faith. But we have never seen a collection of butterflies treated in the manner described. The collections of the Boston Society of Natural History and of the Peabody Academy of Science in Salem are simply dried; and a friend of ours well-versed in such matters, — the author of "Our Traps" in our July number, — says he has seen specimens fifty years old, that were treated in no other way, and that now look as fresh as new. He says, "Were one connected with a museum to treat each specimen in the manner prescribed by your correspondent, the work would consume a lifetime; though it might do for an amateur to try, who is content with a few high-colored specimens." Yet he adds that all entomological collections are subject to the ravages of the larvæ of two destructive beetles "*Anthrenus*" and "*Dermestes*"; to guard against which camphor, the crystalline refuse of naphthaline, creosote, or something of the sort, should be placed in the drawers and boxes in which the specimens are contained.

Our Young Contributors. — "*An Interview with the Pope*," by Bilboquet, and "Sweet Robins," by Willie Wilde, are accepted.

Beginning with our next number, we shall add in this place a corner of *Honorable Mention* for Young Contributors' articles which are *not* accepted. This we should have done a year ago, had we foreseen the impossibility of printing in "Our Young Contributors'" department so many contributions well worthy a place in it, which for want of room we have been obliged to decline.

This department has been about as full of late as we could well make it, with justice to the other departments of the magazine; and yet we have been compelled each month to reject almost as many well written and meritorious articles as we have printed. Of course we mean always to select the best for our use; still there are many left, quite good enough for "Our Young Contributors'" pages, which is high praise. To put these aside, as we have done, has been one of the hardest of our editorial duties; this department being designed to furnish not only entertainment for our readers, but also encouragement to young writers.

Hereafter, therefore, we shall add to our list of accepted articles another, of articles good enough to be accepted if we could make room for them. As this will be an honorable record, we shall give the names of the writers, except such as we may be requested to withhold. We shall also make such editorial comments on the articles as may seem to be required.

Who can write out the best version of our Picture Story in this number, and send it to us in time for insertion in next month's Letter Box? This will be a good exercise for children of about ten or twelve years.

F. S. A. — "The best book of instruction in painting for a beginner" is perhaps C. R. Leslie's "Hand-book for Young Painters" (1 vol. 8vo, London, 1855). Consult also "Painting Popularly Explained," by Thomas John Gullick and John Timbs (1 vol. 8vo, London, 1859). Both these works are in the lower hall of the Boston Public Library, where you or any one can examine them freely.

A Subscriber. — 1. If you had taken the trouble to look at the notes to Longfellow's Poems, you would have found that Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and that he was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline.

2. The "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," is Helen, the wife of Menelaus. By running away with Paris she occasioned the Trojan war, in which "many drew swords and died." The "one that stood beside," whose "youth was blasted with a curse," is Iphigenia, who was offered by her father as a propitiatory sacrifice to Diana,

whose wrath he had aroused The goddess, however, when she was on the point of being slain, (when "the bright death quivered at the victim's throat") carried her in a cloud to Tauris, and made her a priestess in her temple.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., September 21, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Can any of you tell me the origin of the expression, "grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

Respectfully yours,
H. S. CLARK.

CONCORD, MASS., September 28, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

When on the 15th day of every month I receive a fresh number of "Our Young Folks," I cut the leaves of "Jack Hazard" *first*, and then, having seen "Jack" and "Lion" out of one scrape and well into another, I turn to the "Letter Box." It is this part of the "Young Folks" that I especially enjoy.

I think I can answer satisfactorily the question about the nine muses. "The Muses were represented as young, beautiful, and modest virgins, crowned with flowers, each holding in her hand some instrument or token of the science over which she presided. They were also represented with their hands joined, dancing in a circle round Apollo, and singing in a chorus, to intimate the near and indissoluble connection which exists between the liberal arts and sciences. The palm-tree, the laurel, and the fountains of Parnassus (particularly the Castalian fountain, at the foot of Parnassus), also of Helicon, Pindus, and Pierus, were sacred to them. Their favorite animal was the winged horse Pegasus.

"*Clio* presided over History. *Calliope*, over Eloquence and Poetry. *Erato*, over Lyric and Amorous Poetry. *Thalia*, over Pastoral and Comic Poetry and Festivals. *Melpomene*, over Tragedy. *Terpsichore*, over Dancing. *Euterpe*, over Music. *Polyhymnia*, over Singing and Rhetoric. *Urania*, over Astronomy."

May I ask your opinion on one or two subjects? Is there any such word in the English language as "*rightly*"? I do not find it in either Webster or Worcester. Yet I have noticed many good speakers and writers use the word (if it is a word), among them Mr. Hale. In the latest edition of Worcester the word "*right*," an adverb, is given, with the definition, "*in a right manner*"

I hear many good speakers use the expression "*an one*," which seems to me just as correct as to say "*an wonder*," "*one*" and the first syllable of "*wonder*" being pronounced precisely alike. What do you think?

Shall we give "*Beatrice*" the Spanish pronunciation?

"Our Young Folks" is fully appreciated in our family, from the oldest to the youngest. My father reads the monthly instalment of "Jack Hazard" with as great pleasure as the rest of us.

Yours truly,
HELEN D. BROWN.

If Helen had looked far enough in the dictionaries she would have found *rightly*, a good old English adverb. Milton speaks of "Eve, *rightly* called mother of all."

"Good speakers" use a bad form of expression when they say "an one." That is what *we* think.

"*Be'atrice*" is a naturalized English name; yet one often hears the Italian pronunciation of it, *Ba-ah-treech'-ay*, when Dante's Beatrice, or Beatrice Cenci, is spoken of.

The question regarding the nine Muses was also answered by Sallie C. Day, S. E. M., Mary C., Q. K. C., E. G. Richardson, Dollie Smithson, K. H., Polly, S. E. M., Mary C., B. Langden Beal, and at length by Henry P. Day, from whose letter we quote the following additional particulars: —

"The nine Muses were certain goddesses who presided over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and who were the daughters of Jupiter by the nymph Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. Pieria, a district of Macedonia, is said to have been their birthplace. Pimplea, a small town of Macedonia, where Orpheus the son of the Muse Calliope was born, was sacred to them. On the summit of Mount Helicon, in Bœotia, was the grove of the Muses, where these divinities had their statues, and where also were statues of famous poets and musicians. The winged steed Pegasus, favorite of the Muses, as soon as he was born flew upward, and fixed his abode on this mountain, where with a blow of his hoof he produced the fountain Hippocrene.

Shortly after the birth of these goddesses, the nine daughters of a Thessalian king are said to have challenged them to a contest in singing. The place of trial was Mount Helicon. At the song of the mortal maidens the sky became dark, and all nature was put out of harmony; but at that of the Muses the heavens themselves, the stars, the sea, and the rivers stood motionless, and Helicon swelled up with delight, so that his summit would have reached the sky had not Neptune directed Pegasus to strike it with his hoof. The Muses then turned their mortal rivals into magpies.

"There was a Thracian, called Thamyris, who was remarkable for beauty of person and skill on the lyre. As this gentleman was returning home from Œchalia, where he had just closed a very successful season, he was met by the Muses, whom he challenged to a trial of skill. He was conquered, and because he had often before boasted that he could excel them, he was struck blind and deprived of his knowledge of music."

HERE are the answers to Mattie A. C.'s Sunday questions, — sent in by Carrie W. Hotchkiss, Mary F., Mary B. D., W. E. L., and Ellen T. Du Bois.

1. Huldah. 2 Kings 22, 14.
2. Solomon. 1 Kings 10, 22.
3. Solomon. 1 Kings 2.
4. Elisha. 2 Kings 13, 21.
5. From the description of their apparel given in Isaiah iii.

Mary B. D. asks in return: "With what was Solomon's chariot paved?"

Sadie Wellington sends the "Letter Box" the following conundrums. Some of them are old, but all are good.

What is the difference between an old woman of sixty and a young girl of sixteen? One is careless and happy, and the other is hairless and cappy.

What horrible death does a sculptor die? He makes faces and busts.

How many came out of the ark before Noah? Three. Noah came forth (fourth).

What remedy does a man take for a scolding wife? He takes an' he licks her (an elixir).

When is the most fitting time to read the book of Nature? When spring opens the leaves and autumn turns them.

What is the first mention of the theatre in the Bible? When Joseph's brethren put him into the pit because they did n't want him in the family circle.

What is the first person mentioned in the Bible? Chap. first.

Why is a man trying to climb Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss his sweetheart? Because he is trying to reach the mouth of the *cra-tur*.

How do we know that Satan cannot be rude? Because being an imp o' darkness he cannot be imp-o'-light.

A blind man went out to tea; when he got there how did he see? He took a cup and saw — sir!

ELIZABETH, N. J., September 26.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I can answer the question asked by C. R. S. in reference to Croquet.

When a player roquets two or more balls by one stroke of the mallet, he is said to ricochet, and can croquet one or all, at his option.

Can any of the "Young Folks" tell when and by whom the game was invented, and why named Croquet?

Yours truly,

GEORGIANA STREETER.

B. Leighton Beal writes: "In regard to the croquet question of C. R. S. authorities differ; some say you can, others say you cannot; it is best to take either one way or the other and stick to it."

S. E. M., Philadelphia, gives the following explanation of the origin of the phrase, "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high":—

"It originated among the slaves. When their affairs were so prosperous as to allow of it, a goose was killed. This was when 'everything was lovely' or agreeable. When the goose was killed he was stripped and hung on a pole, or out of a high window, for fear of cats, dogs, etc. Therefore the latter part of the quotation is a natural consequence of the first, and it is not to be wondered at for its queerness."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

Having discovered a mistake in one of your stories, I thought to tell you of it. Harvey Wilder (page 617) spelt *ought* instead of *aught*. Am I right?

Yours,

SIMPLE JACK.

Simple Jack is right, — except that the misspelling was not a mistake of Harvey Wilder's, but a typographical error.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

R. G. Valentine, West Newton, Mass. (postage-stamps and reading).

Fred A. D., Box 188, Jersey City, N. J. (wishes to correspond with some one studying German, also with any boy in the Eastern States).

Elsie Wallon, No. 338 Lexington Avenue, New York City (reading).

Harry St. Claire, Gambier, Knox Co., O. (would like a correspondent about 16).

Walter L——, Box 305, Cincinnati, O.

Clair Danforth, Box 33, Providence, R. I.

Clive Morgan, Essex, Middlesex Co., Conn. (wishes correspondents between 12 and 17, interested in Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, etc.).

Eva Monroe, No. 16 Davis St., Boston, Mass. (reading, dancing, music, and sailing).

Jack Straw, Box 1612, Williamsport, Pa. (fun).

Harry L. Crawford, Cincinnati, O. (miscellaneous subjects).

Clara E. B., age 15, *Emmie S. B.*, age 13, *Mabel C.*, age 12, Care D. N. C., Cutchogue, L. I. (three cousins living in a very secluded place in the eastern end of L. I.).

Mollie M. A., age 15, 69 Brattle St., Cambridge Mass. (music and flowers).

Bertha, Lock Box 11, Marietta, Ohio (wishes correspondent between 14 and 15; fond of dancing, skating, and horseback riding).

Ed. L. Rush, Box 314, Decorah, Iowa (correspondents between 17 and 19; literature and art).

L. E. Hall, Ithaca, N. Y. (butterflies and moths).

Mary Williams, Flemington, Taylor Co., West Va. (would like a New England correspondent).

W. Dorland, Lock Box 14, Decorah, Iowa (coins and stamps).

Hope Wentworth, Greensburg, Ind. (botany, literature, and miscellaneous subjects).

Fred J. Ilsley, 53 Spring St., Portland, Maine (boating and gunning).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VII. DECEMBER, 1871. No. XII.

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW JACK WENT TO JAIL, AND WHAT HE SAW.

CASTING a curious look at Jack, the Doctor told the boys to drive to his house, put their horses in his barn, and amuse themselves till dinner-time. "You 'll excuse me; I 've got to go to jail. To see a patient," he added.

"O, doctor!" cried Phin, "can't you take me into the jail? I 've never been in! Moses has."

"Yes, come along, if Moses will take care of the team." Moses said he would. "And your friend here, he can come too. Have you ever been to jail?" the doctor said, pleasantly, turning to Jack.

"He came pretty near it once," whispered Phin, running to the doctor's side, while Jack, not yet recovered from his surprise and embarrassment at meeting his old friend, got down more slowly from the wagon. "He was took up for stealing our horse and buggy; though he did n't. He 's only a driver off from the canal," Phin added, enviously, seeing how well Jack appeared in his new clothes.

Thereupon the doctor turned and gave another glance at Jack, who, he imagined, must have overheard the invidious remark, his face wore such a peculiar expression. So he said, laying his large, kind hand on the lad's shoulder, just as he did once before when that shoulder was ragged and wet: "I should n't suppose this boy had ever been

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

on the canal! He don't look like a driver. It's a terrible place for boys! Have you heard about the one that was murdered not long ago, just a little way out of the city?"

"No!" said Phin. "Was there one?"

"Yes, a boy I felt a particular interest in. His murderer is in the jail here now. He is the patient I am going to visit."

"And shall we see him?" cried Phin, eagerly. "I never saw a murderer in my life! Is he going to be hung?"

"I don't know. There's some doubt about the identity of the body supposed to be that of his victim. It had floated down to the city, and was taken out a few days after the murder, so much disfigured that I could n't recognize it; though one of the boatmen swore to it very confidently. Then it is n't quite clear that the man meant to kill him. It seems that he struck the boy in a passion, — a fatal blow, probably, — and then threw him into the canal. He himself says now that he thinks he killed him, but that he had no intention of doing so."

All this reminded Jack so forcibly of what might have been his own fate, that he held his breath, wondering how it chanced that he was there, listening to the story of that murdered boy, instead of being that murdered boy himself.

"The man has been very sick, and he is now penitent," the doctor went on. "I am his physician, and I am doing what I can for him; but, having myself seen him maltreat the lad, I shall have to appear at his trial and bear witness against him."

"What do you *think* they will do with him?" asked Phin.

"I think he will be sent to the State prison for a term of years, perhaps for life," said the doctor; which Phin thought was something, though not what he had hoped, — it would have been so fine to be able to brag that he had seen a murderer who was afterwards hung! "But here we are at the jail."

"Feel afraid?" Phin whispered to Jack, as a warden took a bunch of formidable keys from the office, and, opening therewith one ponderous iron-bound door after another, showed the visitors into a high, whitewashed, barren hall, bounded on two sides by rows of cells. The cells were furnished with strong, iron-grated doors, some of which were open; and five or six men, probably the nightly occupants of those narrow rooms, were walking leisurely about, or lounging upon benches in the hall.

"Are these the prisoners?" whispered Phin, shrinking by the doctor's side.

"Yes, but they won't hurt you," answered the doctor, with a smile. "That slender, middle-aged man is a counterfeiter. He understands four or five different languages, is a good mathematician, and one of the finest mechanics in the country. But he put his wits to a bad use, and here he is. The short, stocky man is in for horse-stealing. That boy, — what are you in for, my boy?"

"Taking watches," said the boy, in a very frank, business-like way. "But they can't prove it."

"None of these men have had their trial yet," said the doctor. "There is my patient, on the bed in the corner. He was in the hospital room, but, being the only patient, he was so horribly lonesome he begged to be brought back here."

He approached the bed on which the prisoner, a rough, hard-featured man, was lying in his clothes. Seeing the doctor, he turned on his pillow and reached out to him a curiously half-bleached, freckled, weather-beaten hand.

"How 's the pulse to-day, doctor?" he said in a hoarse half-whisper. "I believe I should have got along better if you had tapped me in the arm and let out some of the bad blood."

The doctor smilingly shook his head. "Possibly, my friend. But you 're getting along very well."

"I believe I am. Nothing ails me now but bad dreams."

The doctor, seating himself by the bed, with his watch in one hand and the man's speckled wrist in the other, asked what his dreams were about.

"'T would be hard to say what I don't dream about! Everything I ever done comes up again. Then there 's that face — his face. It gives me no peace. I no sooner shut my eyes than there it is again. By George!" said the man, chokingly, "I was fond of the boy. I never knowed how fond till I —"

The man cleared his throat, and made a pretence of relieving his hoarseness by getting his head a little higher on the pillow, then went on: —

"I don't deny the bad treatment; but that was when I was mad. He could swim like an eel, and I relied on that; for I 'd no notion he was hurt so when I throwed him in."

The doctor had heard all this many times before; yet he did not discourage the man's talking, knowing that his conscience found relief that way, and wishing, perhaps, to let the boys derive a moral lesson from the scene. The prisoner raised his head still higher, doubling the pillow under it, and continued: —

"Does anybody imagine I would deliberately murder that boy? I 'd willin'ly swing for 't, if launchin' me from a platform would bring him back to life. I 'm an old hulk, anyway; fast goin' to pieces. Bad habits, bad company, rum, and a bad temper, — you see, boys," turning to the doctor's young companions, "what they do to a — "

His eye suddenly became fixed, his voice stuck in his throat, and he sprang up, staring wildly, and starting from the bed.

"Jack! Jack or his ghost!" he shrieked out, "sure as I 'm a sinner!" Which was making it pretty sure indeed; the prisoner being no other than our old friend, Captain Berrick.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CAPTAIN JACK'S CONFESSIONS.

THE doctor turned, in great surprise and astonishment; and there behind his elbow stood Jack, white and agitated as if he had himself seen a spectre. It was some moments before the good man could bring himself to believe that, in the fine-looking, well-dressed lad who had come to town with his country cousins, he beheld again the wretched little driver whom he had once befriended, and whose supposed unhappy fate he had deplored.

Meanwhile Berrick kept crying out hoarsely, with laughter and tears, "Jack, you rogue! Jack, you rascal! What a trick you 've played me! The scow laid up, and me here in the jug! Goin' to let me swing for murderin' on ye, hey? you scamp, Jack! Come here! Your true face is the blessedest sight ever my old eyes looked on! Where have ye been all this while? you mis'ble little villain you!"

Jack, fast recovering his self-possession, in a few words told his story; to which both the doctor and the prisoner listened with extraordinary interest. "I had n't the least idea I was murdered!" he said, while Berrick grasped and wrung his hand again and again. "I saw you twice after I left you. Do you remember, the next Monday, crossing a field of wheat a boy was weeding? I was that boy, and I was frightened half to death, for fear you would know me!"

"You! the stupid fellow that had no tongue? You don't say, Jack! Why did n't ye speak? Ah, if you had, 't would have saved a deal of trouble. The scow was laid up for ye, all that Saturday night and Sunday. 'T was me that loosed the dog, hopin' he might find ye; but he cleared out, and

that made me half think you had swum ashore. What 's the matter with *that* boy?" Berrick demanded in some irritation, noticing very strange conduct on the part of Phineas.

"He says he knows you," remarked the doctor.

"Like as not he may have seen me on the canal," growled Berrick.

"I 've seen you somewhere else," Phin declared. "I could n't think at first, but now I remember. You 're Mr. Johnson; you 're Aunt Patsy's second husband!"

"You don't know what you 're talkin' about!" Berrick exchanged looks with the doctor. "Well, never mind, now it 's out. I 'd told the doctor before; and now I may as well tell you, Jack. Fact is, I 've got an old-fashioned wife out in that quarter."

Jack, quite bewildered by this discovery, stammered out, "And you had been to her house —"

"Yes, that time when you saw me in the wheat-field. While Pete and Dick were hunting for you down the canal, I took a cruise ashore, and called on the old woman. Don't let on to Molly. She don't know nothin' about that affair."

"I don't see how it ever happened!" said Jack.

"'T was that winter, five year' ago, when I was off lookin' up my half-brother; you 've heard me tell of him. He got into a bad scrape when he was a young man, and went off into the woods and changed his name."

"O, I know!" exclaimed Jack. "I thought he looked like you! Old Danvers!"

"A charcoal-burner; a perfect vagabond; that scrape ruined him," said Berrick. "Of course neither of us felt like braggin' of the relationship, when I found him; and as he had swapped off his name, I thought I would follow his example. So it happened that I married Aunt Patsy under the name of Johnson. A foolish speckelation. I never made a cent by it. She 's too tight with her property. You see, I 've been a perty hard case, Jack."

"I should think so!" said Jack, made sick at heart by this fresh revelation of the old man's depravity.

"But now I 'm goin' to reform. Better late than never, the doctor here tells me. Come, Jack, forgive and forgit; we 'll go back to the scow, and be better friends than ever."

"I 've done with the scow," replied Jack, firmly. "I 've got a good place, and I don't mean to leave it."

"That 's right!" exclaimed the doctor. "You 've done well; stick to it! Don't take a step backward."

"There 's no danger as long as I remember your good advice to me," said Jack. "That 's what saved me, — that and your kindness!" Tears filled the boy's eyes as he spoke. "Just the few words you said to me, and the way you said 'em, — you don't know what an effect they had on me! They have been with me like good angels, I sometimes think, ever since. I never could have begun life new, as I did, if it had n't been for you. And O, you don't know how often I have thought of you, and wished you could

know—" but here Jack, who had said all this in a very earnest but broken manner, quite lost his voice, and fairly sobbed under the kindly caressing arm laid upon his neck.

"Ah, but you have had good friends besides me," said the doctor, his voice and features all a-tremble with emotion, "or you never could have kept on after you 'd begun. And there was something strong and good in you, too, Jack."

"That 's a fact!" said Captain Berrick, wiping his eyes. "He was always too good for the canal. For my part, I 'm glad as anybody that he has done better for himself; and I cheerfully give up my claim to him here and now. Put that in writin', doctor, and I 'll sign it."

As the doctor turned to a desk, where one of the prisoners had been furnished with writing materials, the captain of the scow asked Jack if he had seen his half-brother, the charcoal-burner, lately. As Jack hesitated about answering, Phin, who was not troubled with much delicacy of feeling, exclaimed: "Old Danvers? Old Danvers is dead!" and proceeded to relate, without disguise, the manner of his death.

"So that 's the end of Jake!" mused Berrick. "He never got over that boyish scrape. I guess you 've heard me tell on 't, Jack. He went with some other young fellers to serenade an old man who had married a young wife,—a tin-horn and cow-bell serenade, you understand. They took along a gun to make a noise with, and to shoot the old man's dog if he come out at 'em. The dog come out, and some one shot at him, and the bullet went into the house and killed the old man in his bed. They was all perty respectable young fellers, belonged to good families; and the killin' was accidental, and it never was gener'ly known who fired the gun. But 't was Jake fired it; he told me; I was a little chap, younger than him. The law did n't touch him; but he never could git over that act, and the family never got over it. He had helped a little about charcoal-burnin' before; but now he went into it, and become a reg'lar hermit o' the woods ever arterwards. He changed his name, as I said, and would a' hid himself from himself, if he could. And I went on to the canal. Drownded! So that 's the end of a boyish scrape, is it? Wal! wal!" And Berrick seemed inclined to moralize upon the subject.

"And only think," said Phin, "how the fellers were going to play a trick on Old Danvers himself that night in Aunt Patsy's house, if he had only been there! Don't things come round queer, sometimes?"

"Did n't you ask for me that last time you saw Aunt Patsy?" Jack inquired of the captain.

"Why should I?" replied Berrick. "I 'd no notion you had been that way; and I did n't care to have her know of my connections. I missed the coal-pit, on my way through the woods, or I might have spoke to Jake about you."

"I told him, the first time I saw him, how I had run away from a scow, but I did n't tell him whose scow," said Jack.

Here the doctor brought a paper to Berrick for his signature. This

obtained, he and the warden wrote their names under it, as witnesses, and the paper was handed to Jack. He read it; and his last lingering apprehensions that he might yet be taken back to his old life on the canal vanished in a flash of joy.

"Now I am free!" he exclaimed. "Now I 've a chance for myself, and no fear of anybody!"

"I want to be free too," remarked Berrick, a little hurt at seeing Jack so glad to part from him. "Pete and Molly 's with the scow. Dick has left; it was him that complained of me arter we come back from Buffalo, and heard a drownded boy had been found in the canal. He swore 'fore the coroner he believed 't was you; so they had me arrested. But now you are on your legs, and hearty, there 's no reason for keepin' me an hour longer. Please notify my lawyer, Mr. Warden. And let somebody go for Pete; he 'll take me aboard the scow; I shall be better off there. Good by, doctor! Good by, Jack!"

Shall I own that a feeling of remorse and something very like affection agitated the boy's breast as he took leave of the captain? "I wish you could leave the canal too!" he exclaimed, with earnest, misty eyes.

"'T ain't in me, — I 'm such an old reprobate, as Pete says. But I mean to do better now. At any rate, I 'm glad you 've got a futur' before ye, Jack! Good by ag'in! good by!"

And so they parted.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SQUIRE PETERNOT'S TROUBLE.

AGAIN that morning Squire Peternot and his horn-headed cane made their appearance at the door of the Chatford kitchen. The grim old man was even more agitated than when he came to speak of the sheep-killing affair; he bore in his trembling hand a crumpled letter, which he glanced at while he coughed, adjusting his throat in his stiff stock, and inquired for Jack.

"Jack and the boys have gone to the city," said Miss Wansey.

"And his — the dog?" said the Squire.

The dog had gone too. Peternot turned to depart, but presently came back. "He told — that morning," he faltered, "a strange story of how he came by that dog; do you recall, — can you repeat it?"

Miss Wansey thought she could, and did repeat it quite circumstantially, omitting only one or two particulars which the squire thought important.

"Mis' Chatford!" called Miss Wansey at the foot of the chamber stairs, "do you remember the name of the place where Jack found Lion?"

Mrs. Chatford replied that she did not; adding, as she came down into the kitchen, that she did not think Jack had ever told it. "There 's no new trouble, I hope, Squire Peternot?"

"There is trouble!" briefly answered the Squire, as he turned again and limped away.

He went home, harnessed a horse, and started to drive towards the city. But, seeming to consider the many chances of his missing the boys if he went to seek them, he soon turned back; and many a time that afternoon he might have been seen walking or standing in the road before his house, and gazing anxiously towards the town.

Jack went himself to find the scow and announce to the admiring Molly and the astounded Pete how he had come to life, and that Berrick was consequently free. He told them briefly of his fortunes, then bidding them good by, not without a tear for old acquaintance's sake, hurried back to the doctor's to find the dinner waiting.

The doctor himself had just arrived; and if delay had damaged the dinner, it had improved the appetites of the guests; while Jack's mind was in such a state of exaltation, that everything at the table of his friend was to him nectar and ambrosia. Many a time he had to stop and ask himself, was all this really so? He could not wonder enough at it all, nor could he be thankful enough. O you fortunate sons of the rich! is it possible for you to know the happiness of a lad like Jack, escaping from a low life and bad companions, and feeling that he has made one safe, sure step toward a better and brighter future? True, he was but a poor boy still, with no worldly fortune before him save what could be wrought out by his own good hands; but what of that? He was young, he was free, he was full of hope; and, if you but knew it, there is a charm in winning one by one the prizes of life, — a sweetness, with the tonic of a little wholesome bitter in it, — unknown to those who but inherit the victories others have gained. Have you who read this had all the paths of life made smooth before you? then you must stop often and consider well your blessings, in order not to slight or scorn them, and then go on winning new victories for yourself in higher fields, and doing good to others, or own at last that fortune is really less kind to such as you than to poor, brave boys like Jack.

Good things fell constantly to Jack's share through all his after life, and some great joys were his; but I doubt if he knew many happier hours than that when he sat at the board of his long-unknown, good friend, and listened to his cheerful talk, and basked in his beneficent smile.

About the middle of the afternoon the boys started for home. It was dark when they approached Squire Peternot's house; but there was the lame old man waiting and watching for them.

"Stop, boys!" he commanded, as they were driving past; and he fairly frightened them with his husky voice and uplifted cane. "You told once, — tell me again," he said to Jack, "just how you came by this dog."

Jack, in no little surprise, repeated the story, — how he found Lion, singed and half-starved and cross, at a basin where the scow had stopped on her first trip up the canal that season.

"Did you learn the name of his last master?" the squire demanded.

"No, but people said he was a gambler; he won money of some men at the tavern, then treated everybody, and drank a great deal himself, and

towards morning went to bed. Then the fire broke out in his room, probably from his candle. The dog was burnt trying to get him out. But the man — "

"Where — what basin was this?" interrupted the squire.

Jack replied, "Wiley's Basin."

"Boy!" said Squire Peternot, sternly, as if Jack were somehow to blame in the business, "that dog's master was my own son!"

He walked back to the house; and the boys, struck dumb with amazement, after waiting a little while, drove on.

They had gone but a short distance, when they met Bill Burbank on his horse. He drew rein, and asked if they had seen the squire. Moses related what had just occurred.

"Yes, I was sure of it," said Burbank. "He had n't heard from Paul for so long, he stopped me yesterday to ask about him. That was humbling himself a good deal, I thought, for he always blamed me and Don for the bad ways Paul got into before he left home; as if *we* ever led *him* into anything! He used to write to me every week or two, till all of a sudden, last spring, his letters stopped coming. The squire seemed so disturbed when I told him, that I thought this morning I would take over Paul's last letter for him to read. In that he speaks again of his big Newfoundland dog, which he used to mention in nearly every letter he wrote. It struck the squire at once that this might be the dog. Now there 's no doubt of it. Paul's last letter was written at Wiley's Basin."

"But Mrs. Chatford said once that the squire had no children," interposed Jack.

"She must have meant none at home. He has himself tried to feel that he had no son, but hard as the old man is, he never could forget Paul!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHICH IS THE LAST.

Bill galloped away, and the boys drove home. Deacon Chatford came to meet them at the gate, and of course the first news he heard was the strange story of Paul Peternot.

"Poor old man! I pity him!" said the deacon. "But all this only shows, boys, how little circumstances of birth and education sometimes have to do with a young man's turning out well or ill. There was Paul, brought up by respectable parents, — I believe they once designed him for the ministry, — an only son, who need never have wanted for anything if he had behaved himself at home, but he went wrong in spite of everything; while many another boy, with no such advantages, has struggled against hardships and bad influences, and come out nobly triumphant. For, after all, a man's destiny lies in his own character, — and in Providence, which helps those who help themselves," added the deacon, as the wagon stopped at the barn.

Mr. Pipkin unharnessed the team, while the boys hurried into the house, which their eager voices seemed to take by storm. All the way home Jack's heart had swelled and burned with the desire to tell his dearest friend, Annie Felton, of what had befallen him that day; and now here she was, smiling to welcome him, for it was Saturday night. There too was motherly Mrs. Chatford, and enthusiastic little Kate, and Miss Wansey, singularly gracious towards him and everybody that evening; and all admired Jack in his new clothes, and listened with eager interest to the wonderful story the boys had to tell.

The candles had been lighted, and the supper was waiting, but it was long before the family sat down to it, so great was the excitement produced by the story of that day's adventures. Everything, from the meeting with Syd Chatford in the morning to the encounter with Squire Peternot at night, and more particularly Jack's recognition of the doctor and the scene in the jail, — all had to be told over and over again, while Mrs. Chatford repeatedly lifted the tea-pot from the hearth to the table, and back again to the hearth.

"Why, Jack," said Annie, with her brightest smile, as the family sat down to supper at last, "your life turns out to be a little romance! All that seems wanting to complete it, quite in the style of the story-books, is for Squire Peternot to adopt you and Lion in place of his son."

"He can't have Lion!" quickly spoke up Phineas, who already felt some concern of mind lest the squire should lay claim to Paul's dog.

"And I guess we can't spare Jack," said Mrs. Chatford.

"We gave the squire a chance at him," remarked the deacon, "which he declined to take advantage of; now we've made up our minds to keep him, if he'll stay and be to us as our own son."

"Him and Lion!" said Phin; which ludicrous amendment made everybody laugh, even Jack, who saw sudden rainbows in the tears that rushed to his eyes.

"The boys have brought us so much news," then said Mrs. Chatford, "that we ought to tell them some in return, — with the permission of Miss Wansey and Mr. Pipkin."

Mr. Pipkin, looking pleased and foolish, and Miss Wansey, prim and modest, assented, with an "O certainly!" on the part of the lady, and a pucker and a nod on the gentleman's part; whereupon Mrs. Chatford continued: "Two highly esteemed and very useful members of our family have lately had *something to say* to each other; and the result is, we are all invited to a wedding in this house three weeks from to-morrow evening, when Miss Wansey expects to become Mrs. Pipkin."

The announcement was received with immense delight and satisfaction by the little audience, especially by Jack, who remembered that it was their mutual sympathy for him and Lion, at a time when he was in deep trouble, which had brought this worthy pair first to look kindly upon each other.

"O, won't we have a high time at the wedding!" said Phin.

At which joyous festival it is to be regretted that we too, dear reader, can-

not be present. But the plan of these pages has been fulfilled, — we have seen the poor little canal-boy acquire a new home and freedom, and golden opportunities for the future, — and though we may return to him before long, and see what use he will make of that freedom and those opportunities, it is necessary that we should now for a time take leave of

JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

J. T. Trowbridge.

IN THE FISHER'S HUT.

STORM blowing wild without, waves at fearful height,
Three little frightened ones keeping watch and light, —
Ill fare the fishermen out of port to-night.

Winsome maid is Blonde-hair, scarcely turned eleven,
Sturdy boy is Brown-hair, lacks a month of seven,
Baby girl is Gold-hair, one year out of heaven.

Fast drives the little boat; there are rocks ahead.
How beats the father's heart in that hour of dread!
"Christ, they are motherless!" were the words he said.

"Christ shield my motherless!" Holy angels bear
Heavenward that anguished cry; yet a little prayer,
"Please God, keep father safe," was before it there.

Busy maiden Blonde-hair heaps the driftwood higher,
Fearful heart has Brown-hair, holding closely by her,
Sleepy little Gold-hair, winking at the fire.

O, ruddy cottage gleam, pierce the blinding storm!
Brood o'er the misty crags like a rosy form;
Hands make a gallant fight when the heart is warm.

Crash! parts the little boat amid breakers white.
Strike bravely, fisherman, for the home in sight!
Love pulls in every stroke — Love will win to-night!

Happy eyes has Blonde-hair, pouring father's tea,
Noisy tongue has Brown-hair, nestling on his knee,
"Coo," says baby Gold-hair, waking up to see.

Helen Barron Bostwick.

A TRIP TO THE BIG TREES.

"O AUNT FRANCES, papa is going to take us to the Big Trees! That is, if you will go with us!" exclaimed my niece and namesake, Fannie Hastings, bursting into my room one bright May morning. "Please say you will go, and then I can run and arrange with Will what girls and boys to invite."

"Not boys, Fannie! they are so troublesome."

"Why, yes, Aunty, it would n't be jolly a bit without boys."

"Well, well, how times have changed! When I was a girl I could n't bear boys, and if I could I would n't have acknowledged it."

"I dare say, Aunty, but the change is in the acknowledging, not the liking, I guess. You must make ever so much cake, and other good things, for papa is going to charter the stage-coach, and we are to make a regular picnic of it. This is Friday; we will have all day to-morrow to get ready, and then early Monday morning we will start." And away she ran to find her brother.

When we met at dinner that evening we could talk of nothing but our excursion. Fannie was too much excited to eat; Will either was, or pretended to be, more indifferent, — and I should like to see the excitement that could take away the appetite of a boy of fifteen.

"Well, Fannie, which of all your numerous friends have you asked to go with us?" said my brother.

"I declare, papa, it was hard to decide; of course Alice Thornton was my first choice, and then at last I concluded I had rather have Florence Wood than any one else."

"Humph!" said Will, "she 'll fill the whole stage with her flounces and furbelows."

"No, she will not, — I told her we were going to dress very plainly, and have a good time."

"Well, she is too young-ladyfied for my taste anyhow, and none of us boys are old enough for her."

"Then she can have Cousin Tom. O papa, we asked Cousin Tom to go too; you said Will and I could fill two seats; so Will was to invite two boys, and I two girls, and then for a long time we could n't tell what to do with the other seat; but at last we thought of Cousin Tom. We knew he must be tired of sitting in his office, watching his signboard blistering in the sun, and waiting for patients, — don't you think it was real charity to ask him? he said it was."

My brother laughed outright at the idea of the elegant Dr. Wilder as an object of charity, and asked, "Will, how did you dispose of your seats?"

"O, I made up my mind to ask the first two boys I met, and not bother about it."

"Yes, but you took pretty good care to go by Mrs. Thornton's, so that Hugh might be the first one you saw!" said Fannie.

"Well, Hugh is a clever fellow, I tell you; he is the nicest boy in our school —"

"And has the nicest sister!"

"Hugh does n't think his sister is half so nice as mine!" and with this quiet thrust Will returned to the consideration of his pudding, while Fannie, blushing and worsted, concluded she had finished her dinner, and ran out to begin her preparations.

Monday dawned bright and pleasant. One charm of California is, that we can plan picnics and excursions to our heart's content, and know that no clouds or rain will mar their enjoyment, any time from the middle of May till the first of October; the skies in summer-time are always bright and beautiful. At six o'clock the stage drove up, and we all got in, Tom Wilder included. Hampers were stowed behind, as well as sundry boxes and bundles, whose contents would be disclosed when we stopped to dine.

"Where is your blanket shawl, Fannie?" I asked, as that young lady stepped in.

"A blanket shawl at this time of year! We shall find fans much more necessary."

"Well, have your way, but I think you 'll need it on the mountains."

Our first stop was for Alice and Hugh; there they stood awaiting us, with good motherly Mrs. Thornton, and a troup of little ones to see them off. Our next halt was for Florence Wood, who *was n't* awaiting us.

"Primping," whispered Will to Alice, who laughed and shook her head, while Fannie gave him a triumphant glance as the door opened and Florence appeared in the simplest of travelling suits, her beautiful brown eyes peeping out from under a broad-brimmed straw hat. Dr. Wilder assisted her to a seat between himself and Fannie.

"Hallo! we 've forgotten Harry Field," called out Will. "Here he is now, running to meet us."

Harry clambered into place. We soon left Sacramento behind us, and for the next eight or ten miles found enough to do gazing from the windows; the plains were like a many-colored carpet spread before us, where myriads of showy escholtsias, white, blue, and pink larkspurs, bright-eyed pansies, and countless gay but less familiar flowers, were scattered in that lavish profusion which only those can realize who have seen the California plains in spring-time.

About noon my brother said, "Now, Frances, you and the girls can look out for a pleasant spot to dine"; a proposition we all hailed with pleasure, for after six hours in the stage-coach we were quite ready for a change of programme.

"See, Aunt Frances," said Fannie, "there is just the place for us, that fine old tree on the hill there!" And thither we went.

After dinner we separated into twos and threes, and rambled about gathering flowers, weaving them into wreaths, garlands, and bouquets, until it

was time to start again; then the horses were put to the stage, and off we went, greatly refreshed by our dinner under the grand old oak.

Not long after, we began to ascend the mountains; and then we found enough to do, in gazing from the windows at the beautiful panorama spread out on each side, — exclaiming, now at some exquisite little picture among the far-off hills, now at some beautiful plant or flower.

"O papa, what is that curious shrub of which we see so much now, with its polished mahogany-colored stems and pretty pink waxen blossoms?"

"That is the Manzanito; it is a very beautiful thing, and bears close examination. The stems, as you call them, are much used for making walking-canes; it is a very hard, close-grained wood."

About five o'clock we began to wind up a long hill, up, up, up, as if we would never come to the top. "At the next turn you will see Mokelumne Hill," said my brother, "and there we will stop for the night."

"We don't go in the stage to-morrow do we, papa?"

"No, dear, we will have to get buggies, or, what will suit our numbers better, perhaps, 'break-wagons'; we will see what can be had."

We all now looked out to catch the first glimpse of Mokelumne. It proved to be a quiet mountain town, not much larger than one or two we had passed through, or stopped at, to change horses. The hotel, however, proved cool and comfortable, and we were glad to retire to our rooms after an early supper, at which my brother announced he had engaged two break-wagons to convey us to Murphy's, and thence to the Mammoth Grove. At sunrise next morning we were ready to continue our journey.

"How will we divide?" asked the Colonel. "I must drive one wagon, you the other, Tom, and for the rest you must arrange it among yourselves," addressing us as he left the breakfast-table. Finally we started in this order, — my brother taking the lead with Will, Harry, and Alice, while Florence, Fanny, Hugh, and myself placed ourselves in Tom's turnout, — an arrangement satisfactory to all save Harry, who I suspected entertained a secret admiration for Miss Florence's brown eyes; else why that badly concealed dislike of Dr. Tom, who unhesitatingly appropriated Miss Florence's smiles and conversations to himself? The scenery was romantic and beautiful; now hills clad with verdure to their very summits, now a stream winding its way hundreds of feet below us, and occasionally, as we got into higher regions, patches of snow were to be seen; sometimes we would come upon great granite boulders, standing out in bold relief, or again piled in masses as if by some grand convulsion of nature. Occasionally we would stop to watch a party of miners at work. At noonday we stopped again to dine under a spreading tree, — this time near a dashing mountain torrent, from which Fannie, Alice, and the boys could scarcely be torn away, having become deeply interested in building a miniature Niagara. After a drive of two or three hours we went clattering down the long steep road into Murphy's Flat; where we concluded to spend the night, though The Trees were only fifteen miles farther.

Murphy's is a mining town. So after we had bathed our heated faces we walked out to see the miners at work. The hills around the town are much washed away, for mining sadly mars the beauty of the country. The miners in working throw from immense hose a column of water against the side of the hills, in order to wash down the auriferous dirt; often in doing so dislodging vast masses of rock and earth, which sometimes fall upon the poor fellows and crush them under their tremendous weight.

The first thing we perceived on getting up next morning was its having turned much colder during the night; our teeth chattered as we dressed, and the glowing fire that awaited us when we went down was very agreeable. Alice had put her waterproof over her travelling-dress, and Tom was busy unstrapping Florence's shawl; poor Fannie tried to look comfortable, but in vain.

"Have a fan, Fannie?" composedly remarked Tom, "there are several not in use at present." Fannie looked ruefully at him, but evidently did not relish the joke, while Hugh darted from the room and presently returned with a cloth cape.

"Mother insisted on my putting this in my valise, but I do not need it, so please wear it for me," he said, throwing it over her shoulders. Fannie thanked him as much with her eyes as her mouth. We all went in to breakfast, and then hurried down to the wagons.

Our road for some distance followed the course of a mountain stream; it was very pleasant to watch it dashing from rock to rock, bustling, foaming, and in the greatest hurry to accomplish its work, seeming to say to every obstacle, "Don't stop me, I have a mission to perform."

"O Miss Frances," said Florence, "see that large tree growing in the midst of that rushing stream, — is n't it wonderful?"

We all conjectured how it could ever have taken root and maintained its position in such turbulent water.

"Papa," called Fannie, "look at that tree in the water! how did it ever come there?"

"Why, simply enough! Ask Tom, perhaps he can tell you."

"Can you explain it, Dr. Wilder?" said Florence, turning to him.

"Yes, I think so; this stream we have all been admiring so much, I suspect is an artificial one."

"Oh!" groaned Fannie.

"The water," he continued, "is probably brought from some reservoir to the top of this hill, and then allowed to find its own channel to the bottom, where it will again be taken into those long wooden troughs, of which we have seen so many since we have been in the mining region, and carried to its destination."

"O, I am so sorry," broke in Fannie. "I wish I had n't asked, I liked it so much better when I thought it was a real brook. I won't look at it any more," she said, petulantly.

We all laughed, though I for one shared her disappointment.

"Probably," said Tom, "if we come here in the evening when the water

is shut off, we shall find the bed of the stream dry," and such was actually the case when we passed at sundown on our return from the grove.

The road is generally an ascending one from Murphy's. After some time we began to notice an increase in the size of the trees, — such magnificent forests we had never seen. Pines six, seven, or eight feet in diameter, and two hundred feet high, became frequent. Now and then we would pass a saw-mill, and immense piles of lumber already sawed out.

"It seems to me we ought to be nearly there, if it is only fifteen miles from Murphy's!" said Hugh, about ten o'clock.

"I have n't any faith in these *mountain miles*," said Fannie. "Don't you remember yesterday we would ask a miner 'how far to Murphy's,' — he would say 'ten miles' and the next one we would ask would say it was 'twelve,' though we had travelled ages in the mean while?"

"That is probably because they gave you the distance from their respective camps, rather than the point on the road," replied Tom. "But see, they are shouting to us." He gave his tired horses a cut to urge them on, and in a few minutes we were within speaking distance, my brother having stopped to wait for us.

"There," said he, pointing down the road, "stand the Sentinels, the first of the Big Trees."

We gazed with all our eyes in the direction indicated, and saw looming up before us two monster trees; differing entirely from the surrounding forest. A feeling of disappointment came over me, over all, — it was written in their faces. Mammoth they were, but still not exactly what we had expected. The Grove House lay just beyond, and to it we drove as rapidly as our jaded horses would permit us.

"And you are disappointed in the trees, eh?" said my brother, as he lifted Fannie from her lofty perch.

"Why, yes, papa. I thought that a tree as big round as a small house must look stumpy, and these are so tall they don't a bit."

"That is just it, my child! These trees are so beautifully proportioned, that at first we do not take in their vast size, and it is only by comparing them with surrounding objects that we can realize their magnitude. However, I will tell you, for your comfort, that even these will appear as pygmies by some of the trees in the Grove. Now while I see about rooms, you can decide whether we shall try to see the Trees at once, or rest awhile."

"O, now, now, now!" called out two or three together. "We are not tired at all."

"Very well, then I will try to get a guide."

Even I was eager enough to forget my fatigue. So we awaited with impatience the return of the Colonel. He soon came and told us the guide was ready, so seizing our hats away we started.

The guide proved very pleasant, and quite willing to answer all the questions we poured out at every turn. Our first visit was to the tree which had been felled, a short distance from the house.

"Well, Fannie, I hope you find this 'stumpy' enough," said Tom, as we stood by the stump of the departed monarch.

"Well, yes," said Fannie. "I don't think I ever did see quite so much stump at once."

A flight of twenty steps led to the top, and up these we mounted, into a spacious circular room formed with the boughs of the tree interwoven together.

"Now if we only had some music we might have a dance, — ample room," said Tom. For it was on this stump that thirty-two ladies and gentlemen actually danced, one Fourth of July, — four sets of cotillions at a time. "Come, Miss Florence, let 's have a waltz anyhow. I will whistle, and you can imagine I am a brass band."

Will whirled off after them with Alice, and as he saw Fannie's feet were twitching to be dancing too, Hugh proposed they should follow the example of the others. But they soon found dancing to Tom's whistling rather fatiguing, so after a few whirls they gathered around the guide, and deluged him with questions.

"What is the name of *this* tree?" asked Florence.

"It has never been named," replied the guide; "this is *the* Big Tree."

"What is its size?" asked Harry.

"Where we stand, it is over thirty feet in diameter; lower down near the ground, somewhere in the neighborhood of forty."

"What under the sun did they cut it down for?" asked Tom.

"Just to be cutting, I reckon, there was no sense in it."

"It was a piece of barbarism that should not have been permitted, I think. How did they ever *get* it down? They could n't saw or chop it."

"No; they had to bore to the middle

Cotillion-Party of Thirty-two Persons on the Stump of the Big Tree.

Cutting down the Big Tree.

with pump-augers a line of holes all about the tree. It took five men twenty days. When they got it through there it stood, — never thought of falling."

"Now you 're joking!" said Fannie.

"No, Miss. It was so well balanced they had to drive in wedges with the butts of trees to start it; then a heavy storm came and helped 'em topple it over. There 's a section of it sawed off there, and just beyond, a part of the tree has been made into as splendid a bowling-alley as ever you saw. If you don't believe me, you can try it for yourselves."

Bowling-Alley on the Trunk of the Big Tree.

"Tenpins? that's fine; we'll take a game this evening!" said Tom.

"Well, I reckon now you'd like to see some of the standing trees?"

To which we eagerly assented, and followed him down the steps. Fancy climbing a stump by a flight of stairs! I began to realize the size of these giants of the forest. The first standing tree of interest we visited was the Miner's Cabin. This tree is much defaced by fire, one side being burnt out, and a cavity formed at the roots quite large enough to have accommodated several miners.

"Did miners ever live here?" inquired Alice.

"So they say, Miss."

"They must have found it rather damp, if all that water was in there then," said Fannie.

"I guess they bailed it out; but miners ain't much after comfort. They'll take their blankets and roll in anywhere."

Soon we saw standing before us a shining column.

"The Mother of the Forest," announced the guide. For nearly a hundred feet this magnificent tree had been deprived of its bark, and the rains of winter, and burning summer suns, had bleached it until it was of a silvery whiteness.

"What a shame!" exclaimed Florence; "and this was a perfect tree, — how could they have been such vandals!"

"They removed the bark for exhibition; a portion of it was taken to London and placed in the Crystal Palace," said the guide.

"Yes, I saw it there," said Tom, who had finished his studies abroad, "and was much amused at some of the conversations about it. Some insisted that it was a piece of Yankee ingenuity, and that no such tree had ever existed."

"How thick is the bark of these trees?" asked Florence.

"Often eighteen inches or two feet. It is very peculiar, — not at all like other barks; it is fibrous, and when cut crosswise makes splendid pincushions, — I'll give you young ladies some when we go back to the house." The girls thanked him, and we continued our walk.

"Do any of you know to what species these trees belong?" asked the Colonel.

"It looks something like arbor-vitæ," said Hugh, picking up a branch the wind had blown down.

"I have read somewhere," said Florence, "that it is the Cedar of Lebanon."

"So I believe it was at one time considered, but botanists have now concluded it is a distinct species, and have named it *Washingtonia gigantea*."

"Is it found anywhere else, papa?"

"No, my dear; that is, not out of California. Besides this grove of ninety-two trees in Calaveras County, there are one or two in Mariposa County, a grove in Tuolumne, and some scattered trees in Tulare County, which, I believe, are the only trees known of this variety, in the world."

"This," said the guide, pausing before the trunk of a fallen tree, "is the

Cone and Foliage, full size.

Father of the Forest, and must, when standing, have exceeded all the others in size. It could not have been less than four hundred and fifty feet high. It is now, as you see, much decayed, and must have fallen many years ago. Won't some of you walk through it?" for we now perceived it was a mere shell.

"Is this the tree which it is said some one rode through on horseback with a hoisted umbrella?" asked Hugh.

"Yes; and, as you see, it might have easily been done."

"Are there any *little* Big Trees?" asked Fannie.

"A few scattered ones. The seeds grow very readily, and you can take some home and raise a grove yourself," the guide added, good-naturedly.

"That is a monster just in front of us! What is it named?"

"That is Hercules, — one of the finest of the standing trees; and there," pointing to a group not far off, "are the Three Graces. Well named, are they not?"

As we were walking along we were startled by voices overhead, and, looking up, saw Fannie and Hugh perched on some gnarled roots, thirty or forty feet above us.

The Three Graces.

"Come down this minute, you giddy children," I called.

"How did you get there? let us go too, Harry," said Will.

A tree had fallen, or been torn up, rather, by its roots, and steps had been placed against the trunk, that the adventurous might climb out upon it. Fannie and Hugh had slipped off unperceived, while we were measuring Hercules with some cord I had provided for the purpose. We found its circumference to be ninety-six feet; but a portion of the tree had been burnt away, so we had to guess at the true circumference, which must have been largely over a hundred feet.

"Well," said the guide, "I reckon it is 'most dinner-time, so we had better hurry up."

After dinner the Colonel and the young folks had a famous game of ten-pins, and then took a ramble through the Grove, while I refreshed myself with a nap. Our party all assembled on the porch after an early supper.

"Look! Aunt Frances, did you ever see anything so exquisite?" holding up some flowers as I approached.

"Where did you get them, Fannie?" I exclaimed, taking them from her.

"Cousin Tom found them; papa says it is the ice-plant. Is n't it lovely?"

Truly it was; the whole plant, leaf, stems, and bells, in general appearance like a hyacinth, looked as if they had been chiselled out of cherry-colored ice. It was peculiarly beautiful.

"I wonder if we cannot find some roots, and carry them home?"

"No," said my brother, "every effort to transplant them has been a failure; it is useless to attempt it."

"They say there is a fine echo from this porch," said Tom; "let 's try it!" Whereupon we exercised our ingenuity and voices till we were hoarse as ravens. The echo was perfect, repeating words, and even sentences, with the greatest distinctness.

"Suppose we give a farewell sneeze," said Fannie, as we were about to separate for the night.

"A what?" asked Tom.

"A sneeze. Did you never try one? It is quite funny. Let me see, here are just the right number, — Aunt Frances, you, Florence, and Alice must say 'ish.' Cousin Tom, you, Harry, and Will, 'osh'; and papa, Hugh, and I will say 'oshew.' I will count; when I say 'Three,' you must repeat your words as loudly as possible. Be ready, — one, two, *three*."

The effect was astounding! It seemed as if the whole Sierra Nevadas were catching cold.

"The landlord will turn us out, if we carry on at this rate," said the Colonel; "we had better go to bed."

Aunt Frances.

BLUEBIRDS IN AUTUMN.

THE morning was gray and cloudy,
And over the fading land
Autumn was casting the withered leaves
Abroad with a lavish hand.

Sad lay the tawny pastures,
Where the grass was brown and dry;
And the far-off hills were blurred with mist,
Under the sombre sky.

The frost already had fallen,
  No bird seemed left to sing;
And I sighed to think of the tempests
  Between us and the spring.

But the woodbine yet was scarlet
  Where it found a place to cling;
And the old dead weeping-willow
  Was draped like a splendid king.

Suddenly out of the heavens,
  Like sapphire sparks of light,
A flock of bluebirds swept and lit
  In the woodbine garlands bright.

The tree was alive in a moment,
  With motion, color, and song;
How gorgeous the flash of their azure wings
  The blood-red leaves among!

Beautiful, brilliant creatures!
  What sudden delight they brought
Into the pallid morning,
  Rebuking my dreary thought!

Only a few days longer,
  And they would have flown, to find
The wonderful, vanished summer,
  Leaving darkness and cold behind.

O, to flee from the bitter weather,
  The winter's buffets and shocks, —
To borrow their strong, light pinions,
  And follow their shining flocks!

While they sought for the purple berries,
  So eager and bright and glad,
I watched them, dreaming of April,
  Ashamed to have been so sad.

And I thought, "Though I cannot follow them,
  I can patiently endure,
And make the best of the snow-storms,
  And that is something more.

"And when I see them returning,
  All heaven to earth they 'll bring;
And my joy will be the deeper,
  For I shall have earned the spring."

Celia Thaxter.

HOW TOMMY RODE THE HORSE TO WATER.

A PICTURE STORY.

THE DOG OF MELROSE AND HIS MISTRESS.

PART II.

MR. ELMER asked many questions, and learned how the little creature had been kept alive so long; and you may be sure that those who had tried to befriend Pincher did not go unrewarded.

He took the dog home with him, but, hungry as he was, Pincher could hardly be coaxed to eat, except as he took the bits from Mr. Elmer's own hand, and if put down for a moment he cried and begged to be taken up again.

He slept that night on Mr. Elmer's bed, nestled close to him. And once or twice in the night Mr. Elmer was waked by the little soft tongue licking his hand. Then Mr. Elmer felt that he could not stay any longer in Melrose, but suddenly made up his mind to go straight to America.

This time you may be sure he insisted that Pincher should go with him. He hired a whole carriage in the train for himself, and would not let Pincher out of his sight till both were safe on board the steamer Cuba at Liverpool.

Where was Alida all this time? The second day after she was brought to Liverpool the woman who had charge of her took her in a carriage and drove to the Landing Stage, as it is called, — the place where passengers go on board the steamers. The steamers at Liverpool do not lie at wharves as in our seaport cities, but out in the River Mersey, and passengers are obliged to go off to them in small steamboats called "tugs." The tug was very much crowded, and there were to Alida's astonishment a great many little girls on board. Most of them were very plainly and coarsely dressed, and some of them had a frightened look. They were talking together in various languages, — some in French, some in German, some in English, and two of them were chattering in a jumble of strange sounds, which Alida afterwards found out to be Portuguese. The woman led Alida into the midst of them, and gave her into the care of a larger girl, telling her with a very cross look to mind and hold her tongue till they should get on board the steamer.

Alida was cold and frightened and confused, and the other children pushed her about. She never liked steamboats much, and here she was in a place of all others she most dreaded, close by the machinery. Then the bustle and the loud orders terrified her still more. She buried her face in her companion's lap, and remained there trembling till she was roughly ordered to get up. The little flock of children were carelessly lifted and dragged up the accommodation stairs to the deck of the steamer, and then down into the large and gloomy second cabin below the deck. I cannot tell how much misery the poor child went through in the next fortnight. Seasick, frightened, neglected, or roughly spoken to and carelessly treated, it seemed to her like a frightful dream.

It came to an end at last, and the change was a pleasant one when on a bright day in May the whole party landed in New York. It was nice to

ride, even in the street-cars, through the busy streets of New York, to see houses and people once more. It was pleasant to be in a house even if it was such a boarding-house as was used for the children who were to dance on the stage of a New York theatre. Every day, too, Alida was taken with the others to be trained for her new work. She was patient and willing and quick to learn, and she soon made friends. Before long she had to appear on the stage. But she was too young to know of the many wrong things which are about theatres, and she enjoyed the brilliant lights and the gay dresses and dancing to the beautiful music. It was nice, also, to be dressed in clean clothes, and she soon began to be distinguished among the little girls for her good looks and grace. This made some of the others envious of her, and she had to bear unkind words and teasing tricks. But for all that she made friends, and her little ladylike ways and gentle disposition by and by drew the notice of some of the older people to her.

One of the actresses in particular took a great fancy to the child, and would sometimes take her to her own room in the boarding-house, out of the hot and disagreeable chamber where the children were packed at night. I think, too, that she must have saved Alida from much harm, and kept her from growing low-spirited. She had told her story as well as she knew how to this lady, who was called Madame June; but Madame June had seen so much of wrong things in life that she did not believe Alida's account to be correct. She imagined that her father had left her purposely, and that it would be no use to try to find him out. But she was a good friend to Alida, as it proved.

When Christmas-time was near, a new fairy spectacle was in preparation at the theatre. Alida was selected to have a principal part among the children who were to be dressed and dance as fairies. She was to wear a light gauze dress and have a little pair of wings covered with silver spangles, — not real silver, but tinsel or silver-foil, — and to come out of a box, shaped and painted to look like a great shell. When the evening came she was waiting with the other girls at the side of the stage, which is a great room, with painted scenes made to push backward and forward and to let down and pull up, so that the audience who sit in front seem to see gardens and palaces and beautiful places. Two of the little girls who were especially envious of her crowded up against her, and tried to push her on the stage before the proper time. They meant to have her scolded and perhaps disgraced by the manager, who was always quick and stern with the children. Alida tried to get away from them, but lost her balance, slipped, and fell up against the side scenes, where there was a row of lighted gas-burners. The pretty gauze robe caught fire in an instant and blazed up all around her. She would have been burned to death, but that Madame June, who was on the stage, sprang to her at once, and threw the heavy woollen mantle she was wearing as a queen all over the little girl and wrapped her tight in it, and smothered the flames. But her nice hair was all crisped up, and she was badly burnt in a good many places.

Alida was taken into the dressing-room of the theatre and laid on a sofa.

A doctor was sent for, and as soon as Madame June could get away she hastened to her little friend. It seems very cruel, but the poor actress had been obliged to go back and play out her part. The audience who were sitting in the theatre looking on knew nothing of what had happened, and the Queen, who was Madame June, had to pretend it was all a part of the play. But when her part was done she hurried to the dressing-room and found the poor little girl moaning with pain, and the doctor just come in. He did what he could to give her relief, and then said she must be taken where she could be nursed and cared for, and told Madame June of a hospital up by the Central Park, called St. Luke's Hospital, which would be the place best for her. So Madame June, though she was tired and though she was but a poorly paid actress, who had little enough to live upon, took her own money and hired a carriage, and rode up to the hospital, holding the suffering child tenderly in her arms, and keeping the cloths wet which had been put upon her burns.

This is how Alida came to go to St. Luke's. She does not remember much about her arrival, except being in pain all night. Nor does she remember the next day, or the next. I think she had a fever, but all the time there were about her kind, gentle nurses; and a dear good gentleman, with a face all children love to look upon, came and knelt by her bed and prayed softly that the little girl might get well, if it was her Heavenly Father's will.

The first thing Alida remembers was waking up one morning and finding herself in the children's ward, as it is called. She felt very weak and languid, but she could see that she was in a nice clean little bed in a large and long room with many windows. There were a great many other beds in the room; in some of them, children sitting up and playing with toys. A little girl was in the next bed stringing beads. In other beds children were lying still. There was a gentle, kind-looking lady in a dark dress moving quietly about from one to the other. Presently there was a sound of sweet music, not loud, but solemn and far away, and the voices singing a hymn. Some of the little ones sat up and folded their hands and bent their heads and kept very still, as if they were in church. Others did not seem to notice the music; perhaps they were too ill, or did not know what it meant. To Alida it was very lovely. She had been used to go to church with her father, in the grand and solemn old cathedrals of England, and it had been very strange to her that since then no one had ever taken her to church. The theatre people were too tired when Sunday came to care to go to church. They used to sleep, or mend their clothes, or go away on parties of pleasure. Madame June promised to take Alida once, but that Sunday was rainy, and before the next she forgot all about her promise. So Alida lay there and wondered if it were Sunday; for in her fever and delirium she did not know what day it was. Presently the lady she had seen came to her bedside. Alida looked up at her and put out her thin little hand and said in a weak voice, "Is this Sunday, ma'am?"

"O no," the lady replied. "My dear, this is Thursday. Why did you ask? O, you heard the service in our chapel, that was it. We have that

every day, and because we think that when people are too sick to go to church, church ought to come to them, we have the doors open into the wards, and then the sick can lie in their beds and listen."

"Are we all sick, here?" said Alida; and then the little girl in the next bed gave a laugh right out. She could not keep in any longer. She had been trying to be very still so as not to disturb the little girl who was burnt. But now she thought she might speak once more.

"Some of us are getting well, I think," said a very pleasant voice, and Alida turned her head and saw a kind-looking old gentleman standing and looking at her. He smiled when he caught her eye, and put his hand on her forehead. "Cool," he said, "fever gone. I think, Sister Mary, we may consider the subject of breakfast. Do you think, my dear, you could eat a little bit, just a tiny little bit, of dry toast? Not much talking, however, with it, just at present, Sister Mary; but when Dr. Edgerton comes up let him see her. And be sure to attend to the dressing of the burns yourself. She will have to bear some pain, but you will tell her how to be patient. I did not think the night after our little birdie was brought here we should keep her long." Then he went away, and Alida saw how, as he walked down between the beds, the children held out their hands to him, and every one tried to get from him a kind word or a smile.

Presently she shut her eyes, and when she opened them again she saw the sister (for the good ladies who tend the sick in St. Luke's are called sisters) watching her. "Who was that gentleman? Is he the doctor? I thought he looked like a clergyman."

Little Maggie, who lay in the next bed, and who was half out of it, having crawled up and got her feet on her pillow and her head stretched out over the side, — little Maggie laughed out again. "Oney to sink," she said, "see don't know Dotter Moonenbag!"

"Well, Maggie," said Sister Mary, "who *is* Dr. Muhlenberg?"

"O, he, he's ever so dood; he's *my* Dotter Moonenbag; he teeps sis hosital, and mates us all det well as fast as ever we tan. Little dirl, oo muss det well; oo was all burnded up when you tame."

"Now," said Sister Mary, "we must not talk any more just now." And then she knelt down by the bed and took Alida's hand in hers, and said a little prayer for her, thanking the good God that he had saved her from dying and made her better, and praying that she might have a thankful heart. And then the Sister repeated the Lord's Prayer. When she began to say "Our Father" she was very happy to hear Alida whisper the words after her. Then she knew that Alida was a little Christian child. And when she had finished little Maggie folded her hands and said, "Bess Dotter Moonenbag and Sisser Mary and all the chilluns."

Presently a nurse came with some breakfast for her, and Alida looked up a moment and said, timidly, "May I say my grace?"

"Certainly," said Sister Mary, and she bent over and kissed her once more.

Alida had been taught by her papa always to ask a blessing at her meals. But she had never done so aloud since the time when she last ate her

dinner with him at Carlisle. The tears came into her eyes when she thought of that. But she was trying to be very patient and not to complain or worry. So after her breakfast they dressed her burns, and the doctor, when he came, said that they were healing nicely.

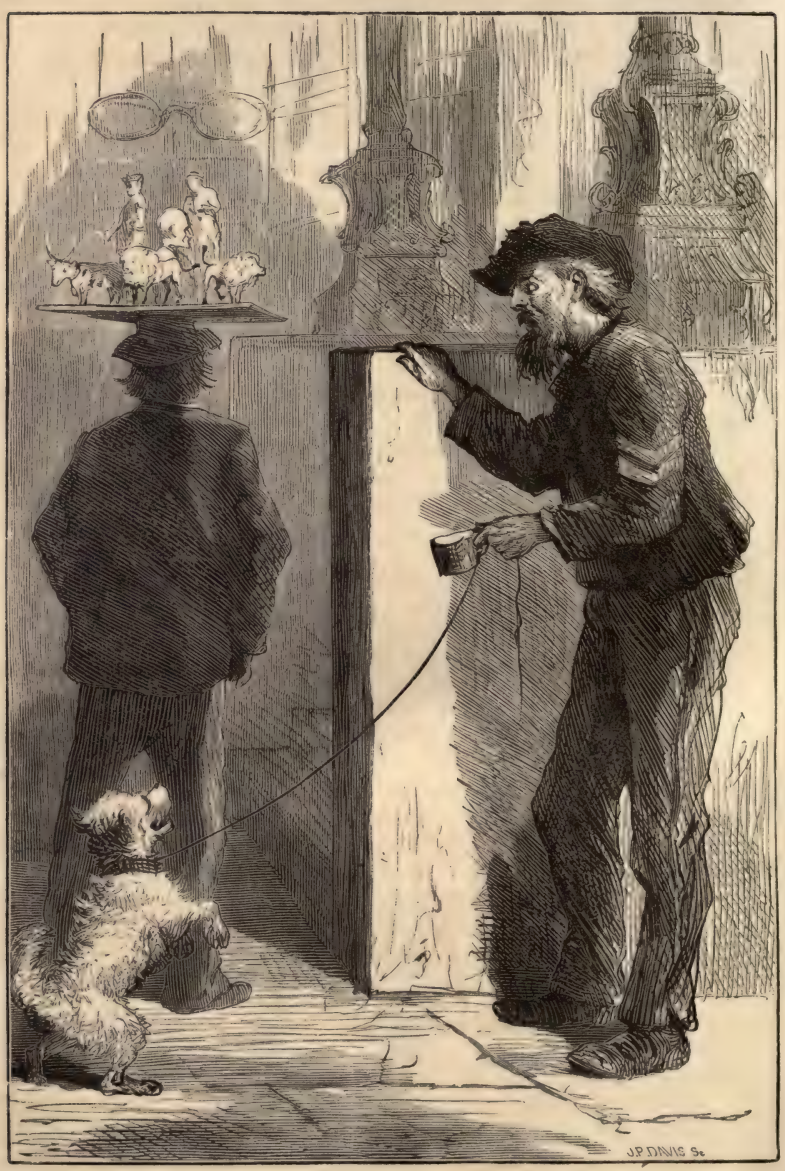
Every day she kept growing better and stronger, and she wanted very much to talk to Sister Mary, and tell her how she came to the theatre, and to ask her if she could help her to find her father. But Sister Mary was very busy, for some of the other little ones were quite ill, and Alida was so used to giving no trouble, and so shy and weak that she did not like to speak.

One day little Maggie was restless and fretful. Something ailed her back, and it ached sometimes very much, and she was such a little girl she could not keep from fretting. So Alida, who now was able to turn over on her side, told Maggie if she would be quiet she would tell her a story. So Maggie listened, and Alida began: "Once, O ever so long ago, I was staying with my papa at a place that was called Melrose, and papa and I went to see an old church that was half tumbled down. There were such funny figures on the outside of it. One was a blind man carrying a lame man on his back. And then, O my, Maggie! there was a pig sitting up and playing on a bagpipe. I was tired of looking at old stones, and papa let me go into the cottage of the woman who showed the Abbey, and sit in the kitchen and rest myself. And I had my little dog with me. And he was called Pincher. And there was a place there, just like a long hole in the side of the wall, like one of the berths in the ship in which I came over, and a curtain before it. And while I was sitting there Pincher jumped off my lap, and ran and jumped right under the curtain, and such a noise as there was! The woman ran and I ran, and we pulled the curtain open, and there, don't you think, there was a cat and two little kittens, and it was a bed, — a bed in the wall. Was n't it funny? And I had to take Pincher. And he growled at the cat, and she spit and growled at him. I had to whip Pincher, and — O dear, I wish I had n't, for I lost him, and then I lost papa." And here poor Alida had to hide her face under the clothes and cry and sob a little while.

When she felt better she looked up again, and there was Maggie sitting straight up in bed and looking toward the other end of the room. The children who were well enough to be up and dressed were all gathered round something. A gentleman and two ladies had come in to see the hospital, and had brought something which seemed to amuse the children very much, for Alida could hear them laugh and clap their hands. Alida beckoned to Sister Mary, who was passing through the ward, and when she came, asked her what it was.

"It is a dog, Birdie," — the Sister always called her Birdie after that first day, — "a wonderful dog who can sit up on his hind legs and do tricks; and the gentleman who came to see the hospital asked if he might bring him to amuse the children."

"Wy," said Maggie, who had been listening, "wy, see," pointing her



FIDO AND HIS MASTER.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See "Fido's Fancies."

little fat finger at Alida, "had a ittle dordy and it zumped ight on to a bed in 'e wall and ated up two kitties."

This made Alida laugh, and presently she said, "Sister Mary, I did have a dog, and he would sit up, and I would put a piece of cake on his nose, and he would wait and wait, till I said, 'Take it, Pincher.'"

Just then, what a scream there was from the children! Alida had spoken the last words quite out loud, she was so earnest. Then something came flying past the children and scrambled on to the bed, and there, with both paws round her neck, crying and kissing and licking her face all over, was Pincher, — Alida's Pincher, sure enough! And in the next minute a tall, sad-looking gentleman, with a face as white as the bedclothes almost, was holding them both in his arms.

No, I cannot go on and tell this as it ought to be told. Nobody can. I don't believe anybody who was there remembers just how it did happen. Alida could only say, "O papa, papa!" And then the good Dr. Muhlenberg, who had come to see what the matter was, spoke very gently and calmly to them, for he feared the little girl and her father would both faint for joy.

He called the children all around the bed, and had them sing a sweet little Christmas hymn; then he knelt down and thanked the good Lord who had so wonderfully brought father and daughter together again.

Walter Mitchell.

FIDO'S FANCIES.

A BLIND soldier, who begs by the Astor,
Has a dog, rude and rough as his master;
The blind soldier will sing,
And the dog dance a fling, —
A ballet burlesque at the Astor;
For the blind soldier sings with a wheeze,
And old Fido is weak in the knees,
With an ill-concealed flaw
In his hindermost paw,
From a rat-trap's impetuous squeeze.

There are "image-men" passing the Astor,
Selling queer poodles done all in plaster;
Fido laughs in his sleeve
At the odd make-believe,
And then nods, with sly wink, at his master.
For he sees through this flimsy deceit,
And that other bold trick of the street, —
When the news-boys call, "rats!"
Yet his heart pit-a-pats
With a loudly demonstrative beat.

There 's proud wealth and pale want at the Astor.
"How is this?" asks the dog of his master.
"Why do Squalor and Pride
Thus go on side by side?"
"*You* must tell," says the puzzled old master.
"O my master, some taste dainty fare,
Soups and salads, enough, and to spare, —
You 're a soldier, blind, poor;
I 'm a dog, nothing more, —
So we 're seldom invited to share.

"You 've the shabbiest coat at the Astor
And your hat 's a torn, weather-worn castor;
Don't the people believe
In that stripe on your sleeve,
And sword-cut in your breast, O my master?"
Fido's eyes close; he dozes to dream
Of grand saddles, and sabres that gleam,
Of the stripes and the stars,
Of bright buttons and bars
For his master, — all real they seem.

He hears hearty huzzas for his master,
And his happy heart beats all the faster:
Now the people perceive
The straps over the sleeve,
And sword-cut in the breast of his master!
When a whirl, and crazed toss of the head
Jerks the cord which the blind soldier led,
And a too giddy fling
Breaks the woe-begone string;
At its snap, Fido's fancies are fled!

And he wakes, with wild eyes, — 't is a cheat! —
The same suit, the same song, in the street!
There are dimes in the hat,
He takes quick note of that
As he swings on his ill-balanced feet.
And St. Paul, from his niche by the Astor,
Looking down upon people and pastor,
Often casts a kind glance
At the dog, and the dance,
And the soldier who sings by the Astor.

Ellen Porter Champion.

MAJOR NASH AND HIS BEAR STORIES.

The Bear and the Mosquitoes.

MY business connections in New Orleans, before the war of the rebellion, made it necessary that I should visit that city almost annually for twenty-five years. Within that time it was my fortune, or rather my misfortune, to become the owner of certain wild lands. One winter when in New Orleans I concluded to visit one of these tracts which I had never seen; and with that end in view called on an old friend, who was agent for several boats in the Red River trade.

He unfolded a map of the river, and, taking his lead-pencil, made a mark on it. "You stop there," said he. "That is Davis's wood-yard, where our boats always take in wood. Old Davis has rather rough accommodations, and I would advise you to go back from the river about four miles, and stop with Major Tom Nash, who lives on Big Bayou. He, no doubt, knows all about your land, for I think it is in his neighborhood. I have some important papers for the Major, and if you hand them to him with mention of my name it will be a sufficient introduction. You will find him an entertaining fellow, and he will amuse you with his bear stories."

That afternoon I embarked on the steamer Reindeer, and in about two days arrived at Davis's wood-yard. As good luck would have it, the Major

came on board with a relative who had been visiting him, and who was about to go up the river on board the Reindeer. I introduced myself to the Major, handing him the sealed envelope containing the papers my friend had sent; and in a few minutes I was mounted on an easy-going horse which the relative had ridden down to the boat, and we were on our way to the Major's house.

The main part of the Nash mansion, I noticed as we entered, was of hewn logs; a wing of framework had been added. We went in, and after I had been introduced to his buxom wife and four or five hearty romping children, we basked before the big wood fire until we were comfortable, — for it was a raw, cold day for that part of the country. Then, with the view of leading my host into conversation about his hunting exploits, I made inquiry as to the game in his neighborhood. He said little about his achievements in that way, but talked about the habits of wild animals.

"One remarkable trait in the character of bears," he observed, "is their philosophic way of acting when they get into a difficulty. There is no fretting or making a fuss over a matter they can't help, as men and women do, but they make themselves as comfortable as they can under the circumstances. I knew an instance once, in which a bear, when he got into trouble, acted more like a philosopher and a Christian than one man in a hundred would. I 'll tell you about it.

"I had made but a small crop of corn one year, on account of the very dry summer; I put it into a new corn-house which I had built about a hundred and fifty yards from where we are now sitting. It was set up about three feet from the ground, on six large cotton-wood blocks sawed square off at the ends. The bears had sometimes robbed my old corn-house by pulling the corn out from between the logs, which were crooked, and in some places a hand's-breadth apart. To prevent their doing so, I had the logs for the new one hewn straight on the edges so as to come close together. There was n't a crack an inch wide between them anywhere.

"About the middle of November, Old Harry, my foreman, came to me one morning and told me he had seen bear-tracks about the corn-house. I laughed, for I knew it was bear-proof. A few mornings after he came to me again, scratching his head as if he was trying to solve some mystery. He had found several ears of corn in the path leading back into the swamp; he pulled one of them out of his pocket and showed it to me.

"'Maas Tom,' said he, 'whar de kaun-house key bin hangin' o' nights all dis week?'

I told him I thought on the nail outside the house-door.

"'Outside de do', hey?' he continued, still scratching his head. 'Now s'pose a bar reason to hisself dis way. If I kin only git de key, and go to de kaun-house an' steal a armful o' kaun, and den lock up de do', an' hang de key back whar I got it, de Major never miss his kaun; an' so I go on a stealin' of it all de winter. Maas Tom, bars is got much sense as people is; heap mo' un some folks; an' dey alway con-sidders de matter, jes' like you and me, fo' dey go to work 'bout anythin'.'

"The idea of the bears stealing the corn-house key and replacing it on the nail was so original that I laughed outright in the old fellow's face. To humor him, however, we went to the corn-house and examined it all around, and, to my amazement, found that the bears had really accomplished a stratagem that required almost as much forethought as stealing the key, and then hanging it again on the nail.

"I had placed my corn-tops and fodder in three large stacks which quite hid one corner of the building. We had stripped the corn in the angle formed by the stacks, and the loose shucks lay all around. Here the bears had scratched away the soft earth, undermining the block that supported the corner, and, pulling the block down, had rolled it aside. Any one would naturally suppose that the corner of the house would sway down. The bears, no doubt, thought so, and they were not disappointed; for there was an opening between the lower log and the one next above, out of which they had likely been helping themselves for a week or more.

"I sent Harry for a large jackscrew, and for some of the field-hands to help us, intending to replace the block. When he returned he made a suggestion. 'S'pose you don't riz up de corner, Maas Tom, till to-morrow mornin', an set de bar-trap by de crack inside. I spect dey 'll come feelin' dar gin to-night fur mo' kaun, an we 'll ketch one of de black genl'muns.'

"I acted on Harry's idea, and, going inside, we removed nearly all the corn from the sunken corner, leaving a small pile about an arm's-length from the logs. I then closed securely all but a foot or so of the crack. Within convenient distance from this I set a powerful spring trap which I had bought expressly for bears. On the plate of the trap I tied a half-ear of corn, and set the trigger so that it would spring quite easily. That night I told my people to keep away from the corn-house, and to shut up all the dogs, that they might not bark and scare the bears if they came.

"I sat up late reading, and when I went to bed found the mosquitoes very troublesome. At last, however, I got to sleep, and, I suppose, would have slept until breakfast-time. But a little before sunrise I was awakened by a knock at the door, and Harry, poking his head in, exclaimed, 'Got him, Maas Tom!'

"I had forgotten all about the bears and the trap, and replied, peevishly, 'Go 'long, you old rascal, I have n't had three hours' sleep'; and turned over to take another snooze. But Harry, laughing in his quiet way, continued, 'Got him sho' 'nuf, Maas Tom! I want you come look at him.'

"I hurried on my clothes, and taking my gun, and putting on a fresh cap, hurried with the old fellow to the corn-house.

"'Go easy, Maas Tom,' said Harry, shaking with laughter. 'I want you see what he 'bout. I bin keepin' de people 'way purpose for you git a good look at him fo' he git angry.'

"I crept up softly, and, peeping around one of the fodder-stacks, saw the most perfect picture of — I was going to say Christian resignation and patience under suffering I ever beheld. There was a large bear sitting on his haunches, his left paw thrust through the crack between the logs and

fast in the trap. In his right he held a corn-shuck, patiently brushing away the mosquitoes from his face. 'T was the saddest countenance I ever saw."

Here the Major, apparently satisfied that he had finished his story, took up a coal with the tongs and lit his pipe. I entered a plea for the bear.

"Why, Major, you did n't shoot him, did you? I could n't have done it."

"What else could be done with him? I *tried* to shoot him. I raised my old rifle, but for the life of me I could n't draw a bead on his head; I felt nervous, perhaps, for the first time in my life, as I was about to draw trigger. I handed my gun to Harry, and as I turned the corner of the corn-house heard the discharge. At ten paces he executed sentence on Mr. Bruin. It was death; for the old man was a good shot, and the gun carried a ball that weighed thirty to the pound. We wanted fresh meat, and he — I mean the bear — was fat, for he was corn fed."

Although Major Tom Nash might have been considered "well off" in those days, his manner of living was rather primitive. The room we were sitting in served as parlor, library, sitting-room, dining-room, and, sometimes, even as kitchen. On this occasion, when he had nearly finished his story, a servant came in with a broad dish of venison steaks and a gridiron, and placed them on the hearth. The wide fireplace threw out such a ruddy glow over the room that the tallow candle on the mantle-piece could well have been dispensed with. Over the mantle two wooden prongs nailed against the chimney supported his trusty rifle. His library was arranged on sturdy unpainted wooden shelves against the wall in one corner. The chairs and tables were in keeping. The only piece of furniture that betokened elegance was a handsome, well-toned piano. It appeared to be a room for any one and every one; his favorite pointer, a handsome setter, and a leash of old deer-hounds, had free access to it, — the door being seldom closed except at night.

"Scare us up a bit of middling," said the Major to a servant passing through the room. A piece of bacon flitch was brought, the gridiron was heated and greased, the coals pulled a little bit out on the hearth, the steaks laid on, and there arose a savory smell like that which greeted the patriarchal nostrils of Isaac when his hunter son Esau was accustomed to return from "the fields" with venison.

The table was spread, and while the steaks were broiling, my host, as he turned them, explained that, though of the same species, there were two varieties of deer in the Gulf States. The smaller, called the "swamp deer," of beautifully symmetrical proportions, was considered of better flavor, and was fatter during the winter, than the other variety. Of such were the steaks then broiling. The hill or "upland deer," he said, were more robust, but their flesh was not so good. Nash was particular about his steaks. They must be done to a turn and no more, so he never trusted them to another hand. The hot plates were distributed around the table, the family sat down, and with no other seasoning than salt and red pepper I thought it was the best venison I had ever eaten.

When supper was over, we filled our corn-cob pipes and the Major went

on descanting upon certain similitudes between bears and "humans." He told me that when he first settled where he then lived he occasionally shot a bear with cubs. But an incident occurred once which awakened in his heart a very tender regard for Mother Bear; and since then, if he had the slightest thought that a bear had cubs, she went "scot free," whatever the provocation. I asked him to relate the incident. He laid his pipe on the mantle and commenced.

"I dined with an old schoolmate some years ago in Philadelphia, who had moved there early in life from Kentucky. After dessert a very fine watermelon was brought on the table, and I was loud in my praises of it. When we arose, my hostess went around the table smiling, and collecting the seeds from all the plates. On my return, after spending two or three weeks in New York, I dined with my friend again, when his wife presented me with a package of seeds which came from that melon. They were called 'mountain sweets.' She begged me to plant them the next summer and think of her when I ate the melons. I did so, of course. Selecting an acre or so of good sandy loam I ploughed it deep, planted my seeds in hills eight feet apart, and enclosed it with a high strong fence, so that my stock could not break in. I watched my watermelon patch, and tended it with care. When the vines blossomed I rejoiced, even as 'Jonah was exceeding glad of his gourd.' As the melons grew, Mrs. Nash and the children went to look at them so often that I built a stile, in order that they could get over the fence without climbing. When they commenced ripening I had such an abundance that I gave everybody on my plantation free access to the patch, marking those, however, which I wished to retain for the use of my family. Still I found on several occasions that those I had marked were gone, and the vines that bore them roughly used. I complained to Harry that some of the people had treated me badly in pulling my marked melons, but he laughed and shook his head knowingly.

"'No, Maas Tom,' he said, 'de nigger dat steal yo watermillions got har all over him. Bar, sir, bar. Why, bless you, he know what you mark 'em for. Why, sartin he do. Bar mighty fond o' sweet thins, Maas Tom, got great taste for watermillions. I see de vines pulled 'bout terrible, but I say to mysef, if I tell master he only laugh case I talk 'bout bars got so much sense.'

"After a moment's thought, I concluded that Harry was pretty nearly right. So next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see along the barrel of my rifle and bring the sights in range, I shouldered the old piece and walked along the path to my watermelon patch.

"At the corner of the field, within thirty yards of the stile, there was a rank growth of cotton, and I got over the fence and concealed myself in it. I had to wait but a few minutes, when I beheld one of the most striking illustrations of maternal affection and provident care I ever witnessed. Up the opposite side of the stile, out of the watermelon patch, came an old she-bear, walking on her hind legs and stepping carefully. In her right arm she held a baby of a little black cub, and in her left was a watermelon of the largest size. When she got to the top of the stile she looked warily

Both Arms Full!

around. I raised my rifle instinctively, — from habit, as it were, — but lowered the muzzle immediately. I would as soon have shot a woman with a baby in her arms. Then I laughed, not loud, for I did n't want her to drop her watermelon, when I thought how much she really did look like big Kissiah, Jim's wife, with a piggin of water on one arm and her black baby in the other. Mother Bear came down the stile carefully and slowly, and with her cub and her watermelon made her way into the swamp without knowing that a human eye had rested on her, or that a rifle-barrel had been levelled against her life."

At ten o'clock, by the light of a tallow candle, the servant showed me to my room, redolent of sage and sweet-marjoram. There was no carpet on the floor, but beside the bed and in front of the unpainted dressing-table were panther-skins, soft, warm to my feet, and neatly dressed.

Next morning, we started off to survey my two sections of land. We took along a rifle, a shot-gun chambering about nine buckshot, and the three old hounds, intending to drive a deer or two. The land, as I had feared, was two thirds swamp. On our return I dropped a splendid doe. Nash could have knocked over a fine buck, but he said bucks were lean and poor eating in Louisiana after Christmas.

After supper that evening I succeeded in getting my host on his old theme, bears. Of his stories I will give one more, and then I am done.

"When I was a little more than of age, I was fool enough to go to Texas to help Sam Houston fight the Mexicans. Luckily I missed the massacre at the Alamo, but I helped to capture Santa Anna. After the 'Lone Star' had gained her independence I received a grant of land for my services. I immediately built an adobe house, established a ranch, and commenced raising cattle and mules. I soon had an opportunity of buying at a low figure a good number of mustang ponies from an old Comanche chief, who had stolen them, I suppose, from the Mexicans away back on the Rio Grande. My cattle and mustangs were so wild in the large range around me that I could never catch them without a lariat, or lasso, as some people call it. So I became very expert in its use. As Old Harry says when he affects 'Gumbo French,' I had a great *panchank* for the lariat, and used it to take any game that was not too swift for my pony. Some men inherit an aptness of that sort; my grandfather was a hunter on the Badkin, and came out with Boone to Kentucky. There my father was considered a tip-top shot, and when quite a young man he had killed as many Indians as he had bears. So I don't claim any credit for my shooting or throwing the lariat, for it came to me as naturally as playing on the fiddle comes to some people. One day, however, a brown bear — they are twice as large as black bears — came very near capturing *me* with a lariat. It happened in this wise.

"The Indians, from the hilly country to the west, or the Mexicans, would sometimes come to our corrals and steal our horses. One night they paid a visit to one of my neighbors, four or five miles from me, and stampeded his mustangs and some blooded stock he had brought out from Tennessee. So we collected a party and went after them. After two days' hard riding we got sight of them on the edge of an open grove of pine-oaks. We came on them so suddenly that the rascals fled and left the stolen horses.

"As the country had the reputation of being good hunting-grounds, we stayed a day to look after bears. I was so foolish as to start out hunting without my rifle, and had nothing but my lariat, which I tied fast to my saddle-bow, and a long knife in a sheath belted around my waist. As I was skirting a low hill I got sight of an immense brown bear. After a short chase I gained on him so fast that he came to a halt within the length of my lariat, and stood up facing me and showed fight. It was rash, I know, but my blood was up, and my old thong went uncoiling through the air, and the noose encircled him about the shoulders, one fore-leg in front and the other behind. My pony wheeled as quick as lightning and away he went, dragging the bear, as large as himself, who came hobbling sideways like. We got into a level stretch, and I thought I was doing it nicely. There was a pine-oak a little ahead, and I was anxious to sheer off from it as I passed, for fear the bear would run along and get the other side of it. So I kept my eye on it; but although I thought my nag was going at a good pace we were some time getting even with it. Without looking behind I spurred desperately. Presently the pony, though he kept up the galloping motion, did not appear to make any headway. His feet beat the ground

rapidly. Bookety, bookety, bookety, went his hoofs, but it was only an up and down movement, for all the world like a little boy on a hobby-horse. Then taking a range with the tree, as the pony's feet still kept up the motion, I found I was going backward! I cast a glance behind for an explanation of all this. There was the bear on his haunches leaning back with all his might and pulling in myself and the pony hand over hand, just as a sailor would pull on a halliard!

When the bear had hauled up so close that my pony smelt him, he staggered sideways and caught a glimpse of the beast, and then gave such an unearthly shriek as I never heard before nor since. Could I slip off and abandon the poor little nag to that devil of a brute? That was my thought, but I had n't the heart to do it. The bear had shortened the distance between us to about twenty feet. Then suddenly a thought struck me; I drew my knife, and, parting the lariat, sunk my spurs rowel deep in the pony's sides, and he bounded away like a rocket. He had scarcely made ten jumps when I heard two discharges that almost sounded like the report of one gun. Turning my head quickly, I saw the bear leap into the air, turn a half-summerset, and come down like a ton of lead wrapped in a blanket.

"Two of the chaps who came in our party had witnessed his effort to haul me in with the lariat. They told me the bear reeled as I cut loose, but immediately stood up defiantly when he saw them, and of course was all the fairer mark. They were not more than forty feet off, and were going to fire just as I parted company with him, for they thought the play was getting serious. When the performance was over, these rascals laughed as if it was their last laugh. Jack Tomlin swore it was as good as going to the circus. I wondered that they could steady themselves sufficiently to draw a sight on the beast. I begged them to say nothing about it, and they promised. But before we got home they let it out; they said it was too good to keep. I quit hunting bears with a lariat after that.

Ajax T. Lamon.

A STORMY DAY'S PASTIME.

"A LETTER for Laura," announced Alfred, returning from the village, one sultry morning in July, and coming lazily up the steps to the shady piazza where his sisters were sitting.

"O dear," cried Laura, stretching out her hand languidly. "Now I shall have it to answer."

"Very well, Miss Ungrateful!" retorted her brother; "if you don't want it, 't is very easily disposed of"; and he held it down one of the cracks of the piazza floor, retaining only the least corner of it between his thumb and finger, as he looked up to see the effect; carelessly adding, "I don't think Cousin Nannie would be much flattered, though."

"Cousin Nannie!" screamed Laura, springing forward with all the desired animation. "O you exasperating boy! Why did n't you say it was from her? Al, Al! be good! You 'll certainly drop it! O, Emily, see how mean he is!"

"He 'll give it to you, presently," replied her sister, serenely. "Come, Alfred, it is too hot for teasing."

"I believe you, my boy," returned the lad (whose present hero was the immortal Swiveller); and he lifted the letter slowly out of danger and into sight. "Here, Laura, only mind, I don't want you to read it to me till you 've been through it twice by yourself, so that you won't be stumbling and blundering over the words."

Laura, the impetuous, snatched it from him, scorning to reply. Her expression of injured dignity soon changed, however, to a look of surprise and delight as she read, a delight that quickly claimed sympathy. "O lovely! lovely!" she cried; "just hear, Emily! Listen, Al! Cousin Nannie 's coming home to-morrow, and Miss Dora Challis with her."

"What, that jolly little body we met in the snow-bank?" said Alfred; and Emily exclaimed, "O goody!" a remnant of nursery language that often escaped her still, when she was happily excited.

"Yes," continued Laura; "Cousin Nannie says, 'You may expect me Wednesday morning, and I hope to bring Miss Dora with me. She can only stay till Friday morning, but I think we can enjoy much in two days.'"

"Of course we can," echoed Emily.

"A croquet-party will be best," suggested Laura.

"Pooh! a boating excursion will be twice as good," said Alfred.

"Why not both?" interposed Emily, foreseeing an eager discussion. "We might have dinner early, say at one, then invite the Camerons to come at three and play croquet till five, when it will be cool enough to go out on the lake for an hour or two before tea."

"Yes, that will be splendid!" cried Laura, "and why can't we have tea here on the piazza? O, we *must*, Em, it will be lovely!"

"So it will!" responded Alfred, with a comical imitation of her enthusiastic gestures and tone. "With a choice band of mosquitoes playing their favorite airs all around us; a train of foraging ants in rapid transit between our sugar-bowl and their own head-quarters, and a few attendant bats, fanning us with their noiseless wings! Yes, that will be lovely! it takes you, Laura, to plan for real practical comfort."

"For shame!" expostulated Emily.

"Well, well," added the boy, "settle it as you like, only please read over a fellow's part to him before the curtain rises. He 's got gardening to do now, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, while you sit here and luxuriate in your pink wrappers and white aprons, with nothing to do but fan yourselves." He rolled off the lower step, where he had been lying, and walked away to the barn, pulling off his jacket as he went, and tossing it into an apple-tree, while an indignant chorus followed him.

Laura. "*Nothing to do, sir!* I wish *you* had it on your conscience to

make a pudding for dinner, and cake for to-morrow, and the thermometer at 100° in the kitchen, I 've no doubt!"

Emily. "*Luxuriate indeed,* with three pairs of your socks to mend!"

Wednesday's noon train brought Mrs. Durant and her friend. The weather being still very sultry, Alfred met them at the station, with two large umbrellas, and escorted them to the house. Emily was waiting for them on the piazza, which looked delightfully cool and bowery, with its curtains of striped blue and white canvas, let down on the westerly side, chairs for five, and a little stand with fans and iced water. Emily beamed with welcome, and Laura, hearing their voices, ran up from the cellar, (where she had set her pudding to cool) and greeted them with joyful eloquence. At dinner she felt somewhat nervous at first, having attempted several unusual delicacies in honor of Miss Challis; but everything proved to be right, and Cousin Nannie's appreciation being conveyed in many a bright look and approving nod, the young housekeeper's brow soon cleared, her hands ceased to tremble, and she presided with equal grace and pleasure. After dinner they adjourned to the piazza, where they spent the whole afternoon, Alfred being unusually quiet and well behaved, listening to the conversation of the ladies, while busy rigging a little yacht. He was secretly making up his mind to a daring piece of gallantry; for with all his sauciness he was really shy, especially if his deeper feelings were touched. It was not until just before tea that he summoned courage to invite Miss Dora to go out in his boat with him that evening. She accepted the invitation frankly, and felt considerably surprised and complimented by his asking no one else. The evening proved delightfully pleasant, and from eight o'clock till nine the lady was rowed up and down the lovely wood-embowered lake by her now gentle and thoughtful young knight. Returning to the house, he accompanied her only to the door of the parlor, where, uttering a gruff "Good night, all," he turned quickly away, ran up stairs, and went to bed in the dark.

Thursday dawned fair, but very warm.

"*Can* we play croquet with the mercury above 90°, do you think, girls?" inquired Mrs. Durant at the breakfast-table; but Laura and Emily both declared, with highly heroic gestures, that they would play, or perish in the attempt. Their father shrugged his shoulders, saying he had long ago given up expecting any discretion where croquet was concerned. Alfred waited to hear what Miss Challis would say, and, finding she was fully as resolute as his sisters, volunteered to stand by with a bottle of aromatic vinegar, and refresh each player in turn. The heat steadily increased through the day, but though the girls went about their morning duties languidly, and with many a panting sigh, their courage did not fail; and three o'clock found them on the ground, looking charmingly fresh and cool in their white dresses, belted with brightly striped croquet ribbon, to match the stakes. Miss Challis's lavender muslin and Mrs. Durant's cloud-like gray, with

rose-colored ribbons, made a pretty contrast, and the Cameron girls soon appearing in gauzy green completed the bouquet of colors. A tureen filled with iced lemonade was in readiness on the piazza, and after each one had taken a fortifying glass a game of six was arranged, Sam and Alfred having gone down to the boat. Before any one had reached the lower stake, the stirless heat which had prevailed was broken by a sudden rushing and fluttering sound among the leaves, and a decided coolness in the air. The game was so interesting, however, that little attention was given to the weather, until the sky became entirely overcast, and a column of dust was seen driven along the road beyond the lawn.

"Is there a shower coming?" cried Nelly Cameron, nervously.

"I 'm a rover! I 'm first rover!" exclaimed Laura; and at the same instant a roaring gust of wind seemed to break upon and overwhelm them like a wave; the tree-tops were lashed wildly together, hens gathered their broods with anxious cluckings, and great pattering drops began to fall like hail-stones on the drooping leaves.

"Run, girls, run!" cried Mrs. Durant, snatching up her ball, and grasping Laura, who was insanely bent on "one more knock." Like a startled covey of birds, the party fled towards the house, and not too soon, for white sheets of rain were drenching the croquet-ground as they gained the piazza, and a heavy bough of one of the oak-trees, twisted off by the wind, came crashing down just where Miss Challis had been standing. The boys came running up from the boat, wet to the skin, and for a few moments all was confusion. Doors and blinds were slamming, rain was pouring in at the open windows, the boys were calling for dry clothes, Nelly Cameron was almost in hysterics of nervous fear, her sister scolding and Emily caressing her; while the thunder crashed ever and anon with such artillery-like peals as are seldom heard; the blinding flashes of lightning were almost incessant, and the heavy down-pour of the flooding rain was heard through everything. Mrs. Durant and Miss Challis flew about shutting doors, windows, and skylights, sopping up pools and stopping leaks; Laura waited on the boys, and Emily helped everybody, finding time even to soothe poor Hannah in the kitchen, who, crouched behind a door, her fat face pale with fear, eyes shut, and ears stopped, was uttering mingled groans and cries of "Save us all!" at every rattling peal. After a time, however, order and tranquillity were restored; the boys were re-habited, Nelly and the rain became quieter, Hannah was reported by Emily to have unstopped her ears and crawled up to her own room, and our party being re-assembled in the parlor, the question soon came up, "What shall we do?" There was not a ray of hope for any outdoor amusement, the wind having gone round to the east and the shower likely to end in a settled cold storm.

Laura. "Let 's dance."

Nelly C. "*Dance!* when it 's still lightening? I would n't set my feet on the floor for *worlds!*"

Mrs. Durant. "We have battledore and shuttlecock, and graces.

Alfred. "O Cousin Nannie! we are sick of them both! We played so much when we were all getting well of the measles last spring. I 'll tell you what, girls! Miss Dora can teach us some of those games she began to tell us about when we were blocked in the snow last winter."

Laura and Emily. "O yes! yes! Will you, Miss Dora? That 'll be just the thing! How bright of you, Al!"

Miss Dora. "I shall be happy to, if you would all like to try." This question being carried by acclamation, she added, "We tried 'Characters,' did we not?"

Laura. "O yes, and those agonizing rhymes! Don't let us try *them* again; my brain has not recovered yet from the efforts I made over them."

Miss Challis (*laughing*). "You must mean 'Oracles,' but I think I remember you did bravely. Did we try 'Candor'?"

Emily. "No, let us begin with that."

Laura. "If there is no poetry to be written."

Miss Dora. "Nothing of the kind, Laura; it is a simple, nonsensical little game, that will do to begin with and help us forget our disappointment."

Mrs. Durant. "Do we need pencils or paper?"

Miss Challis. "No, only two packs of playing-cards, and we must all sit round the table."

Nelly C. "Good! then I can keep my feet up."

The cards being brought and the company seated, Miss Challis proceeded to deal one pack, thus giving six or seven cards to each person. Then, placing the other pack in the middle of the table face down, she touched the top card, saying solemnly, "Whoever has the mate to this will go to Europe within a year." Turning it up, she revealed the ace of diamonds. All now eagerly examined their hands, and Emily joyously exclaimed, "It is I," and threw down the corresponding ace.

Miss Challis. "It is then your turn to prophesy; be sure and not show the card till you have spoken." Emily hesitated awhile, being rather oppressed by her sibylline responsibilities, but finally asked, "Which of us will live to be a hundred years old? Two of spades." After a moment of silence, she was greatly surprised to find the mate in her own hand. This obliged her to speak again, and now the cards declared that Alfred would become a millionnaire. His query was, "Who will make a fortune by keeping a peanut-stand on the Common?"

Anna C. "O, horrors! *I* shall!"

Miss Challis. "Now you must be prophetess."

Anna. "O, I *never* can. Well, if I *must*, I 'll say the one who mates this will be married first."

Alfred. "Nonsense!" (*flinging down his card with a very red face, and hastening to inquire*) "Who 'll *never* be married?" Every one laughed when Mrs. Durant threw down the matching card.

Mrs. Durant. "Who is an 'angel in the house'?" There was a pause for examination, and then all cried joyfully, "It is yourself, Mrs. Durant! It is indeed Cousin Nannie."

Alfred. "Many a true word is spoken in jest."

Mrs. Durant (*slightly confused*). "Who will be next President?"

Miss Challis (*laughing*). "I 'm afraid *I* am that 'Coming Woman.' Who is secretly writing a book?"

Laura. "O dear, *I* am! Who 'll read it?"

Sam C. "I will." And so the questions and answers went merrily on till the cards were exhausted, and the young people being now quite lively and at ease, Miss Challis proposed to try something that required a little more ingenuity. "I think you will like 'capping verses,'" she said. "I will begin by repeating some few lines of poetry, the first word of which I shall begin with A. My next neighbor must give a quotation commencing with B, and so on around the table."

Emily. "But I have never read much poetry."

Anna C. "And I never can remember what I *have* read."

Nelly C. "I know *I* can't play *that* game."

Alfred. "What a set of shirks! I was going to beg off myself, but it is n't fair for us all to desert Miss Dora, when she 's trying to please us. Come! let 's put on a brave face and all do the best we can. If we can't remember tip-top poetry we can put in Mother Goose, can't we?"

Miss Challis. "Thanks, brave ally! I certainly shall not be hard on any of you, but we will keep Mother Goose only for desperate necessity. I will take the lead, and I 'm sure you will all find it easier than you suppose. Two lines is enough to repeat, but if you choose you can give more, and any one may call for the author's name if he pleases. I 'll begin with Wordsworth.

"'A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'"

Mrs. Durant. "May I take B? I just remember something."

Laura. "Do, Cousin Nannie, for I have a C all ready."

Mrs. Durant.

"'Birds, birds! ye are beautiful things!
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, but ye come not as well?'"

Miss Challis. "I never heard that; you must repeat more of it to us by and by. Is it Barry Cornwall's?"

Mrs. Durant. "No, Eliza Cook's. Now, Laura, for your C."

Laura.

"'Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.'"

Alfred. "I guess somebody 's been reading her Christmas copy of Jean Ingelow. Come, Sam, it 's your turn."

Sam. "Can I quote our school reader, Miss Dora?"

Miss Dora. "Certainly."

Sam (*blushing, but resolute*). "Here 's D, then.

"'Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove.'"

Miss Challis. "Good! I thank you, Mr. Cameron. E, Emily."

Emily. "I can't remember anything but

"'Ever of thee I 'm fondly dreaming,
Ever of thee, ever of thee.'"

Anna C.

"'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

I remember that, for I had it to parse last week."

Alfred. "I was hoping you could n't think of anything, for I wanted to say 'Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman.' However, I had a G, too, thanks to Halleck, I believe.

"'Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.'"

Nelly C. "Please skip me this once!" (*Miss Dora whispers to her.*) "O, thank you; yes, I *can* say that.

"'Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.'"

Miss Challis.

"'I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.'"

Mrs. Durant.

"'Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving.'"

Laura.

"'Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.'"

Sam C.

"'Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.'"

Emily.

"'Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.'"

Anna C.

"'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried.'"

Alfred.

"'Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered."

Nelly C.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

Miss Challis. "I cannot remember any Q except in a verse from Nancy Lake's story in 'Rejected Addresses.'

"'Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang with might and main.'"

Mrs. Durant.

"'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.'"

Alfred (*aside*). "Cousin Nannie was always famous for her nice rolls, but I did n't suppose they would come in play here. I beg your pardon, Miss Dora. Is it my turn? I had an R all ready, about 'Rory O'Moore,' but Cousin Nannie's fleets have swept over me."

Laura. "Don't be ridiculous, Al; it 's my turn, and I 'm so afraid I shall forget the S I have been cherishing."

Alfred. "Silence, all!"

Laura (*determined not to be discomfited*).

"'Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.'"

Miss Challis.

"'There 's no sorrow there, Jean,
There 's neither cold nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, —
In the land o' the leal.'"

Emily.

"'Under the spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.'"

Alfred.

"'Vashti for pride
Was set aside.'

Who dares to say the New England Primer is n't first-class poetry?"

As no one could think of another V, the Primer carried the day.

Mrs. Durant.

"'What 's done we partly may compute
But know not what 's resisted.'"

X baffled everybody, and was at last given up as impracticable. Y was at first thought difficult, but suddenly Laura and Mrs. Durant began at the same moment to say,

"'Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,'"

and Anna Cameron added,

"'You must wake and call me early,'"

and Alfred began to declaim,

"'Ye mariners of England.'"

Z, however, brought another long silence, but Miss Dora finally remembered Moore's —

"Zelica, Zelica, the youth exclaimed,"

and Laura recalled an acrostic that one of her schoolmates had written for Lizzie R——, a very nervous girl, in which these four lines occurred: —

"Zembla's winds, with all their chill,
Could not keep her quick hands still;
Zanzibar, with all its heat,
Could not stay her restless feet."

And now, to every one's astonishment, Mrs. Durant announced that it was tea-time, and the other games were postponed until the evening.

Laura D. Nichols.

THE STORY OF THE PANSY.

LONG years ago, there lived in the south of France a poor young wood-carver with his little lame sister. Their home was on the edge of a forest, and often, as Paul sat at work, the glimpses he caught of swaying boughs and flitting birds filled his mind with quaint and beautiful fancies, which under his skilful fingers took a visible form, and were carved into curious and delicate shapes. All day long his little sister rested on her low couch by the window, and busied her fingers in making the finest and mistiest of lace, while her corner was brightened by a box of pansies on the window-sill, where bloomed a profusion of these lovely flowers, with all the varied hues of a summer sunset. Thus the lives of these two young people flowed on for several happy years, till a sudden grief came upon them with bewildering force.

The autumn had come, and the forest was beginning to lose its green beauty, when a fever broke out in the neighboring village, and raged with such terrible violence that all the inhabitants who were able to go, fled to the nearest towns, and soon, from among Paul's many rich customers, not one was left. No one came to the cottage to buy his beautiful carvings, and his little sister's lace was no longer in demand. Poverty was a new thing for the brother and sister, but they bore it bravely, trying to cheer each other with hopeful plans for the future, while they kept up at least the appearance of content.

As the weeks passed on, the fever abated; but for some reason the customers were slow in returning, and it made Paul's heart ache to see how pale and thin his sister had grown, how listlessly her hands lay folded in her lap, and how mournfully she gazed out of her window, past the pansies, to the blue sky that shone through the trees. He could not bear to see her fading, day by day, when he knew that strengthening food would soon restore her.

One sunny afternoon, Paul was crossing the wood on his way home, after a journey to the town, where he had been trying to sell his carvings. Having met with poor success, he was in a more despairing mood than ever. Right before him, in a leafy nook, were two plump pheasants, whose golden plumage shone in the shifting sunbeams. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind, and without a moment's hesitation he caught up a stone from the path and threw it with such good aim that one of the birds fell dead, while the other, with a shrill and frightened cry, disappeared in the dense undergrowth. Paul picked up the lifeless bird and hastened home, with one idea filling his mind, — that now Aimée should have some nourishing food.

Arrived at the cottage, he plucked the pheasant, and in a little while, having cooked a most savory supper, carried it in to his sister. The girl was lying back on her couch, tired and weak, but the pleasant odor of the broth made her turn her head with an eager curiosity that was in itself new and encouraging. Little persuasion was required to induce her to taste it, and

her brother looked on with delight to see how heartily she enjoyed her supper, and how soon the blue bowl was handed back, quite empty.

This was not Aimée's last satisfactory meal, for Paul went often to the wood for game, and soon the lace-pillow was again brought out, while the young girl's fingers flew as fast as ever over their pretty work.

All this time Paul had never been troubled with scruples concerning his right to the game which he killed. He knew, it is true, that the forest belonged to a certain baron, who was said to be a stern and cruel landlord; yet the young man had so long looked upon the wood as his home, had been so accustomed to bring from it fagots for his hearth, flowers and moss and birds' eggs for Aimée, and to wander through it at his pleasure, that it was by a sudden and painful shock that he was brought to find himself in the wrong. It was through an innocent question from his sister that Paul first saw his fault, and then the consciousness of wrong-doing, the dread of punishment, the fear of disgrace and of separation from Aimée, made his life seem a burden too heavy to be borne. The poor fellow's grief and remorse were intense, yet he felt sure that Aimée, deprived of nutritious food, would soon sink back into her old feeble condition. Tortured by these thoughts, he resolved to go but once more to the wood, and after that to try all other expedients, even to the selling of his beloved carving-tools, to gain the money they so much needed.

It was quite late in the fall, yet the air was mild and pleasant, and Aimée sat at her favorite window, with the flush of the sunset on her face, and her fingers caressing the velvety petals of the pansies. Paul lingered beside her a moment, then left the cottage and took a winding path through the wood and was soon out of sight. The young girl sat watching the clouds till it was quite dark, then nestled in a corner of her couch to await her brother's return. The darkness deepened, the stars came out one by one, and soon the rustling leaves and sighing breeze sent Aimée far into the land of dreams. The night wore away and the lonely child still slept; but the first red light of morning found Paul lying in utter misery on the floor of the village prison. The evening before, he had been caught by the baron's keeper with two pheasants in his pocket, and, being unable to deny the charge of poaching, had been thrown into the jail, to wait till his landlord had heard of the arrest.

The baron had been lately married, and was still in that blissful state that story-tellers declare should follow marriage. He was sitting over his late breakfast, enjoying the society of his young and lovely wife, when the pleasant scene was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger who came to inform him of Paul's capture on the previous night. The baron's wrath was deeply kindled at the idea of such depredations upon his property, and his wife was much distressed to hear of the misfortune that had fallen upon the poor wood-carver, at whose cottage she had been a frequent visitor. She tried to soften the baron's anger, but only made matters worse, and finding that her husband was implacable, she left him with the charitable intention of consoling poor little Aimée.

The girl was alone, suffering the most agonizing suspense concerning her brother, and when the kindly lady, as gently as possible, told her of his fate, the depth and abandonment of her grief were heart-rending. No amount of reasoning, no hopeful words, were of any avail, — Aimée could only lie back on her couch, white and frail like a crushed flower, and dumb and bewildered with grief. After vain attempts at consolation, the baroness left her, returned home and sent a servant to the cottage to take care of Aimée, and then sought her husband.

He was alone, and at his wife's step the shadows left his face, only to return with deeper gloom when she began to plead the cause of the poor boy and his sister. Her eloquent story of their trials and temptations was all in vain, but when at last she used woman's most potent argument, tears, the inflexibility of the baron's determination began to give way, and at last he consented to a sort of compromise. On the sideboard was a large oaken punch-bowl, a marvel of graceful form and skilful carving, around whose brim the workman's genius had fashioned a slender vine intermingling with oak leaves and ivy berries. The condition of Paul's freedom was, that he should make a piece of carving that should surpass even this wonder of beauty; but, as the bowl was the work of a famous German artist, the baroness did not dare to indulge in many hopes of the young man's success. However, she immediately hastened to his prison, carrying the bowl with her, and, on being admitted by the jailer, found Paul in the depth of despondency. He was grateful for her interest in his trouble, but her account of the baron's promise gave him little hope. After her departure, the baroness sent him materials for working, as well as many encouraging messages, but her kindness was of no avail. The knife refused to obey his hand, and the wood obstinately refused to take any but the most commonplace and ungraceful shapes.

All this time poor Aimée remained at the cottage, waiting anxiously for the result of her brother's labor, sending him words full of love and hope, and begging him to work hard for her sake. The baroness came often to see her, and one day, when the young girl seemed more hopeful than usual, she asked her kind friend to stop at the jail on her way home, to leave a message. When the words had been repeated many times, Aimée gathered a few of her pansies from the little box in the window, to brighten her brother's gloomy room, and then, with many promises and last words, the lady departed, carrying her flowers.

The jailer admitted her, as usual, but, on entering the cell, she saw that Paul was sleeping, so she laid the pansies beside him, and went away. The young man slept a long time, and, on awaking, his eyes were greeted by the bunch of bright flowers, whose presence seemed to fill the whole room with light, for they brought back the picture of his home, especially of Aimée's window, with the trees waving outside, and the sunshine streaming in. The thought of that little sister and that pleasant home filled his soul with a new hope, and, seizing his tools, he went to work with all the eagerness of a newly formed purpose. He carved all day long, and, when darkness came,

went to rest in a happier frame of mind than before, while the pansies kept watch over his sleep during the night.

The days wore on, and Paul worked from early morning till the last ray of daylight. The beautiful work went on rapidly, and as it approached completion his spirits rose more and more until at last the eventful day came when it was announced as finished. The baron and his wife went to the jail quite early, and found the young workman in an agony of suspense. His fears vanished, however, when with trembling hands he uncovered his work, and a slanting sunbeam bathed it in a flood of golden radiance. He had made a little work-table, carved of oak, in shape as graceful as a flower. Around the margin was a wreath of pansies, their petals so thin and fine that it seemed as if they stirred in the breeze, while the pointed leaves contrasted well with the finished roundness of the flowers. All down the one slender pedestal of the table the delicate buds and leaves blossomed and twined, crowding about the base in lovely and fantastic shapes. The baroness held the punch-bowl beside Paul's dainty work, but the oak leaves around its brim seemed coarse in comparison. The baron, taken by surprise, declared that the wood-carver's liberty had been fairly earned, and promised to forgive past offences, and to supply him with work in the future.

That very day saw the brother and sister once more united; and while Aimée nestled close to Paul in perfect content, he said, with a glance at the box in the window, "Ah, Aimée! it was your bunch of pansies that brought us together, after all!" and ever since that time, though Paul and Aimée are long forgotten, the flower has been called *la belle pensée*, — "the beautiful thought."

Marguerite G. Townsend.

"GIVE THEM MOTHERS."

THREE little white-robed darlings saying their evening prayer,
Their dimpled fingers folded, with grieved and serious air,
Were asking the gracious Father to pity the helpless brood
The cruel fires had left alone, to want for homes and food.

Following sweetly the mother's voice, they prayed for shelter warm
For the suffering little children out in the dark and storm;
That loving hearts might take them in, and willing arms infold,
And shield them from the darkness, the hunger, and the cold.

The mother paused a moment ere she said the soft "amen";
Listening if either little voice had more last words, — and then
Sweet little Lulie faltered out, not waiting for the others,
"Dear God, they 'll be so lonesome, won't you please to give them mothers?"

Mrs. L. M. Blinn.

MY OCCIDENTAL FRIEND.

THE individual who forms the subject of this sketch belonged to a very rare species indeed; for the American travellers in Europe are, as a general rule, the most intelligent people there, — in confirmation of which statement the writer has only to add that he was one himself not long ago. However, as there must be exceptions to every rule, there are occasional exceptions to this one; like my friend Mr. Smith, whom I met in Italy.

Mr. Smith had originally been a coal-heaver, or something of that sort, but had managed to scrape up a fortune; and, as he himself informed me, he enjoyed an income of forty dollars fifty-two and a half cents a day. Not knowing what else to do with his money, of course he must make the grand tour; so he had started off from America with his family and two huge carpet-bags crammed full of Murray's handbooks, whilst a very small ditto served to carry the extra linen and other necessaries of the community. From the time he introduced himself to me, in a store in Florence, till his departure from that city, I had no peace; for, as he expressed himself anxious to see the curiosities, of course I offered my services. I remember one bright afternoon I went to his hotel, and met the whole party on the steps, about to set out on an excursion.

"Hullo, Richard!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, as soon as he caught sight of me (he never could get my name right, and called me invariably by the first one that came into his head). "You here, are you? Glad to see you. Me and my folks is just a goin' to take a walk, and we 'd like you to come with us; won't yer?"

"All right, sir," said I; "where shall we go?"

"Wal, we have n't quite decided yet." Here he took out his pocket-book and looked very profound for several minutes. "I say, Jim! you know where the king lives, don't yer?"

I assented to this, wondering what in the world was coming next.

"Wal, Bob, me and my folks wishes to make his acquaintance. Ef he don't understand English, you know, you can interpret for us, — can't yer?"

I stood quite aghast at the proposition. Why, for all I knew, the sentinels who guarded the entrance to the royal mansion, and looked as fierce as several Pompeys, might run us through with their bayonets, if they only took the fancy to do so. I did n't say as much to Mr. Smith, however, but I *did* represent to him that he would n't be able to get in; that, even if he did, the king might take it as an insult, and — and — in fact, there was no knowing what might n't be the consequences, till I had so worked on the fears of the female part of the community that they stoutly declared "they were n't a goin' any how."

Mr. Smith did n't see how it was possible that Victor Emanuel would n't be highly

flattered to shake hands with "a scion of the greatest country in the world," as he modestly expressed himself, but after a time he too gave in, muttering something about the "darned country" and "liberty," the full import of which I did not catch, but which I have no doubt was very grand, as his "folks" seemed to be much impressed by it.

But Mr. Smith had still another idea in his head, from which I found it impossible to dissuade him. He had heard that Garibaldi was in Florence, on a flying visit, and, as I unhappily knew where that hero's residence was, he made me lead him there, whether or no. I can't help wishing now that we had seen Garibaldi, the meeting would have been so exceedingly ridiculous; but unfortunately, or fortunately as I then thought, he was n't in; he had just left Florence, the porter said. Mr. Smith was in a state of the most ludicrous misery upon this; but his "folks" consoled themselves by cutting off shreds from the apron of a little child, whom they took to be Garibaldi's son. I suppose they intended to keep them as relics to show to their friends when they returned to America; all I know is they threw them away as soon as the porter, who was highly tickled at the attention paid it, claimed the paternity of the infant himself.

Well, we left Garibaldi's house in disgust, and sauntered along the beautiful Lung' Arno for some time in moody silence, till a bright idea struck me. "Mr. Smith," I exclaimed, "if we wait here long enough, we shall see the king pass by. It 's about the time he usually returns from his evening drive."

"You don't say!" returned my companion, now quite restored to his usual equanimity of temper; "let 's wait, then."

We did n't have to wait very long, however. I soon caught sight of the king's ugly face, and, as his carriage rolled by, nudged Mr. Smith's elbow. "That 's Victor Emanuel!" I said, at the same time taking off my hat to his Majesty, who returned the compliment in a way that showed the royal manners had been properly attended to.

As soon as the equipage had passed, I turned to my companion, and never did I see such a picture of astonishment as he presented. Why, he had expected to behold the king seated in a magnificent chariot drawn by ever so many milk-white steeds, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand!

"I say, Jack," he remarked, when he had somewhat recovered his composure, "do you know the king? I saw him bow to you."

I explained that Victor always bowed to anybody, no matter whom, that bowed to him, upon which Mr. Smith declared he 'd waylay him on the morrow, and see if his Majesty would bow back to him. Whether he ever carried his intention into execution or not I can't say, as he left Florence within a day or two afterwards, and I never saw him more.

W. S. Walsh, age 17.

CAMDEN, N. J.

THE LAST VISIT OF SUMMER.

THE other night, after all my day's work was done, I lay musing of the past season. Altogether it had been a pleasant one; I have had many pleasures and few and slight troubles. At length my thoughts turned to the coming season, and to the many pleasures I was expecting, and my heart beat faster — as what juvenile heart will not? — to know that Christmas, merry Christmas, was fast approaching.

My mind was busily employed in deciding about a Christmas present for Katie, when I heard a low, sweet voice, that sounded very near me, say, "My child!" Hastily turning my head, I saw a figure standing close beside me. I started up in alarm, but something in the gentle face reassured me; I lay down again and looked at my strange visitor. It was a female figure, clad in a misty white robe, with a soft rosy glow like that of evening clouds upon it; a wreath of half-faded flowers rested on her brow, and a few garlands were scattered over the robe. I looked up in her face, and noticed with surprise that though the hair was silvery white, the face was sweet and youthful.

As I finished my hasty scrutiny the gentle voice said again, "My child, I am Summer, the Summer of the past. My last hour is nigh, and I make you a last visit before I go. Tell me, have you any message for the dear ones on high? Can you tell me any good and noble deed which you have done, that I may tell them of it?"

"O kind spirit!" cried I, in my eagerness forgetting all fear, "tell me, do you go to them, my dear ones?"

"Ay," replied the Spirit, with gentle seriousness, "I go to my Father, — he who sent me to do my mission here; and if your loved ones are with him, I go to them."

"Wait!" cried I, "wait till I think of some noble, worthy act!"

But, alas! run my memory back as far as I might, no really noble act could I find. I might have done a kind deed in an impulse of generosity, but only from an impulse; no higher motives prompted me.

I turned, sobbing, to the Spirit of Summer, saying, "Alas! I can find no worthy deed. O kind Spirit, only wait, and I will do a good deed, so that I may send a loving message to those who have gone before."

But the Spirit said, tenderly, "No, my child, my hour has come; but when the next summer is ended, then, darling, strive to be able to say, 'I have done a noble deed.'"

I looked lovingly up to the sweet face, but a change had come, the hair had bleached to a more snowy hue, and the flowers were entirely faded now. Then, as I looked, the happy, free Spirit of Summer unfolded its white wings, and rested not till it was in the Shadow of the Great White Throne. I started up: there lay my school-books on the lounge, and the wild autumn winds whirled the dying leaves to the ground. And then and there my heart determined to have not one but many good deeds to tell the next Spirit of Summer.

Annie G. Sheldon, age 13.

THANKSGIVING.

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and the fairies were busy at work doing little good deeds, such as only fairies can do, to make the morrow as pleasant to everybody as it could be.

Coming home from his work was a poor man, who looked longingly at the stalls filled with turkeys, ducks, geese, and chickens. He asked the price of one of them, and, when he was told, he sighed because he had not money enough to pay for it, and he thought of his wife and little children at home, — how disappointed they would be at not having a turkey for Thanksgiving. Then came the little fairy and whispered in the shopman's ear.

"You could make somebody very happy, if you only would."

The seller of turkeys looked at the poor man, and seemed to read his thoughts in his face.

"Take the turkey, and never mind the money," he said.

The poor man took it and went on his way rejoicing, thinking how glad his little children would be.

Sitting alone in a beautiful room was a lady weeping and mourning the loss of her little child, who had gone to live with God, and she thought, "I wish there was no such day as Thanksgiving; I have nothing to be thankful for, I am sure."

The good little fairy came just then, and said to her, "You have other children and a good husband, — why do you not try to make home pleasant for them? Your little child is happy."

The lady thanked the fairy for reminding her of her duty; Thanksgiving day became very pleasant to her, and she said, "How wrong it was for me to say I had nothing for which to be thankful!"

Thus do the little fairies go around every year before Thanksgiving, trying to do good and making everybody happy.

Lizzie Shackford, age 11.

OUR LITTLE WREN.

For the last week everything has been covered up with snow, and the little birds have had a good deal of trouble to find something to eat. The snowbirds and wrens have come around the door every day to find crumbs. I should like to tell you what happened to a little wren last Saturday.

One came into our shed kitchen to find something to eat, and fell into a bucket of water that stood there. We could n't tell how it got in, but there we found it fluttering, and all wet and cold. Mamma gave us a flannel cloth to wrap it in, and we put it in a little basket before the sitting-room fire.

Pretty soon papa came in; he thought it was dry, so he took it out on the porch. When he opened his hand the poor little thing could not fly, but only fluttered off on the snow, and in an instant was snapped up by Luta, my cat, who had followed us. Then we thought our little pet was gone, after all; but mamma snatched Luta up so quickly that she had only time to give it a squeeze. We brought the bird in again, and to our great joy found it was not hurt. Brother Tom stayed out to give Luta a good rolling in the snow. What does make cats so bad? Yet I like my Luta.

The little wren hopped around the room, but it could not fly much; and we began to think what we should do with it through the night. Tom has a box of Crandall's building-blocks, he got on Christmas; so we made a cage of them, and put birdy in; we gave him some bread-crumbs, which he really ate, although we did not expect he would touch them.

In the morning we found him quite well and saucy. We took him out, and away he flew to a rose-bush by the porch, where there were three other wrens sitting. They all twittered away at a great rate. I do wonder whether he knew that we had saved his life twice.

Gracie V. Vanness, age 10.

Boone Co., Ky.

SWEET ROBINS.*

ROBINS, robins, sweet robins
  Are merrily singing to-day
The sweetest and clearest song-snatches, —
  The dear little sprites in their play!

The great swaying trees in the orchard
  Keep time with the dash of the breeze,
And the cheery notes come like a chorus
  From their choir in the old apple-trees!

Singing and singing so sweetly,
  With their ceaseless trilling to-day,
The robins, like cunning enchanters,
  Have conjured my reason away.

Like a dream comes a vision of summer, —
  Though 't is far in the fall of the year,
And the rustling forest leaves whisper,
  "'T is coming, the winter-time drear."

And I cry to the robins, — "Sweet robins,
  Can you sing when all joy is away?
I grieve for my dewy-lipped roses,
  That blushed deeper red every day,

"Till the chill winds came, — ah, so cruel!
  And breathed on their low garden bed; —
They went like the snow in the midday,
  And my garden lies empty and dead!"

"Ah! maiden, you hear not the robins'
  Sweet words, that they sing you to-day;
Do you think we 're such giddy young fellows
  That our singing is all robin-play?

"Ah! I tell you, there 's something lies deeper
  Than the glow of the robin's red breast;
A firm faith in something above us,
  That will rule the whole year as is best.

"And we know, come the blast as it pleases,
  Let Winter run wild as he may,
There 's a spring, in the days that are coming,
  That will drive the chill breezes away."

Oh! the robins, robins, sweet robins
  Are cheerily singing to-day,
Dropping sweetest of bird-songs about them, —
  The red-breasted sprites, as they play!

TUSKEGEE, Ala. "*Willie Wilde*," *age* 18.

* Some of our readers may need to be told that the robin, like many other summer birds of the North, appears as a fall and even a winter bird in Alabama. — EDITORS.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

"TO-MORROW is Thanksgiving day," mother said on Wednesday afternoon. "We can't have any company, but when the boys come home they will kill a turkey and we shall have a nice little time all to ourselves." Then she continued, "You will make the dressing, won't you, Jennie?"

Of course we all laughed, for she alluded to the time when Jen and I were keeping house, and she made some in such a scientific way that if we had eaten any more than a cubic inch of it we should surely have been sick for two or three days. But Jen was older now by three years, and knew better; nevertheless she would n't promise to make the dressing alone, but told mother to call on her if she wanted any help. So mother was content, and went back into the kitchen to superintend the making of cake.

About dusk she returned and said, anxiously, "I wonder why the boys have n't come in. I wrapped Johnny up pretty warm, but they have stayed out so long I am afraid he will get cold. I was careful to tell them to be *sure* and come home before dark, so that they could catch a turkey."

"They will be home pretty soon," Jen said, and then we heard them come up the piazza and open the door. But it was only the two oldest, looking very much frightened as they eagerly inquired if Johnny had come home.

"No," we said, and the youngest boy, Elmer, burst into tears, and told how Rover had started a rabbit and Will had followed, leaving him to take care of Johnny; but he, seeing the rabbit nearing its home, ran to head it. He succeeded, and in the excitement of the chase forgot all about two-year-old Johnny. When, after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes, they went back to where they left him, they could not find him; they had spent the last hour in the vain endeavor, and finally, when the sun went down behind the clouds, they had retraced their steps, faintly hoping they would find him at home.

Just as Elmer finished, father came in, saying it was raining and that he thought it was going to be a very cold night. When we told him Johnny was lost, he started instantly with the boys and Isaac, the hired man, to hunt for him.

The wind moaned around the house and dashed the rain against the windows, and it was dreadful to think of Johnny out in it all, with no one to keep the rain or wind off of him. Jen and I sat at the fire shivering, and mother walked the floor, going to the door at the slightest sound to look out into the night and imagine she saw them coming up the path. Finally the rain stopped, and about eleven o'clock we heard the click of the gate. There was no mistake this time; and, hastening to the door, we met father carrying something so white and cold we could hardly think it was our Johnny.

But it *was* our Johnny, and a little proper treatment made him alive enough in a few minutes to tell us, in his queer dialect, that he "sought 'e rain 'ou'd kill him mos' a deaf," and other similar things.

Johnny was found, and it seems to me no one ever kept Thanksgiving with more true thankfulness than we did the next day, not even the Pilgrims themselves.

Mary Thomas.

SCHOOLCRAFT, KALAMAZOO CO., Michigan.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.—AN ILLUSTRATED BALLAD.

[Illustrated Ballads form a charming entertainment for a winter evening, as they require slight rehearsal, and little or no scenery. They can be very effectively performed in any parlor by children of any age who possess a good ear for time and a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the song. The words must be distinctly sung by a performer who may be concealed from view of the audience if preferred. As each line is sung, the actors must present, in pantomime, its appropriate action in exact time to the melody. In the July "Young Folks" was given the comic "Villikens and his Dinah"; and we here present, as a specimen of the pathetic ballad, the ever-popular *Auld Robin Gray*, some of the lines of which are slightly altered, to adapt it for this purpose. The following is an exact description of the manner in which it has been performed with great success before thousands of persons. The abbreviations, R., L., and C., indicate the *right*, *left*, and *centre* of the stage.]

CHARACTERS.

AULD ROBIN GRAY, *gray suit, knee-breeches, long vest plaid, white wig or powdered hair.*
JAMIE, *kilt, plaid, pea-jacket, sailor hat.*
JEANNIE, *plaid skirt tucked up over white, white waist, black bodice, plaid scarf.*
MOTHER, *black or brown dress, white kerchief, white apron.*
FATHER, *gray or brown suit; wrapped in plaid, left arm in sling.*
FURNITURE. *1st* SCENE, *crown for* JAMIE. *2d* SCENE, *two chairs, R., for* PARENTS, *small chair, C., at small spinning-wheel.* *3d* SCENE, *box for doorstone, C.* *4th* SCENE, *great chairs, with pillows, quilt, etc., for* ROBIN, *C., small table, cup, medicine.*

SCENE I — JAMIE, *R., and* JEANNIE, *L., discovered in attitude of parting lovers, C.*

Young Jamie loved me well, and sought me for his bride,	JAMIE *kneels on left knee.*
But saving a crown he had nothing else beside.	JAMIE *shows crown piece; both sadly shake their heads.*
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie ga'ed to sea,	JAMIE *points off, L., and exit, L., at the word "sea."*
And the crown and the pound were a' baith for me.	JEANNIE *follows him three steps, parts, comes forward sadly, with clasped hands.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — FATHER *and* MOTHER *in chairs, L.,* JEANNIE, *C., at wheel, hands clasped in lap.*

He had na' been gone a year and a day,	JEANNIE *in attitude of despair, hands clasped.*
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stolen away,	*Looks sadly at her father.*
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie at the sea,	*Turns toward her mother.*
And Auld Robin Gray came a courtin' to me.	

ROBIN GRAY *enters L., or C., kneels to* JEANNIE *and takes her right hand; she turns away in disgust and looks down.*

My father could not work, my mother could not spin,	ROBIN GRAY *points to each,* JEANNIE *sadly watches his motions.*
I toiled day and night, but their bread I could not win,	JEANNIE *spins at wheel, C.*
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and with tears in his e'e,	ROBIN *kneels and implores with tears.*
Said, "Jeannie, for their sakes, O, pray, marry me."	JEANNIE *turns away as he takes her hand.*
My father urged me sair, my mother did na' speak,	JEANNIE *is led by* ROBIN *across to her* PARENTS, *and kneels with her hands across her* MOTHER'S *lap.*
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,	MOTHER *regards* JEANNIE *earnestly as she kneels before her, R.*
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea,	ROBIN *crosses from C. to R., takes* JEANNIE'S *hand from* MOTHER.
And Auld Robin Gray was a gude man to me.	ROBIN *leads* JEANNIE *to C., and draws her hand through his arm, looking fondly at* JEANNIE, *who looks sadly down.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — JEANNIE *discovered sitting at door, very sad.*

I had na' been his wife but weeks only four,	
When sitting so mournfully at my own door,	*She slowly lifts her head from her hand.*
I saw my Jamie's ghost, for I could not think it he,	JAMIE *enters, L.* JEANNIE, *in fright, motions him away.*
Till he said, "I 've come home, love, to marry thee."	*They rush into each other's arms.*
O, sair did we greet and mickle did we say,	*They bow their heads, then lift their heads as if conversing.*
We took na kiss at all, I bid him gang away,	JEANNIE *pushing him away, exit* JAMIE *sadly, L.*
For I will do my best a good wife for to be,	JEANNIE *comes forward, extends her hands.*
For Auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.	*Sinks back into her seat, bowed with sorrow.*

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE IV. — ROBIN *at C., in armchair, propped up by cushions or pillows.*

The nights were long and sad, the days were dull and wae,	JEANNIE *bends over him, R.*
But that which grieved me most was Auld Robin Gray,	JEANNIE *smooths his hair from his forehead.*
He sickened day by day, and nothing would he take,	JEANNIE *passes cup from table, R., which he refuses.*
But said, "Tho' I am like to die, 't is better for her sake.	JEANNIE *kneels for the old man's blessing.*
Is Jamie come?" he said, and Jamie by us stood,	JAMIE *enters, L.*
"I 've wronged you sair," he said, "now let me do some good.	ROBIN *grasps* JAMIE'S *hands.*
I give you all, young man, my houses and my kine,	JAMIE *kneels, L., and* ROBIN *points off, L.*
And the good wife herself, who should not have been mine."	JEANNIE *kneels, he joins their hands, they bow their heads for his blessing.*
We kissed his clay-cold hands, a smile came o'er his face,	*They rise, lift his hands to their lips, and then suffer them to drop heavily.*
Said Jamie, "He is pardoned before the Throne of Grace!	JAMIE *points up, L., one hand on arm of chair.*
O Jeannie, see that smile! forgiven I 'm sure is he.	JAMIE *turns to* JEANNIE.
Who could resist temptation while hoping to win thee?"	ROBIN *falls back in death,* JEANNIE *kneels, R.,* JAMIE *points up, L.*

[*Curtain falls.*

Arranged by G. B. Bartlett.

A STRING OF FISH, — HIDDEN.

No. 95.

The elephant packs his clothes in sacks,
And starts for the classic hub,
And dines on hops and grasshopper chops
In the shade of a cedar-tub.
He sings a psalm on Dorchester Heights,
While the mermaidens hark to the tune,
And exclaim, "Thy music, O darling, delights,
And is melting as zephyrs of June."
So he sailed away for a year or more,
Till he reached a cerulean coast,
And cried, "Now I 've come to so level a shore,
Triumphal I butter my toast."

Hitty Maginn.

FALSE ARITHMETIC. — No. 96.

C. Clinton.

ANAGRAM BLANKS. — No. 97.

Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.

1. We found the —— standing on the ——.

2. We had to —— some meat while out ——.

3. The sailors are going to have fine —— after reaching their ——.

4. The —— came through the ——.

"*Ed. Ward.*"

WORD SQUARES.

No. 98.

My *first* our fathers have to pay.
My *second* covers endless day.
My *third* could fiddle while Rome burns.
My *fourth* is watched around the turns.

Aleck.

ILLUSTRATED WORD SQUARE. — No. 99.

A. B. U.

ANSWERS.

81. Misfortunes seldom come singly.
[(Miss 4 tunes) (cell dome) (co me)(s *in* g ly)]
82. Sir Humphrey Davy.
83. Shoo Fly.
84. Dombey and Son.
85. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.
86. 1. Golden rod. 2. Traveller's delight. 3. Crown Imperial. 4. Blood beets (beats). 5. Plane (plain). 6. Nose-gay.
87.
1. 10 + 2 = 12.
2. 14 — 2 = 12.
3. 6 × 2 = 12.
4. 24 ÷ 2 = 12.
54

88. "All places yield to him ere he sits down." — *Coriolanus, Act IV., Scene VII.*
89. 1. London. 2. Paris. 3. Constantinople. 4. Berne. 5. Madrid. 6. Lisbon. 7. Berlin. 8. Athens. 9. Frankfort. 10. Hague. 11. Brussels.

90.

E A S T
A R E A
S E A L
T A L E

91.

D R E S S
R E A C H
E A G E R
S C E N E
S H R E D

92. 1. Diamond. 2. Garnet. 3. Cornelian. 4. Opal. 5. Topaz. 6. Amber. 7. Pearl. 8. Agate. 9. Onyx. 10. Amethyst.
93. *Foundation Words:* Carpet, Racket.
Cross Words: CaR, AttilA, ReliC, PucK, ErasE, TrouT.
94. The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the greatest palace in the universe.
[(The')(s nail)(C's)(o = nothing)(butt)(it *s*)(*own*)(shell) & (th ink's) it the (*great* S t) (pal ace) *in the* (U *nigh* verse.)]

1872.

OUR leading serial story for next year will be a sequel to "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," entitled

"A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF."

In it we shall meet Jack and Lion once more, and some other old acquaintances. It will be continued throughout the year.

We shall also publish a remarkable story called

"CRUSOE LIFE,"

written by Rev. R. D. Carter, of Mississippi, who assures us that every word of his extraordinary narrative is true. In it he relates how, in his youth, he was cast away on a lonely island in the Pacific Ocean, and through what strange adventures he passed, until, after several months of actual *Crusoe life*, he escaped from his fearful solitude. This story will begin in January, and run through five or six numbers.

All our leading contributors, and the best features of the magazine as it has been conducted in the past, will be retained during the coming year. *Picture stories*, similar to the "Two Bad Boys" in our last number, and "How Tommy Rode the Horse to Water," which we give this month, will be a permanent attraction. For further particulars, see the Prospectus of "Our Young Folks" for 1872.

A new PRIZE PUZZLE next month!

OUR last month's picture story of "Two Bad Boys" has proved very popular, and prose versions of it have been sent in by L. O. Howard, age 12, Lou, age 12, J. S. H., age 12, Mary B. Daniels, age 13, and a boy who writes from Louisville, Ky., without giving his name. We have also received two rhymed versions, one by S. E. M., and another by Arty. The last of them is the best, and we give it below, notwithstanding some slight faults of style, and one misstatement of fact: it is the constable, and not the owner of the apples, who drives the bad boys off to jail.

Now who can send us the best interpretation of the picture story which we print this month, — "How Tommy Rode the Horse to Water?"

STORY OF TWO BAD BOYS.

Bad boys were Tom and Dick;
  When young they learned to smoke,
And apple-stealing was by them
  Regarded as a joke.

Cigars they thought too high, —
  And, as a substitute,
They visited the grapevine wild,
  And smoked its dried-up shoot.

One day they went to give
  Their neighbor's fruit a taste;
So many apples on the trees,
  A pity they should waste!

The boys soon shook some off,
  And then sat down to feast;
While just behind the owner watched, —
  His cane rose up like yeast.

Now Tom was on his knees,
  His body downward bent —
The cane descended on the part
  Thus made most prominent.

The boys jumped to their feet,
  Tom rubbed the injured part,
And, though he 'd always been a dunce,
  That blow it made him smart.

The man then tied a rope
  Around each youngster's knee,
And toward the jail he drove the two,
  While crowds gazed at the three.

And now 'twixt prison walls
  Repose both naughty boys;
Cigars and apples all are gone,
  And with them all their joys.

ARTY, *age* 15.

CHELSEA, Mass.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

In answer to "Student's" question about Moses recording his own death in the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy: — Dr. Cummins, in his answer to Bishop Colenso upon the true authorship of the Pentateuch, page 19, says, that the thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy is really the first chapter of Joshua. It is simply a misplacement of chapters.

Yours truly,

MAY F. MILLER, *age* 13.

BROOKLYN, October 24, 1871.

Fred McIntosh, Phila., writes: "Most commentators consider this whole chapter to be an addition by Joshua, others say that it is the work of some other prophet, while all agree that it is not

the work of Moses, except a few, who say that Moses was inspired and wrote this himself. It is most probable that Joshua did write it, from the fact that Joshua was with Moses a great deal, and may have been with him on the mount when he died."

Answered also by E. G. Richardson, and W. E. Leonard, and "Little Belle."

A CURIOUS slip of the pen occurred in our correspondent M. S. R.'s "Few Words about Oaths," which we published last month. He should have said — and of course meant to say, for he is a man of various and accurate knowledge — that "the *third* commandment is, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,'" instead of the *seventh*, as he inadvertently did say.

Bessie asks: Will you please tell me whether, in M. S. R.'s article about "Oaths," it is only a matter of conjecture, or a certain fact, that many of the commonest phrases and exclamations in our language are as much as "taking God's name in vain"?

With regard to many, it is a certain fact; as to others, it is, of course, conjecture.

HERE is the answer to Mary B. D.'s "Sunday question," — furnished by May Krinkle, Arty, W. E. Leonard, and others: —

"King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereo of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being *paved with love*, for the daughters of Jerusalem. — Solomon's Song, iii. 9, 10.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., October 1, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Will you please tell H. S. Clark that the "Cheshire Cat" belonged to the Duchess in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"?

Its face always wore a broad grin, and it was very fond of sitting in a tree and appearing and disappearing very suddenly, until Alice requested it not to do so, as it made her giddy. So afterward the cat vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

I have written you a good many letters lately, and perhaps you do not care to hear from one person so often, so I will not trouble you again. One question before I close. Is "Theodora," who writes those charming sketches for "Our Young Contributors," a girl? and how old is she? That makes two questions, I see, but no matter.

Your admiring subscriber,

SALLIE DAY.

We are always glad to hear from you, Sallie, and hope you will not cease to write. In answer to your question, we are permitted to say that "Theodora" is a girl still in her "teens"; but her precise age we cannot give.

Mollie H—— says: — "To grin like a Cheshire cat is to display the teeth and gums when laughing. Formerly the expression was to 'grin like a Cheshire cat eating cheese.' A hardly satisfactory explanation has been given of this phrase, — that Cheshire is a county palatine (a county invested with royal privileges), and the cats, when they think of it, are so tickled with the notion that they can't help grinning."

H. S. Clark's question was also answered by "Bessie," and Stella Prince.

THE earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Ida, Ethel Fisher, J. H. Ingham, Bessie G. Colt, Bessie King, B. W. Leavell, Jennie M. Druse, Fred McIntosh, Ruby, Lou and Beatrice, C. W. Gorton, Eirrac, and Annie Corkins.

NEED we remind our readers that now is the time to renew their subscriptions, and to induce their friends to subscribe, for "Our Young Folks"? Send in your names in season, and avoid delay and confusion at the beginning of the year. Subscribing for a magazine is a very simple thing. Here is the plain business style: —

MESSRS. J. R. OSGOOD & CO.

Please send "Our Young Folks," one year, beginning with the January No., 1872, to the address given below. I enclose $ 2.00.

JOHN SMITH,
Smithville, Ky.

The following is also very common, and, we may add, commendable: —

GENTLEMEN, —

I wish to make my little niece a Christmas present, and know of nothing which will be more useful to her, and which she will prize more highly, than a subscription to "Our Young Folks." I enclose accordingly a post-office order for two dollars, for which please send the magazine one year (1872) to — Here follows the address, written in a plain hand.

Old subscribers should remember and say that they *renew* their subscriptions.

The letter and money, or post-office order, being carefully enclosed in an envelope, should be directed to —

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,
Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

Annie Corkins. — The postage on "Our Young Folks" is 12 cts. a year; for twenty-five copies it would be at the same rate, or $ 3.00 a year.

Errata. — For "carbonic" acid in Margaret Gray's letter about butterflies last month, read "carbolic." "28," in Enigma No. 85, should have been "2, 8."

Our Young Contributors. Accepted: "*Arkansaw Sall,*" by the "Prairie Nymph"; "*An Echo,*" by Lottie Adams; "*How we bought a Wagon,*" by John Curtis; "*Maple Leaves,*" by Henry de Wolfe, Jr.; "*Fun in Art Galleries,*" by R. M Walsh; and "*The Humming-Bird's Nest,*" by Nettie A. Fiske.

The following articles are also excellent, and if they receive only *honorable mention* here, it is simply because we cannot print all the good things sent us: "*An Experience,*" by Alice M. Jones, who tells an amusing little story of finding a pocket-book and being "liberally rewarded" by the owner, — the "liberal reward" in this case being ten cents! "*Quebec,*" an interesting account of a visit to that city, by R. R. H.; "*The Ash-blower and the Magic Wand,*" a fairy story from the German, very prettily translated by Julia M. P.; "*The Rhine,*" a sketch of travel, by Mary E.; an interesting but rather long description of "*A Glimpse of Montauk Point,*" by Bilboquet; "*A Stage Ride,*" by Nannie, — a description of a night spent in a *diligence* in the south of France; "*Corpus Christi Day in France,*" by E; "*Towser,*" a well-written story of a dog, by Annie G. Sheldon; "*Scenes in a Railway Station,*" by Mary A. Williams; "*How two little Children went Home,*" by Amanda Smith; and "*Nutting,*" a lively little sketch, by Sadie Wellington.

The poem of "*Autumn Leaves*" would deserve to rank with the essays named above, but for a few such inadmissible rhymes as *town* and *ground*, *song* and *gone*, *leaves* and *trees*, etc. The same may be said of another poem entitled "*Autumn,*" which, with many beautiful lines and images, rhymes *corn* with *come*, *lane* with *fame*, *sun* and *crown*, etc. The fact that some imperfect rhymes are admissible in English poetry, and that now and then a poet of note has been too careless with his rhymes, should not be allowed to mislead "Our Young Contributors."

"*Hazel-hair,*" by a girl of thirteen, is very musical, and would be well worthy a place in our list, but for the many repetitions of the two rhymes *maiden* and *laden*. We cannot forbear giving one or two stanzas from this pretty little song: —

"Murmuring bees with honey laden,
Know you where —
Have you seen the little maiden,
Hazel-hair?"
"Nowhere have we seen her playing."
And the birds fly homeward, saying,
"Where, O where!"

And the birds may look in sorrow
Here and there,
Crying, "Wilt thou come to-morrow,
Hazel-hair?"
With her eyes all sunshine laden,
Never more they 'll see the maiden,
Hazel-hair!

Several correspondents having asked for the address of the firm of which our Young Contributor bought the "Steamship" he told about in our last number, he has kindly sent it to the "Letter Box." It is — Messrs. Geo. Richardson and Co., Central Chambers, No. 17 South Castle Street, Liverpool, England.

The story, he assures us, is a true one.

SOME NEW BOOKS. — Messrs. Charles Scribner and Co., of New York, have just published a small book for young sportsmen, entitled "Shooting, Boating, and Fishing." Mr. T. Robinson Warren, the author, writes with enthusiasm, but with great clearness, and as one who has done often and successfully what he describes for others. If boys *must* shoot, boat, and fish, this little book will help them do these things skilfully.

The Riverside Press has recently sent out some choice books for young people, — such as "Four, and what they Did," by Mrs. Helen C. Weeks, well known to readers of "Our Young Folks"; "The Judge's Pets," a charming story of some real children and of their favorite animals; "Little-Folk Songs," which sing themselves very pleasantly to youthful ears; and "Stories from Old English Poetry," in which Mrs. Richardson gives the older young folks a very sensible and attractive introduction to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and others of the great poets of England.

Mrs. Whitney, author of "Leslie Goldthwaite" and "We Girls," has written a delightful story called "Real Folks," which has just been published by James R. Osgood and Co. No part of it has appeared before; it is an entirely new book, and is in Mrs. Whitney's most attractive manner, — which is praise enough.

Messrs. D. Lothrop and Co. furnish a large number of bright books for boys and girls. Among their latest and best are "The Romneys of Ridgemont," a fresh and attractive story; "The Talbury Girls," a good book for, as well as about, girls; "Shell Cove," a story of the shore and sea for boys; "Pro and Con," a book for both girls and boys; and a legion of other volumes, some of which are described in an advertisement in this number of "Our Young Folks," and all of them in a catalogue which we doubt not Messrs. Lothrop and Co. would be glad to send to any applicant.

NEWARK, N. J., October 26.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

In regard to the question asked by "S" about taming squirrels, I would say that my plan is to feed them myself, and to be very careful about frightening them or allowing them to be frightened in my presence. Soon they will eat off my finger, and when they see I harm them not, get as bold as could be wished. Of course it is better to take them while young.

Yours truly, WHISPERER, *age* 14.

GALLIPOLIS, O., October 20, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

The following is a reply to the question asked by Alice H—— in the November number.

A bank deposits, for instance, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds in Washington with the Treasurer of the United States, for which it receives in return ninety thousand dollars in blank bank-notes which the President and Cashier of the bank fill out, by signing their names. The bills are then ready for circulation.

Very respectfully,

ALICE S. D.

Samuel E. Milliken writes in answer to the same question: "Notes are manufactured and sent to the Treasury. With them the salaries of public officers are paid; also appropriations of Congress, wages of laborers, etc. Also, when any person wishes to exchange mutilated currency for that which is new, it is done, and thus notes are circulated. Of course, however, much new currency is distributed to the banks throughout the country.

"Coins, such as gold, pay interest on certain United States securities. Gold is sold at a premium to pay duties on goods. Silver and nickel coins, etc., are obtained at the mints and banks for bank-notes, for the purpose of 'change.'"

R. M. Walsh says: "In the United States the government makes the money. With it, the officials and servants of the government, such as its president and its secretaries, its clerks and its soldiers, are paid, and with it *they* pay their shoemakers and tailors. The shoemakers and tailors will need articles from outside to carry on their trade, such as awls or cloth, and they will pay the merchants who import them. These merchants will have to pay the people who send them the goods, and in this way the money will be sent abroad. In America, very little money is sent out of the country itself, as there are such high duties on things imported from other countries."

He concludes with a little essay on the advantages of *free trade* with foreign nations, which we must omit for want of room.

R. C. says briefly: "Gold and silver is taken to the mint by its owner; a receipt is there given for its weight; it is made into coins and returned to its owner for circulation.

"Paper money is of many denominations. It is made at the Treasury Department at Washington, and paid out for United States debts, or through the banks, and thus comes into circulation."

ROLLA, MO., October 23, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

I do not agree with S. E. M. about the phrase "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high." I always supposed that it really was "Everything is lovely and the goose *yongs* high." *Yong* is the name applied to their peculiar cry which they always give while flying. In bright pleasant weather they fly much higher than at other times; hence the expression, "Everything is lovely and the goose *yongs high*."

Yours with respect,

CARRIE L. WILSON.

T. V. S. suggests "the goose *hanks* high," and H. M. Sheerar gives *yangs*, with the same explanation.

BOSTON, October 16, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

In S. E. M.'s explanation of the expression "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," he says: "When the *goose* was killed, *he* was stripped," etc. Now *goose* is of the feminine gender, and of course cannot be correctly used in connection with the masculine pronoun *he*.

Yours truly,

ALLIE W. WHEELER.

A NUMBER of letters and answers, in type for this month's Letter Box, are excluded for want of room.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Mr. Samuel Gray, commander-in-chief of the Grand Anti-Tobacco Army of Boys and Girls, started in this Corner, finding the duties of his office too arduous for him, resigns in favor of *Frank Bolles*, whose address is Box 144, Washington, D. C.

Lottie Grosvenor, Lock Box 58, New Haven, Conn. (is making a collection of curious epitaphs; will "Our Young Folks" send her such as they may have?)

Sallie C. Day, Box 1772, New Haven, Conn. (wishes correspondents not younger than 15, fond of reading).

J. H. Ingham, age 11, 267 South 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (fossils).

Rose Holabird, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (desires correspondents over 16, devoted to literature, science, and art).

Frank B. Conger, P. O. Box 118, Port Huron, Mich. (coins and stamps).

Tilsworth and *York*, Box 589, Westerly, R. I. (business cards and specimens).

Nellie H. Howd, age 12, Pleasant Valley, Conn. (music and pets).

E. T., age 16, care Box 154, Portland, Oregon (roller-skating, dancing, and fun).

We, the undersigned, girls of Lancaster, Penn., and members of the Mutual Improvement Society, do desire a place in the "Mutual Improvement Corner" of "Our Young Folks" with a view to carrying out the design of the society. *Annie Muhlenberg, Maze Atlee, Mame Staymaker, Sue M. Hart*, and *Anna M. Pearsol*, ages between 15 and 17.

Eva Vanderlyn, age 17, Box 1449, Oswego, N. Y. (fond of boating, riding, dancing, and fun).

Clare Ferrars, age 17, Box 1494, Oswego, N. Y. (same amusements).

"*Juanita*," 1217 Delaware St., Buffalo, N. Y. (desires correspondents between the ages of 14 and 19).

Edith Price, Chattanooga, Tenn., age 15.

DEC 1905
WESBY